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FEB 14 1940
GIFT OF PUBLISHER

# WAS I A FOOL TO FOLLOW HIM?

The confession of a co-ed in love with a famous dance band leader

MAY

# Radio MI R

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

ROUGH COPY

## LAND OF THE FREE
by Walter Winchell

## HOW TO CATCH A HUSBAND
by Beatrice Fairfax

## MY ALL-AMERICAN RADIO TEAM
by Jimmie Fidler

ROUGH COPY



DOROTHY LAMOUR

HE8690
.R16



# Younger Looking Skin Attracts Romance




## Mercolized Wax Cream

**Try These Three Beauty Aids, Too!**

**Saxolite Astringent**
tones and refreshes the skin. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel, and pat on the skin several times daily.

**Tarkroot Beauty Mask**
is a quick-drying facial mask preparation you will really like. It helps to make the skin feel cleaner and more refreshed.

**Phelactine Depilatory**
removes superfluous hair easily, quickly. Try it!

ROMANCE beckons when your skin has the smooth softness men admire! Awaken Romance by revealing the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

Mercolized Wax Cream helps to flake off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the clearer, softer, smoother, younger-looking underskin. And when the superficially discolored outer layer of skin is removed, taking with it all the heart-breaking, externally caused surface blemishes, your mirror will reveal the true YOU, the real, hidden beauty of your own skin, delightfully and alluringly lovely.

Let Mercolized Wax Cream help YOU, as it has helped millions of other women, to thrill to the Call of Romance.

**Dearborn Supply Company, *Chicago, Illinois***

**ASK FOR THESE HELPFUL BEAUTY AIDS TODAY AT ANY COSMETIC COUNTER**

# Once the spell is broken tears won't bring him back!



***No girl need risk losing romance — when MUM so surely guards charm!***

HOW COULD IT HAPPEN? How could he write those heart-breaking words? After all his tender promises to love her always—how could he hurt her like this? There was no warning, except the coolness she had barely noticed—and too easily dismissed.

But how significant it should have been for any girl in love! For when a man grows less attentive—distant—cool ... there is a reason. So often the girl who loses out has grown careless—has foolishly neglected to use Mum!

Even fastidious girls make this mistake. They think a bath alone is enough when underarms always need Mum. They fail to realize that the freshness of a bath soon fades. A bath removes only *past* perspiration—never odor to come. That's why it's so important *never* to neglect Mum! Mum keeps you fresh *all day.* More women use Mum than any other deodorant. It's so pleasant ... so easy to use ... so sure to guard your charm!

**MUM SAVES TIME!** A pat under this arm —under that—and you're through. Takes only 30 seconds!

**MUM SAVES CLOTHES!** Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric—use it even *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum is soothing to your skin!

**MUM SAVES CHARM!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops every trace of odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. With Mum, you're sure underarm odor won't break the spell of your charm. Mum keeps you *always* fresh!

*SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM, TOO Don't risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women always use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know that it's gentle and safe!*

**SMART GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM**




**MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



Hat by Sally Victor

**LUXOR "Feather-Cling" Face Powder has a *Light Touch!***

Your smartest Spring bonnet will lose its stylish effect if you couple it with a heavy face powder. Get a box of Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with a light touch. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly for hours. In five smart shades, 55c. For generous size FREE trial package, send coupon below.






MAY, 1939 VOL. 12 NO. 1

# Radio MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN, Executive Editor — FRED R. SAMMIS, Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR


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COVER—Dorothy Lamour by Robert Reid
(Courtesy of Paramount Pictures)


RADIO MIRROR, published monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. General Offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and advertising offices: Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd Street, New York. Bernarr Macfadden, President: Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Chicago office: 333 North Michigan Avenue. C. H. Shattuck, Mgr. San Francisco office: 1658 Russ Building. Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 14, 1933, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price in United States, Canada and Newfoundland $1.00 a year. 10c a copy. In U. S. Territories, Possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, $1.50 a year; all other countries $2.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. Unaccepted letters for the "What Do You Want to Say?" department will not be returned, and we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. All submissions become the property of the magazine. (Member of Macfadden Women's Group.)



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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

# What do you want to say?

## FIRST PRIZE

### TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE?

At long last, a "different airshow!"

At last a program of short, snappy commercials.

At last a program that says "away with noisy, blase studio audiences!"

At last a natural, well-balanced show, yet not with a hodge-podge of clashing entertainment: this quarter-hour for comedy, this for drama, this for pathos—the last five minutes were as delightfully simple in nature and style as the first.

At last a program of wit and humor that uses gags as a sprinkling of spice, and not as the whole sickening meal.

I mean The Circle, of course.

I still don't believe it. I'm going to listen next Sunday night and make sure.

HARRY W. JONES,
Collingswood, N. J.

## SECOND PRIZE

### RADIO DOES ITS GOOD DEED

We are a nation of sometimes lax extremes. For a long while the gangster, racketeer and petty criminal —without interference—swayed the follow-the-leader emotions of our youngsters from movie screen, and magazine page.

Then came the reckoning. Crime gained an appalling headway. The nicest boys in the neighborhood were forming gangs; turning, despite their parents' efforts, into swaggering little hoodlums. Suddenly America took stock of herself, and began tearing down in a frenzy of self-reproach the mockery of manhood she had allowed thoughtless men erect.

The movies turned-about-face, but though they have done a fine job in rectifying a grave mistake, it is really the radio we must thank for such splendid character formers as—Wanted by the Law, and Gang Busters.

Taken from life these worth-while programs give credit where credit is due. To the man with the badge. The protector of lives, homes and property. More than all the preaching in the world have these programs taught eager little copy-cats that—Crime Does Not Pay.

MRS. E. F. LAURIN,
Astoria, Oregon

## THIRD PRIZE

### THEY'RE TWO-TIMING US

Why must program directors cast the same person in several leading roles? I'm referring to the program called, Road of Life, in which the young man who plays Dr. Brent also

(*Continued on page* 71)

## THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize.....$10.00

Second Prize.....$ 5.00

Five Prizes of.....$ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than April 26, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.




# SHE WAS ON THE JURY—

. . . . not to decide a man's innocence or guilt, but to judge a new, different kind of tooth paste—to decide whether or not it was an improvement over older types, and if it offered more for her money in cleanliness, luster, freshness, and mouth stimulation.

On the same jury sat other women, hundreds of them—grandmothers, mothers, widows, single women, young girls . . . rich, poor, in between . . . in tiny hamlets, growing villages, vast cities. A critical jury, as all women are in judging articles that affect their beauty and their pocketbooks.

And what was their verdict on the new Listerine Tooth Paste with its amazing Luster-Foam detergent? See how they voted:

**Over a leading brand, the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against the next two leading brands, it was a decided favorite. And over the fourth leading brand, it had a slight but definite edge.**

Their comments show why this new dentifrice won such high favor: "Like that dainty 'bubble bath' that Luster-Foam gives," said many. "Simply amazed, the way Luster-Foam cleans and brings out luster," exclaimed others. "Delighted with the wonderful feeling of freshness and mouth invigoration that lasted long after the tooth brushing was over," still others added.

See for yourself how the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam detergent gets teeth super-clean. Any drug counter has it, in two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢; and big, double-size, containing more than ¼ of a pound of dentifrice, 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

**P. S. If you prefer powder, Listerine Tooth Powder also contains Luster-Foam.**

MORE THAN
**1/4 POUND** OF TOOTHPASTE
IN THE DOUBLE SIZE TUBE **40¢**
REGULAR SIZE TUBE
**25¢**

THE ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE FOR MASSAGING GUMS AND CLEANING TEETH

*Do Both Jobs!*

AID YOUR GUMS WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH



DOUBLE-ACTION TOOTHPASTE AIDS GUMS AND BRIGHTENS TEETH

MASSAGING your gums *twice* every day—when you brush your teeth—is *very important* if you want brilliant teeth and a sparkling smile.

Forhan's does *both* jobs. It cleans your teeth safely and effectively—and, *in addition,* Forhan's and massage aid your gums.

Massaging gums with Forhan's helps keep them firm and healthy—*and healthier gums mean brighter teeth!*

**Cooperate with Your Dentist**

*What your dentist can do for soft, tender, bleeding gums is worth many times his fee.* But even his expert care can *fail*—if you *neglect* your job at home. To help your dentist keep your gums *firm* and *healthy*—your teeth *bright*—brush teeth and massage gums twice every day with Forhan's Toothpaste.

**TRIAL OFFER** — For generous trial tube, send 10¢ to Dept. 534, Forhan's, New Brunswick, N. J.




# What's New from Hollywood

By DAN SENSENEY





Above, Bing proudly poses with his dad, Harry L. Crosby, Sr. Right, one of Fred Waring's weekly luncheons at the Automat, with Ben Bernie as guest.

TYRONE POWER'S sudden departure from his Sunday-evening dramatic program was the dynamite cap that set off a whole flock of rumors about movie stars going off the air for good. Most of them were just rumors. The Maxwell House-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Good News of 1939 will depart on June 29, but it would probably have done that for the summer anyway. Ronald Colman, after being on every one of The Circle programs, suddenly was missing, but he left because he wasn't happy personally, not because of any pressure from his movie bosses (he's a free-lance player, and doesn't have any).

Darryl Zanuck, head of Twentieth Century-Fox, which has Don Ameche under contract (and Tyrone Power too), hinted that he might try to get Don to stop being master of ceremonies on the Chase and Sanborn program, but mature reflection will probably convince him that it would be an unwise move. It ought to, anyway.

The Good News program probably won't return to the air under its old joint sponsorship with M-G-M, but the Maxwell House people, if they want to, can have practically the same program without M-G-M's assistance. Meredith Willson's orchestra is under contract to them, so is Fannie Brice, and they could probably have Frank Morgan and a weekly guest star. There was some talk of hiring Dick Powell to be Good News' master of ceremonies, but that's died down now that he's busy on Al Jolson's former show. The possibility of reviving the old Show Boat also cropped up, but I wouldn't pay too much attention to it, if I were you.

* * *

Donald Dickson, the baritone on the Chase and Sanborn program, recently bought the first car he ever owned. He drove it down Hollywood Boulevard and within the space of one block went through a red traffic light, parked in a no-parking space, and drove over a pedestrian safety zone. In the next block he was arrested—for driving at the rate of twenty miles an hour and obstructing traffic. Crime Doesn't Pay!

* * *

Helen Menken, star of the CBS Second Husband serial, was the guest of honor at a banquet given by Phi Beta, national musical and dramatic fraternity. Other members of the fraternity are Helen Hayes, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, Rosa Ponselle, Mary Pickford and Gertrude Lawrence—to name a few of them. Every six months or so the fraternity gives a banquet in honor of one of its members.

* * *

There is one question Jim McWilliams, questioner of the Ask-It-Basket Wednesday nights, can't answer. On broadcast nights he refuses to leave the theater during the interval between the first program at 7:30 and the rebroadcast for the West at 10:30. He's firmly convinced that to do so would bring him bad luck. Why does he think so? That's the one question to which he doesn't know the answer.

# Coast to Coast

Bing Crosby added fire-fighting to his other accomplishments one Thursday afternoon when coals from his pipe started a fire in the waste-basket in his dressing room. The coals smouldered for a while without anyone noticing them, then flared up in what was almost an explosion when they hit some discarded movie film Bing had tossed into the basket. Bing and the two musicians who were in the room were so scared they instinctively ran out, but Bing recovered himself, went back into the smoke-filled room, grabbed a fire-extinguisher and made short work of the flames.

* * *

That same Mr. Crosby was recently named one of America's ten best-hatted men. He's the only person on his show who could possibly be given such a distinction—Ken Carpenter, John Scott Trotter, and Paul Taylor never wear hats, and Bob Burns doesn't even own one. Bing hardly ever takes his off.

* * *

Lew Lehr, Ben Bernie's and Fox Movietone's comedian, has said that "Monkeys is de cwaziest pipple!" so many times that zoo keepers all over the country wire him whenever they have taught their monkeys new tricks. But Lew doesn't own a single monkey.

* * *

Cliff Carpenter, of the CBS County Seat serial, says that there are five things he's never had enough of: symphonic music, prunes, tapioca, Myrna Loy, and radio work.

* * *

DALLAS—Violette Slaton started out to be a professional dietician, and ended up playing the role of "Sunshine" in WFAA's Pepper Cadets program. She's been Sunshine now for more than a year and a half.

Violette was born in Jacksonville, Texas, twenty years ago, in the midst of a violent snow storm (it wasn't snowing snow that day, it was snowing Violettes). She was named Violette Catherine because her mother wanted all members of the family to have the same initials as their father —V. C. S.

She has quite a collegiate background, having been a student at Lon Morris Junior College, Jacksonville; University of Texas, Austin; and Texas State College for Women at Denton. It was after her summer at Denton that she gave up dietetics for



Violette Slaton, "Sunshine" of the Pepper Cadets over WFAA.

dramatics and came to Dallas to enroll in the Little Theater dramatic school. After six months at the dramatic school, she got a job in the cast of the "Cavalcade of Texas," part of the Texas Centennial Exposition of 1936.

She had to give up the Cavalcade role when she successfully auditioned for the part of Sunshine, but she didn't mind—she thought the radio job was more permanent, and she was right. Thousands of Southwestern youngsters wouldn't give up their beloved Sunshine now.

(*Continued on page* 84)


"No charm is more appealing than a fresh and Lovely Skin!"

*says this lovely Philadelphia bride*



*I can't say enough in praise of Camay. Its gentle cleansing seems to freshen my complexion... and no charm is more appealing than a fresh and lovely skin.*

*Philadelphia, Pa.*
*January 10, 1939*

(*Signed*) RUTH ANN WALLEN
(*Mrs. Charles S. Wallen*)

SUCH magic words—"You're the only one I love!" What makes a man say them? Hundreds of lovely, happy brides will tell you that a fresh, smooth complexion is a most important charm. And brides should know!

So many beautiful brides advise Camay! They tell you, "No other soap seems to have quite the same rich, fragrant lather!" Camay cleanses *thoroughly*, yet its creamy lather is wonderfully *mild*.

Today, thousands of girls use Camay for complexions and for a refreshing bath of beauty. Camay's gentle cleansing helps you to *all-over* loveliness—to exquisite daintiness. *You'll* like this inexpensive care. Get three cakes today!

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.




THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Dick Powell romps with his son before starting on the Lifebuoy show.

# HOLLYWOOD RADIO WHISPERS

By GEORGE FISHER



Listen to Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night on Mutual.

EDGAR BERGEN, still a decided bachelor, is getting a big chuckle out of rumors that he will marry Andrea Leeds within a year. The fact is that the girl Bergen is currently rushing is not Andrea Leeds, who happens to be in New York, but Kay St. Germain who happens to be on the scene and is seeing a lot of Charlie McCarthy's stooge.

* * *

Whether or not Gracie Allen and George Burns, the radio comedians, will continue their movie careers, is being left squarely up to the moviegoers. Gracie's contract with Paramount expires when she finishes "The Gracie Allen Murder Case." If the public receives her picture with open arms, then Paramount will make a series of Burns and Allen films. If not, then Gracie's contract will be terminated, for Burns has already left the studio contract list!

Last Sunday I lunched with Dorothy Lamour at the Brown Derby. Among other things, Dorothy told me that she is almost tempted to sue movie columnist Hedda Hopper . . . and all because Dorothy claims Hedda made some remark about her . . . an item which most people upon reading would laugh off. But it hurt Dorothy to think that anyone would print something of this kind without first calling her up and asking if the story were true. I suggested that Dorothy forget about suing the columnist, only because it would turn other reporters against her. There's a curious twist to the situation in that Dorothy's agent, Wyn Rocamora, is also Hedda Hopper's agent!

* * *

Now it can be told! Visitors on the Bob Hope program preview don't know it, but they are watching a radio show being written right before their very eyes! Hope, a master of the ad-lib, never reads directly from the script . . . he adds and cuts as the wisecracks occur to him. Meanwhile, the preview show is recorded and the next day, it is played back to a steno from whose notes the final NBC script is drafted.

* * *

SHORT SHOTS FROM A LONG SHOT TOWN!

Claudette Colbert and Jack Benny chumming arm in arm in the secret artists' corridor, but with Mary Livingstone on Jack's other arm.

Jack Smart, the 310 pound NBC comedian, shaking down Vine Street as he wins rhumba contest at the LaConga.

* * *

For several months Robert Young,

(*Continued on page 8*)



# Listerine cured my daughter's dandruff in ten days

Writes MRS. ELEANOR HUNTER—Little Neck, N.Y.

*Posed by professional models*



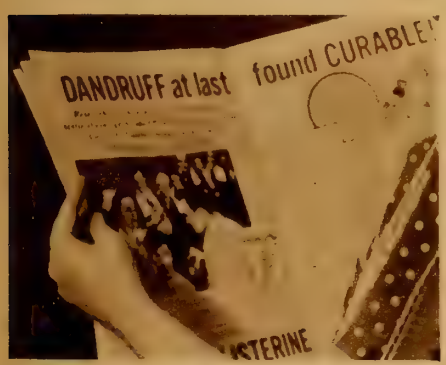
My teen age daughter had dandruff so badly that it was extremely disagreeable



I spent weeks trying to get rid of it; came to the conclusion nothing would do it




then in a magazine I saw an ad telling how Listerine cures dandruff.




I read about the amazing scientific tests that proved Listerine kills the dandruff germ



I tried Listerine, applying it daily to her scalp with little bits of cotton.



In ten days the condition was entirely cleared up. And she hasn't had a sign of dandruff since.

## Here's why the Listerine Treatment works: Dandruff is a germ disease . . . Listerine Antiseptic kills the germ

Do conflicting claims of dandruff remedies bewilder you? Then you will be glad to know there is one logical, scientifically sound treatment, proved again and again in laboratory and clinic... Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Recently, in the most intensive research of its kind ever undertaken, Scientists proved that *dandruff is a germ disease*. And, in test after test, Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle, mastered dandruff by killing the queer, bottle-shaped dandruff germ —Pityrosporum ovale.

At one famous skin clinic patients were instructed to use the Listerine Antiseptic treatment once a day. Within *two weeks*, on the average, a substantial number had obtained marked relief! At another clinic, patients were told to use this same Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. By the end of a month 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms.

Try the delightful, stimulating Listerine Antiseptic treatment today. See for yourself how wonderfully soothing it is . . . how quickly it rids hair and scalp of ugly scales . . . how much cleaner and healthier both scalp and hair appear.

And remember, even after you have rid yourself of dandruff, it is wise to massage your scalp occasionally with Listerine Antiseptic to guard against reinfection. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

### THE TREATMENT

**MEN:** Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.* **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

*Genuine* Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.




# LISTERINE

**the *PROVED* treatment for dandruff**




A new outlook on the whole hygienic problem of women is provided by the invention of Tampax, the patented *internal absorbent*. This principle has long been used by doctors, but the physician who perfected Tampax has ingeniously made it available for all classes of women.

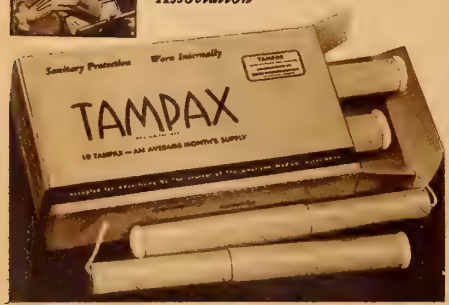
Tampax is so comfortable you forget you are wearing it. As it involves no belts, pins or pads, there is of course no bulk to show, even with sheer formal evening gown or modern swim suit. Tampax is made of pure, genuine surgical cotton; contains *no paper*. Tampax is extremely efficient in its protection; no odor can form. Each individual Tampax is hygienically sealed in patented applicator—quite unlike any other product. No disposal problems.

Buy Tampax at drug stores and notion counters. Two sizes: Tampax and Junior Tampax. Month's supply 35¢. Introductory package, 20¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package of 40.



**"A month's supply will go into an ordinary purse"**

*Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association*




TAMPAX INCORPORATED, MWG-59
New Brunswick, New Jersey

Send introductory package with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins). Size is checked below.

☐ TAMPAX ☐ JUNIOR TAMPAX

*Name* _____

*Address* _____

*City* _____ *State* _____

# Hollywood Radio Whispers

(*Continued from page 6*)

the emcee of the Good News broadcasts, did all his office work in connection with the Bel-Air stable he operates with Allan Jones in Allan's trailer. Producers of the programs, unable to reach Bob when they wanted him in a hurry, begged, cajoled and threatened Young to move into an office with a foundation instead of rubber tires. Finally Bob gave in, and gave the producers a telephone number for his office. The next time they called him, the pleasant voice of his secretary answered: "This is Mr. Young's trailer!" Bob had the telephone installed in the trailer rather than give up his portable place of business.

* * *

The American Legion has honored comedian Bob Hope by inviting him to emcee its annual radio show, which this year celebrates the twenty-first anniversary of the founding of the Legion. Jack Benny was honorary emcee on last year's show!

* * *

Parkyakarkus has discovered that there's truth in the old axiom about every cloud having its silver lining. Last week, when he gave his own number out on the air as Hedy Lamarr's, he was forced to switch his phone because of the number of calls that came in. Compensation came to him this week in the form of a note and a little toy telephone from the gorgeous Hedy.

* * *

Wanta' be a radio comedian, asks Jack Haley? If you do, copy the screwy dialect of Arty Auerbach, heard on Jack's show, which means, according to Haley, "Taking a course in double-talk, filling your mouth with marbles, and making believe you're addressing a six-months-old child!"

* * *

When proud papa Andy Devine walked onto the set of "Spirit of Culver" the other day, he was not only greeted with loud cheers . . . but General Gignilliat, the headman at the famous Military School, who is acting as technical advisor on the picture, immediately offered the gravel-voiced comedian an enrollment blank for the school, which Andy signed then and there, thereby agreeing to place young 24-hour-old Denny Devine in the school when he reaches the age of eleven.

* * *

That feud between W. C. Fields and Charlie McCarthy is the real thing . . . at least as far as Fields is concerned. The red-nosed comedian actually carries a chip on his shoulder for the block of wood!

* * *

Andrew Jergens, Walter Winchell's hand-lotion boss, told me last November that next to Winchell, Tyrone Power was collecting the largest salary ever paid a performer by his company. Tyrone was receiving $4,000 a week for his radio appearances, and giving half of that to 20th Century-Fox for permitting him to go on the air. And here's the kick to this story. 20th Century-Fox was paying Tyrone $2,000 a week on his film contract—the exact amount Power paid Fox for allowing him to broadcast. So, ever since Tyrone has been on the air, he has cost the Fox studio nothing! Now that Ty's off the air, his boss will have to dig into his studio's bank-roll to pay Tyrone.

* * *

Orchestra-leader Herbie Kaye dedicates at least one song on every one of his air programs to "Dolly-Face," which is Herbie's pet name for his wife, Dorothy Lamour. As Herbie and Dorothy have turned song-writers lately, I would suggest that "Dolly Face" wouldn't be a bad title for a song!

* * *

The feature of a recent Hollywood party was a magician named Fraxon. The assembled guests laughed when the trickster pulled lighted cigarettes out of Edward Arnold's eyes and Alice Faye's ears, but they ROARED when he produced a whole carton of cigarettes from . . . Martha Raye's mouth!

* * *

At 16 Jackie Cooper has apparently grown up. For the past year he's been driving about in the most dolled up, swankiest car in town, but his father made him a Christmas present of a very dignified plain stock model, and Jackie has sold the highly decorated sport job to the family butler!

* * *

I was fascinated the other night, watching Charlie Chaplin dance a tango. The screen's greatest comedian takes his dancing very seriously, and particularly his tangoes. Charlie and lovely Paulette Goddard danced what was practically an exhibition at one of the night-spots, for everyone else left the floor to watch the famous pair execute the different steps with the assurance of experts. It was really SOMETHING to see!

* * *

Jeanette MacDonald is proudly exhibiting the most utilitarian piece of jewelry she has ever owned. It is a necklace from which a brooch is suspended. The brooch can be used separately as a clip. The necklace, unjointed, makes three pieces which can be put together again as a three-strand bracelet. Thus the versatile necklace can be used on any occasion from sports to evening wear.

* * *

While on his New York trip Dick Powell was invited to the very swank and very formal opening of Bee Lillie's latest Broadway hit. Dick accepted, and on the night of the premiere, dressed his snazziest for the occasion. That is, he was completely attired in full dress, until he came to his shoes—and discovered that his wife had forgotten to pack his black pumps or any other black shoes, for that matter. Exasperated and completely baffled, Dick decided to brazen the matter out and wear his *brown* shoes with his dress suit. To make matters worse, believe it or not, Powell had to wear a *tan* hat . . . the only hat he had taken with him!

* * *

The younger set in the film capital

is all a-twitter over the news that Artie Shaw's sensational swingsters may soon sound off in Hollywood's Palomar nitery.

* * *

Some time ago I said that Bette Davis and Ham Nelson would bury the hatchet and go back together again. Bette and Ham, who were really very much in love, are apparently still stubborn, but their friends are trying to bring them back together. I am told Ham has not had a date since leaving Bette, and for this reason she has turned down all dates with Hollywood men.

* * *

One of the principal supporting roles in Bing Crosby's new picture, "East Side of Heaven", is being played by ten-month-old Sandy Henville, infant son of Bing's milkman. When the baby was first brought on the set, he started crying, and nothing his parents or anyone else could do would stop him. Finally Crosby, in desperation, started singing, and immediately the tot stopped crying, and started to coo and gurgle, perfectly content. But as soon as the singing stopped, the tears started, so Bing had to sing all the time the baby was on stage, between takes and all. Later, Bing brought a portable phonograph on the set with him, well supplied with the latest Crosby recordings. So now the records keep the baby quiet between takes, while Bing's own voice soothes him while he is before the camera. But it's a lucky thing the baby liked those records, for imagine the expense if after the picture is finished, that poor milkman had to hire Bing Crosby every time his baby started to cry!

Meet Eddie Anderson, who portrays Jack Benny's good man, "Rochester."



* * *

BULLETIN! Mickey Mouse has finally gone high-hat, but definitely! Producer Walt Disney has signed Leopold Stokowski, the world-famous symphony orchestra leader, to direct and supervise recording of all the music for Disney's next full-length cartoon feature. Although the recording will start in April, the feature will probably take at least two years to complete!

* * *

Truman Bradley, Chicago radio announcer who was brought to Hollywood personally by Louis B. Mayer, has asked for a release from his contract. Bradley, whose last picture was "Ice Follies," with Joan Crawford, feels that he has been getting the run-around.

* * *

According to Walter Winchell, Lew Ayres' marriage with Ginger Rogers may go to the divorce courts as Lew wishes to marry radio actress, Margaret McKay. But, for your information, the chances of this are so slim, you can bet a hundred to one that it won't happen. In fact, his most recent companion has been Sari Maritza . . . and NOT Margaret McKay!

* * *

George Murphy, who is playing the part of a radio commentator in a picture called "Risky Business", told me that he was working harder than ever in his whole life. Says George, "Being master of ceremonies on a radio show, dancing and acting are just duck soup to me. But being a radio commentator? You can *have* it! It's just a little *too* tough!

* * *

Hollywood is whispering that Joan Crawford may re-marry former husband Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. In baseball, they would call that a triple play . . . Fairbanks to Tone to Fairbanks!






*The Lady Patricia French*

daughter of the Earl of Ypres, is keen about sports. Her home is in Surrey, where she spends much time playing tennis.



*HERE is Americanism at its best! Something more inspiring and more important than the latest news is in every one of Walter Winchell's Sunday-night Jergens Journal broadcasts on NBC—a brief "editorial" reminding Mr. and Mrs. America how supremely lucky they are not to be Mr. and Mrs. Anywhere-else.*

*Because these lessons in democracy are among the most thrilling things radio has to offer in these chaotic days, and because they should be read and re-read by every American,* RADIO MIRROR *is grateful to Walter Winchell for his permission to bring them to you, on the printed page for the first time.*

## By Walter Winchell

**No more impassioned words for America's slumbering ideals have been spoken into any microphone. This magazine is proud to record them for posterity**



# LAND OF THE FREE

PATRIOTISM has been described in many ways—but it is better defined by defining what it is not! It does *not* mean marching in a parade, or setting off rockets on the Fourth of July. It does not mean beating a bass drum—and then beating up your neighbor because he doesn't want to join your parade. Patriotism does not mean enjoying your freedom to go as you please—to batter down your neighbor's door.

It is a magic word. For patriotism—some men die. And for patriotism—some men (no less noble) live. Patriotism is more than protecting your home and country. It is helping to build—and better it! And it is the theory of Democracy that to produce a great National design, each man must be his own architect. Fate and the future will define the meaning of patriotism in America. If we are left alone—the measure will be how much we develop ourselves. If we are attacked, the final measure will be the price we put on our liberty.

* * *

I am thankful to learn from one of my betters that Americans would rather die on their feet—than live on their knees!

* * *

Personal liberty means personal responsibility. Under a Dictator, the right to think is suspended in all individuals, except the ruling gang. In a Democracy, the government depends on the individual to think—for the individual is a part of the Government. The Dictators have brazenly announced plans to turn Europe into an armed camp. Since they must know that the Democratic nations can outbuild their (*Continued on page* 56)

*Illustration By*
**JOSEPH TESAR**





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*Illustration By*
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# Foolish Fancy.



■ Randy was smiling at me. He had a microphone in his hand, and he was speaking into it.

UNTIL the hot summer night Randy Blake's orchestra opened at the huge Shalimar Ballroom, I was just like any other girl you'd find in a big co-educational university. I had my classes, my dates with different boys of my own age, my own private little worries over clothes and fingernail polish and hair-combs, my favorite movie and radio stars.

But when I first saw Randy Blake something happened to me. I didn't know it then, but that night was a turning-point in my life.

It was summer, as I said, and I was spending my vacation working in a music store in Chicago. Not because I wanted to, but simply because my father and mother couldn't afford to bring me all the way home to California, where we lived. It really would have been better, I suppose, if I'd gone to a college near my home, but Northwestern was the only one with all the courses I wanted.

I had a good time, though, that summer. I enjoyed my work in the music store, because I like music and know a good deal about it, and in the evenings there was always something to do. Several of the boys I had met on the campus lived in Chicago, and one of them was often on hand to take me to the movies or out dancing.

Then Randy Blake opened a month's engagement at the Shalimar, and Bill Dodd and I went there the

# Maybe

■ "Was I a fool to follow him?" The confession of a co-ed in love with a famous danceband leader



Macfadden Studios

first night. This was a special occasion, and we were both breathless with excitement when we entered the vast hall and heard the first strains of Randy's music. That was all we had to hear, to know why Randy was tops among swing bandleaders. That music of his was so gay, so full of life and youth, that you felt like dancing until you dropped. Only you wouldn't ever drop—the music wouldn't let you.

AND Randy himself — well, I thought, looking at him for the first time, he was just perfect. The music seemed to be part of him—or he was part of the music, I don't know which. He was tall and broad-shouldered, like an athlete, and he wore his white tie and tails as if he'd been born in them. But what I liked best about him was the way his handsome face lit up when he looked out over the floor and watched the dancing couples. He just loved to make music, that man, and you only had to look at him to know it.

That night, after I got home and went to bed, my dreams were full of Randy Blake and the tantalizing music he created. And the next morning as soon as I got a chance, I put one of his records on a phonograph in the store, and listened, seeing him once more, standing in front of his men, smiling out at the floor, or picking up his trumpet and swinging into one of those inspired impromptu choruses of his.

That night I had a date with another boy to go to the movies, but I asked him to take me dancing instead.

For a week or so, while I eagerly snatched at every opportunity of going to the Shalimar, I refused to let myself believe that there was any other attraction than the music and the dancing. But one night something happened that opened my eyes.

You go to the Shalimar, first of all, to dance, but you also go to have a good time. Everything is very informal there, and the bandleaders and the management are always thinking up a new stunt to entertain the crowd. Randy's contribution to this spirit of fun was to have a sort of "Vox Pop" program every Tuesday and Thursday night, while the band was on the air over a coast-to-coast network. He'd stop couples as they danced past the bandstand, ask them their names, and conduct a humorous little interview with each one.

And one night he picked me to talk to.

I was dancing with Bill Dodd, when a uniformed page-boy tapped Bill on the shoulder and motioned us closer to the platform. I hardly realized what was happening, when I saw Randy smiling at me in the friendliest possible way. He had a microphone in his hand, and I heard him speaking into it.

# Foolish Fancy, Maybe

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"Here's a charming little lady with big brown eyes, whose name is. . . ." He paused inquiringly.

"Rita Sullivan," I managed to gasp.

"Rita—it goes with the eyes," he commented approvingly. "Are you a Chicago girl, Rita?"

He held the microphone closer to me, and waited for my answer.

"No," I said, "I'm from California. I'm going to school at Northwestern."

"Oh, a co-ed," he said. "No wonder Northwestern is such a popular place, if they have many like you there. Now tell me, Rita, what's your greatest ambition?"

I SIMPLY looked at him. At that moment, I didn't even *have* an ambition of any sort. I was too overwhelmed at being there, talking to him, knowing that my voice was going out into every corner of the country. He saw my nervousness, and smiled at me in an intimate, friendly way, as if telling me not to mind, nothing was going to happen to me.

"I mean," he said, "what would you like to do more than anything else in the world?"

I *had* to say something. I looked around me in a panic. My eyes lighted on the men of the orchestra, and I blurted out the first thing that came into my mind.

"I'd like to be a singer with your band," I said.

Randy led the laughter that sprang up around me. He straightened up, speaking into the microphone, "Well, Rita, maybe some day you will be—who knows?" And my coast-to-coast interview was over.

As we danced away, Bill said curiously, "I didn't know you wanted to be a danceband vocalist, Rita."

"I don't," I admitted. "At least—it would be fun, of course, but I never thought of it until that minute. I just said the first thing that popped into my head."

He laughed and said carelessly, "Well, you probably could be, at that. I'll never forget your scat-singing at the Phi-Pi party last spring."

But I wasn't kidding myself about my singing voice. I could carry a tune, and I had a good sense of rhythm so that at parties I could "swing out", but I knew my voice was husky and nothing to get excited about. Anyway, I wasn't interested in singing. Standing there, so close to Randy, seeing him smile as he looked into my eyes, listening to his vibrant voice as he talked to me—I had suddenly realized I was in love with him.

I knew then why I came to the dance hall every night I could; I knew why I'd stopped thinking about any of the boys who took me out, except to wonder how I could get one of them to take me to see Randy.

It was just that I loved Randy Blake. And he didn't even know I existed. He'd forgotten about me, surely, as soon as I danced out of sight after the interview.

The all-too-brief month of Randy's engagement drew to a close. Almost before I realized it, he was in his last week, then his last night. When I entered the ballroom, that last night, they'd already taken down the framed posters at the entrance, and the newspapers were announcing his successor in big ads.

In another few hours he'd be gone.

**■ "Tomorrow Randy Blake would be gone —and my life would be empty and dull. A fascinating yet terrifying thought crept into my mind. What if I went with him?"**

I already knew the band's plans—it was traveling in a bus to Detroit for a hotel engagement. And Chicago would be empty and dead, for me, tomorrow.

"What's the matter?" asked the boy I was with. "You haven't said a word for ages."

"Oh—just tired, I guess."

"Want to go home?"

"Oh, no!" I said with such vigor that he stared at me. "I'm really having a good time."

That wasn't strictly true. I wasn't. I couldn't. I was too busy thinking that this was the last time I'd ever see Randy Blake—at least for an awfully long time. Why hadn't I taken advantage of the last month to get to know him? There must have been some way I could have met him . . . But now it was too late.

It was two-thirty when I opened the door of my little furnished room and switched on the light. I dragged the hat off my head and sat down on the edge of the bed and looked around me. If only, I thought, I could be in the same city with him, dance to his music, see him every night. That was all I asked. Wasn't it little enough?

I don't know how long I sat there, thinking. Slowly an idea took form in my mind—an idea that fascinated me while it terrified me. I opened my purse and counted the money in it. It was Saturday and I'd just been paid. I had a little over twenty dollars—and about seventy-five in the bank.

Suddenly I jumped to my feet, dragged a bag from under the bed, and packed it hurriedly. I couldn't stop to think now—I mustn't consider the consequences. I sat down and wrote a note to the music store. Then I hurried out of the house, lugging the heavy bag the two blocks to the elevated station.

The big bus depot was quiet under its bright lights when I got there. A few people sat drowsily on the hard benches. I ran to the ticket window.

"When is the next bus to Detroit?" I asked.

"None until five-thirty," the bored clerk said.

I looked up at the big clock on the wall. It was three-forty-five. I bought a ticket, and then went to sit on one of the benches. As the minutes ticked on, I tried to beat down the mounting panic as I thought of the foolhardiness of what I was doing. Right then, I really wanted to go home—but pride and intense longing to see Randy again kept me from it.

At last it was five-thirty, and I was in the bus, peering out as it made its way through the streets, dim and deserted in the early light. Then we were in the open country, and finally I slept.

The sleep was uneven and unrefreshing, though, and when I arrived in Detroit, the middle of that afternoon, I was so tired I felt as if I were walking in a dream. I applied to the Travelers' Aid for help in finding an inexpensive room, went there extravagantly in a cab, and fell straight into bed.

It was the next morning when I woke up, and then the full realization of what I had done burst upon me. Lying in the hard single bed, looking around at the strange furniture, I told myself that I was crazy. But, strangely, I wasn't downhearted. Something nice would happen to me. I could feel it.

I'm not going into detail about the next few days. Randy Blake's orchestra was in Detroit, and had started its engagement—but I might as well have been in Chicago, for all I saw of Randy. They were playing in an expensive hotel dinner-and-supper spot, (*Continued on page* 78)

AS BROADCAST ON NBC

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

(In an interview with Rudy Vallee on the Royal Gelatin Hour)



Illustration by James Trembath

# HOW TO CATCH A HUSBAND

VALLEE: It takes all kinds of people to make a country like this—the well-known U. S. A. So now we turn our attention to a thoroughly American institution, the advice-to-the-lovelorn column, as represented by the Dean of romantic advisors, Miss Beatrice Fairfax. Until just recently we shared a pretty general notion that Beatrice Fairfax was no more than a name, behind which probably lurked a series of cynical old ex-reporters with tobacco juice on their chins. Believe me, ladies and gentlemen, this is a mistake. Miss Fairfax is one of the realest people I ever met—a gay, hearty, charming person with a background of wide experience in newspaper work and a good-humored, fundamentally sensible approach to the problems she does her honest best to solve for other people. We think you'll share our liking for Miss Beatrice Fairfax. . . . Miss Fairfax, how long have you been acting as a public consultant in affairs of the heart?

MISS FAIRFAX: For thirty-eight years, Mr. Vallee. And if you value your attractive features, don't ask me how old I was when I started.

VALLEE: How did you happen to start your column? Was it your own idea?

MISS FAIRFAX: It certainly was. I was working for the New York Journal at the time. And it was quite a time, let me tell you. Mr. Hearst and Mr. Pulitzer were fighting their historic circulation war. The late Arthur Brisbane, my editor, asked for circulation building features. My suggestion was the advice column. It worked out pretty well for the Journal—and for me, too.

VALLEE: I'm afraid curiosity is getting the better of me, Miss Fairfax—but are you . . .?

MISS FAIRFAX: Married? Of course I am. I've got two fine grown-up sons in Washington—one Republican, and one Democrat. I'm the umpire.

VALLEE: And a good one, I'm sure.

MISS FAIRFAX: I think so. I'm rather proud, Mr. Vallee, that over a million people have sought my decisions on problems that appear to be vital to them. Not just romantic young girls. (*Continued on page* 87)

# Jimmie Fidler's ALL-AMERICAN

As told to

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When we heard Jimmie pick his favorite pictures and top acting performances over the air a few weeks ago, we suddenly got an idea: why not have him stick his neck out again—and give us his favorite radio stars? Frankly, he surprised us by accepting the deal by return mail—but then, after all his scorching "Open Letters," we should have known he was used to ducking by now. Anyway, with a few straight-from-the-shoulder comments on programs in general—here's the way Jimmie picks his All-American Radio Team!*

EVEN if the season for picking "All-Americans" did go out with the football game in the Rose Bowl, show me the man who can resist making up a list of favorite players (whether movie, radio or gridiron) and I'll show you a stronger man than I am.

I love to call them as I see them—or, in this case, maybe I should say call them as I hear them when I'm home listening to the radio just as you do. And I *do* mean you! Because I listen to radio shows just as I look at movies—as a fan. I don't care how many Big Names are in the cast or how much money has been

■ Reading counter-clockwise, Frances Langford, Fred Allen, Jeanette MacDonald, Walter Winchell, H. V. Kaltenborn, Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen, Gracie Allen, Don Ameche and Bing Crosby.

# RADIO TEAM ★★★★

■ By special request of the editors—Hollywood's dynamic reporter sticks his neck out and names his own selections for radio's Hall of Fame

## Walter Ramsey

spent on a lavish production. If the net result doesn't entertain me as Joe E. Public I feel cheated. So let's remember that this is no so-called "expert's" list—just a few out-spoken opinions from a guy who listens.

First, however, I want to get a few things-in-general off my chest. Looking back over 1938, I find I have but few peeves to register—and a flock of bouquets to throw. But my chief objection as a listener is that too many of the Big Shows, are too much like some other Big Show. If I were writing an "Open Letter" to radio producers spending gobs of money for sponsors, I'd be brief and to the point: "Try to find a new pattern—something different from the justly-famous Chase-and-Sanborn Hour arrangement with its band, comedians, singer and guest star!"

Also, I'm getting awfully weary of Guest Movie Stars on the air. (I'm not talking about legitimate radio stars who are also in the movies.) But it seems to me that every time I turn the dial lately, Madeleine Carroll is just bowing off some program—or being announced as a guest star for a coming show.

But there are plenty of things I like about

■ The radio stars pictured on these pages are just part of Jimmie's team. To learn why he selected these and many others, and second choices and substitutes, read this provocative article.



the radio—and the following, are the people and things I like best and why. Taking them by classifications, the first-mentioned shall be considered as making my "First Team"—with second choice following. And because I like to laugh with my radio entertainments, we'll start with:

COMEDIANS: Fred Allen and Jack Benny rate one-two with me. For my money, Fred Allen has the freshest, most spontaneous fun on the air. His "ad lib" humor is terrific. He gets first-call in my starting line-up because he's *always* tops. Jack Benny, my second choice, has great "timing" and is a past master at writing "mistakes" into a show. Maybe the main reason I'm not putting him at the head of the list is that he gives the other members of the cast—Andy Devine, Mary Livingstone, Rochester, Don Wilson and Kenny Baker—a chance to get laughs, too.

COMEDIENNES: Gracie Allen and Fanny Brice in the order named. I start laughing even before Gracie pulls her joke—because, to me, her voice is almost as funny as anything she could say. I've always been sort of partial to nit-wits, anyway. Fanny Brice is original. Her "Baby Snooks" is a brand-new type of humor brought to radio.

STOOGES: George Burns and Hanley Stafford. My favorites, you see, are the stooges who work with my top-choice comediennes—and I've often thought the reason I like Gracie and Fanny so much is because of George and Hanley (who plays the "father" to Snooks). Most of us, I think, are apt to forget, in laughing at Gracie and Fanny, that without these two gentlemen who build up and plant their gags so expertly—the girls might not be nearly so funny.

DRAMATIC ACTOR: Head-and-shoulders above all the rest is Don Ameche! Don can play every type of dramatic role with equal ease and equal brilliance. For an alternate, I'll take Edward G. Robinson. He's one of the few real movie stars with a radio "presence". His voice is distinctive—and he was smart enough to create a *constructive* character for the air, instead of taking the easy road and doing an air-gangster.

DRAMATIC ACTRESS: Claire Trevor, to me, is top-call—for her work in the "Big Town" playlets. Like Eddie Robinson, Claire's voice is distinctive and recognizable whether she appears on stage, screen or radio. Kathleen Wilson of "One Man's Family" rates second honors because she gets so much romance into her voice.

MALE SINGER (Classical): John Charles Thomas and Nelson Eddy. Thomas first, because of the great vocal warmth he manages to get into his songs. Nelson Eddy has a fine voice, technically—and I like to listen to him second-best despite the fact that he makes few concessions to please. I always feel that I'm getting Nelson's magnificent voice—but that he's withholding his heart.

MALE SINGER (Popular): Bing Crosby! Is there anyone in the world who can disagree? Well, I could listen to Bing all night. He has a unique way of putting a song over that never fails to make *any* tune sound better. Kenny Baker gives Bing the closest run for honors, though I think Kenny sometimes confuses the listeners by switching too quickly from insane comedy to lilting love songs.

FEMALE SINGER: (Classical): Jeanette MacDonald first—because she is never ritzie or condescending about her voice. By trying to please all types of music lovers—singing everything from opera to light musical comedy numbers—she ranks tops as a singing entertainer. For almost identical reasons, I must place Gladys Swarthout second. Never does she seem to be "singing down" to the audience.

FEMALE SINGER (Popular): Frances Langford, who has more sex appeal in her voice than any other gal on the air. But she isn't just another gal-crooner—she really has a voice.

DANCE BAND LEADER: Hold on to your hats, fellas—here I go again! Knowing that the country is "swing" daffy, I still put John Scott Trotter on top. Trotter, as you know, plays the accompaniment for Crosby. Of course, Benny Goodman is the greatest master of swing in the world—but unfortunately, I'm one of those unenlightened few who are waiting for things to slow down.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: Bing Crosby again! Try as I will to keep from having one contestant playing two "positions"—I can't find a more ingratiating M. C. than Bing. Informality, something I like, is the keynote to his microphone personality. Second, give me John Barrymore! There is a man who seems equally at home in every medium—and of them all, I think he does just about his best job on radio.

NEWS BROADCASTER: Right on top is Walter Winchell. Lowell Thomas for the second squad. Winchell has fire, personality and an electric delivery that makes everything he says important. Too, he has opinions—and he doesn't hesitate to mention them. Lowell Thomas is outstanding for his analytical comments on world-wide affairs in the news.

MALE COMMENTATOR: The great Kaltenborn! There's the only radio star who ever kept me up all hours of the night—for fear I'd miss a single word of his comment on the threat of war in Europe recently. In my opinion, Kaltenborn did more than anyone ever did to make this country radio-conscious. Boake Carter is another firebrand—and he gets second place.

FEMALE COMMENTATOR: Dorothy Thompson has the field to herself as far as I'm concerned. She has one of the few feminine talking voices that I can really enjoy for fifteen, uninterrupted minutes. She has a way of making everything, from world affairs to the trend of women's hats as interesting to men as to women.

SPORTS REPORTER: Ted Husing still gets the five-bell call—when he's calling my football games and such. Second palm goes to Bill Stern. Alert, careful and always interesting—Bill can make a game of football a real, bang-up afternoon.

ANNOUNCER: Good old Bill Hay! That guy can make soup and beans sound so good that I'm tempted even though I've just finished a chicken dinner. Second, and it was close to a toss-up, believe me, comes Don Wilson. He's got a smile in his voice that makes the "six-delicious flavors" a thing of beauty.

NOVELTY ACTS: Do I have to go any further than Edgar Bergen and his not-so-dumb-dummy, Charlie McCarthy? A whole nation can't be wrong. Second, give me Judy Canova and her gang.

MALE MOVIE GUEST STAR: All my blue chips go to Herbert Marshall for the sincerity and modulation of his magnificent voice.

FEMALE MOVIE GUEST STAR: Bette Davis, unquestionably. Her great performance on the Texaco hour—the first dual role I'd ever heard on radio—was the finest I've ever listened to. What a marvelous team Bette and Herb Marshall would make!

There you have it—the outstanding radio team of 1938 as I tuned in on them. If I've stepped on anyone's toes—or left off any of your favorites—I'm sorry. But I haven't heard them all. Sometimes it's because of a golf date. Generally though, it's because your favorite is coming on the air just about the time I'm sweating and fuming in the last-minute rush of rehearsals before my own show. Just before I tune up to say: "This is Jimmie Fidler in Hollywood, California—where people who dare to make *Lists* may not get any Christmas presents next year!"

# I WILL LIVE

*by Charles Gilchrest*



■ A secret that had to be kept, a danger that was ever-present—not even these challenges to her indomitable courage could keep Barbara Luddy from happiness!

THIS is a story about courage. Not the kind that sends people into Africa to shoot lions; not even the kind that sends a soldier over the top. No, this is a different brand of bravery altogether, possessed by all too few people. For Barbara Luddy's courage is the sort that gave her the power to defy an invisible but ever-present doom, to face the world smiling and untroubled, against tremendous odds, while in every waking moment she was wondering when tragedy would strike.

It was even part of that courage to keep this story a secret until now. Only one person, besides Barbara herself, has known it until recently. It had to be a secret. Telling it would have meant surrender.

Watch Barbara Luddy as she stands at the microphone, any Friday evening, broadcasting the leading lady's role in the First Nighter series. She will seem to you a supremely happy person. She has youth, a warm kind of beauty, success and fame in her exciting and glamorous profession. She is supple and erect, her skin blooms with health, her laughter is vibrant and strong. Surely, a person that anyone might envy.

But on March 1, 1932—a date that she will never forget—a specialist told her that she would be a hopeless cripple in seven years.

Today, on warm spring mornings, you'll see her riding horse-back in the Park; earlier in the winter, while it was still cold, she was learning ice-skating.

In a wheel-chair indeed! The

(*Continued on page* 76)



■ Barbara Luddy, as she is today—the star of Campana's First Nighter series, heard on CBS every Friday evening; and, in the inset, at the age of four, soon before she had to become the sole support of her family.

A Radio Mirror double feature! See next page for one of Barbara Luddy's First Nighter broadcasts in gay fiction form.



■ "Steve—don't, please!" cried Jane, clutching desperately at his arm.



# Out of the fog

**Cupid is often down but never out, though he had to use a battered old tug boat to win his battle with Jane and Steve—they were that stubborn about love!**

Illustration by C. C. Beall

ANY girl would have hated it. It's bad enough to find yourself co-owner of a tug boat with a man you hardly know, but to be forced to share its cramped quarters with him, when you hate and despise him into the bargain—*that* is an unbearable situation, and something is bound to explode.

The episode of the elevator got things off to a bad start. Jane felt it was not her fault, since the car was so crowded, that she was standing on a strange man's toes. He certainly wasn't justified in using the incident to strike up an acquaintance.

She snubbed him roundly, and got off at the eighth floor. So did he, remarking happily, "Fancy both of us getting off here. There's fate for you!"

Jane's voice was an icicle. "Haven't you mistaken me for someone you know? I've never seen you before in my life!"

"No," he agreed, "I haven't lived until now either."

Jane wheeled and started off down the corridor, with him at her heels like an amiable and idiotic puppy. And when she paused at the door to James Curtis' office, he jumped to open it for her, and followed her in.

"I tell you," Jane fumed, "if you don't stop following me I'll call the police!"

The door to the inner office opened, and a white-haired gentleman smiled at them benevolently. "Ah," he said, "I'm glad you've both arrived on time. Come in."

Inside, he said, "Miss Masters, this is Steve Colman. Steve, Jane Masters."

Jane acknowledged the introduction with no lessening of animosity. It took her no time at all, aided by his behavior in the elevator, to decide what sort of a man this Steve Colman was. Handsome, and so well aware of it that he expected girls to come running when he whistled. Well, here was one that wouldn't. Probably hadn't done a stroke of work in his life—not honest work, anyhow. Certainly not a man to be trusted. And she didn't like red hair.

With insufferable nonchalance, the Colman person said, "I think you'd better explain to Miss Masters who I am. She seems to be afraid of me."

"I'm not afraid of anyone!" Jane snapped.

"I've a bit of explaining to do to both of you," the lawyer said, settling himself behind his big desk. "You, Miss Masters, are the late Peter Masters' great-niece. And Steve—"

"He was my step-grandfather, wasn't he? Dad married old Peter's daughter after my own mother died."

"That's right. Now, as you know, at one time Peter Masters practically controlled the shipping here on San Francisco Bay. He had a fleet of sixty tug boats, and he got all the business. But times change—Peter got old, his business slipped away, and when he died last fall he was almost broke. Not quite, but almost. There's still a—some property to be distributed between his only heirs—you, Jane, and Steve."

"Why—I hardly knew him," Jane said.

"Nevertheless, he named you in his will. The property left jointly to

**Fictionized by Norton Russell from the First Nighter script, starring Barbara Luddy and Les Tremayne, and sponsored by Campana's Italian Balm**



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you and Steve is the old tug boat, *Rascal.*"

Jane took one look at Steve. "We'll have to sell it, of course," she said.

"I'm afraid not," Curtis said. "One of the provisions of the will is that you keep it in your possession for five years. And you're to retain Mac, the engineer, and Wee Sing, the cook."

"That's impossible!" Jane argued. "I have a job, but it barely keeps me alive. I can't take on two more people and a tug boat."

"Nobody's asking you to," Steve Colman said gently. "I'll take the tug out and make it earn its keep."

She swept him with a look of undisguised scorn.

I HAVE a Master's license," he said. "Running a tug is man's work. You keep your position and I'll—"

"I wouldn't trust you in a millpond with that boat."

"Now, Jane—be sensible—"

"And don't call me Jane. I'm quitting my job and moving onto my half of the boat tonight! Goodbye, Mr. Curtis, and thank you."

"You'll find the *Rascal* tied up at the foot of Capistrano Street!" Mr. Curtis called after her.

Jane had seldom worked as fast as she did in the next hour, with the result that she accomplished her purpose of getting to the *Rascal* ahead of Steve Colman. When she heard him coming up the narrow gangplank she had already introduced herself to Mac and Wee Sing and taken possession of the captain's cabin.

She looked up defiantly as Steve opened the door of the cabin. "I understood it was customary to knock before you entered a woman's room, Mr. Colman."

"What are you doing in here?" he snapped.

"I'm living here."

"Now listen, Jane," he burst out, "you've no right to this cabin. I need it. I'll be up and down all night, running the tug, and—"

"Oh! *You're* going to run the tug?"

Over his shoulder she saw Mac's wrinkled face with its grizzled walrus mustache. "'Nother little cabin just abaft this, Mr. Colman," he put in.

"Oh, all right!" Sullenly, Steve gave her the first round on points. "See here, Mac, how do we make this tug pay?"

"Yes, Mac," Jane added. "How do we start? We've got to hurry—that is, unless Mr. Colman has a large bank account?"

"I'm broke," Steve said curtly.

"Well—" Mac began, "there's two things you can do. The big ships is all tied up by the big tug companies. You can either go lie outside the Golden Gate and fight for lumber schooners and little fruit boats, or you can go up the Sacramento River and haul grain barges."

"Fine. We'll go up the Sacramento," Jane said promptly.

"Nonsense!" Steve barked. "We'll go outside the Gate."

"Up the Sacramento!"

"Out to sea!"

"Unless you two captains got the price of fuel oil," Mac said dryly, "we ain't goin' no place. Me'n the cook been livin' on rice for ten days and the bunker tanks is plum dry!"

Two days later the *Rascal* was still tied up at the foot of Capistrano, and one of the more efficient kinds of San Francisco fogs had blown in from the Golden Gate. Coming out of her cabin in the morning Jane had to admit that perhaps it was just as well the fuel tanks were dry. It would have been terrible to be out in that fog.

Mac, a glum figure in shiny oilskins, loomed up through the fog.

"What time did Mr. Colman go out this morning?" she asked.

"'Bout five o'clock."

"So early? Why?"

"Rice's gettin' low," Mac said simply.

Somewhere, close by, a fog horn mooed loudly, and Jane jumped as a black mass appeared out of nothingness.

A voice shouted, "Stand by to take a line!"

"Why, it's the skipper!" Mac exclaimed. "That's a fuel barge he's on—that means he's got us a job." At once the old man was all action, neatly catching the line thrown from the fuel barge, tying it, putting the fuel hoses into the tanks.

Jane was almost ready to like Steve, but at that moment he jumped from the barge to the tug boat's deck, and she noticed that once more he had become disgustingly sure of himself.

"So you've got a job?" she said. "Doing what?"

"What difference does it make?" he said airily. "It's good pay—fuel for the engine and food for us."

"We'll take it, of course," she conceded, "but after this I wish you'd talk things over with me before you accept jobs. I'm . . ."

"I know. You're half owner. If there was anything else in the world for me to do you'd be whole owner, but right now I'm stuck here."

"You feel that way, do you?" she asked dangerously.

He flung out his hands. "Jane, let's have this out. What in blazes is wrong with me?"

"Frankly I don't trust you. Anyone who will act the way you did the first time we met deserves to be carefully watched."

"Ye gods," he groaned, "haven't you any sense of humor?"

"I don't think your attitude that day was very funny. I was a total stranger to you, you know."

"All right. All right. It's only natural that a man with a good eye for beauty would speak out of turn to a girl as pretty as you are. But if that's the way you feel—"

He turned away. "As soon as the tanks are full, we'll pick up our tow and get going," he flung out.

"Where are we going?"

"Well—he hesitated in embarrassment. "About half way up the Sacramento River."

Jane flung back her head and laughed out loud. "So we *are* going up the river?"

"Just this once," he said stubbornly. "Just to get some money. After that we'll go out to sea."

"Maybe. How much are we getting for this job?"

"Six hundred."

"Six hundred dollars! Isn't that an awful lot of money?"

"It is."

"But why?"

"Listen," he said. "Do you want this job or not?"

"Of course—but—"

"Then get into your old clothes," he broke in quickly. "You may have the captain's cabin on this tug, but that doesn't mean you aren't going to do your share of work."

THE fog didn't lift. If anything, it was worse by the time they'd picked up their tow and nosed out into the bay. It also developed that Steve had strong suspicions about the accuracy of the compass. "Should have had it fixed," he muttered.

Jane, standing beside him in the pilot house, said, "Maybe it's right, though."

"Don't be silly. If that compass was right, we'd be headed for the Golden Gate—and I know we aren't. Listen!"

In the intervals between the blasts of their fog horn she heard, far overhead, the rush of speeding motor cars.

"Maybe we're going up Market Street," she suggested.

"Don't try to be funny. Those cars are on Carquinez Bridge."

"Did it ever occur to you," Jane suggested, "that the compass might be right and the cars are on the new Golden Gate Bridge?"

But he only laughed. "Say, I've sailed this Bay ever since I was a kid. (*Continued on page* 93)

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

# BOB HOPE

■ Just a friendly grin from that droll comedian of Tuesday night's Pepsodent program. Bob's back with his old screen partner, Martha Raye, in Paramount's "Never Say Die."



# Charlie
# GAY NAUGHTIES





■ The gaslight era bloomed again when Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, celebrating the completion of their new Universal picture, "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," threw a "Gay Nineties" party. Left, Edgar and Charlie as a minstrel team; above—yes, it is!—Tyrone Power.

*Photos by Fink*



# McCarthy's PARTY





■ Above, Edgar with Kay St. Germaine (there's a new romance here); right, with Betty Grable. Across the bottom of these pages are Betty, Princess Baba, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour, Shirley Ross, in the "backless" dress—then Betty, Baba, Martha and Dotty again.



# DO MEN Hate



*Mrs. Hal Kemp's trousseau hats made by Sally Victor.*

WHEN you proudly go home, after frantic shopping, with your new Easter bonnet, and Hubby takes one look and yells, "Wasn't there any mirror in that store?" is he serious or is he just joking?

In an effort to solve this hat question, once and for all, we asked several of radio's loveliest and most style-conscious girls to pose in the latest models, and showed the results to Morton Downey, Phil Baker, Lanny Ross and Robert Benchley—all gentlemen of impeccable taste, rare judgment and real bravery.

Said Morton Downey: "They're kind of silly, but on the whole I think the hats this year are a lot prettier than they've been for a long time. There's more to them. Now they sit on half the head, instead of just covering the right eyebrow!"

■ Reading down—Nan Wynn, in a pink cellophane sailor; Martha Stephenson, Hal Kemp's bride, in a wine-colored milan with pink taffeta; Joan Edwards' "Arabian Nights" hat features a cellophane ruching; Nan's wearing the new baby bumper with black taffeta bow; Joan's perky sailor is a quilted cobalt-blue cellophane with a big bow.





# Women's Hats?

PHIL BAKER took one look at that straw sailor on the opposite page and announced that he'd discovered a new use for pineapple tops. Lanny Ross was cautious: "The only things I dislike are the enormous brims, and hanging yards of silk from the back. But the flowers and veils make women look romantic."

Robert Benchley came out flatly: "I always say a hat is a hat. But why can't they just call it that instead of some food or a bird. And imagine calling a hat a pillbox! The other day I heard a woman talking like this: '. . . so Mary asked for a wimple, but the wimple didn't look good, so she put on a rough-rider. After an hour she finally walked out with a Mother Goose.'" So now you know what men think of women's hats. Or do you?

*CBS stars Joan Edwards and Nan Wynn in hats by Emilie Dalheim, New York —photos by Walter Seigal.*

■ Reading below, and up—Mrs. Hal Kemp's black felt is faced with white eyelet embroidery; a muffin hat for Nan, with pink and blue birds and dotted veil. Mrs. Kemp wears another off-the-face hat with peaked crown, sombre o effect; and Nan in a 1939 version of the new fedora. It's red and the huge veil ties under the chin.



# This Happened to Me




He used to play hookey from school—to listen to a band.



Once he washed dishes; and even slept on a park bench.



**■ The almost incredible life story of swing's newest idol—Artie Shaw, who got to the top by walking with trouble every step of the way**

## BY ARTIE SHAW
### As told to Jerry Mason

EVER since I was a kid down on New York's lower East Side I've heard about luck. "All you need is one lucky break and nothing can stop you." That line of talk is almost proverbial. It's also a lot of bunk. As far as I've been able to discover, luck and the right breaks don't mean much.

I was lucky to be born with the ability to carry a tune. I was lucky to be born with a healthy body. I'm lucky to be where I am today—but I'm not there because some mysterious Fate decided to smile sweetly on me. Everything I've gotten—I've gotten the hard way.

For twenty odd years it's been work and sweat and heart-break. Every inch of the way has been tough. Some of it has been a lot of fun. If I had it to do all over again, I'd repeat most of it. A lot, though, I'd pray to skip.

Much, too, has been said and written about love and marriage as one of the world's greatest assets on the way up. That I can neither prove nor disprove. I've been in love. I married twice—two of the finest women I have ever known. But marriage was not for me. I don't know whether it helped or hindered. I know it can provide great happiness and great unhappiness. For me, it did both.

Right now, I am pretty well satisfied. Show-business is a fairly familiar subject to me. No matter how familiar it is, I get a kick out of seeing "Artie Shaw and his Orchestra" spelled out on a theater marquee. There's also a great deal of pride in knowing that you and your organization are able to earn more than a quarter of a million dollars within a year. That's a lot of money. But it's important to me not for what it can buy—but for what it stands. It means I have arrived. I and my ideas about music have been accepted. That's important. And I am perfectly honest when I say it's not the money that

Illustrations by Robert Reiger



Listen to Artie Shaw and his band on the Old Gold program, Sunday nights over Columbia's Network.





Artie, aged six months—just one of New York's million or so kids.



In Buster Brown suit and haircut—a true American at three.



People in the danceband business learn to nap whenever they can.

counts. It doesn't take much experience to learn that you can wear only one suit at a time, eat only one meal when you're hungry, drive only one car. The years behind taught me that. This May those years will number 29.

THEY began on Manhattan's 7th Street between Avenue C and the East River. That's the section which belongs to the Dead End Kids. I suppose I was one of them. If you've ever seen a movie of a New York tenement house, you've seen the kind of place I lived in. Two or two and a half rooms in a wooden firetrap. Dirt and discomfort on all sides. Unhappiness the dictator whom only the children could escape. In the summer, we'd go down to the oily, ship-soiled East River to cool off. That was the Riviera of the tenements.

My earliest recollection of my father was of an unflourishing photographer. He never settled down very much. After a while he gave up pictures to work with my mother, a good dress designer. They opened a shop together which made a little money. First result, of course, was to move up to a better neighborhood. They picked out St. Mark's Place—the same block, incidentally, from which Al Smith came—and I began to go to grammar school.

I was seven and a half when they decided to move to New Haven, Connecticut. I'll never forget the night we arrived there. It was late when we got off the train and the three of us checked in to the Royal Hotel. I couldn't wait until morning. Ignorant little New Yorker that I was, I thought sure I'd wake up to look out on farm lands and cows and chickens. I rushed to the window at 6:30—and saw a scene that wasn't much different from what I'd been looking at all my life.

But I was grateful for that change of location. For years I had been cursed with a Buster Brown haircut. One of those straight bobs that come down just below the earlobes. I'd been afraid to beg my mother to cut it off while we were still in New York. I knew the kidding afterward would be worse than it had been before. That New Haven barber shop was a wonderful place.

My mother and dad opened up another clothing place. For a time they did very well. Then we began to have less and less money. We moved to worse and worse places. Finally—I was already in high school—I realized that I came from a very poor family. But to a boy of 13, finances weren't as important as playing hookey.

Boards of education can lecture all they like about the evils of playing hookey. But one such expedition was probably the most earth-shaking event that ever happened to me. I used to spend those free mornings and afternoons at the Palace Theater, the domicile of vaudeville in New Haven. One week a band came through and I watched them work. During an unimportant spot, a saxophonist stood up and played a short solo. For the first time, I became aware of the saxophone as a music-making instrument.

I rushed home—completely forgetting the consequences of playing hookey—and asked my father to buy me a saxophone. He laughed at me. I can't blame him when I think back on it now. Then, though, it was the most important thing in my life. I began to think of ways to make money. The first thing I tried was selling newspapers. After a couple of weeks of that, I calculated I was making only one-third of a cent for each paper sold. That was the hard way. I had to find a system for making money quicker. Summer vacation started and I managed to land a job in a grocery store at $5 a week. At the end of eight weeks I had $40—enough to buy a cheap horn.

I was supposed to get five free lessons for the purchase price. I took two of them—and quit. The teacher didn't know much more about the instrument than I did. He started me off all wrong. For example, he taught me the G scale instead of the C as the basic scale. Right up to the present, I have to transpose mentally whenever I play. It's like thinking in French and talking in English.

I really learned by practise. The whole idea fascinated me—I had heard the musician in the theater play the sax so beautifully and when I tried to do the same thing all I got was a lot of squealing noises. It was a problem that had to be licked. I did it by practising eight hours every day. Eight hours of it, broken only by a quickly gulped meal—and back at it. The noise drove my father crazy but the idea of learning how to play had a terrific pull on me. He would ask me to stop and I'd refuse—the only defiance I ever showed him.

My work reached a climax when I entered a local amateur contest. I remember that night, too. I played a tune called "Charlie My Boy." I can't even hum it now—but it won me $5. That prize shocked me—up

(*Continued on page* 68)

# IF WOMEN Ruled

**Step aside, men—let Carole Lombard tell you how much better a job they'd make of it!**

WHAT would happen if women ran the world? I'll tell you what would happen. If women ran this world it would be a better world, if you really want to know. It wouldn't be such a sorry *mess* of a world. It wouldn't be the kind of world that bombs kids in the streets and taxes their parents to pay for the bombs. It wouldn't be a world where people starve with a surplus of stuff to eat all around 'em. It'd be a cleaner place, a saner place, and a finer place.

Because why? Because women are *realists*. They wouldn't permit slums and filth and disease and poverty, because those things cost everybody money. Do you know what causes war and poverty? All right, all right, I'll tell you. Male stupidity, Male sentiment and Male greed.

Women are greedy too, but they know how to get what they want. They don't let stupid sentimental considerations get in their way. They wouldn't start a war to get new trade, or raw materials, or a swelled head, when they know darn well they'll wind up headless and bankrupt.

It all comes down to this. Men are children, women are realists. Take it or leave it, gents, take it or leave it.



This speech was first broadcast on Carole's Sunday night program, sponsored by Kellogg.

# Mysteries OF THE MIND



*Radio takes another step forward in seeking to unravel the secrets of such psychic phenomena as ghosts, premonitions, mental telepathy and dreams—all of them "Mysteries of the mind" and broadcast weekly over WOR of the Mutual Broadcasting System. Actual case histories are first dramatized and then discussed by psychic investigator Hugh Lynn Cayce, and two representatives from the field of medicine and psychology, Dr. Henry S. W. Hardwicke and Dr. Lucien Warner. The cases have been gathered and verified by Mr. Cayce, who has been studying phenomena for the past seven years. Dr. Hardwicke is conductor of the Psychic Forum and a research officer of the Society of Psychic Research. Dr. Warner has carried on special research at Duke University and is the author of "Applied Psychology." The following article has been prepared, by special permission of WOR, from outstanding case histories already broadcast.*

SINCE the beginning of time man has sought to gain more and more knowledge about this world into which he has been born . . . and more and more knowledge concerning the mystery of his own self; his mind or soul. Today, men of science are delving into the mysteries of the mind, trying to reveal its hidden powers—to explain their meaning.

Into the lives of almost everyone have come experiences of the mind —strange and unexplainable in terms of our every-day life—a vivid dream that came true, a hunch that something was about to happen, an impression that a friend or loved one miles away was in trouble.

On November 11, 1938, there appeared in newspapers from coast to coast the remarkable story of six-year-old, golden-haired Helen Lane of Miami, Florida. This amazing story has been verified and authenticated.

The quiet of the Lane living room was suddenly disrupted on November 10 by the frightened cries of little Helen — cries of "Mother; Mother!" which became more terrifying as they increased in volume.

The parents rushed to the child's bedroom on the second floor.

"Yes, Helen dear," comforted her mother, as she saw that her little

■ Into the life of everyone has come some strange, inexplicable event—a dream that came true, a premonition, a voice from nowhere. Here are more of these weird happenings, with . . . perhaps . . . an explanation



■ Dayton jerked open the window. "There's a fire below us!" he shouted.

Illustration by Chase Cassidy

girl was still alive and untouched. "What is it?"

"Oh, Mother, I've just been run over by a truck," the little girl sobbed pitifully. "I'm dying!"

Mrs. Lane crushed the child to her breast and whispered reassuringly:

"Why, Helen, you're all right. You've been dreaming."

The child shook her head. "No, Mother, I tried to get out of the way but I couldn't. That colored man who was driving—he picked me up." The child gasped, then cried again, "Oh, I'm dying, I know I am!"

Mrs. Lane turned helplessly toward her husband. His face was ashen white.

"Helen," she tried to comfort her daughter. "You're still not awake. There's no truck and there's no colored man. You're right here at home, safe in bed."

The child cried softly, pulled the blankets closer to her chilled skin, and spoke softly: "But Mother, it was so real. I'm so frightened. It might be going to happen. It didn't seem like a dream at all. That truck was killing me!"

The parents turned out the light and stayed with their child until the dawn broke. Neither said a word.

At breakfast Helen spoke of her horrible "dream" again. The crisp morning air had freshened the mother. She regained her confidence, and buoyed up the child's spirits.

But less than an hour later, Mrs. Lane's household duties were suddenly interrupted by the screech of brakes, followed instantly by a scream. A child's scream. Through the open kitchen window came the sound of voices.

"Get the license number!" someone yelled excitedly. "Hold the driver!"

Mrs. Lane rushed into the street. At the sidewalk she met a neighbor. The woman was hysterical.

"Oh, Mrs. Lane," she cried, "it's your daughter Helen. I'm afraid she's—"

Her words were cut off by the other woman. "Yes, I know. I know." Mrs. Lane said calmly. "You don't have to tell me. My baby has been killed."

Two days later a grief-stricken mother and father appeared before the coroner's jury. They had a strange request to make. Mr. Lane spoke slowly, sorrowfully:

"Your Honor, my wife and I have come here to ask mercy for that negro driver who ran over our little girl. He must not be blamed for what has happened. You see—we don't understand ourselves, but Helen had a dream the night before the accident that she was run over by a truck and killed. A truck driven by a colored man!"

"But that's incredible," said the foreman of (*Continued on page* 64)

# THE CASE OF THE Hollywood Scandal



■ I'll never forget the way he jumped back. The man was absolutely terror-stricken.

by Erle Stanley Gardner

**Author of "The Case of the Velvet Claws" "The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.**

*The Story Thus Far:*

I WAS plunged into mystery on the very first day of my new job as secretary to William C. Foley, the well-known Hollywood lawyer. I'd received the job when Mildred Parker, Mr. Foley's former secretary, was injured by a hit-and-run driver. Mr. Foley, who always judged people by their voices, hired me because he liked mine.

Early in the afternoon of my first day, a man who said he was a private detective investigating Miss Parker's accident, forced his way into Mr. Foley's office. After Mr. Foley had gotten rid of him, his next visitor was a Frank C. Padgham, and I was called in while Mr. Foley dictated a long and involved agreement between Padgham, who seemed to be a talent agent, and two men named Carter Wright and Woodley Page. Mr. Foley instructed me to type the agreement and deliver it to a certain address that night—and under no circumstances to let anyone else see it.

On my way to the address that night I was almost run down by a speeding car—and it didn't look like an accident either. In a panic, I arrived at the house, which seemed to be completely deserted. No one answered my ring, so I walked in. Then, coming from upstairs, I heard a thumping noise. I investigated, and found Bruce Eaton, my favorite movie and radio star, bound and gagged in a closet. I set him free, and he went downstairs to get a drink for both of us. Too late, I realized he had run away, not knowing I had recognized him. I started down the hall after him, picking up a safety-deposit key he had dropped. Then, through an open door I saw a man slumped over a desk in such a strange attitude that I knew he was dead. And at that moment every light in the house went out!

PART II

I HAD no idea that any place could be so utterly and completely dark. It seemed as though someone had pushed a thick strip of black blotting paper into the cor-

**A key, a corpse, and a rudely disappearing star are the baffling clues to the mystery of that dark house of murder! Follow impulsive Miss Bell and her boss, the man with the microphone mind, into new paths of danger**



Illustrations by
Mario Cooper

ridor, and the paper had just sucked up every bit of light in the place.

And within fifty feet of me was the body of a dead man.

Not the faintest ray of light seeped in from the street. The rich heavy hangings were as efficient in preventing light from getting in as they had been in preventing any from showing on the outside.

I'd been frightened enough when I first came running up to the house, seeking refuge from the dangers of the outer night. Now I realized all too keenly the proverb about "Out of the frying pan into the fire." I'd been anxious enough to get into the house, but now I was twice as anxious to get out. Whatever dangers the street held would at least be met in the open air, not in this place with its dank aura of death clinging to it.

I groped for the stairs, and then, afraid that I'd miss them, dropped on my hands and knees, swinging my left hand out in long, exploring circles as I crawled in the general direction of the stairs, my right hand dragging the brief case along the carpet behind me. I found the staircase and started down, walking on tip toe, trying to avoid creaking boards.

I was halfway down the stairs when a bell shattered the silence.

I stopped, motionless, listening. Was it a telephone, or . . . It rang again, and this time I knew it for what it was, the doorbell. Someone was at the front door.

I suppose, logically, at that moment I should have become completely panic stricken. As a matter of fact, the ringing of the doorbell had exactly the opposite effect. I steadied down to fast, cool thinking. It was, I realized, quite possible that Bruce Eaton had decided to return. It was also possible he had notified others of what they would find in the house, bringing assistance to me in that way, yet keeping out of it himself.

Or . . . Suddenly I laughed. A feeling of vast relief surged through me. *Of course!* It was Mr. Foley and Frank Padgham coming to keep their appointment.

I put my hand on the bannister and ran down the stairs as rapidly as I could. The doorbell rang once more while I was still fumbling around in the corridor. I propped my brief case against the wall near the door, so I'd have both hands free for groping. Then I found the doorknob, and flung open the door.

It was as dark as a pocket inside the house, and in contrast to that darkness the street seemed well lighted. I could see the flashy form of Frank Padgham silhouetted in

the doorway. Apparently, he couldn't see enough of me to recognize me. All that he could see was an oblong of blackness, with the vague, indistinct lines of a figure standing within reaching distance of him.

I'll never forget the way he jumped back. There was far more than the startled reaction which takes place when one encounters the unexpected. The man was obsolutely terror-stricken.

"Where's Mr. Foley, Mr. Padgham?" I asked.

HE took two deep breaths before he was able to answer me. Then he said, "Oh, it's you, Miss . . . Miss . . ."

"Miss Bell," I supplemented.

"Oh yes, Miss Bell," he said. ". . . You . . . ah . . . startled me. How did it . . . ah . . . happen that you answered the doorbell?"

For a moment I was irritated at him. There was something ponderous and patronizing in his manner, now that he had recovered from his fright. So I said, "Suppose you answer my question, and then I'll answer yours."

"Oh yes, Mr. Foley . . . why, yes. Mr. Foley was . . . or . . . ah . . . detained. A matter of the greatest importance. That's why we were a little late keeping the appointment."

"These lights won't go on," I told him. "There's a switch out, or a fuse blown, or something."

"Indeed," he said solicitously, and moved forward. "I'll have to investigate. You'd better stay close, Miss Bell. I wouldn't want to lose you in the . . . er . . . ah . . . darkness."

I could hear one of his hands scraping along the wall as he searched for the light switch, but the other hand rested on my shoulder, then dropped down so that his arm was around my waist. I twisted out from what was about to develop into an embrace and said "Hadn't you better take both hands, Mr. Padgham? I'll stay right behind you."

He found the light switch, then, and clicked it fruitlessly.

"I'm afraid," I told him, "there's something radically wrong here."

"You mean about the lights?"

"I mean something in the house," I said. "There's a dead man upstairs."

For what might have been four or five seconds, there was complete silence. He didn't move. I doubt if he even breathed. I was sorry that I couldn't see the expression of his face. Was he surprised? Or was he perhaps acting a part? Somehow I had the idea that the man was playing me as a cat plays a mouse.

"Oh Good *Lord!*" he exclaimed, and then after a moment added, "Where is this . . . er . . . ah, corpse?"

"Upstairs," I said, "in a room which opens off behind the staircase."

"And what were *you* doing up there?" he asked, sharply.

"I heard something," I said, "a funny sound, and I climbed the stairs to see what it was and found . . ."

I stopped abruptly. Should I tell him what I'd found, or should I tell that only to Mr. Foley—or, on the other hand, should I ever tell anyone? Bruce Eaton certainly didn't want anyone to know he'd been in the house, and it didn't take a great deal of imagination for me to understand why. Bruce Eaton was box office in a big way. Not only was he *my* particular heart throb, but I had some forty million feminine rivals.

"Go ahead," he said, interrupting my thoughts. "You found what?"

"Found this dead man," I finished inanely.

"How did you know that he is dead?"

"By looking at him."

"Did you go into the room to see?"

"No."

"You didn't touch him?"

"No."

"You didn't . . . er . . . ah . . . pick up anything?"

"Pick up anything?" I said, forgetting for the moment about that peculiar key. "Why, why should I pick up anything? What are you talking about, Mr. Padgham?"

"Just a matter of precaution," he said quickly. "You understand the police are very strict about anyone touching things in a room where a man's been murdered."

"Murdered!" I exclaimed.

"Why yes," he said. "Didn't you say he was murdered?"

And I think that was the first time I realized the man actually *had* been murdered.

"No," I told him, "I thought he'd had a stroke or something while he was sitting there. . . . Great heavens, you don't suppose . . ."

"Suppose what?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said.

"Look here, Miss Bell," he told me, dropping his friendly manner for the moment and with his voice holding an ominous note, "If you're holding anything back, it's going to be . . . well, serious."

"I'm not holding anything back," I told him— "that is, anything that I feel I should tell you."

This time there was no mistaking his tone. He'd lost all of that ponderous, synthetic dignity, and his

(*Continued on page* 72)



■ I crawled on my hands and knees in the direction of the stairs, dragging the brief-case along the carpet.



# DON AMECHE

■ Comin' atcha is that delightful master of ceremonies of the Chase and Sanborn Hour. Don's next screen appearance is with Claudette Colbert in Paramount's "Midnight."

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

**Three short years, and in them everything has come his way—heights of fame few have ever explored, the adulation of millions, and a love of the sort won only by the romantic in heart**

# This is the

By
**HOWARD SHARPE**



■ Ty's romance with Sonja Henie held no danger of a really serious love affair. It was just a friendship—and both knew it.

CHICAGO was hot, and inexpressibly full of people. It was August of 1934, Century of Progress year, and Tyrone Power stopped there on his way to New York; he felt he might as well see the Fair.

He stayed until January. Friends from the earlier days were at the train when he came in and greeted him with gladsome cries, so that the weary trek from hotel to hotel (all filled to capacity) was not necessary for him.

It was the Power luck. They had an apartment which they shared, these friends, and since it was already uncomfortably crowded another occupant could hardly add inconvenience. Particularly if he were Tyrone Power, congenial, young, given to laughter.

The Chicago period was a transition, a time-out for adjustment. Behind the boy lay his absolute youth, a head-long collection of years in which his ambition and his self-assurance had, hand in hand, brought him anti-climax.

He'd set off bravely enough, when he was seventeen, to be an actor. Perhaps, if Tyrone Power II, his father, had lived, he would have had better luck. He didn't know. All he knew was that Hollywood hadn't wanted him. A year—almost—in the Santa Barbara Little Theater had been good: it had given him security, for a time, and much-needed experience.

# Life!



- 20th Century-Fox

■ His romance with Janet Gaynor, right, was a realization of a dream. And then along came Annabella who won his heart without trying. Above, Annabella and Ty basking in the golden sun.

It had given him something else, too. Somewhere, behind him, was first love—Nicky, the girl at the Santa Barbara theater. But that was all over now. He mustn't look back. The future would need all his attention—if indeed there was any left over from the present.

Professionally he was given reassurance when one of the friends got him a job with the fair, announcing him to concession managers as an experienced actor from the Coast. For a month or two he pantomimed before unloaded cameras while patrons, having paid their good money to see a "Glimpse of Hollywood," watched with unblinking eyes his every movement.

When this occupation had palled, both on the visitors and on Tyrone, he auditioned at a radio station and got a job reading the funny papers to Chicago's listening young each Sunday afternoon. There were occasional bit parts to do on network shows. One of them was in Don Ameche's First Nighter program.

During the summer, then, and through the long autumn, young Mr. Power worked hard, amused himself grimly during the evenings in company with his cheerful roommates, and tried to put the memory of unprofitable years out of his mind.

When he had done that, finally, he could go to the radio people, resign, and catch the first train for New York.

"But of course you will stay with us!" Michael Strange, a family friend of long standing said to him at dinner his first night in Manhattan; and Harrison Tweed, her husband, nodded assent. So that was settled.

Tyrone had very little money, just enough to keep him for a time. Amazingly, he was not worried. People whose luck is attuned to their eventual success know when a change for the better is imminent. They (*Continued on page* 61)



*Fink*

# FACING the MUSIC

BY KEN ALDEN





Above, Bob Crosby, leader of Dixieland's Bobcats—the band that made good because they stuck to an ideal. Left, attractive Edythe Wright discovered that the coveted solo-spot in Tommy Dorsey's band was hers alone.

ONE of the most popular orchestra leaders of the boom days, Bert Lown, is back again with a brand new orchestra. Remember his old haunting theme, "Bye-Bye Blues?" Bert is using it again. When Bert was the toast of the town ten years ago some of his musicians were Tommy Dorsey, Jimmy Dorsey, Red Nichols, Adrian Rollini, Mike Riley and Ed Farley. . .

Larry Clinton is off the Tommy Riggs show . . . Percy Faith, the Canadian conductor, still refuses those tempting offers from American broadcasters . . . Jan Garber moves into the Hotel New Yorker for his first Manhattan engagement in May, just in time to see Guy Lombardo leave the Roosevelt. Bookers wouldn't dare have both bands in one town at the same time.

Benny Goodman clicked at the Waldorf-Astoria so heavily that he returns to the swank Manhattan hostelry in October . . . Benny decided that his brother Irving was the best man to fill Harry James' shoes in the band . . . Edythe Wright has returned to the Tommy Dorsey fold. Tommy couldn't find a logical successor . . . Benny Berigan is not disbanding his organization to join Benny Goodman. The trumpeter still wants to lead his own band . . .

A de-lovely sits near the Sammy Kaye bandstand in New York's Hotel Commodore almost nightly. Some say it's Mrs. Kaye . . . Bandleader Kaye is one of radio's most eligible bachelors if he hasn't already taken the important plunge . . . Is there a blessed event due at the Bob Crosbys? . . . Buddy Rogers replaces Freddy Martin at the Los Angeles Cocoanut Grove in April.

## THE FREE SOULS OF SWING

IF you have never pinned your hopes on an ideal, don't read this story.

Because the meteoric rise of the country's newest dance band sensation was built on a grim determination to foster a new swing trend.

Today the whole country is swinging to Bob Crosby and his dynamic orchestra. These men had an ideal and stuck to it, despite discouraging setbacks. Unlike any other band you have ever heard, they are now safely ensconced in Chicago's renowned Blackhawk Cafe. They are on the air several times weekly over Mutual. Rumor-laden radio row has heard more news, via the mysterious grapevine route, that the band is being groomed for its first

(*Continued on page* 88)

# "LET UP— LIGHT UP A CAMEL

**...a grand way to rest the nerves"**
**— says famous American designer**

## Hawes

**"I find Camels are So Soothing"**



**1** Elizabeth Hawes—tiny, young, energetic—heads her own couturier salon in the social East Sixties of New York. An intense worker, she designs, sketches; confers with drapers, fitters, models... plans the Openings at which her new gowns and wraps are shown for the first time. Above, she selects fabrics—her first step in a new design.



**2** She cuts into muslin. A few snips with the shears, and another All-American design is on its way. "Designing new styles is fun," she says, "but hard on the nerves sometimes. So when I feel myself getting tense or irritable, that's the moment I say to myself: 'Elizabeth Hawes, have a Camel!'"



**3** Sketching the design. "A designing job is hard work," she says. "I'd feel like a wreck at the end of the day—and probably look like one!—if I didn't ease up now and then and enjoy a Camel. It's a grand way to rest the nerves!"



**4** *"CYPRESS"*—the finished design. Cypress-green faille, superbly cut, with gleaming coq feathers falling out of a show-your-shoulders neckline. Miss Hawes' clothes are internationally known—styled to be wearable for years. Miss Hawes, wearing her workmanlike blouse of blue silk, looks pleased and at ease as she smokes another Camel. "'Let up—light up a Camel' makes sense to me," she says. "Camels are positively soothing to the nerves."




Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

**Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic**

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



*RELAXED.* The wire fox terrier is noted for its brisk, playful spirit. Apparently, always on the go... *actually,* frequently at ease. When he tires, he instinctively rests. His nervous system is so highly strung! Ours is too. Our instincts likewise warn us: *Nerves need rest.* But will-power and determination may prod you to struggle on... till you become tense and irritable. You *want* to be pleasant... you *want* to enjoy smooth nerves. Why not pause frequently? Ease the strain. Let up and light up a Camel. Camels are mild, rich-tasting. And smokers find that Camel's costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves.

*Presenting*

# A REALLY NEW LIPSTICK

*packed with new thrills ... new glamour ... new "everything" that you need for conquest tonight*




**Amazing New "Perma-Color" Principle Keeps Lips Thrilling Many Hours Longer!**

News in lipstick! Important, thrilling news! The glamorous SAVAGE you have known so well now becomes the New SAVAGE *Thril*LIPSTICK ... a big, full-sized lipstick in a dashing swivel case!

**More Lasting Than Ever**

And what thrills it holds for YOU! Its sensational new *"perma-color"* principle gives color that's not just surface coating, but radiant redness that actually seems to become a savagely clinging part of your lips ... almost as much a part of YOU as your lips themselves. It really stays on. SAVAGE *Thril*LIPSTICK! Thrilling too, because it's so much smoother to apply than you ever dreamed lipstick could be.

**New Jungle-ish Shades**

But most important of all is the *thrill* of discovering that these jungle-ish shades with their lustrous, shimmering highlights are the true essence of romantic adventure in its maddest whirl. The very first night you wear one of them you'll find out how much more attractive SAVAGE reds really are.

**Worth Millions in Glamour!**

The New SAVAGE *Thril*LIPSTICK, now at all toilet counters, is the size and quality usually sold for a dollar ... worth millions in glamour ... yet only 25¢. This price certainly suggests that you indulge the luxury of several shades — for different costumes!

TANGERINE ... FLAME ... NATURAL ... BLUSH ... JUNGLE ORCHID (NEW *purplish shade*)

*The New* SAVAGE *Thril* LIPSTICK



# Inside Radio

## The New Radio Mirror Almanac

### BY THE STUDIO SNOOPER

■ A handy guide to listening that you'll want to keep right beside your loudspeaker —complete network program directory, day-by-day reminders of listening highlights, plus the fascinating behind-the-scenes stories of seven big network broadcasts!

PROGRAMS FROM MARCH 24 TO APRIL 25

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | Eastern Standard Time | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Peerless Trio** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Organ Recital** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Four Showmen** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Animal News** |
| | | 9:00 | CBS: **From the Organ Loft** |
| | | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line** |
| | | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Turn Back the Clock** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **Tom Terriss** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Wings Over Jordan** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Melody Moments** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Church of the Air** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Russian Melodies** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **Radio Pulpit** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Music and Youth** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC: **News** |
| 8:05 | 10:05 | 11:05 | NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen, contralto** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Blue **Neighbor Nell** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **Chimney House** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **MAJOR BOWES FAMILY** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Southernaires** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Blue **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Red: **Music for Moderns** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Church of the Air** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Blue: **GREAT PLAYS** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Ireene Wicker** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS, MBS, NBC: **Salute to Nations** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: **Americans All** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Blue: **THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: **Words Without Music** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **Fables in Verse** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: **N. Y. PHILHARMONIC** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Armco Band** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Sunday Drivers** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Blue: **Festival of Music** |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Bob Becker** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Blue: **National Vespers** |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Red: **Hendrick W. Van Loon** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **The World is Yours** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **St. Louis Blues** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Blue: **Met. Opera Auditions** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Red: **Uncle Ezra** |
| | 4:30 | 5:30 | MBS: **The Shadow** |
| 8:00 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **BEN BERNIE** |
| | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Red: **The Spelling Bee** |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Dog Heroes** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **SILVER THEATER** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **New Friends of Music** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Gateway to Hollywood** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | MBS: **Show of The Week** |
| | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Red: **A Tale of Today** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **People's Platform** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **World's Fair Program** |
| 8:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **JACK BENNY** |
| | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **Screen Guild** |
| | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **Seth Parker** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **THIS IS NEW YORK** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Out of the West** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **DON AMECHE EDGAR BERGEN** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **FORD SYMPHONY** |
| 7:30 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **HOLLYWOOD PLAY-HOUSE** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round** |
| 8:00 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **WALTER WINCHELL** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music** |
| 8:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Robert Benchley** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **The Circle** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | MBS: **Good Will Hour** |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn** |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Cheerio** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Dance orchestra** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC: **Dance orchestra** |

# SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS




■ Bob Benchley's gags always panic Producer Martin Gosch (right).

**Tune-In Bulletin for March 26, April 2, 9, 16 and 23:**

MARCH 26: Twelve noon, Dr. Courboin in an all-Bach program, MBS. . . . Three p.m., Albert Spalding and Gaspar Cassado, violinist and cellist, guests on the CBS Philharmonic. . . . Nine tonight, Bidu Sayao, guest on the Ford Symphony Hour, CBS.

April 2: Two p.m., a special Magic Key program in honor of Army Day, NBC-Blue. . . . Three o'clock, Jose Iturbi plays Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto on the CBS-New York Philharmonic program. . . . Nine tonight, Lawrence Tibbett is the Ford Hour's guest star.

April 9: Easter Sunday. . . . Special services and programs from all networks. . . . Sunrise service on CBS at 7:00 a.m. . . . The Rossini Mass on the Philharmonic concert, CBS at 3:00. . . . Nine tonight, Gladys Swarthout is the Ford Hour's guest.

April 16: Three p.m., Kirsten Flagstad sings on the CBS Philharmonic concert. . . . Nine tonight, Jose Iturbi is guest star on the Ford Hour.

April 23: Three p.m., Adolph Busch, violinist, plays a Beethoven Concerto with the Philharmonic, CBS. . . . Nine tonight, Ford Hour's guest is Ezio Pinza.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Melody and Madness, on CBS at 10:00, E.S.T. The Melody is Artie Shaw's swing band and his clarinet, singers Dick Todd and Helen Forrest. The Madness is Robert Benchley, alone and unaided.

You're listening to Melody and Madness as it comes from CBS' Radio Theater No. 1, located in the midst of Broadway's congested theater district. Here is probably a good place to explain that CBS has four of these theaters, once devoted to stage drama, now leased by CBS and converted with control booths and sounding boards into radio studios. Nos. 1 and 2 are fairly small and intimate; No. 4 is large, and No. 3 is huge. The network had to rent these outside playhouses because the studios in its own building—which was never built for radio in the first place—long ago proved to be too small.

Although he is a leading American humorist, Benchley doesn't write his own radio material. The whole show is written by professional scripters Al Lewis and Hank Garson, and partly rewritten on the last day of rehearsal by Bob and Martin Gosch, producer of Melody and Madness (in radio, a "producer" is about the same as a director in the movies.) Bob doesn't even rehearse much—comes in Sunday morning to go over his script, goes out to lunch, drops back around four-thirty and stays until six, then goes on about his own affairs until broadcast time. He says too many rehearsals make him go stale.

The script writers try to model their gags after the Benchley manner, without using anything he ever wrote. This makes things tough sometimes. Bob went over a skit they'd written called "How to Hire a Maid," shook his head, and said it sounded familiar but he didn't know why. Just before the broadcast he remembered—its ending was the same one he'd used in a skit called "How to *Fire* a Maid."

Bandleader Artie Shaw deserves only a little space here because there's a long story about him on page 28. His band has reached such sudden success in the East it just possibly may not accompany the show to Hollywood in April.

Producer Martin Gosch is a tiny, dark man with a toothbrush mustache who stands in the middle of the stage during broadcasts, with a pair of earphones clamped to his head. No matter how often he's heard them in rehearsals, a few of Benchley's lines always panic him.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**DONALD DICKSON — featured baritone on tonight's Chase and Sanborn Hour, NBC-Red at 8:00—born in Clairton, Pa.—knew he wanted to be a singer when he was five—family was poor and they traveled all over the country—when Don was twenty he was working in a steel mill in Cleveland eleven hours a day, sleeping three, studying singing the rest of the time—Artur Rodzinski helped him get a Juilliard School scholarship—he sang on the Sealtest Saturday Night Party and through it got a contract with the Metropolitan—he's married, with a six-year-old son.**

Eastern Standard Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Blue: **Norsemen Quartet** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | 8:05 | 9:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | 8:05 | 9:05 | NBC-Red: **Happy Jack** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red **The Family Man** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| 1:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | MBS: **School of the Air** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| 1:15 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| 1:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| 1:15 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| 12:30 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| 11:00 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| 11:15 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 11:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Time for Thought** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
| | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over** |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| 2:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: **School of the Air** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | MBS: **Ed Fitzgerald** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of all Churches** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: **Curtis Institute of Music** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Girl Alone** |
| | | 5:00 | NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy** |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: **Let's Pretend** |
| | 4:15 | 5:15 | NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine** |
| | 5:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong** |
| | | 5:45 | CBS: **The Mighty Show** |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **News** |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Howie Wing** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Bob Trout** |
| 10:00 | 5:45 | 6:45 | CBS: **Sophie Tucker** |
| | | 6:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **County Seat** |
| | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 3:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | CBS: **Lum and Abner** |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **EDDIE CANTOR** |
| 7:30 | 7:30 | 7:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| 9:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **Cavalcade of America** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Carson Robison** |
| 7:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **AL PEARCE** |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: **Howard and Shelton** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **Those We Love** |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **LUX THEATER** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Eddy Duchin** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Guy Lombardo** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **True or False** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **The Contented Hour** |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Columbia Workshop** |

# MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS




■ Al Pearce: a "low-pressure guy"—Arline Harris: 240 words a minute.

**Tune-In Bulletin for March 27, April 3, 10, 17 and 24:**

MARCH 27: Ten p.m., Eastern time, a dramatized story of baseball, NBC-Blue.

April 3: Seven p.m., start listening to Orphans of Divorce, starring Margaret Anglin, NBC-Blue, every Monday.

April 10: Eight-thirty p.m.—for comedy, tune in Tom Howard and George Shelton, CBS.

April 17: NBC has a baseball roundup—listen to it and be posted on all the teams.

April 24: Ten a.m., The Nation's School of the Air, on WLW and Mutual, has its final broadcast of the season.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Al Pearce and His Gang, on NBC's Red network from 8:00 to 8:30, E.S.T., with a rebroadcast reaching the West at 7:30, P.S.T.

This Grape-Nuts sponsored show is probably the closest thing to an old-time vaudeville bill you'll find on the air—minus the acrobats and trained seals. Everything about it is informal and easy-going, both on the air and off. Al Pearce just won't tolerate high-pressure, refers to himself as a "low-pressure guy".

Some time in the week before the broadcast, he calls the cast together and they calmly map out the coming program and look over the script prepared by writer Monroe Upton (Monroe used to be "Lord Bilgewater" on the show, but nowadays stays mostly behind the scenes). He does all the writing except Arlene Harris' monologue, which she frequently improvises from her own notes as she goes along, and the Eb and Zeb sketches, written by Jack Hasty.

On broadcast day they all meet again and run through the script once. If there are changes to be made, Al doesn't bother having the whole thing rehearsed again, but just tells the individual performers where they can improve and leaves the rest to their good judgment, which seldom fails him.

The Grape Nuts program, while it's in New York, is broadcast from the roof of the New Amsterdam Theater on 42nd Street, long a haven of musical comedies, revues and other spectacular stage productions. Before the doors of this venerable old Manhattan landmark horses and carriages have stopped to emit passengers bent on seeing the glamorous Anna Held. W. C. Fields and Eddie Cantor have starred on its stage. Now it's a combination movie house and radio theater, the latter being on the top floor.

A newcomer to the Pearce show is Vince Barnett, known as Hollywood's champion "ribber", or practical jokester. You've seen him in innumerable pictures—you'll remember him because he practically always steals the show out from under the star's nose.

Once somebody timed Arlene Harris' rapid-fire word delivery, and discovered that she talks 240 words a minute. Personally, she hates people who talk a lot and say nothing—but her ability to do that very thing has made her the hit of the show. Although it's no secret, some people in the studio audiences are always surprised to find out that Tizzy Lish, who gives those insane cooking lessons, is really a man. "She" is, though—Bill Comstock, just past forty, blue eyed, gray haired.

One reason everybody in the Pearce Gang likes his work is that the show gives him plenty of free travel, and a chance to live on both edges of the continent. The Gang leaves for Hollywood early in April. Al's contract gives him permission to broadcast either from New York or Hollywood, and he avails himself of the option freely.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**CLAIRE NIESEN—no relation to the exotic Gertrude—plays Laura in Her Honor, Nancy James, which you hear on CBS today and every day except Saturday and Sunday at 12:15, E.S.T.—did such a good job acting a "bit" in this serial program that the authors decided to write in a special part for her—something that almost never happens in radio, so don't get your hopes up—Claire was born in Phoenix, Ariz., but came to New York when she was a small child—has studied at the Feagin School of Dramatics and has appeared on several other CBS programs—is only eighteen years old.**

| Pacific Standard Time | Central Standard Time | Eastern Standard Time | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | 8:05 | 9:05 | NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Happy Jack** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| 1:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | MBS: **School of the Air** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| 1:15 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| 1:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell** |
| 1:15 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| 10:45 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor** |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| 12:30 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| 11:00 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| 11:15 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 11:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | 12:00 | CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Time for Thought** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News** |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: **This Day Is Ours** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| 2:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: **School of the Air** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of all Churches** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | CBS: **Story of the Song** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | CBS: **Highways to Health** |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | CBS: **Highways to Health** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Girl Alone** |
| | | 5:00 | NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy** |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: **Music for Fun** |
| | 4:15 | 5:15 | NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine** |
| | 5:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong** |
| | | 5:45 | CBS: **The Mighty Show** |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **News** |
| 5:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Howie Wing** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Foundations of Democracy** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Red: **Angler and Hunter** |
| | | 6:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **County Seat** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 7:30 | 6:15 | 7:15 | CBS: **Jimmie Fidler** |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **HELEN MENKEN** |
| | 6:45 | 7:45 | NBC-Red: **Emily Post** |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **EDWARD G. ROBINSON** |
| 7:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **The Inside Story** |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents** |
| 9:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: **Dick Powell** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **INFORMATION PLEASE** |
| | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **For Men Only** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **We, The People** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary and Bob** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Benny Goodman** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Doc Rockwell's Brain Trust** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **FIBBER McGEE** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Dr. Christian** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Cal Tinney** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **BOB HOPE** |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Uncle Ezra** |

# TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Clifton Fadiman gives his "experts" last-minute instructions.

**Tune-In Bulletin for March 28, April 4, 11, 18 and 25:**

MARCH 28: Eight-thirty p.m., Dick Powell is star singer and master of ceremonies on his second program—he took it over from Al Jolson last week. CBS.

April 4: Last night to hear Gray Gordon's Orchestra from the Edison Green Room, NBC.

April 11: Nine-thirty p.m.—for a satire on radio's forum and discussion programs, tune in Doc Rockwell's Brain Trust, NBC-Blue.

April 18: Two p.m.—the opening game of the 1939 baseball season, between the New York Yankees and the Boston Red Sox, CBS—weather permitting.

April 25: First preview broadcast from the New York World's Fair, on Mutual. . . . Jan Garber opens tonight at the Hotel New Yorker—listen on CBS and MBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Information Please, on NBC's Blue network at 8:30, was born in the brain of one Dan Golenpaul, a professional idea man who never had a better one. He was listening one night to a quiz program, and got so bored at hearing smug questioners make monkeys out of ordinary folks that he thought up a program on which ordinary folks would quiz the experts. It was as simple as that, and Information Please, with Clifton Fadiman, literary critic of the New Yorker magazine, asking the questions, and sponsored now by Canada Dry, was the result.

The experts are Franklin P. Adams, John Kieran, Oscar Levant as regulars, plus a glamorous guest star each week. Adams, columnist of the New York *Post,* is the Shakespearean authority; he seldom misses on anything connected with the Bard. John Kieran, sports editor of the New York *Times,* is the all-around authority, and generally raises his hand, which indicates that he knows the answer, more than anyone else. Levant, a well-known concert pianist, is the clown of the gang. He lolls all over the long table opposite Fadiman, and sometimes doesn't seem at all interested in what's going on. When he raises his hand, it's wearily.

Information Please is always broadcast from one of NBC's smallest and most intimate studios. A tiny part of the huge RCA Building, it holds only two hundred people, and getting a pair of tickets to the show is about as easy as crashing a White House dinner. Ten minutes before the program goes on the air, the experts are "warmed up" by Fadiman, who shoots a flock of terrible questions at them. The answers are invariably funnier than the ones you hear on the air, but not so censor-proof.

Fadiman, a small be-spectacled man, with a pixie face and a tongue as sharp as Lucifer's sword, is an authority on many subjects himself, and often knows the answers without looking at the card in his hand. The experts think his is a soft job, just asking questions, but in order to seem as bright as the other boys he has to be on his toes and try to top their gags.

The query most often submitted by listeners is "What are the seven wonders of the world?" It's never been used—too easy. Many self-styled humorists send in questions like "What is the best state for fresh pork?—New Ham Sure." Such questions go into the nearest waste-basket.

The experts like being on the show, but are annoyed by the fact that they've suddenly become celebrities. Kieran has hired two bodyguards to stave off people who phone in to his office or come in personally to ask him for answers to questions they've been arguing about.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**ELEANOR PHELPS—who plays the crusading Dr. Susan Chandler in the CBS serial, Life and Love of Dr. Susan, on the air at 2:15 today in the East, 1:15 in the Midwest, 3:15 in the Rockies, and 2:15 on the coast—Eleanor's father was the French consul in Baltimore, where she was born—she went to Vassar, and when George Arliss played a theatrical engagement in Poughkeepsie, asked him how she'd go about being an actress—he discouraged her, but a few years later she was playing Jessica in his production of "The Merchant of Venice"—this is her first big radio role, but she's been in Broadway plays.**

*(For Wednesday's Highlights, please turn page)*

# Turn Your BEST Face Toward *Spring*

## —THE WAY SOCIETY FAVORITES DO!



**April in Paris**—An American countess stops to buy a fragrant bouquet. Thinking of sparkling complexions, THE COUNTESS DE LA FALAISE says: "Pond's is my choice. I use it to help keep my skin soft and smooth—glowing!"



**Spring in the Garden** is fun for MISS SALLY ANNE CHAPMAN, Philadelphia deb. Skin care is no problem to her. "It's so simple to cleanse and freshen my skin —with Pond's."



**Bevy of Bridesmaids**—Marjorie Fairchild's attendants are carefree! JEAN STARK (extreme left) is quick to grasp the new smart skin care. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health. It's thrilling to have it in Pond's."

**FOLLOW TODAY'S SMART SKIN CARE—**

**NOW YOU CAN CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO YOUR SKIN***



**Dogwood Means Spring**—"It's loveliest in Philadelphia," says MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III. And when skin is lacking in Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," it gets rough and dry. "That's why this vitamin in *Pond's* Cold Cream is such good news to me," she says.



**Spring House Party** at the University of Virginia. MISS LUCY ARMISTEAD FLIPPIN, charming southern belle, takes "time out" between dances to capture the magic of the night! "Pond's is traditionally famous. It was a natural choice for me. I use it to soften my skin so *make-up looks glamorous!*"




**Vitamin A,** the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | Eastern Standard Time | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: **Press Radio News** |
| | 8:05 | 9:05 | NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club** |
| | 8:05 | 9:05 | NBC-Red: **Happy Jack** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| 1:00 | | | |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | MBS: **School of the Air** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| 1:15 | | | |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| 1:30 | | | |
| 1:15 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| 12:30 | | | |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| 11:00 | | | |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| 11:15 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 11:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| 9:00 | | | |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride** |
| | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| 9:15 | | | |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| 9:30 | | | |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Time for Thought** |
| 9:45 | | | |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| 10:00 | | | |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| 10:15 | | | |
| | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News** |
| | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk It Over** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: **This Day Is Ours** |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans** |
| 11:00 | | | |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Blue: **Your Health** |
| | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| 2:15 | | | |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| 11:30 | | | |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: **School of the Air** |
| | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| 11:45 | | | |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | MBS: **Ed Fitzgerald** |
| | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker** |
| 12:00 | | | |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: **Indianapolis Symphony** |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | CBS: **Of Men and Books** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | MBS: **Time Out for Dancing** |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Girl Alone** |
| | | 5:00 | NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy** |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: **So You Want to Be** |
| | 4:15 | 5:15 | NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine** |
| | 5:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong** |
| | | 5:45 | CBS: **The Mighty Show** |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Our American Schools** |
| 5:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Howie Wing** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Bob Trout** |
| | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Red: **Rose Marie** |
| 10:00 | 5:45 | 6:45 | CBS: **Sophie Tucker** |
| | | 6:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **County Seat** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | CBS: **Lum and Abner** |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **Ask-it-Basket** |
| 7:30 | 7:30 | 7:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| 9:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **GANG BUSTERS** |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY** |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: **CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **Hobby Lobby** |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Tommy Dorsey** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **TEXACO STAR THEATER** |
| 9:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **TOWN HALL TONIGHT** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue **Wings for the Martins** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **99 Men and a Girl** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Edgar A. Guest** |

# WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Gang Busters' sound-effects: this is a convict on a rock-pile.

**Tune-In Bulletin for March 29, April 5, 12 and 19:**

MARCH 29: Hal Kemp's band opens at the Empire Room of the Waldorf Hotel—you'll hear him on CBS and MBS.

April 5: Blue Barron's orchestra opens at the Green Room of the Edison Hotel—late at night broadcasts on NBC.

April 12: The feud between Ned Sparks and Horatio the parrot continues—the Texaco Star Theater at 9:00, CBS.

April 19: For track fans: the Boston Marathon race, on NBC.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Gang Busters, on CBS at 8:00, E.S.T., with a rebroadcast that reaches the West at 9:00, P.S.T.—the program that's supposed to strike terror into the hearts of criminals everywhere. Whether it does or not, it ought to—the famous Gang Buster clues, broadcast near the end of each program, have so far led to the apprehension of 110 criminals since the show has been on the air.

Gang Busters originated in the fertile brain of Phillips H. Lord, who used to have a lot of fun running the program, but who now spends more time on another brain child, We, the People. He still owns Gang Busters, but hires Harry Frazee, once of Broadway, to direct it.

Most of CBS Studio 3, in the CBS building at 485 Madison Avenue, where the broadcast originates, is cluttered and crowded with sound-effects devices—crazy looking gadgets, too complicated to describe, but able to create the illusion of snow being shoveled, rain pouring down, bodies being dragged over the ground, and so on. Shots fired on the program are actually fired, with blank cartridges. Ray Kramer is the sound-effects man in charge.

Gang Busters has no audience. On the air, the illusion is created that it originates in a police office. It doesn't, but it could—New York Police Commissioner Valentine has given Lord permission to broadcast from his private office any time Lord likes.

The program has a list of actors that includes New York's best "accent" men—actors who can assume a variety of different accents. One week Ed McDonald played the part of a killer, the police officer tracking down the killer, and at last the judge sentencing the criminal. Any one listening in would have sworn the three parts were taken by three different actors. Women are a rare sight in Gang Busters casts, and when a feminine character appears the other actors always assume a superior air, because the poor girl shudders at the gun fire and finally resorts to cotton wool in her ears except when she's at the mike.

Colonel Norman Schwartzkopf, former head of the New Jersey State Police, introduces the program every week and presents, in dramatic form, the true story of some crime. He's a gray-haired, athletic-looking chap, who looks very much the criminal tracker-downer, and gets a huge kick out of the program. Frazee has taught him to read lines effectively since his debut a couple of years ago.

In many cities police chiefs insist that all members of the force listen to Gang Busters every week. But it's the average citizen who usually picks up a Gang Busters clue and sends police on a trail that leads to eventual capture of the criminal. In cases like this, Gang Busters always gives credit to the police and stays in the background, for the reason that the law is so helpful in digging up cases for Gang Busters to do on the air, and the program wants to stay friends and not hog all the credit.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**JEANNETTE CHINLEY—the luckiest actress in the world, according to Jeannette herself—plays Libby, the mysterious impostor, in The Goldbergs, CBS at 1:00 this afternoon, E.S.T., and got the job in competition with fifty other actresses—won her first radio job because she could out-scream other aspirants—acquired her first Broadway stage part by a chance meeting in an elevator with producer Max Gordon—but the best luck of all, she says, was her decision to desert the career of a concert pianist for the drama—she's titian haired and in her early twenties.**

*(For Thursday's Highlights, please turn page)*

# "You can't go out like that!" she gasped



**I'll never forget Jean's face** when she saw that old leather pocketbook! She couldn't have looked more startled if I'd appeared in hip boots. "Sally!"—she gasped—"You can't go out like that! That valise looks dreadful with your new silver dress! Where's your brocade evening bag?"



**"Listen," I snapped:** "I know this looks awful. But I don't happen to be a magician! I can't cram powder, lipstick, keys —*and* a sanitary napkin—into that little brocade bag. It just wasn't made for a crisis like this!"




**Jean just laughed.** "But you're not going for the week-end, dopey! I'll give you a Modess pad—and you'll feel safe enough without an extra one. Wait—let me show you something that should calm your fear of embarrassing accidents . . ."




**And she certainly did!** She took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad . . . and poured water on it! Not a drop went through! I saw that I could rely on Modess for greater safety.




**"Better yet," she added,** "you'll have about the most *comfortable* evening you've ever known! Look at this soft, fluffy Modess filler! See the difference between 'fluff-type' Modess, and those 'layer-type' pads you've been buying!"



**So—I carried my** swank little brocade bag, completely reassured . . . Jean was awake when I got back and she declares I raved more about Modess than I did about the party! And why not! It's a great day in a woman's life when she discovers a sanitary napkin that's both *softer* and *safer* . . . yet costs as little as Modess does!

# Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

**(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD ASK FOR JUNIOR MODESS)**

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | Eastern Standard Time | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Blue: **Radio City Four** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: **Press Radio News** |
| | 8:05 | 9:05 | NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club** |
| | 8:05 | 9:05 | NBC-Red: **Happy Jack** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| 1:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | MBS: **School of the Air** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| 1:15 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| 1:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell** |
| 1:15 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| 10:45 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor** |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| 12:30 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| 11:00 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| 11:15 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 11:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | 12:00 | CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Blue: **Southernaires** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Time for Thought** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News** |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: **This Day Is Ours** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Blue: **Social Science** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| 2:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: **SCHOOL OF THE AIR** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | CBS: **Sonata Recital** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Blue: **Sunbrite Smile Parade** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Girl Alone** |
| | | :00 | NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy** |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: **Let's Pretend** |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | NBC-Blue: **Fairy Stories** |
| | 4:15 | 5:15 | NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine** |
| | 5:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong** |
| | | 5:45 | CBS: **The Mighty Show** |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **News** |
| 5:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Howie Wing** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Bob Trout** |
| | | 6:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **County Seat** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| | 6:15 | 7:15 | NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties** |
| 5:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **Joe Penner** |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **KATE SMITH HOUR** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Parade of Progress** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **RUDY VALLEE** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **MAJOR BOWES** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **GOOD NEWS OF 1939** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Walter O'Keefe** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL** |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **NBC Minstrel Show** |

# THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Ted Collins and Kate Smith relax at rehearsal with some coffee.

**Tune-In Bulletin for March 30, April 6, 13 and 20:**

MARCH 30: Skinnay Ennis' Orchestra opens for another season at the Victor Hugo Cafe in Beverly Hills, Calif., MBS.

April 6: Army Day . . . the networks have special shows scheduled. . . . Kay Kyser and his band open the Pennsylvania Hotel Roof, NBC. . . . Eddy Duchin's orchestra starts an engagement at the Palmer House, Chicago, CBS and MBS.

April 13: Ten-thirty to-night—a National Safety Program, with Eddie Cantor, CBS.

April 20: Another baseball game—Yankees vs. Red Sox—CBS, weather permitting.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Kate Smith Hour, on CBS at 8:00, E.S.T., with a rebroadcast reaching the West at 8:30, P.S.T.—the climax of the longest day any radio star puts in.

It's eight-thirty any Thursday morning, and already things are starting in CBS Radio Theater No. 2, smack in the middle of Broadway's theater section. Kate Smith herself is still absent, but the orchestra is beginning a solid three hours of rehearsal. Jack Miller, Kate's band-leader, has been busy all week, arranging music and writing original scores when needed, and now the men of the orchestra are getting their first look at his work. A few hours of rehearsal is all they need for a perfect performance, for some of radio's top-notchers are in this band—Charlie Margolis, trumpet; Jack Jenney, trombone; Johnny Williams, drums; Jack Zayde, violin, to mention just a few.

It's ten, and Kate arrives from her Park Avenue apartment, going straight to her private dressing room. Ted Collins is here now too, and he and Kate go over Kate's script for her noonday commentating show for Diamond Salt. By noon the orchestra has finished rehearsal and left, and Kate steps out on the stage, wearing a white bungalow apron over her dress. With her are Ted Collins and her guest, the stage or screen star who is also to be on the program tonight. Kate gives her fifteen-minute talk—then hustles back to the dressing room for more conferences, and for lunch, which she always brings with her in a basket.

At one-thirty the orchestra drifts back, Ted Straeter's choir arrives, and the afternoon rehearsal goes on until after five. Kate has already rehearsed her songs, on Tuesday and on Saturday; now she fits them to the orchestral accompaniment. The Aldrich Family sketch, Abbott and Costello's comedy skit, and the guest star's dramatic spot are fitted into the whole show, which is then timed.

Back in her dressing room, Kate takes a shower, changes into an evening dress, drinks a cup of tea or coffee. Ted Collins goes to his dressing room, calls in a barber for a shave and haircut, changes from the gray slacks and blue polo-shirt which are his invariable rehearsal costume into white tie and tails.

After the first broadcast, from eight to nine, Kate and Ted and sometimes the guest star have dinner sent in from a nearby restaurant and sit around talking or listening to other programs on Kate's radio until eleven-thirty, time for the West Coast show. It's usually one-thirty or two before Kate leaves the theater.

Seventy-two people, counting the orchestra and the vocal chair, are needed to get the Kate Smith Hour on the air every Thursday for the sponsors, Calumet Baking Powder and Swansdown Flour. Collins is the only man in radio who's producer, manager and announcer, all three, of a program.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**VIRGINIA JONES—called "Ginger" by her friends—who plays Mildred in The Carters of Elm Street on NBC-Red at noon, E.S.T.—two years ago was working as a ballet dancer and dreaming of the time she'd be a dramatic star—now achieves her ambition via radio—she's a blue-eyed blonde—gets mike fright something fierce every time she begins a broadcast—but says she can ride in the back seat of an automobile going eighty miles an hour without turning a hair—doesn't seem to make sense, somehow, but there it is—was born twenty-three years ago in Kinderhook, Illinois—and weighs 118 pounds.**

*(For Friday's Highlights, please turn page)*



Nails in The New Cutex CAMEO

# Four Paris Dressmakers

## SPONSOR THE NEW CUTEX CAMEO AND CEDARWOOD

PARIS says you're going to look more feminine than ever this summer . . . even your slickest swimming suit will sport tiny, enchanting ruffles. And Lanvin, Schiaparelli, Lelong and Alix agree that the newest Cutex nail shades—CAMEO and CEDARWOOD—are perfect partners for all this new femininity!

The new Cutex CAMEO is a fragile mauvy-pink . . . custom-made for summer pastels—lovely with mimosa, écru, tawny brown, mauve, every shade of blue.

The new Cutex CEDARWOOD is slightly deeper—a light rose with a tint of lavender that makes it the season's "must" with blues, fuchsia, pinks, greens, beige.

Hail the summer with a delicate petal at every finger tip! Wear the new Cutex CAMEO or CEDARWOOD!

NORTHAM WARREN
New York, Montreal, London, Paris



**NEW CUTEX**
*Salon Type Polish*



*Alix*

Beige suit over net blouse—softly tailored by Alix. With it, she suggests nails in feminine Cutex CAMEO.



*Lelong*

Shirtmaker glorified by Lelong—in green and white satin. He recommends nails in soft Cutex CEDARWOOD.



*Lanvin*

Lanvin fantasy in blue net paneled from neck to hem with tiny ruching. She suggests nails in fragile Cutex CAMEO.

*Schiaparelli*

Schiaparelli's navy ensemble—jonquil lining. She recommends nails in Cutex CEDARWOOD.




**OTHER EXCITING NEW CUTEX SHADES TO CHOOSE FROM**

**ORCHID:** Perfect with fuchsia, mauve, blue, pink, yellow, green.

**HEATHER:** For violet, wine, blue, gray, green, yellow.

**CLOVER:** For all the new colors except orange tones.

**OLD ROSE:** For blues, pinks, yellow, brown, black.

**LAUREL:** Smart with rose, blue, gray, mauve, pastels.

**THISTLE:** Perfect with gray, beige, brown, navy, green.

***WEARS! WEARS! WEARS!***

A quarter-century of research for the most durable, longest wearing polish modern science can devise stands behind the new Cutex Salon Type Polish. Based on a new principle, it is heavier than the regular Cutex Crème Polish—gives days and days more perfect wear.

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | Central Standard Time | Eastern Standard Time | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: **Press Radio News** |
| | 8:05 | 9:05 | NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club** |
| | 8:05 | 9:05 | NBC-Red: **Happy Jack** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **Family Man** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Smile Parade** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| 1:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | MBS: **School of the Air** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| 1:15 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| 1:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| 1:15 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| 12:30 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| 11:00 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| 11:15 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 11:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Time for Thought** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk It Over** |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: **This Day Is Ours** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Blue: **MUSIC APPRECIATION** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| 2:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: **School of the Air** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | MBS: **Ed Fitzgerald** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | CBS: **Keyboard Concert** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Girl Alone** |
| | | 5:00 | NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy** |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: **Men Behind the Stars** |
| | 4:15 | 5:15 | NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **March of Games** |
| | 5:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong** |
| | | 5:45 | CBS: **The Mighty Show** |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **News** |
| 5:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Howie Wing** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Bob Trout** |
| | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders** |
| | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Red: **Invitation to Romance** |
| 10:00 | 5:45 | 6:45 | CBS: **Sophie Tucker** |
| | | 6:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **County Seat** |
| | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **Bert Lytell** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | CBS: **Lum and Abner** |
| 7:45 | 6:15 | 7:15 | NBC-Red: **Jimmie Fidler** |
| 9:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **Jack Haley** |
| 7:30 | 7:30 | 7:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| 9:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER** |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | MBS: **What's My Name** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Warden Lawes** |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert** |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: **BURNS AND ALLEN** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **NBC Jamboree** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **CAMPBELL PLAYHOUSE** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Plantation Party** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Waltz Time** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **March of Time** |
| 9:00 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Death Valley Days** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Grand Central Station** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **Lady Esther Serenade** |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Uncle Ezra** |

# FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Orson Welles holds a first rehearsal of a Friday-night script.

**Tune-In Bulletin for March 24, 31, April 7, 14 and 21:**

MARCH 24: Say goodby to two favorite serial programs today—Don Winslow at 5:30 and Tom Mix at 5:45, both on NBC-Blue—they'll be back next fall.

March 31: A new show for your approval—Bob Ripley starring on CBS at 10:30 P.M., starting tonight. . . . Henry Armstrong fights at Madison Square Garden tonight—listen on NBC-Blue at 10:00, E.S.T.

April 7: Those fascinating Liberty Magazine short-short stories are dramatized on NBC-Blue at 7:00 tonight—with Bert Lytell in the starring roles.

April 14: Time to laugh—tune in Burns and Allen at 8:30 on CBS.

April 21: The New York Giants open their season in New York, playing Philadelphia.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Campbell Playhouse, starring Orson Welles, on CBS from 9:00 to 10:00—one of radio's most satisfactory dramatic programs.

Even if you're a New Yorker, or come to New York on a visit, you'll never see a Campbell Playhouse broadcast. It's one of the few big-time programs that doesn't go in for studio audiences, and it would take something like a Supreme Court order to get you into the studio. Young Mr. Welles maintains that he's putting on a show for radio listeners, not for people to watch, and that an audience would spoil the illusion. He's an experienced illusion-maker (remember those Martians?) so he must know what he's talking about.

The Campbell Playhouse goes on the air from Columbia's Studio X, which your Snooper is sure you've never heard about before now. Studio X is the ballroom of Liederkranz Hall, an old-fashioned red brick building on 58th Street. Its ceiling is decorated with fat pink cupids riding on gilded clouds, and the whole thing is very magnificent and not a bit modern—yet the room has better acoustic properties than many a scientifically constructed sound studio. In one section of the vast room CBS has built a small studio, complete with windows and a roof of its own. The actors work in it, while the orchestra and some of the sound-effects are outside, in the hall itself.

Orson Welles stands on a platform beside a window, inside the small studio, where he can keep one eye on the orchestra, one on the actors, one on the sound effects, one— Well, the idea is that he sees everything that's going on, and gives all the cues himself.

Three and sometimes four sound-effects men are kept busy by the show. Crowd noises are usually done outside the small studio, normal sound-effects inside. Actors who are working in crowd noises and also playing parts often have to run like mad from the inner studio to the outer one, and vice versa.

Regulars on the Campbell Playhouse cast, heard every Friday, are Ray Collins, star of CBS's County Seat serial; Alice Frost, star of Big Sister; Myron McCormick, who has been in fourteen Broadway productions and has a leading part in the new movie, " . . . one third of a nation . . . "; Everett Sloane, who is Sammy in The Goldbergs and Louis in Big Sister; and Carl Frank, who is Bob Deering in Her Honor, Nancy James.

Orson loves to work and has energy enough for ten ordinary people. While he was on tour with his own production of "Five Kings", which he edited himself from material in half-a-dozen of Shakespeare's plays, he rushed back to New York every Friday to direct and play in that week's broadcast.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**CATHERINE McCUNE—who came all the way from Honolulu to be one of Chicago's foremost radio actresses—plays the role of Clara Potts on Columbia's serial, Scattergood Baines, broadcast in the East at 11:15 this morning and in the West at 2:00 this afternoon, Western time—was almost a child prodigy, getting her high school diploma at the age of 14—was educated in California, and was prominent for years in Pacific Coast radio productions as well as in stage productions—toured with Katharine Cornell and was with De Wolfe Hopper in "The Mikado."**

*(For Saturday's Highlights, please turn page)*

# IF YOUR EYES ARE BROWN, LIKE FRANCES LANGFORD'S

*Here's how to look Your Loveliest!*



Radio Star, now appearing on the "Texaco Star Theatre"

## Use MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP... keyed to the color of your eyes!




**ANN:** Choose *face powder* by the color of your *eyes?* I never heard of such a thing!

**RUTH:** It's a wonderful new way, Ann, and it applies to rouge and lipstick, too! Do try it! Really, with Marvelous Matched Makeup you look lovelier *instantly!*




**ANN:** With your *brown* eyes, it's *perfect,* Ruth! But what about *me,* with *gray* eyes?

**RUTH:** Whether your eyes are gray, blue, hazel or brown, the Marvelous people have the right shades for you, Ann! They tested girls and women of every age and coloring—




**ANN:** And they found proper cosmetic shades depend on *eye* color, Ruth?

**RUTH:** Yes! And so they created Marvelous Powder, Rouge and Lipstick keyed to your true personality color, the color that never changes—*the color of your eyes!*




**RUTH:** Marvelous Matched Makeup is what we've all been looking for, Ann! The powder is simply wonderful—clings for hours—never cakes or looks "powdery"! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it gives your skin a beautiful suede-like finish!




**RUTH:** You'll adore the rouge and lipstick, too, Ann! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick is so creamy and protective—yet its color lasts and lasts!




**ANN:** Marvelous gives a thrilling new beauty *instantly!* You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony,* get them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!

*(65¢ in Canada)*




55¢ EACH

## MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

**By Richard Hudnut**

**KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!**

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City

MF-539

My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐

Please send me my Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous trial sizes. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | Eastern Standard Time | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Cloutier's Orch.** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Blue: **Dick Leibert** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-tete** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Blue **Jack and Loretta** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: **Press Radio News** |
| | 8:05 | 9:05 | NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club** |
| | 8:05 | 9:05 | NBC-Red: **Happy Jack** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Montana Slim** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **Saturday Morning Club** |
| | 8:25 | 9:25 | CBS: **News** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Hill Billy Champions** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **The Wise Man** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Amanda Snow** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **No School Today** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Four Corners Theater** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Florence Hale** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **The Child Grows Up** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **KSTP Presents** |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Symphony Concert** |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **Music Internationale** |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty Moore** |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Our Barn** |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Eastman School of Music** |
| | | 12:00 | CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Blue: **Education Forum** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Red: **Cloutier Orch.** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Call to Youth** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Matinee in Rhythm** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Calling Stamp Collectors** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Moods for Moderns** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Blue: **Kinney Orch.** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Campus Notes** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Blue: **Frank Dailey Orch.** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Kavelin Orch.** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Blue: **Al Roth** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Blue: **Erskin Hawkins Orch.** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Red: **Cosmopolitan Rhythm** |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | NBC-Red: **Youth Meets Government** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Blue: **Southwestern Stars** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **News** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten** |
| 3:05 | 5:05 | 6:05 | CBS: **Dance Orchestra** |
| 3:05 | 5:05 | 6:05 | NBC-Blue: **El Chico Revue** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Saturday Swing Session** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Blue: **Renfrew of the Mounted** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **Americans At Work** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel** |
| 9:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Avalon Time** |
| 8:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **Joe E. Brown** |
| | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **Uncle Jim's Question Bee** |
| 4:30 | 5:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Lives of Great Men** |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **JOHNNY PRESENTS** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **TOMMY RIGGS** |
| 9:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: **Professor Quiz** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **Brent House** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Phil Baker** |
| 8:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **National Barn Dance** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Vox Pop** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Hall of Fun** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **NBC-SYMPHONY** |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Dance Music** |

# SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Complete with Hawaiian background: Phil Baker and "Bottle."

**Tune-In Bulletin for March 25, April 1, 8, 15 and 22:**

MARCH 25: Mutual has an hour-long short-wave broadcast from London, put on by the British Broadcasting Company—three to four this afternoon, E.S.T.

Guest stars on Walter Gross' Swing Club, CBS, at 6:30, are Kay Thompson and Jack Jenney.

April 1: Those waggish networks are celebrating April Fool's Day today.

April 8: Emil Coleman opens tonight on the Waldorf's Starlight Roof—with a CBS wire. . . . Joe Zuti opens at the Nicollet Hotel, Minneapolis—another CBS wire.

April 15: Must-listen for baseball fans—Play Ball, Mutual's yearly tour of the big baseball centers, featuring interviews with the big-league managers and players. Seven-thirty to eight tonight.

April 22: Hedda Hopper, of the movies, stars tonight in Brent House, a weekly serial on NBC-Blue at 8:30.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Honolulu Bound, with Phil Baker (and his accordion), Bottle, his "valet", The Man in the Box, Johnny Pineapple, the Andrews Sisters, and Eddie DeLange's orchestra with Elisse Cooper—on CBS at 9:00, E.S.T. Its home is CBS Radio Theater No. 4, the medium-sized one, a handsome red, gold and ivory auditorium. The stage backdrop for the program is a painted strip of Waikiki Beach, with Diamond Head in the far distance—which is unusual in radio shows. Usually they use drapes or acoustically treated white panels. The Hawaiian atmosphere is part of what they call in radio "sponsor identification." Hawaii, you know, is where pineapples grow. Honolulu Bound's sponsor is the Hawaiian Pineapple Co. Get it?

Johnny Pineapple, who reads comedy lines and sings an occasional song on the program, is more sponsor identification. He's a native Hawaiian, named David Kaonohi, who studied at the Oregon State Agricultural College but soon dropped that to form a Hawaiian orchestra, which he still leads between broadcasts.

Because Phil Baker is one of radio's most dignified and reserved comedians, Ben Larson, the producer of the program, calls him "Mr. Baker" and he returns the compliment with a "Mr. Larson." Phil takes his radio work seriously—paces the stage nervously between sessions at the mike.

McNaughton lives in Great Neck with his bride of almost a year, the former Marion Turpie, champ golfer. Harry's a crack golfer himself, and since he's been married his handicap has fallen from 12, which is good, to 7, which is remarkable.

The Man in the Box, who is none other than your old friend Beetle, the ghost, in the flesh, actually sits in one of the theater boxes, with a microphone of his own over which he can heckle Baker. He's Ward Wilson, who likes the present arrangement better than when he was Beetle.

Both McNaughton and Eddie DeLange have had costume-trouble on Honolulu Bound. McNaughton's sick of the bright-blue butler's costume he's worn for so many years, and when Honolulu Bound opened he thought he'd persuaded the sponsor to let him wear striped trousers and a morning coat. He hadn't, though—after the first broadcast they came around and asked him please, as a favor, to wear the monkey-suit. DeLange wears radio's strangest rehearsal costume—a sleeveless sweatshirt, a red bandanna around his neck, slacks, and a red corduroy "lumberjack" cap. The wish of his heart is to wear the same getup during a broadcast, but he isn't allowed to—has to wear a palm beach suit, with a necktie.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**KAY LORRAINE—Ash-blonde singer on Your Hit Parade, on CBS tonight at 10:00—was chosen to be the Parade's featured star after 207 other girls had auditioned for the job—born in St. Louis, she studied piano seven years and guitar three years in hopes of getting into a band after she finished at exclusive Rosati-Kain school—got into a band, but as a singer—had her own program, Lyrics by Lorraine, on KMOX when the Lucky Strike people heard of her—is married to Ray Sweeney, script writer whom she met while she was at KMOX—sang in hotels and night clubs before joining the KMOX staff.**

# PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

ARE you a champion speller?—or do you just wish you were? In either case, here's a list of words that will give you some uneasy moments before you get the correct spelling. They're supplied by Paul Wing, Master of the NBC Spelling Bee, broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5:30 E.S.T., and sponsored by the makers of Energine.

Only one of the three suggested spellings is the right one. Mark the words you think are correct, then turn to page 64 for the answers.

1. **Omnisciency—omniciency—omnitiency.** Universal knowledge or learning.
2. **Harelip—hairlip—heirlip.** A congenitally divided lip; commonly an upper one.
3. **Sparcity — sparceity — sparsity.** Scantiness; want of plenty.
4. **Piccililli — piccalilli — picalilli.** A pickle of chopped vegetables and pungent spices.
5. **Sherbet — shurbet — sherbert.** A water ice.
6. **Skeedaddle—skedaddle—skidaddle.** To scurry; to scamper.
7. **Marriageable—marrageable—marriagable.** Of an age at which marriage is allowable.
8. **Aseverations—asseverations—asservations.** Positive affirmations.
9. **Decalcomania—dechalcomania—dicalcomania.** Act or process of transferring pictures or designs by a special method.
10. **Percolators—perculators—percolaters.** Coffee pots in which coffee is made by the filter method.
11. **Dentafrice — dentrifice — dentifrice.** A preparation used in cleaning teeth.
12. **Dutchee — duchy — dutchy.** The territory or dominions of a duke.
13. **Languerous—languorous—langorous.** Listless; indolent.
14. **Nihilism—niahilism—nihillism.** A destructive social doctrine.
15. **Objergate—objugate—objurgate.** To chide; to reprove.
16. **Quidnunk—quidnunc—quidnunck.** A gossip; a curious person.
17. **Horral — houral — horal.** Hourly; of or pertaining to the hours.
18. **Maxillary—maxilary—maxalarry.** Pertaining to the jaw bone (loosely).
19. **Baccanalian — bacchanalian — bachanalian.** Characterized by reveling and drunkenness.
20. **Pretterist — pretorist — preterist.** One who lives in the past.
21. **Gimmick — gimac — gimmic.** A piece of apparatus used in magic.
22. **Mettatarsis—metatarsus—metatarsis.** The part of the foot which in man forms the instep.
23. **Marquise—marquees—marquises.** Canopies projecting over entrances, as of theaters, for example.
24. **Dossier—doscier—docier.** A collection of detailed information, usually concerning a criminal or criminals.
25. **Armadilloes—armadillos—armadiloes.** Animals having bodies and heads encased in armor of bony plates.


*I TOLD YOU THAT MARRIAGE WOULD HIT THE ROCKS . . .*



**SUSAN:** Mercy me, this telegram says our newlyweds are in trouble again! Mollie wants to pack her bags and come here.

**MATILDA:** I told you that marriage would hit the rocks if she didn't get wise to herself. Come on—we haven't a minute to lose!



**SUSAN:** But I'm scared to death of these flying machines. Why can't we send Mollie a telegram instead?

**MATILDA:** Don't be a ninny! I've told her a million times Jack wouldn't nag so much if she'd only keep tattle-tale gray out of his shirts and things. Now I'm going to *show* her how to do it.



**SUSAN:** H-m-m-m! I'm not frightened a bit any more. We ought to do more flying, Matilda.

**MATILDA:** The next flying we'll do is on our feet—straight to Mollie's and then to her grocer's. Once she stops using those weak-kneed soaps that leave dirt behind—and changes to Fels-Naptha Soap—she'll be rid of tattle-tale gray in a jiffy!




**MOLLIE:** Hey, forget those dancers a minute and look at Jack's shirt. It's just marvelous how white my washes look since Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and gentle *naptha* went to work for me. Not a trace of tattle-tale gray now!

**JACK:** That isn't *all* the good news, darling. Did you tell these two cupids we're taking another honeymoon cruise?

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"**

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO. **with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**

**TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY** every Wed. night. See local paper for time and station.




**FUSSY HUSBANDS EAT LEFT-OVERS AND LOVE THEM**

***prepared this savory way!***

HAVE you some left-over meat, some cooked vegetables? Make Crispy Meat Patties (recipe below)—see how tempting and flavorful! For Franco-American Spaghetti with its wonderful cheese-and-tomato sauce (made with *eleven* different ingredients) transforms left-overs into luxury dishes. Serve Franco-American as a main dish, too. It's highly nourishing, rich in energy. No work to prepare, simply heat. A can (3 to 4 portions) costs only ten cents.

**CRISPY MEAT PATTIES**

½ cup bread crumbs
1 cup chopped, cooked vegetables (carrots, beets, peas)
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup ground left-over meat
1 egg, slightly beaten with 1½ tablespoons cold water
1 can Franco-American Spaghetti

Chop Franco-American Spaghetti fine and mix with vegetables, Worcestershire, salt and ground meat. Shape into cakes, dip in bread crumbs, then in beaten egg and again in crumbs. Chill 20 minutes in refrigerator. Sauté in hot fat (375°F.) 1 inch deep in a heavy frying pan until brown on each side. Drain on absorbent paper.




**Franco-American SPAGHETTI**

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

*Send for* **FREE** *Recipe Book*

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 45
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

## Land of the Free

(*Continued from page* 11)

efforts (three guns to one) it is plain that they believe they can bluff the individuals in a Democracy out of their freedom—or that the individuals in a Democracy are afraid to fight for it.

In each case—they are mistaken. Firstly, the bluff of building armaments finds the people of the Democracies united, for no thinking man would ask his brother to face a madman, without guns. Secondly, men in this Democracy cannot be bluffed out of their freedom, because no real American could live without it. And, finally, it is the historic mistake of Dictators, that they believe a nation, united by arms, can triumph over a nation united in spirit.

* * *

Anthony Eden will always be affectionately remembered as the one Foreign Secretary—who *didn't take dictation.*

* * *

A century and a half ago, the founders of America dreamed a great dream. They dreamed of passing down to their children the priceless gifts of the New World, personal liberty and religious freedom, through a Constitution which would stand the test of time. They brought to their work their best wisdom, for they knew that a man's ideals are his only *real* legacy. They knew that a nation cannot live if it cannot grow, and that it cannot grow if its soul is in prison. They saw that the freedom of the nation rested on the freedom of its smallest man. And further, they saw that the new nation could exist *only* if the people accepted it in their hearts. And so they wisely decided that the way to bring America to *all* was to give it to *each!*

Then, they proclaimed to the world that in this new country, no man could be punished except for his own fault, and that his soul was as free as he chose to make it. They proclaimed that before the law of *this* land, all men were equal, regardless of race, color or religious belief.

Deliberately, these men staked the future of America on respect for the Individual. Deliberately, they ruled that no law could be made for *one man* that did not apply to *all men!* Deliberately, they placed the hope of the nation in each man's soul. And *deliberately*—they depended on the response from the dignity of each man's spirit. The long years have vindicated the faith of our nation's founders. Today, their work is America's indestructible foundation. Today, the Constitution is held sacred by every American—because every American is held sacred by his Constitution! And they have proved, forever, that the only way to build a *permanent* nation is to put the cornerstone in each man's heart.

* * *

Every American should look about him and weigh what it means to be an American. Lest we forget, we should remind ourselves that the America of today stands for 150 years of effort. Lest we forget, we should remember that the land and institutions we enjoy today are the result of the combined work of almost every race and creed in the world—all resolved to leave America better than they found it.

For America has grown great because it protected the lowly. America has grown mighty, because it was humble in spirit. Our greatest heroes, Washington and Lincoln, are exalted—because they were human.

We should all be thankful that in Civilization's darkest hour, our Country is the land that stands for Freedom, Tolerance, and the Dignity of Man. That to the bewildered, oppressed and homeless, our country is the living proof that men of all races and creeds may live as neighbors. And, out of our thankfulness, we too should resolve to bequeath an America greater than when it was given to us. So that our children's children, one hundred and fifty years from now, will be thankful that we were thankful!

* * *

The people who kick about *our* Government should try living under governments that kick the people!

* * *

AS you know, from reading your front pages, Mankind is in a death race. The jockeys are the Governments of Europe. Under the whip and the bayonet, they are forcing *their* people to manufacture and shoulder guns. And they are using old feuds, under *new* colors, to spur on their younger generation, so that *their* younger generation will demand dying, in the name of phoney glory.

In the final analysis, ladies and gentlemen, that is *their* problem, not ours. Europe's only hope is to fool Americans with propaganda. We once got into one of their brawls, and for reasons not quite clear—although the years have clarified the issue. The only thing worth fighting for—is America! As for their theories, the Americans have a word for them—"Bunk!" B, as in Baloney—U, as in U-said-it—N, as in Nothing Doing—and K, as in Horsefeathers. The President is right! America *must* rearm—not because Americans like force, but to stop others from forcing Americans to like *any*thing!



"Archie," chief heckler on CBS's Sunday show, "This Is New York," is Ed Gardner, the show's producer

Over one thousand, nine hundred and thirty-eight years ago, a Man was born, whose simple teachings and ideals are the measure of how much Man has failed. For Mankind has erected a complicated Civilization and has invented all kinds of machinery to make his physical life better. But in doing so, Man has multiplied the ills of his spirit. For, as a race, we have tried nearly everything but the simple lesson of the Great Teacher: Do Unto Others as You Would Have Others Do Unto You.

But He urged all to have faith and hope. . . . And the only faith and hope left—is that all men will finally accept His charity in their hearts.

* * *

I sincerely believe that the teaching of all religions is this: That if a man has faith in his own belief, he will believe in another man's faith!

* * *

TONIGHT your newsboy is microphoning from the beautiful and tropical Southland, at Miami Beach, Florida, where Broadway and many New Yorkers flee in the wintertime. And once more, ladies and gentlemen, what Americans regard as commonplace, demonstrates the majesty of this country. For a journey of the same distance in Europe would involve at least four passports and six spy systems. But from the pines in the North to the palms in the South, we are a United People.

Every possible variation of nature, from the snow-capped peaks to the sun-kissed beaches, makes America a natural miracle. And the man-made miracle is that our Constitution makes it available to all. Our United States have a thousand borders, with refugees hurrying over *none* of them. Our cities provide a thousand camps —to receive vacationists, not the politically persecuted. And no passports are needed—because the only duties of our American police are to assist the traveler on his way.

* * *

Be glad that we all have a President who puts the Dictators in their place—instead of trying to take his place with the Dictators.

* * *

Each man may worship, in America, in his own way. Until the dark clouds of Dictatorships came, this was regarded as a self-evident rule of Civilization. Common-sense told us that there could be no greater impudence than for a government to dictate what forms were acceptable to the Almighty. All history teaches that it fails in jurisdiction—as it fails in practice.

For God, to all people, only begins when all that man can bring has failed. No cabinet can comfort a sick child in the night. Nor did any group of legislators ever heal a mother's heart. And no Dictator can give relief—from a guilty conscience!

And so let us rejoice that our Country recognizes the limitations of government, for our Constitution guarantees that no man will be harmed because of his religious beliefs. But let us thank God, and God alone, that the soul he gave each of us is beyond the power of *all* of us. And that the law within each man is stronger than all governments without law. Heavy guns can stop a fleet. Barbed wire can stop an army. Gas bombs can terrorize a city. But, Mr. and Mrs. America—they *cannot stop a people's prayers!*




**"Suffering cats, Judy,** did you hear the door slam? Daddy is fit to be tied. How long's that baby next door been crying, anyway? Something's got to be done or we'll *all* be in the doghouse!"

**"Now, Joan,** keep your shirt on. Listen—I'll tell you something . . ."



**". . . that's a prickly** heat cry if I ever heard one. And I told Mother to run over with our Johnson's Baby Powder and put some Where it Will Do the Most Good. A silky, cooling Johnson's rubdown—that's the way to make him pipe down, I said. So she's over there now . . ."



**"Look at Daddy**—isn't he a scream? He can't make out why the noise has stopped." . . ."Minute ago he wanted to smack that baby—now he's scared somebody really has". . ."Don't look so worried, Daddy! It was just Johnson's Baby Powder!"




**"Feel a pinch** of our Johnson's—isn't it slick? Such nice soft, soft talc—and no orris-root either. Won't you get some? It's such an inexpensive way to make a baby happy!"

**JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER**

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

7 SECOND
MYSTERY
STORY



"HOW DOES MARY STAY SO RESTED? SHE'S ALREADY DRIVEN OVER 400 MILES!"



HERE'S HOW she does it. She keeps a package of this famous Beech-Nut peppermint gum in the car. Great thing to relieve tension in traffic, says she.




Beech-Nut



Visit the Beech-Nut Building at the New York World's Fair. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, N. Y. and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

# You Can't Take Life Away from ALEC TEMPLETON



Although blind from birth, Alec never found himself handicapped. He's enjoyed life to the full.

By ANNEMARIE EWING

LISTEN to Alec Templeton's cheerful voice as he announces his own piano contributions to one of the numerous programs which frequently have him as a guest star. Listen, for instance, while he swaps banter with Bing Crosby on the Kraft Music Hall.

Or watch him at rehearsal—a slender, brown-haired young man who is always the center of a group of laughing people.

Or on the beach at Seaside Park, New Jersey, where he spends the summers, discussing sports, politics, radio, movies, sunburn cures, "swing" music with his neighbors. You couldn't miss it. Alec Templeton is having a wonderful time out of life.

Yet there are many people who might say, "What's he got to be so happy about?" And at first you might think they are right, because Alec Templeton has been blind from birth.

"Life wouldn't be worth living!" perhaps you'd say. "I'd rather be dead than face life with such a handicap!"

That isn't the way Alec looks at it.

For blindness has never been a handicap to him. He has never thought of himself as handicapped, which may be one of the reasons why others do not think of him that way. And one of the reasons why life, to him, is so worth while.

He doesn't find anything remarkable about this attitude of his. He never indicates at all that he considers himself unusual for having become a radio headliner, an international personality, a great artist, a joy to his family, a charming friend and good companion in spite of being blind.

The story goes way back—nearly twenty-five years—to the time when Alec was four.

Naturally, he had already discovered that there were things he could not do because he couldn't see. But he had also discovered, for one thing, that he could make very pretty sounds on his mother's piano in the parlor and, for another, that he knew some things better than other people for the very reason that he couldn't see.

He knew the garden better than his brother and his two sisters did. He knew the smell of the ripening berries which they never noticed. He knew the exact rhythm of the hoofs of Dolly, the pony. He was aware of the quiet good night sounds of the nursery as few children are. Nothing was too slight for his eager ears to note.

He put it all into a happy little song one day—a song which he called "Mother's Lullaby." It was his first expression of what he thought of a world which might very well have seemed to him a very hostile, unhappy place. But didn't.

That little song made his whole family realize that his blindness was never going to be a handicap to Alec. Rather a help and an asset.

It only remained for more people to find this out.

One of the first to do so was the conductor of the symphony orchestra in his native Cardiff, Wales.

He needed a soloist for a local concert. Rather apologetically, he said to Alec's mother, "I'd love to have Alec. But there's less than a week before the concert. He'd never be able to learn. . . ."

The sixteen-year-old boy didn't even let him finish.

"I can do it. I don't have to use notes. You bring me the phonograph

records and I'll play the concerto for you tomorrow!"

He did, too. In one day he learned the "Emperor" concerto of Beethoven —a composition which takes more than half an hour to play and one to which most students devote a year's study.

And he learned it just from listening to the phonograph records. The conductor, amazed, could only say, "Why he learns more quickly without eyes than most people do with them!"

Blindness a handicap? Not to Alec Templeton!

It was no handicap to him at Worcester College, either, where he made a brilliant record in languages, learned to swim, and to look forward to his "holidays" as much as any other collegian.

Nor at the Royal College of Music in London where he studied to give his first piano concert in London's famous Aeolian Hall.

BUT just playing other people's music wasn't enough for Alec Templeton. He wanted, above all, to express his own complete joy in living, his understanding of everything that went on around him. Just because he couldn't see was no reason, in his mind, why he should not be able to grasp the personality of, say, some French cabaret singer. Or the annoyance of a man who was having trouble with his "wireless."

He amused himself by doing his own impressions of such people at the piano—describing things about them that were not always apparent to those who could see.

Jack Hylton, the English orchestra leader, heard him doing this one night at a party at the Templetons' Kensington home.

"I've never heard anybody do that on the piano," was his immediate reaction. "I'd like you to play with my orchestra."

That was just the beginning. Soon the name Alec Templeton was known all over Europe.

In America, it was the same story. Audiences at the Rainbow Room at Rockefeller Center heard him, paused a moment in delighted surprise, and then clamored for more Templeton.

People still do that. They stand around his piano in radio studios between rehearsals, clamoring for more Templeton. They bag him to do his imitation of Louis Armstrong's trumpet, of two pianos playing "Lost," of Boake Carter singing "Goody Goody."

This last, by the way, is one of Alec's favorite impersonations. Boake Carter's voice fascinated him from the first time he heard it on the air.

"He sounds like such an impressive, important person," Alec says. "That's why I love to imitate him doing a silly tune like 'Goody Goody.' It seems so unlike him. It's such *fun!*"

He doesn't miss any good thing about living, nor has he ever been deprived of any of his fun just because he couldn't see. He goes his way, delighted with life, his music, his family, his friends, his "happy listening."

If you want a simple answer to the secret of his triumph over what to many of us would seem an unsurmountable handicap, ask him if he wouldn't like to retire to a peaceful life in his native Welsh hills.

"Oh, no! No!" he says quickly. "Not at all. I want to *live!* I haven't done half enough yet!"

You can't take life away from a man like that!




**Perspiration Odor**
***Offends Disgusts***
**the other person**

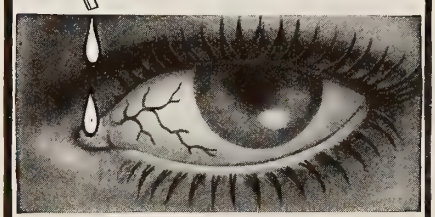


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**WILL NOT DRY UP IN JAR**
**SAFE**—An absolutely pure, unadulterated cream.
**NON-IRRITATING**—Even right after shaving.
**LONG-LASTING** in preventing underarm odors.
**INSTANTLY EFFECTIVE**
**NOT GREASY—CLEAN.**
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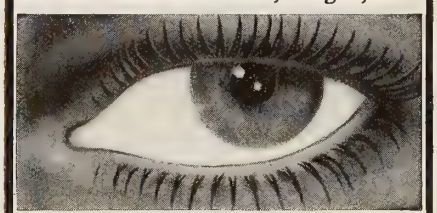



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**STOPS PERSPIRATION**
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**CLEAR EYES IN SECONDS!**



Only **TWO DROPS** of this eye specialist's formula **WASHES**, soothes, **CLEARS** dull, tired eyes. Its special, **EXCLUSIVE** ingredient instantly clears eyes red and inflamed from late hours, fatigue, etc.



Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe **EYE-GENE**, because it is so quickly **EFFECTIVE** in making **EYES FEEL GOOD. WASH** your eyes with **EYE-GENE** today. Sold at drug, department, ten-cent stores.



**BE *SURE* OF YOUR "LOOKS"**




***USE***
Tested and Approved — Good Housekeeping Bureau
**EYE-GENE**

# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



■ Genevieve Blue, better known to NBC audiences as "Buzz Me Miss Blue" of the Amos 'n' Andy program, is played by Madaline Lee.

I DOUBT if there are any readers who, at some time or other, have not heard the "goings on" of Amos 'n' Andy, that famous black-face radio team heard over NBC Monday through Friday from 7:00 to 7:15. And by the same token, I'm sure you've heard Genevieve Blue (known in private life as Madaline Lee) who plays the part of the "secretary," so successfully, many listeners believe she is really colored.

Madaline was born in Dallas, Texas, on October 28, 1912, and spent most of her life in the south. Eager for a dramatic career since childhood, Miss Lee studied at Columbia University and the Theodore Irvine School for the Theater in New York, at the University of Texas and Southern Methodist University, after graduating from the Adamson High School in Dallas.

Radio work intrigued Madaline and for a year she took every available job. She was a news commentator on several Los Angeles stations and interviewed many screen and stage celebrities . . . began reading commercials for Amos 'n' Andy, and her southern personality attracted the comedians when they began to create the character of Genevieve Blue. For two years Miss Lee worked to overcome what she considered the handicap of a Texas drawl. However, she slipped right back into the dialect at the request of Amos 'n' Andy and was chosen for the part of Genevieve.

Miss Lee is five feet two inches, weighs 110 pounds, and is active in athletics. Tennis and golf are her favorites. She is also an accomplished pianist.

* * *

**Hilda Burke, Oswego, N. Y.**—Alice Frost, who plays the leading role in Big Sister, was born August 1, 1910, in Minneapolis, Minn. She is married to Robert C. Faulk, is blonde, five feet seven inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has gray eyes.

**Michael Williams, Darien, Conn.**—Jack Armstrong, in the program of the same name, is played by Frank Behrens, and he may be reached by addressing a letter to him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 222 North Bank Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

**Willie, North Sydney, N.S.**—I am listing below the cast of The Guiding Light, as you requested:

Gordon Ellis . . . . . Raymond Johnson
Ned Holden . . . . . Ed Prentiss
Ellen . . . . . Henrietta Tedro
Mr. Kransky . . . . . Murray Forbes
Rose Kransky . . . . . Ruth Bailey
Jacob Kransky . . . . . Seymour Young
Grandpa Ellis . . . . . Phil Lord
Phyllis Gordon . . . . . Sharon Grainger
Peter Manno . . . . . Michael Romano
Ethel Foster . . . . . Sundra Love
Celeste Cunningham . . Carolyn McKay

**Miss D. Schofield, Wilkinsburg, Pa.**—Orson Welles was born in Kenosha, Wisc. At fifteen he was an orphan and decided to go to Scotland, intending to study scene designing there. On a stop-over in Ireland, found he liked Erin so well he bought a donkey and cart and went on a vagabond tour . . . Sold the cart and donkey at a county fair for the price of a meal, fare to Dublin and a ticket to the Gates Theater. Welles told the stage manager that he was a star in New York's Theater Guild, read a part that night and was offered a leading role in the following week's play. For two years he starred with the Gates Company in heavy roles such as "Othello" and "King Lear", and rose to the rank of director. Finally, he played in the Abbey Theater—the first

(*Continued on page 66*)

## This Is the Life!

(*Continued from page 39*)

know it instinctively. And a small, recognizable voice in the boy's heart said now: "Get ready. Any minute now. . . ."

It happened abruptly, and it was doubly insured. On one afternoon he paused before the building in which Stanley Ghilkey, Katherine Cornell's manager, kept his offices. There was no particular reason for going in, but Mr. Power went in anyway. Ghilkey saw him at once.

IF you're not under contract just now, I can spot you with Cornell," he said. "Have you seen her show?"

"I was going to ask you for some passes," Tyrone said.

"These," said Ghilkey, handing over two cardboard slips, "are for tonight. Let me know your decision."

When Tyrone reached home half an hour later he found Ghilkey's telephoned message. "Come to see me about a job before 3:30," it read. And it was now a quarter of four.

When "Flowers of the Forest" closed at last, in May, he had a contract for summer stock, and another that called for his services as an understudy in Cornell's fall play; and he went to visit his mother in California for a time, anxious to show these contracts to her, watch her face when she congratulated him.

Then back east, to spend the summer at Falmouth. This was an idyllic interlude given over to a certain amount of hard work but primarily to relaxing. He could savor things, now that his luck had changed and the harsh nagging of his ambition had found a certain release.

He played the lead in "Ceiling Zero," "Private Lives," "On Stage." And one evening he came into his dressing room after the third act curtain to find a young man there, waiting. "I want to talk to you about Hollywood," said this person.

Tyrone sat down, held out his package of cigarettes, and sat back to listen. After a time he said, "Yes, Hollywood's important to me. And I appreciate your offer. But I know that town now and I'm going to refuse."

The talent scout's mouth fell open. *"What?"*

"Yes. I'm not ready yet. And they'd get me for buttons—a little later they'll come to me with a real contract. Then I'll be prepared for anything."

And they did, and he was; but that was later.

THAT was later, after he had spent the winter touring with Cornell's show, after he had spent part of the spring of 1936 rehearsing for the role of De Pongeley in "St. Joan." The two long seasons had their effect on the boy; you do not travel about the country in company with seasoned stage troupers without maturing at double speed.

This period in his memory, when he thinks of it—which is seldom—is a kind of hodge-podge made up of sleeper jumps, of numberless stages and the curtains that rose and fell on those stages; of applause. . . .

He remembers the time his long hair, grown of necessity because of the role he played, came loose from under his hat, one Christmas Eve while he rode a trolley, and the resultant chaos among the passengers because the hair and his pale face and heavy eyebrows made him look like a Borgia.

HE remembers such little, unimportant things; the rest is a kind of haze, a leading-up period. He was not surprised, then, when it ended—nor at the way it ended——

He came into his rooms in Detroit, that afternoon, laden with delicatessen packages. A little tired, faced with a long evening of rehearsal, he poured himself a beer and flopped in a deep chair to smoke a cigarette before starting supper.

The phone screamed and he let it ring, for a time. But it was persistent and at last, wearily, he went over and lifted the receiver.

"New York calling. . ." the operator crooned.

It was his agent. "It's set for Friday!" the agent yelled. "Your screen test, I mean. And you'd better get packed!"

Tyrone frowned. "Now I don't know——"

But the agent had hung up.

Supper forgotten, Tyrone wandered restlessly about his rooms, chain-smoking and generally working himself into a nervous frenzy. He thought, *so soon! I knew it would*


GET MEDIUM-SIZE BOTTLE OF AMAZING NEW

HALO SHAMPOO

FREE when you buy a large bottle at regular price from drug or department stores!




To see what a glamorous sparkle YOUR hair can have—

ACCEPT THIS THRILLING OFFER!

We give you medium-size bottle of Colgate's new Halo Shampoo, FREE, when you buy large bottle at regular price! After using FREE bottle, if you do not agree that Halo leaves your hair gleaming with natural highlights, return unused large bottle to dealer and money will be refunded!

ACT fast and you get a medium-size bottle of this amazing new Halo Shampoo, *absolutely free,* when you buy a large bottle from drug and department stores! What's more—Colgate guarantees you new hair beauty with Halo or you get your money back! A startling offer to prove that Halo is one shampoo that works equal beauty wonders on normal, oily or dry-looking hair of any color. Actual retouched photos show the astonishing difference it may make in your hair! Results are so exciting because Halo is different in three ways.

**(1) Not Soap!** Thus Halo cannot leave gummy film on hair to dull natural lustre. Yet Halo makes more lather than soap, in hardest water. Washes away dirt, loose dandruff and cloudy film so often left by many ordinary shampoos. No lemon or vinegar rinses are needed. But your hair is radiantly clean and free of film, so it reveals gleaming, natural highlights!

**(2) Not Oil!** Halo leaves hair soft and manageable, but never greasy! **(3) Contains no harmful chemicals!** Does not irritate scalp. Guaranteed safe by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet. Approved by Good Housekeeping.

So hurry! While limited supply lasts, get your medium-size bottle of this thrilling new Halo Shampoo *free,* when you buy large size at regular price from any drug or department store. Don't delay. You, too, can have soft, lustrous hair this easy, new way!

TEAR OUT THIS REMINDER COUPON




Look for This Special Combination Package At Drug and Department Stores

Buy large bottle of new Halo Shampoo at regular price, and dealers also give you medium-size, FREE! Try free bottle. Then if you don't agree that a single Halo shampoo reveals the natural beauty of your hair, return unused large bottle, and dealer will refund your money. Supply limited, so don't wait!

BOTH BOTTLES for only 49c

HURRY! . . . DEALERS' SUPPLY LIMITED!

*come, but this is so little warning. Can I do it? Will I be any good?*

He didn't know; and after awhile his mind went into reverse and refused to consider the problem with any clarity. He gave it up and went on to rehearsal.

On Friday, in New York, he made the screen test. It was unbelievably bad.

"It's what I thought," Tyrone told his agent when the news came. "I'm simply not ready."

"Listen," the agent said sharply, "you've been saying that for too long now. You can go on saying it for twenty years. Frankly, I think you're scared."

Tyrone's face went white. "Can you get them to give me another try?"

The agent had taught himself not to show pleasure when any of his schemes worked. His face was impassive when he answered. "I've already arranged it."

And that, in essence, was the beginning; since with fury in his heart and a cold sharp control governing his actions, Tyrone Power made a second test which brought Darryl Zanuck, days later in a Hollywod projection room, to his feet with enthusiasm. And Zanuck sent a wire, and a contract, and plane reservations to Tyrone in New York; and younger Mr. Power answered the first and signed the second and used the third—and, in this manner, a star was born.

THE Hollywood success story of Tyrone Power is one you have read and heard repeatedly, from its inception. Because it is the perfect, the unbelievable, the story book tale, it can be truthfully told without a hitch. Additionally, it has romance, it has glamour. It would, because it is Tyrone's story.

I met him first a day or two after the premier of "Lloyds of London," the picture Mr. Zanuck made to introduce his new property to the world. Few people had asked to see Tyrone before that, although he had a bit in "Girls Dormitory"—but they were waiting in line, now.

He had an eager courtesy. He talked freely about himself and what he liked and whom he liked. He still does, if you know him well, adding at the end however the standard "not for publication" warning. After all, it is three years later, and he is now one of the five greatest stars in the world, and he has learned several bitter lessons.

But already, when I first spoke with him, he had fitted on the role of star like a Lastex suit. He already had a Cord motor, and a smart new wardrobe, and a stock of purely Hollywood stories. He already had met Sonja Henie. . . .

That romance—at least the papers called it Romance—is for the record but so far as its effect on Tyrone or his life is concerned it is of small enough account. It was magnificent publicity, it taught him what to expect: but it was subordinate business to his rise in the industry, to his great ambition.

Almost everything was, and is.

He met her, or rather Sonja met him, in the studio commissary when she singled him out and gave him tickets to her first exhibition in Los Angeles. He went backstage, turned on every ounce of his fabulous charm, and took her home that night.

Their resultant friendship had its great value at the time. There was no danger, in the first place, of a really serious love growing out of the arrangement they had.

Tyrone is an emotional person, but he controls his emotions; he was not ready to fall wholeheartedly in love then, and so he did not. Sonja just isn't emotional.

By the time "Love is News" and two or three other box-office hits had made certain that Tyrone was going to sustain—indeed, to grow—as a star, he was already trying to forget the time he threw gravel at Sonja's window and enjoined her to climb down a rose lattice in order not to disturb her sleeping parents. He was trying to forget many things. . . .

FOR some months he saw much of several ladies, none with serious intent, and worked hard at his assignments. With his mother and a friend whom he had hired as secretary and general pal, Tyrone took a house in Bel Air and dedicated himself to the Zanuck schedule.

Meanwhile he had fallen a little in love with Janet Gaynor. It was not a new emotion, nor essentially a real one; rather it was a necessary completion of an adolescent thought-trend which started years ago when he was twelve and saw Miss Gaynor in the memorable "Seventh Heaven."

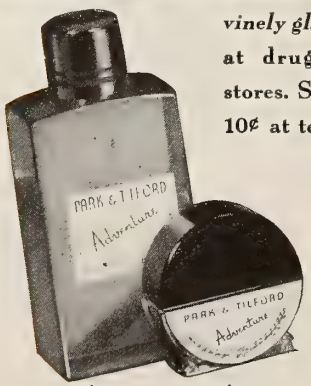
Something about his ego made him see that young dream turn into reality, just as he had made real his other dreams of great fame and great money and great success.

Still a bit awed by Janet—she had acquired a legendary aura through the years—he sent her anonymous notes and roses until at last a mutual friend relayed to her his invitation to dinner. After the sporting and rather


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robust friendship with Sonja this new liaison was pure romance, built on the glamour of dim corner tables, of orchids trembling on ermine, of soft music and long quiet hours at her house in the evenings.

It lasted until very recently. Then, after a decent interval, Tyrone Power's inexhaustible luck brought him Annabella along with the new box-office ratings (just after the completion of "Jesse James") which announced him as one of the Ten Best Stars in the industry.

As if to make his triumph thoroughly complete, what appears to be his final great love—although he won't say so—and the absolute peak of his career came to him simultaneously. Both happened in a spectacular way, as is the manner of things when Tyrone achieves them.

You will not get him to answer if you ask whether or not he knew Annabella would join him in South America after her publicized divorce in Paris. Nor, any longer, can you get him to make an answer to any really intimate question. This is a new person, this Tyrone Power whom you will meet today.

THE basic things about him are there still: his charm, his clear intelligence, his boundless ambition, his utterly modern attitude about life, his 1939-model sense of humor. But the fervent, too eager youth is gone; here is a man whose name spells a fortune in money, a fabulous fame—whose romances with some of the greatest beauties of our time have made his personality synonymous with the idea of romance. His time, his private life, his personal freedom no longer are his: they belong against his will, to the public.

He knows these things about himself. The next story to be written about Tyrone Power will be an account of his desperate attempts to escape from them.

But they were the things he wanted. And they are his, at twenty-four.


## The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is open the year round with excellent accommodations at attractive prices for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden School for boys and girls from four to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.



# "Oh mother...won't you EVER stop running my life!"



*Ignoring her mother's well-meant advice she chose to be modern instead!*



**MOTHER:** Why...Alice!!!...I'm only trying to help you!

**ALICE:** I know you are, mother. But isn't it only fair to let me bring up the baby in my own way?



**MOTHER:** Oh well...if *that's* the way you feel about it... But you might remember that I know *something* about babies. I raised you, didn't I?

**ALICE:** Yes, but that was 25 years ago...



**ALICE:** You see, mother, times have changed. There are BETTER methods of raising babies today. The doctor said that everything I give him should be made *especially* for him.

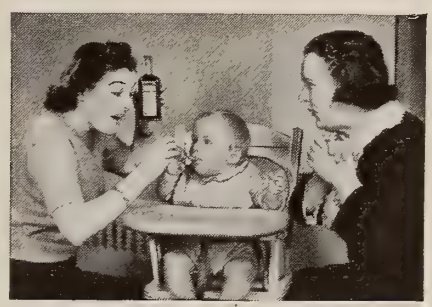


**ALICE:** He prescribed a *special* food formula ... told me to use *special* baby powder... He even recommended a *special* baby laxative!

**MOTHER:** Gracious! A *special laxative, too?*



**ALICE:** Why certainly! Wouldn't it be risky to give him anything but a special child's laxative? That's why the doctor suggested Fletcher's Castoria. It's made especially for a baby's needs. It's so gentle...yet as thorough as can be.



**MOTHER:** But will he take it? You know how persnikity he is about new things.

**ALICE:** The doctor said *even the taste* of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. Surely, it's good to know we're giving him a nice-tasting laxative that's safe, too!

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## Mysteries of the Mind

(*Continued from page* 33)

the jury.

"It's true, though," continued the father, his voice shaking. "In some way our little girl knew she was destined to die and, under the circumstances, we feel that the man who ran over her should be released. You see, he really couldn't help himself. It was an act of Fate!"

Statistics and records show that there have been thousands of cases where people have dreamed, or have sensed while awake, something that was going to happen to them.

According to Dr. Warner, little Helen Lane may have been frightened by a previous narrow escape under the same circumstances. This would have left a strong impression and her fear of being run over, once planted in her consciousness, might have brought on this vivid dream.

YET Dr. Hardwicke points out that many events that exist in space, also exist in time, of which we have ordinarily no knowledge.

Was Helen Lane traveling toward that moment which would blot out her young and incomplete life, positive of an inevitable and terrifying conclusion?

About two years ago Ralph Dayton was living with his wife at a mid-town hotel in New York City. Their work, their hopes, their loves, were no different than yours and mine until one unforgettable evening in March.

Ralph dropped into a nearby restaurant for a bite to eat before going home. As the waiter served him, Dayton suddenly jumped to his feet, shook his clothes, and started to slap himself vigorously.

"I'm on fire!" he cried. "Waiter, help me. I'm on fire!"

The waiter stared incredulously. There were no flames, no smoke, no panic among the other diners. "I don't see nothin', Mr. Dayton," he mumbled, rubbing his eyes to make sure, "and I don't smell nothin'. You feel all right, Mr. Dayton? Shall I get you some more water?"

Dayton's face turned red. He eyed the waiter sheepishly, then he began to pat his clothes again.

"Alfred," he said quietly, "I must have dropped a cigarette. It's on me some place, because I can smell burning cloth. The odor is very strong."

But his clothes were not on fire, and at last he apologized, paid his check, and left his half-eaten meal. Out in the cold night air the smell of fire, the fear of burning alive, still haunted him.

Instinctively he pulled his coat collar closer to him for protection and muttered to himself: "This is a strange business. I can't get over it."

If he expected any sympathy from his wife he was sadly mistaken. When he recounted the weird episode to her later that evening, she laughed and reminded him of his careless habit of dropping hot cigarette ashes on his clothes. When they went to bed she was still joking about his "marvelous smeller."

At three o'clock in the morning, both Daytons suddenly awoke. They looked at one another in alarm. This time Ralph spoke defiantly:

"Well, Helen, I suppose you're going to tell me I don't smell something this time."

"No," she answered nervously, "I smell it too. It's burning cloth."

Dayton hopped out of bed and jerked open the window.

"There's a fire on the floor below us," he shouted. "I've got to wake those people up or they'll be burned alive!"

He began yelling loudly. His wife joined him. After a few minutes a man's head bobbed out of the window below.

"Thank God you woke us," he said gratefully. "Must have gone to sleep without putting my cigarette out."

When quiet was restored, Ralph spoke again to his wife: "How do you account for that? I smelled this fire last night at nine o'clock, long before it ever started."

Helen shook her head blankly. "I don't know, Ralph. It's completely beyond me, but I won't make fun of your smeller any more. It's miraculous."

A similar case occurred in Boston early in the summer of 1938. William Walter, an eleven-year-old boy, ran home one day and told his mother that the Baptist Church was on fire. He insisted large crowds had gathered around the burning edifice, and described the frantic work of the firemen as they piled into the street from a gleaming hook and ladder engine.

BUT the Baptist Church was not on fire. The big hook and ladder that had thrilled the lad was resting idly in the firehouse. Bostonians in the vicinity went about their regular duties.

Not four hours later William's mother heard people running and shouting. She peered out the window and saw streams of smoke sweep across the streets of suburban Boston. A vivid red hook and ladder sped to the scene.

This time there were no hallucinations. The Baptist Church was on fire!

Is there such a thing as a "psychic smell"? Are there thousands of people like Ralph Dayton and little William Walter who have a premonition of terrible things about to happen?

Dr. Lucien Warner says it is quite common to imagine that you smell something with a definite odor. Suggestion is a powerful factor. In the case of Ralph Dayton, the terrified man may have been subject to some unconscious suggestion, such as reading about a fire in the paper. Perhaps some odor in the restaurant reminded

**ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE**

**1. Omnisciency. 2. Harelip. 3. Sparsity. 4. Piccalilli. 5. Sherbet. 6. Skedaddle. 7. Marriageable. 8. Asseverations. 9. Decalcomania. 10. Percolators. 11. Dentifrice. 12. Duchy. 13. Languorous. 14. Nihilism. 15. Objurgate. 16. Quidnunc. 17. Horal. 18. Maxillary. 19. Bacchanalian. 20. Preterist. 21. Gimmick. 22. Metatarsus. 23. Marquees. 24. Dossier. 25. Armadillos.**

him of an odor associated with a past experience.

Psychic experts disagree. They insist many people have the ability to pick up a mental impression of some event which has not yet come to pass. A person may have a sudden vision while wide awake.

Perhaps the strangest "mystery of the mind" concerned a young widowed mother, destitute and starving, who was forced to take her four-year-old daughter to a Child Placement Bureau. Sixteen years later a miraculous string of dramatic incidents brought the child back to her real parent.

NO Hollywood scenario, this, but a true life "case history" that transcends all credibility. Yet scientists explain that such things have come to pass time and again.

When Mrs. Jennie Andrews took her daughter to the bureau, the words of the matron still rang in her ears as she trudged wearily away from the institution. "This will mean that you will never see your daughter again. Never . . . never . . . never . . . never."

She knew when she signed the form that it meant signing away the nearest and dearest thing she ever possessed.

The little girl was placed with a respectable family living in Newark, N. J. Betty's last name was legally changed to Everett.

The years passed. At first they were torturingly slow for the lonely mother. But when Mrs. Andrews had a change of fortune, time began to heal her aching heart. She found work in a large department store.

Betty grew up with no knowledge of her mother, though she knew she had been an adopted child.

Then a strange thing occurred, in October, 1938.

Mrs. Andrews awakened one morning with an almost overwhelming feeling that she must try to get in touch with her daughter. Something told her Betty was in trouble. It kept hammering mercilessly at her head and then at her heart.

Work finished, the worried woman rushed to the Child Placement Bureau. The same woman was at the huge mahogany desk, bare except for a plaque on which was written "Mrs. Todd."

"I'm Mrs. Jennie Andrews. Sixteen years ago I brought you my daughter Betty. Since then I've never been in touch with you."

The matron nodded recognition.

"I've lived up to your regulations," the mother continued, "but now there's something I've got to ask you."

"What is it?"

"Have you heard from my Betty recently?" Mrs. Andrews asked nervously.

"No," Mrs. Todd said, shaking her head, "we check up for the first few years, but if everything is satisfactory we take it for granted that—" The woman hesitated as she searched Mrs. Andrews' eyes. "Why, Mrs. Andrews, what is the matter?"

Betty's mother leaned heavily on the huge desk. It was hard for her to explain this strange feeling. Perhaps the brisk looking matron would laugh.

"All day long I've had the oddest feeling. Things aren't right with Betty. Please, Mrs. Todd, as a favor to me, get in touch with the people who adopted her. Find out how my baby is."

Mrs. Todd didn't answer.

"I beg you to do it," pleaded the mother. She started to cry. Hardened though the matron was to crying, hysterical mothers, there was something in this woman's tone that touched her.

"You wait here," she commanded, "and I'll try to reach Betty's people by phone."

The woman walked into the adjoining room, thumbed through a worn file of yellowed index cards, and put through the call to Newark. The voice of a young girl answered the phone. The matron asked for Mrs. Everett.

"She's not here," said the other voice shakily, "she's in the hospital."

"Hospital?" repeated Mrs. Todd. "Who is this I'm speaking to?"

"This is Betty Everett."

The older woman caught her breath. "Betty dear, this is Mrs. Todd, a friend of your mother's. What happened?"

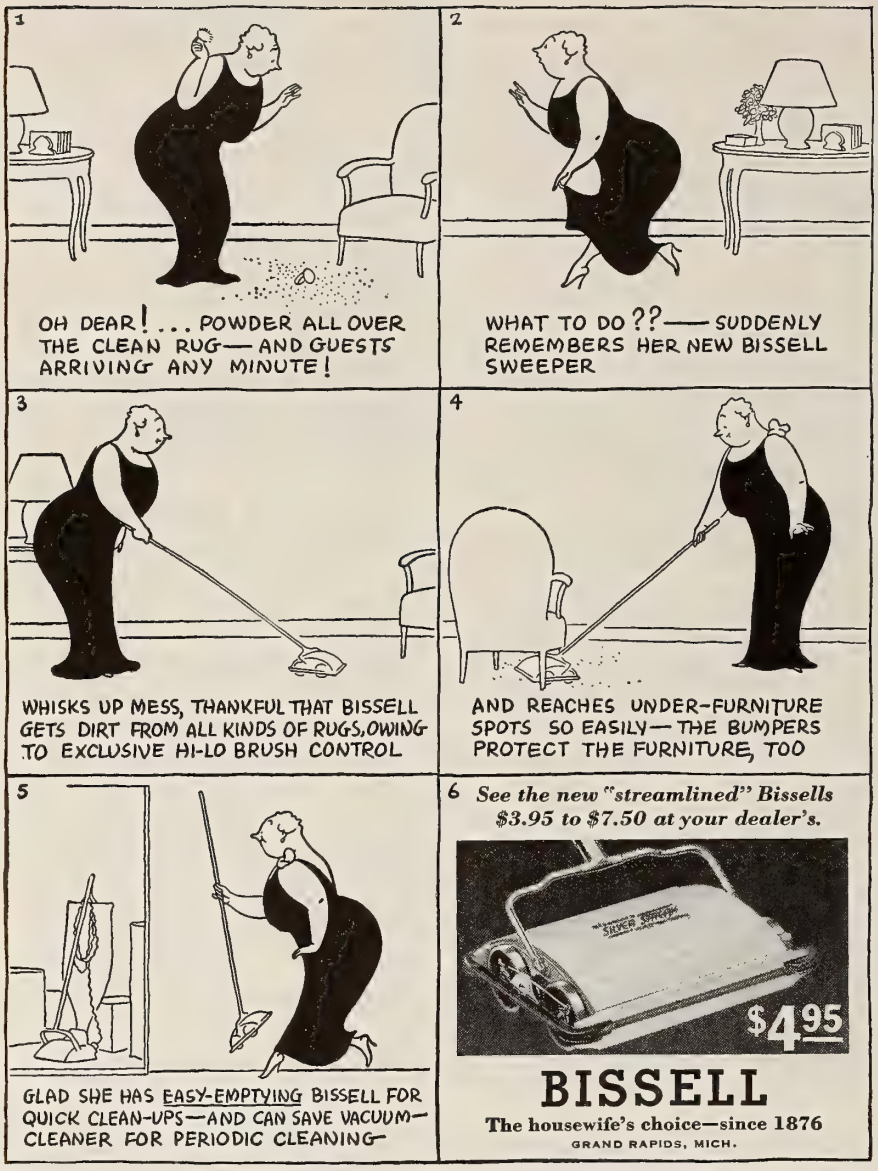
The young girl's voice broke into sobs. "Oh, I'm so afraid," she cried. "Daddy is in the hospital too. The doctors say neither of them can live."

MRS. TODD had trouble getting the details from the distraught girl. The family were out driving. Betty was in the back seat. Suddenly there was a crash. Another car had run into theirs in a head-on collision.

"Mrs. Andrews," the matron said slowly when she returned to the other room, "you were right about Betty. Both her foster parents are near death from an auto accident which occurred last night!"

Both the Everetts died. As a result Mrs. Andrews and her daughter were reunited. They are living happily to-




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## For Short Short True Romances

True Romances Magazine has set aside $3,000 for the purchase of short short true romances submitted on or before Friday, June 30, 1939. By "short short" true romances is meant short true stories of dramatic quality—stories dealing with the problems of American life, stories of courtship and marriage sincerely told with honesty and warmth, the kind of stories that happen in the life of the average American family—nothing fantastic, nothing melodramatic, nothing cheap, but simple, beautiful stories of the dramas that occur in the lives of American men and women. Stories submitted under this offer must range from 2500 to 4500 words in length.

For such stories we are prepared to pay up to $250 each.

Undoubtedly you have in mind one or several happenings in human lives that can be set down within the wordage limits here given. If that is the case it is doubtful if you will ever find a better chance to turn them into money. **This is not a contest but a straight offer to purchase.** You will not be writing in competition with anybody. Simply send in your story and if it meets with our requirements a substantial check will be mailed to you regardless of what anybody else may submit.

Do not delay. There is nothing to prevent you selling us several stories under this offer before it expires on June 30. Send them in as soon as finished. We pay for accepted stories as soon as they are passed upon and approved for purchase.

If you do not have one already, write today for a copy of our free booklet supplying "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Romances". In it you will find important information regarding the simple handling which has proved most satisfactory in writing true stories. Address your envelope and any manuscripts you may send later exactly as per the address upon the coupon we have supplied for your convenience in securing your copy of the booklet.

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gether today.

"It's such experiences as this one that give me renewed faith in a protective creative force—call it what you will," said Dr. Hardwicke, after carefully studying this true experience. "It is easier to believe in a God that answers human prayers. From a scentific angle it would seem that this is a mental energy discharge from the young girl left alone by the accident. It is picked up by the mother. Some people would call this telepathy, but that is still a world that hides our ignorance of unknown powers of the mind."

But Dr. Warner disagrees with this analysis. He says that Mrs. Andrews continued to think and worry about her daughter. Every mention of orphans must have focused her attention on her own problem. Time never blotted out the emptiness in Mrs. Andrews' heart.

What is behind all this? Is the scientist right? The psychic? Or the skeptical man of practical medicine?

Science today is seeking to discover and to understand more and more of the marvelous hidden powers contained in the mind of Man, and to explain the different types of psychic phenomena.

But the answer to it all is still to be written.

## What Do You Want to Know?

(*Continued from page* 60)

foreign actor to be starred with the internationally famous troupe. When he returned to America, Thornton Wilder, who knew his Dublin work, suggested he see Katharine Cornell. He was cast in both "Romeo and Juliet" and "Candida." After Broadway appearances in "Panic" and numerous other plays, he became established as one of radio's foremost actors.

**Virginia Montagna, San Antonio, Texas** —I'm sorry, but we do not have a service for furnishing photographs to our readers.

### FAN CLUB SECTION

Every effort is being made to increase the membership of the **Larry Clinton** Fan Club. If you are interested in becoming a member, write to Tommy Gerarde, Pres., 138 Ward Street, Orange, New Jersey, or Miss Venni Boccio, Vice Pres., 65 Montauk Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Attention: **Enoch Light** Fans—Write to Rose Barry, Pres., 414 Cashua St., Darlington, S. C., or Joseph Wright, 47 Sheffield Avenue, Buffalo, New York, for details.

The **Fred Waring** Fan Club boasts a fine membership, but Ruth Stanford, 508-18th Street. Union City, N. J., is ever on the lookout for new Waring fans. Drop her a line if interested.

Edna Rogers is secretary of the **Eddy Duchin** Fan Club and she may be reached at 3730 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

The associate editor of the **Jeanette MacDonald** International Fan Club, Miss Geraldine Storfer, 4414 N. Springfield, Chicago, Illinois, has asked us to announce another club in Miss MacDonald's honor and to say that information will gladly be sent on receipt of postage in coin (not stamps).

# WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

APPOINTMENT WITH AGOSTINI . . . half-hour musical melange in the Guisseppe Agostini style, out of the Canadian metropolis, Montreal, Tuesday eves at 9.00 o'clock EST, to the CBC national network . . . solos by Charles Jordan, and a modern ladies' chorus, composed of Marcelle Manata, Marielle Lefebvre, Simonne Quesnel, Eleanore Hamel, Germaine Lefebvre, Pierrette Alerie, Paulette Langis and Therese Laurendeau; this new CBC feature is rapidly building in popularity . . . I know it pleased my ears when caught, and fan-mail indicates Agostini has rung the bell again.

GUISSEPPE AGOSTINI . . . nobody ever uses that first name . . . it's usually "Maestro," tinged with a great deal of affection . . . he's that kind of excitable, lovable Italian . . . born in Pesaro, Italy . . . studied at the Rossini Conservatory of Music under the direction of Pietro Mascagni, the composer of top-flight opera . . . at twenty-three, Agostini came to Canada . . . first job here was as oboe soloist in the "pit" at Loew's Theater, Montreal . . . it wasn't long before he had successively conducted in the pits of the Capitol and Palace Theaters . . . came the talkies, and Senor Agostini turned to teaching . . . appointed musical director at the Lasalle Academy, Three Rivers, Quebec, where he remained for some time . . . but Radio was calling . . . gave the one-time Canadian Radio Commission it's first big program out of Montreal, "One Hour With You" . . . since that time he has been a CBC headliner . . . on the side, he is in constant demand as a band and symphonic concert conductor . . . he is an amusing little man . . . his sayings and doings while rehearsing are famous around Montreal . . . I remember he was conducting for one of my plays, when the trombone displeased him . . . he turned fiercely on the unfortunate player . . . "You sound like a bull 'Mooo!' . . ." he spluttered (and how he splutters!). "I want you should sound nice and soft like a cow 'Moooo!'." . . . he makes all his own arrangements, but, unlike a lot of conductor-arrangers, he likes giving his musicians a certain freedom in introducing their own individuality and original twists to a composition . . . in another day and age, he would have been a fiery little man sweepingly and explosively conducting an opera company . . . today, opera's loss is Radio's gain . . .

CHARLES JORDAN . . . the baritone soloist of "Appointment with Agostini" . . . he is a 1938 discovery . . . a Montrealer in his early twenties, he got his first break last year on a sustainer, specializing in folk songs, popular classics, and lieder . . . guest appearances followed . . . sings in English, French, German and Italian . . . looks like a young edition of Lanny Ross would look . . . studies music in his spare time . . . doesn't smoke or drink . . . line forms to the left, girls. . . .

"RUSTY" DAVIS . . . he must have been born with that nickname; nobody seemed to know his first name . . . producer of "Appointment With Agostini" . . . well known in Montreal's younger set, but don't throw it up at him . . . studied law at McGill University . . . will be remembered as lyricist and musical director of McGill's "Red and White Revue" for the years '25 and '26 . . . the legal bug didn't bite, and Rusty left McGill for musical study in New York . . . a worried family persuaded him to return to law studies, but instead Rusty organized his own band . . . later he became musical director for one of Montreal's large advertising firms . . . was placed in charge of the productions of their commercial programs . . . joined CBC staff as producer a year ago, and is now into music up to his ears. . . .


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CLAUDETTE COLBERT
PARAMOUNT STAR



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**"I know from experience I will be happier when I *feel* better and *look* better."**

And the reason for this is quite simple, because when you have rich, red blood coursing through your body, you possess *genuine* vitality . . . the means to strength . . . energy . . . and that assurance of well being.

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But you may rebuild this strength by restoring your blood to normal, in the absence of an organic trouble, with the famous S.S.S. Tonic.

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## This Happened to Me

(*Continued from page* 30)

till then I worked like the devil for a whole week for the same amount of money. I began to hunt up contests in towns anywhere within a hundred mile radius and enter them. Usually, I was good enough to cart off one of the prizes.

When I think back now, I wonder a little. I was just turning 14 and still in high school. Officially in high school, that is. School had practically stopped for me then. I could think of nothing but the saxophone. I ended up by forming a four-piece band with some of the fellows in my class. We had a trumpet, drums, piano and a sax. We'd play once or twice a week at school affairs or at parties our mothers gave. I think then I was the happiest I had ever been. The noises we four boys made sounded something like the sounds from the spotlighted stage of the Palace.

A FEW months had gone by since my fourteenth birthday when the Shaw family was reduced from three to two. My father left home. My mother and I still don't know where he went. We don't know if he is living or dead. We have never heard from him, never seen him since. Every attempt to find him failed.

Fourteen I was. School, a shattered family life, poverty—I was either too young, too foolish or perhaps too completely absorbed in music to pay them any attention. Our life didn't change drastically but I began to dig up ways of making money.

I had played in a few carnival bands when Dave Hudkins, a drummer from New Haven, noticed me. He liked my work, took me in tow and introduced me to Johnny Cavallaro. Johnny, owner of the Cinderella Ballroom, then had the best band in New England. After two flop auditions, I lost my nervousness and Johnny hired me. He got me into the musicians' union and I became a professional reed man.

I worked for Cavallaro at night. Get home late, go to bed, get up and go to school. During that period, I never cracked a book. I never knew the right answers—I just showed up at classes and sat there. Before I bought the saxophone, I had been a good student. But now my only worry was how soon could I get out? For a period of three straight months my report cards showed five F's for each of my five classes. That meant automatic expulsion. The principal called me in. For the first time, I tried to explain to someone how I felt about the saxophone. He couldn't understand. That bewildered me. Yet I was relieved when I could finally tell my mother I was finished with school. Mother didn't agree with me. She protested my expulsion. I protested her protest. I lost—and was reinstated for a month. The story at the end of 30 days was the same—5 F's. I left.

I was 15 then. I immediately joined Cavallaro as a full member of his band. And that summer we went up to Bantam Lake, Connecticut, for the season. It was there I learned one of the important lessons any musician learns sooner or later. I had my first taste of liquor. The results were slightly catastrophic:

It was a Sunday. We had most of the day to ourselves and that night the band had nothing to do but play an accompaniment for the silent movie which was shown in the recreation hall. I joined the boys at the beach. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the trumpet player gave me a bottle of beer. I remember I was sitting in a rowboat when I drank it. I was dressed from shoulder to knee in a red bathing suit—and that's all. I finished the bottle and began to feel drowsy. That was my last memory until I suddenly woke from a sound sleep. I looked up. It was pitch black. There wasn't a soul anywhere near me. The boat had drifted out on the lake and all I could hear were the faint sounds of music blown across the water.

First, I was a scared kid of 15. Then, when I realized the music meant the band was playing for the movies, I was a scared musician. That row back to shore must have broken records. I ran up the path to the hall, sneaked in the back door. The place was dark, of course. I found my way to the orchestra pit, got my saxophone and started to play.

I was just beginning to feel comfortable again when the hero suddenly grabbed the heroine in his arms, Love's Sweet Dream was fulfilled—and the movie ended. The lights went up. Cavallaro looked at me. I smiled. There were a few snickers from the audience. His face began to whiten. I stopped smiling—I suddenly realized that I was sitting there in my red bathing suit and nothing else—not even a pair of shoes. He picked up his banjo and came after me. I ran—ran as if the Devil himself were after me. I won the race but among the other choice words I heard Johnny toss after me was one that sounded like "fired". I didn't stop to find out if he meant it.

Losing the job didn't bother me. For the past four nights a gang of fellows who were forming a band had been hanging around. They had been after me to join up with them. After the beer episode there wasn't much else I could do. They were all from Northfield—a town with one general store and little else.

I WENT home, got my clothes and carefully avoided seeing my mother. There were ten of us. We all piled into an old jaloppy and headed for Northfield. One of the boys owned a dilapidated shack. We lived there for a month. Ten kids—living on nothing but cider and raw corn we stole out of farmers' fields. We spent every minute of our time rehearsing. Occasionally we'd play for a dance in Waterbury and make a little money. But we saved that for a reserve fund.

A brother of one of the fellows had once worked at the Joyland Casino in Lexington, Kentucky. He thought we could get a job there. I don't know why we agreed, but we did. After that month's rehearsal, we were ready for the trip. The car was an old open 7-passenger Hudson. Ten boys with their instruments and bags squeezed in. We were off for Kentucky.

How we managed to live and buy gas on that trip south is still an unsolved mystery. We finally got there,

though, found the Joyland Casino and talked the manager into giving us a job.

Here was the ideal existence for me: playing at night and a chance to go to school during the day. We all enrolled in a prep school near the Casino. We found a boarding house where we got a room and board for $5 a week. For one, two, three days—life was perfect. Then—we had worked four days when Joyland closed down for awhile.

MOST of the boys wired home for money immediately. I couldn't—I had run away. What's more, I knew my mother couldn't spare it even if I did. I stayed on at the boarding house—my $5 entitled me to a few more days. By the end of the week, my nine colleagues had left town. I was alone in Lexington with not a dime remaining to weigh down an empty pocket. I tried to get a job and failed completely. Finally, I hocked my sax and extra clothes. That brought enough for another week at the boarding house. I tried putting off the landlady when that ran out. It didn't work and I was kicked out.

For three days I didn't touch a scrap of food. At night I slept in the park. Before going to "bed," I washed my shirt in the park pond. That was important if I was to find a job I could apply for. Here I was alone in a strange city, slowly starving. I should have been home, a sophomore in high-school. That never occurred to me, though. Even that one night when the clouds burst wide open and I couldn't sleep in the park—I sneaked into a pool parlor and slept on one of the green felt-covered tables. I had made up my mind to be a musician. Any glamour that was attached to the idea had been wiped out. All that remained was an unshakeable obsession to play music.

After three days of no food, I became almost crazy with the desire to eat once more. Anything—a dried hunk of bread, a cold potato. There were no visions of huge steaks, steaming platters—just a mad longing to fill that cold emptiness in my stomach.

When I could stand it no longer, I went into a restaurant and followed the procedure outlined in the best fiction. I ordered a huge meal. And when they came with the check and heard I had no money, I brought the story to its logical ending. I was sent back to the kitchen to wash dishes. That night I slept very comfortably in the park and the next day I went back to the restaurant. I made the manager a proposition: "Feed me and I'll wash your dishes." He accepted.

That arrangement went on for a week or two—days in the restaurant, nights in the park. I was just beginning to tire of that convenient little set-up when I learned that Joyland was re-opening. I hiked out there one night. I must have looked like a broken-down young bum. There could have been nothing attractive about me. Yet, I walked up to the leader and asked him for a job. Clyde Mosely was his name—he looked a little startled when I put that request. Then he sort of grinned and said:

"Doing what?"

"Playing the saxophone. I'm good. Honest! Just let me play one number."

I know how he felt. Because I've felt the way he must have when someone has come up to me asking for a job. He was probably a little kinder than most of us now—he told me to hang around until the end of the evening and he'd listen to me. I waited. One of the boys lent me a saxophone. I played "Tiger Rag," I remember—better than I had ever played anything. Mosely hired me. He gave me enough money to get my sax and clothes out of hock and next day, I left town with the band.

I WORKED with them long enough to save train fare home. When I had the money, I said good-bye and thanks to Mosely and left for New Haven.

Word got around that I was back. It reached Johnny Cavallaro, for within a week he asked me if I'd like to rejoin his band. It appears he hadn't meant to fire me. He was just kidding!

I went back to my chair with Johnny and life was a peaceful thing until he had an offer to bring the band down to Florida for the winter. Mother, naturally, didn't want me to go. I insisted. She, ultimately, gave in on the condition that Cavallaro consent to be my guardian. Johnny was a little hesitant about that and I certainly didn't blame him. But he at last consented to take the chance.

Just before we left New Haven, I made what has turned out to be the most important purchase of my career. For $30, I bought a clarinet—the first time I had ever handled one of the slender, black instruments. I boarded the ship with it. And for the three days and nights we were on the Florida boat, not one of my poor, stricken shipmates had a moment's peace. For me, it was a good trip—


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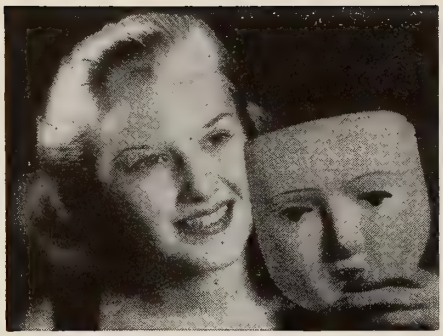
*"I've really been thrilled at photographers' compliments on my hair since I started using Drene Shampoo! They tell me my hair is simply sparkling with natural highlights now—so it's easy to get the glamorous effect wanted. And Drene leaves my hair soft and manageable so it can be set in any style desired right after washing!"*

NO MATTER how dingy, dull and dry-looking your hair may be—the thrilling experience of this famous art model may be yours! For dull-looking hair is most often due to the greyish, sticky film (bathtub ring) all soap leaves on hair. But now, with this amazing new Drene Shampoo, see that ugly film swept away at a single washing! Your hair's true beauty, glamorous natural sparkle and brilliance revealed!

Drene works its beauty wonders because it contains an amazing, new, cleansing ingredient never before used in a shampoo! Not a soap—not an oil, Drene leaves no dulling film itself on hair. Nor greasy dust-catching film! Cleans away dirt, grease—even loose dandruff flakes! Leaves hair so sparkling clean, that lemon, vinegar or other after-rinses are unnecessary!

There are now 2 kinds of Drene. Use Regular Drene if your hair is oily. Otherwise, use the new Special Drene for Dry Hair (leaves even fine hair silken-soft and manageable for flattering new hair styles). Refuse substitutes! No soap shampoo can give Drene's revolutionary results! Drene is the only shampoo licensed to use its safe, patented, cleansing ingredient. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble. At drug, department, 10¢ stores; at your favorite beauty shop—*insist* on Drene. Thrill to its glorifying results! See why it's America's largest selling shampoo today! *Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*





# 3 Minute Massage removes that dulling mask

Perhaps your own *natural* complexion is much more lovely and youthful than you realize. Its true glory may be dulled by a "mask" of hidden dirt—dirt that ordinary cleansing methods never reach.

A Pompeian Massage takes only three minutes, yet it removes this dirt and leaves your skin looking younger and more radiant. Pompeian (the original pink massage cream) is entirely different from regular cosmetic creams . . . works differently. It's 70% pure milk. You simply massage this cream on your face, and as it dries, massage it off.

This massage removes pore-deep dirt and blackheads. It also stimulates the circulation of the blood in the skin—leaving your face gloriously refreshed, stimulated.

*You* be the judge! Send 10c for generous jar of Pompeian and two booklets of helpful beauty hints. Give yourself this three-minute massage . . . and be *convinced* by results.




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*Danish Princess*

**NEW!**

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I learned the rudiments of clarinet playing. After two more months in Miami, I was playing a pretty good clarinet.

IT seems that every time I meet a new musical obstacle, I get very stubborn about it and attack it as a gigantic problem that must be solved. Apparently, that is a pretty good system. I learned to play both my instruments that way. If I'm stubborn enough, I can usually win. I learned to read music that way. I never had a real music lesson but by a trial and error system, I learned to read musical notes. I first made band arrangements the same way.

While we were still in Miami, I met up with a band from Cleveland. They were in town for a few days and made a habit of coming over to listen to us play. They asked me to go back to Cleveland with them but I turned the offer down: after all, I was working with my guardian and I did owe him something.

We returned to New Haven, and while still working with Johnny I occasionally did extra work with an outfit called the Yale Collegians. It wasn't a bad band. The Collegians played for most of the affairs at Yale, since the majority of the musicians were students at the university. Peter Arno, the cartoonist, once was a regular member. But that was before my time. The fellow I remember best was a blond, quiet saxophonist who had the chair next to mine. His name was Rudy Vallee.

Then, shortly after May, 1926, the Paramount-Publix Theater in town inaugurated a new policy—house bands. The New Haven Publix was the first theater in the Paramount chain to try the experiment. Most of the men selected for the orchestra were from New York, but they asked me to be first saxophonist. I jumped at the chance. Johnny released me immediately—glad to see me get the opportunity.

I had worked in the pit once before—up at Bantam Lake. This was a lot different. It was a nice steady life and I, at 16, was beginning to settle down when the Publix tried another policy—name bands. The house orchestra was out of a job. One night, I was handed my two weeks' notice. That same night, I received two offers. One from the Cleveland outfit I had met in Florida. The other from what was in the year 1926 the biggest band in the country—the California Ramblers. The Ramblers were then riding the crest of a wave. Its personnel was famous. Fred MacMurray was playing saxophone for them. The Dorsey brothers were two of the employees. An offer to join them was a great compliment. On the other hand, I thought the boys from Cleveland were due to hit the top. I was now faced with what I thought would be the most important decision I'd ever made. Which offer should I take?

*Next month, more never-before-revealed episodes in the life of swing's new idol. Read about his two marriages . . . about his association with Bix Beiderbecke . . . about the time he quit music entirely and retired to live on a farm . . . about the strange life of a truly unique young danceband genius—in the June Radio Mirror, out April 26.*


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*New!* **Ronni MASCARA** *with* **CAP-COMB Applicator**




Now you can *comb* your mascara through your lashes. Just unscrew the cap—and there you are—a comb full of mascara ready to apply. Then a twist of the cap and into your purse. No fuss—no bother—no soiling. Mascara by Ronni is tear-proof, smudge-proof—requires no water. In black, blue or brown. At all 5 & 10c stores for 10c. PARFUMS Ronni, Inc., 18 West 20th Street, New York. **10c**

*"Comb It Through Your Lashes"*



# The Secret LOVE STORY Behind DANIELLE DARRIEUX'S Marriage

How she loves him—big sweet-tempered, masterfulful Henri Decoin, husband, protector, adviser, Prince Charming all in one.

She can thank Henry Koster for bringing him into her life at the moment when the need was greatest, when life looked darkest, when failure loomed.

How charming Danielle Darrieux and Henri Decoin met, loved, wooed and married is a thrilling love story that will move you to the depths. It begins in heartbreak and tragedy but its ending is like a beautiful dream.

The complete, beautiful story appears in True Love and Romances for May. You will love it. Get your copy today at the nearest newsstand.

**True Love and Romance**

## What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page 3*)

takes the lead in Back Stage Wife, as Mary's husband, Larry.

After becoming interested in a program to the point of feeling it is mighty real, this illusion is roughly torn to bits by hearing the same person take a lead in another radio serial, which makes his first part redundant and unnatural. None of us are two or three people, and the only reason we love a certain radio story is because it has absorbed us with realism and poignant charm.

Mrs. J. F. Victorin,
Cicero, Ill.

### FOURTH PRIZE

#### DOES THE SUN SHINE ALWAYS?

A recent article in a newspaper stated that in the taking of a radio poll, One Man's Family was the only serial mentioned, and I wondered if there was any connection between that statement and the opinion expressed by some of my friends: "I do not listen to radio serials so much, because they are so depressing.

Truly the characters in some of the continued stories go from one tragedy to another and life seems to be one long drawn out misery. Now, I am not asking for a "Pollyannish" tale. One Man's Family is not all sunshine, but the narrative is shot through with such clever humor and good cheer that the very infrequent happenings of a sad nature do not linger in the mind of the listener.

When the world is in such a state of upheaval and unrest in many sections, would it not be a good idea to have more wholesome radio serials, not devoid of serious moments, but with most of the deep tragedy element eliminated?

Jane B. James,
St. Louis, Mo.

### FIFTH PRIZE

#### RADIO'S CREATING AN IDEAL HOME-LIFE

Meet the radio in its new role—youth-builder. It is responsible for keeping the young folks at home, while at the same time giving them a decent place to enjoy dancing.

As more and more parents are realizing the needs of the younger set, more and more recreation rooms or living rooms with "rollable" rugs are coming into vogue.

As a result, the children are staying away from the roadhouses in droves—are avoiding the questionable surroundings with its liquor and cigarettes. They'd rather bring the gang to the home, turn on the radio, and dance to their hearts' content.

Here's to the radio. It has made possible a new era of homelife for American youth.

Wendell Knowles,
Salina, Kansas

### SIXTH PRIZE

#### GOOD LUCK, BERT PARKS!

When Bert Parks received the job of announcer on Eddie Cantor's program, that fellow got a break he deserved.

He not only has a good speaking voice, but when he sang on the new program, it was worth listening to.

Now, as the program moves from New York to California, don't be surprised if Announcer Parks gets another break by appearing in the movies.

Let's wish Bert Parks lots of good luck, and let's thank Eddie Cantor for coming along with an announcer worthy of the chance to show what he can do in the field of radio.

Marcella Kaplan,
St. Paul, Minn.

### SEVENTH PRIZE

#### YOU GET TO KNOW FAMOUS PEOPLE

Three cheers and a bouquet of orchids to that grand program, Information, Please!

It's my favorite program because it has famous people as the innocent victims of a barrage of questions. And frequently you find that even persons engaged in some important work, have a sense of humor, just like anyone else. I sometimes marvel at this or that person's extensive knowledge of opera, slang, history, geography, etc. Of course, some of the questions are simple—but even the simplest are sometimes the "catchiest."

Each week I look forward to the next program, which will bring me someone, whose novel I have read, who is a well-known personage or of whom I have read in the news.

Yvonne Shima,
Norwalk, Calif.






Thousands of women are changing to WINX —and no wonder! WINX Mascara is amazingly *fine in texture* . . . goes on evenly . . . looks more natural . . . makes lashes appear long and silky. WINX accents your eyes with *exotic beauty.* Try WINX Mascara today!

Approved by Good Housekeeping. Get WINX Mascara, Eye Shadow, and Eyebrow Pencil—in the GREEN PACKAGES—at drug, dept., and 10¢ stores.

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BE A NURSE
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*Free book tells how!*

Learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Thousands of graduates. One saved $400 while learning. 40th yr. Men, women, 18 to 60. High school not required. Easy payments. Write!
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In one, simple, quick operation, Lovalon the 4 purpose rinse, does all these 4 important things to your hair. **1.** Gives lustrous highlights. **2.** Rinses away shampoo film. **3.** Tints the hair as it rinses. **4.** Helps keep hair neatly in place. Lovalon does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try it. You will be amazed at the results.




5 rinses 25¢ at drug and department stores. 2 rinse size at 10¢ stores.

*Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.*

LOVALON
the 4 purpose vegetable Hair Rinse

## The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(*Continued from page* 36)

voice was as cruel and crisp as the lash of a whip. "It isn't for *you* to decide what you're to tell me and what not," he said. "Tell me *everything.*"

"Well," I said, thinking fast and talking fast. "I came here with that agreement in my brief case. I was a little early, but I expected to find you and Mr. Foley here, or at least find someone at home."

"There was no one in?" he asked.

"No one answered the bell."

"How did you get in?"

"I walked in. The door was open."

"Are you accustomed to walking into strange houses. . . ."

"STOP it," I said. "Don't you try to cross examine me. I'm working for Mr. Foley; I'm accountable to him. I came here at *his* request, not *yours.*"

The anger in my voice stopped him. He was silent for a second or two, then said, "I *beg* your pardon, Miss Bell. I was only trying to protect you."

"Protect me from what?"

"From the police."

"I don't want to be protected from the police. The police are my friends."

"The police," he said, "must never know that you were here."

"That's what *you* think," I told him.

"I'm speaking on behalf of Mr. Foley."

"I think Mr. Foley is quite capable of doing his own speaking."

He hesitated as though thinking out a new plan of attack. His voice became solicitous—too solicitous—I thought. "My dear Miss Bell," he said. "I didn't realize what a terrifying experience you've been through. Certainly to a young woman who is unaccustomed to scenes of violence, this is a great shock, a very great—er—ah—emotional shock. I want you to go out and wait in my car. I assure you you'll be quite safe there. Nothing will happen, and I'll go up and investigate. I think you're quite right. If you are to receive any instructions, they should come from Mr. Foley, the man for whom you are working."

"But you can't investigate," I told him. "The lights are off."

"I know the house," he said. "I'll grope my way."

"Well, *I'm* not going with you," I told him.

"I don't want you to. I want you to go out and sit in the car. I'll see what I can find." And he slipped quietly down the dark corridor.

I started toward the automobile which was parked at the curb, then remembered my brief case. I ran back, and retrieved it after some fumbling around, returned to the automobile, opened the door, climbed in, and sat there, thinking what a strange combination Frank G. Padgham was. I would never have expected him to develop the moral courage to go into that dark house for the purpose of making an investigation.

There was a drugstore at the corner. I could see the light shining through the windows. It occurred to me they'd have a telephone, and something which had been merely a vague half-thought in the back of my mind crystallized into sudden determination.

I looked up at the dark house. The lights were still apparently off, judging by the diamond-shaped window in the hallway. I knew from experience that the curtains and hangings over the other windows were so heavy that it would be impossible to tell whether there were lights on in the other rooms.

I OPENED the door and slipped out to the sidewalk. There seemed to be no one in sight. I started walking rapidly toward the drugstore. I had been around in Hollywood long enough and had read newspapers to know what a precious thing a star's reputation is, whether he is in radio or movies—and Bruce Eaton was in both. Let him get in what is known as "a jam" and unfavorable publicity can ruin him, and I knew the studios were keenly alive to the situation. I felt that it was only fair Bruce Eaton should have an opportunity to defend himself.

I entered the drugstore, gave one of my best smiles to the clerk, and walked across to the telephone booth.

I looked for Bruce Eaton in the directory.

He wasn't listed. It occurred to me then that he wouldn't be. I called Information and pleaded with her to



It's Kenny Baker, made up to play the part of Nanki-Poo, in Universal's production of "The Mikado." Yum-Yum's played by Jean Colin.

give me Bruce Eaton's unlisted number. I told her it was a matter of life and death, something that was very, very important to Mr. Eaton, and my emotional storm was wasted against a wall of official reserve. I couldn't even get the smile out of her voice.

And then I remembered reading an article in a motion picture magazine about Bruce Eaton, only a few days ago. That article had mentioned the name of the agency which represented him. I couldn't recall the name offhand, but there was a magazine stand in the drugstore.

I LEFT the telephone booth, bought a copy of the magazine, and found the name I wanted. That name was listed in the telephone directory. I called the number. I hardly expected there'd be anyone at the office, but I thought perhaps Information would give me the number of . . . Someone answered the telephone, a soothingly competent masculine voice which seemed to say, "All right, you've got me now. There's nothing to worry about. Tell me what it is."

I didn't want Mr. Padgham to know I'd been telephoning. Time was short. I didn't have any opportunity to ask questions, and I certainly didn't want anyone to ask *me* questions. "Listen," I said, "your agency represents Bruce Eaton. I happen to have some information of the greatest importance to Mr. Eaton."

"Yes," the voice said. "We represent him. Can you tell me who this is talking?"

"No," I said, "but I have a message which *must* get to Mr. Eaton right away."

This time the voice seemed to have lost some of its cordiality. "What's the message?" it asked.

"Please tell Mr. Eaton that the young woman who removed his gag recognized him, that her telephone number is . . ." That was making it sound too much like a mash proposition, so I added hastily, "Please tell him that if he wants to get in touch with the young woman who removed his gag, he can call Miss Bell at the law office of William C. Foley, and Miss Bell will see that any messages he desires to give are duly transmitted."

"Can't you tell me something more about what you're referring to?" the voice asked. "Can't you be a little more specific? After all, you know there are lots of people who admire Mr. Eaton both as an individual and as an actor. Many of them try to get in touch with him. We have literally hundreds of messages which we simply can't transmit, because it wouldn't do any good. Mr. Eaton couldn't even begin to . . ."

"Listen," I interrupted. "This is a matter of life and death. You're interested in Mr. Eaton—in any event, you're interested in his earning capacity. If you don't do just as I say, his earning capacity may take a nose dive, and I haven't time to argue about it."

I slammed up the telephone receiver and walked from the telephone booth conscious of the fact that the clerk had mistaken my smile for an invitation, and was smirking all over his fat face.

After I'd left the drugstore, I walked just as fast as I could make my legs move.

Halfway to the house I received a sudden shock. There was no automobile at the curb!

I kept on walking, hoping against hope that my eyes had deceived me. I wondered what Mr. Padgham would think, wondered if, perhaps, he'd decided I knew more about the affair of the Spanish house than I'd disclosed to him.

An automobile swung around the corner behind me, coming at high speed. As the car swayed on its springs and skidded slightly, the brilliant illumination of the headlights swung far over to the left, held me in their pitiless brilliance, then went over to the right and back again to the left. I heard the sound of tires protesting against the too sudden application of brakes.

After what I'd been through, my nerves were ragged. I started to run. Then I heard Mr. Foley's voice calling. "What is it, Miss Bell?"

I turned back toward the car. I don't think I was ever so glad to hear a voice in my life.

"Has something happened?" he asked.

"Yes," I told him.

"What?"

"Lots of things," I said.

HE glanced at the brief case under my arm. "Do you still have the agreement?"

"I held on to it through thick and thin," I said, laughing nervously.

"Want to get in?" he asked.

Did I? I ran around the car and climbed in beside him.

"Tell me about it," he urged.

"So I started in and told him the whole thing from the beginning, from the time the car had tried to run over me until Mr. Padgham had sent me out to wait in his car. The only thing





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I held out on was Bruce Eaton and that key. Somehow I didn't exactly think it would be cricket to tell even Mr. Foley—at any rate, not until Bruce Eaton's agent had had an opportunity to tell him to communicate with me.

"Then *you* don't know whether the man in that room had been murdered or had died a natural death?"

"No, only what Mr. Padgham said."

"You don't even know of your own knowledge whether he was dead or not?"

"Certainly not," I said. "I didn't go in the room."

"But Padgham left you in the automobile and went up to that room."

"That's where he said he was going."

"How long ago was that?"

"Perhaps ten minutes."

"And what were you doing in the meantime?"

"I . . . I went down to the drugstore," I said. "I was coming right back."

"You shouldn't have done that," he told me. "Padgham may have become worried about you."

I DON'T think he'll ever waste much time worrying about anyone except Padgham," I said.

"Tell me about his emotional reactions when you told him about this dead man."

"I think at first," I said, "when I answered the door and it was all dark inside, he was absolutely terror stricken. He . . ."

"Yes, yes, I know," Foley interrupted impatiently. "That isn't what I meant. I want to know how he reacted when you were telling him about what you'd found in the house."

"Well," I said, "it was dark, of course, and I couldn't see his facial expression, but . . ."

"Never mind the facial expression. You heard him talk. What about his voice?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Foley," I said, "but I couldn't tell a thing from his voice. I havent your ability to read characters and emotions from voices."

"What did he say when you told him about a dead man in the room on the second floor. What words did he use?"

"He said 'Oh—Good Lord!'"

"Now you're certain about that?"

"Absolutely certain. I remember particularly that's what he said."

"All right," Foley said. "Mimic the way he said it just as well as you can."

"But," I protested, "I couldn't mimic Mr. Padgham."

"I dont mean that particularly. What I mean is tell me *how* he said it. Was the accent on the 'oh' or on the 'Lord', or did he roll the r's in 'Lord'? Did . . ."

"He rolled the r's in 'Lord', I said. "I remember distinctly. He said 'Oh—Good Lor-r-r-d!!'"

"And how about the 'Oh'? Was it accented?"

"No, he soft-pedalled that and came down heavy on the last word."

There were several seconds of silence while my boss sat there thinking. At length, I gained the temerity to ask, "Does that signify anything, Mr. Foley?"

He said thoughtfully, "I think it does," and then turning, smiled at me and said, "But as yet, I don't know just what."

"Do you want to go to the house?" I asked.

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*May* True Story MAGAZINE

20th ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

"No," he said, shortly. "It's too late now." He swung his car in the middle of the block, and turned back toward the drugstore. "Did you," he asked, "notice whether there was a public telephone booth in the drugstore?"

I knitted my forehead into a frown as though trying to recall, and said, "Yes, there's a telephone booth there."

It was a species of white lie, but I hoped it would be justified under the circumstances. I knew that in order to protect Bruce Eaton I was going to have to tell plenty of white lies, and I might just as well get in practice. . . . I wondered if he'd call me.

LOOK here," Mr. Foley said, interrupting my thoughts. "Let's get one thing straight. Exactly *when* did the lights go out?"

"Right after I'd discovered this dead man there in the room."

Mr. Foley slid the car to a stop in front of the drugstore, but made no motion to open the door. "Now, tell me once more," he said, "about your conversation with Mr. Padgham."

Once more I related the conversation, and once more Mr. Foley sat staring straight ahead, his forehead furrowed in concentration.

After several seconds of silence, I said, "Did you want to do something about a telephone?"

He nodded, but still made no move to open the car door or to get out.

"Is there," I asked, "anything wrong with my conversation with Mr. Padgham? Did I say anything to him that I shouldn't have?"

"No," he said, "that isn't what bothers me."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Yes," he said. "Hasn't it impressed you as being significant that Mr. Padgham didn't ask you at any time *when* the lights had gone out?"

"That's right," I exclaimed. "He didn't."

"You can appreciate how significant it is," Mr. Foley said. "The man drives up to a house where he has an appointment. He naturally expects to have someone answer his ring in a conventional manner. He doesn't know that the house is dark, but thinks probably that curtains across the diamond-shaped window in the front door keep him from seeing any illumination from within. All of a sudden, the door swings open. A tunnel of darkness looms ahead in place of the lighted corridor the man had expected to see. A woman tells him about finding a dead man on the upper floor.

"Now one of the first questions a person would naturally ask is 'Well, what's wrong with the lights? *When* did they go off?' Now, you're certain Mr. Padgham didn't ask you that question or something like it?"

"Absolutely," I said.

"Go into that drugstore," Mr. Foley said. "Tell the clerk that you're too nervous to telephone. Ask him to telephone police headquarters and report a dead man at that address. Tell him that you have reason to believe the man may have been murdered. Then turn around and walk out."

"What if he asks me questions?" I wanted to know.

"Walk out," he said.

"Shouldn't I telephone the police myself?"

"No, I don't want you to give them your name. If you telephone them, it will simply be an anonymous call, and if you ever find yourself in a position where you have to establish the fact that *you* placed that call, you can't do it. By going in the drugstore and asking the clerk to place the call you'll have an out if you need it."

"I see your point," I told him. "Here goes."

I didn't tell him that I'd already impressed my personality on the clerk, because I didn't want to tell him about that first telephone call I'd made. I jumped to the curb, crossed the sidewalk, and knew as soon as I saw the clerk's face that he thought he'd made a conquest, that I'd trumped up some excuse to come back and get acquainted.

I HAD one satisfaction about delivering my message. It wiped the smirk off that man's face, and while he was standing there still dazed from the impact of the news I'd given him, I turned and went sailing out the door to Mr. Foley's car.

"And now what?" I asked.

"Now," he said, "you can deliver the agreement to me, and I'll deliver you to your home, and you'll try your level best to forget all about it."

I handed him the brief case. He stopped the car, opened the brief case, then looked up at me with questioning eyes.

The brief case was empty!

*Only one day on the job, and already involved in a murder case! Is Claire getting into deeper trouble by withholding some of the information in her possession from Mr. Foley? Read the next instalment of this swiftly-paced mystery story in the June issue of* RADIO MIRROR, *on sale April 26th.*




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## I Will Live

(*Continued from page* 19)

doctor who prophesied that tragic future for her was a wise man, but there was one thing he didn't understand: the sheer, indomitable courage of the human heart.

It is almost unbelievable, this story. . . .

Barbara Luddy was not out of babyhood when infantile paralysis first struck her. Not that the physician who diagnosed her case knew what was wrong. He said she was suffering from spinal meningitis.

Barbara doesn't remember her father. He and Mrs. Luddy were divorced when she was still in her crib. The father she *does* remember was Dr. Newton Sproule, whom her mother married when Barbara was six. Cultured, brilliant, charming, Dr. Sproule had come from his native Toronto to the prairies of Montana to absorb the dry summer sun into his tubercular lungs. Instead of returning to Toronto he became a country doctor in the United States' rough northwest—in Harlem, a tiny dot of a settlement in the midst of the rolling plains, not far from Helena.

IT was Dr. Sproule, in the little hospital he set up in Harlem, who first correctly diagnosed Barbara's illness, and started her on a series of exercises and manipulations designed to strengthen her weakened muscles.

They were happy, the three people of that family. Dr. Sproule's lungs were getting stronger. His practice was good and his hospital was a success. Babs' condition was improving. Mrs. Sproule was forgetting the unhappiness of her first marriage.

Then a typhoid epidemic struck Harlem. The hospital, designed to accommodate forty patients, was suddenly deluged by a hundred and fifty desperately ill townspeople and farmers. Five cots were jammed into single rooms. Doctors—Sproule and his assistants—and nurses were overworked, soon exhausted. Mrs. Sproule, already suffering from a slight cough that was too similar to her husband's, joined the nurses in caring for the patients.

At the height of the epidemic a blizzard swept down out of the north. Into the hospital struggled a half-frozen, exhausted man. His wife was giving birth to a baby on their farm twenty miles out on the prairie. Would Dr. Sproule . . . . ?

Of course Dr. Sproule would attend her. He left the hospital alone, ordering the prospective father to remain behind for treatment. One of his feet had been badly frozen.

The father, however, disobeyed orders—and saved Dr. Sproule's life. Half way to his home he found the doctor's car, stalled in the mounting drifts. A few feet away was the doctor himself, half buried in the snow, sunk in the coma which precedes death by freezing. He revived Sproule, and together they reached the farm, where Sproule brought the man's baby into the world.

But the experience took lasting toll of the doctor's health. By the time he got back to the hospital he was desperately ill. And there he found that his wife had also become a patient, worn out by the strain of caring for the hospital full of people.

Both husband and wife were bedridden much of the time from then on. Gradually they lost what money they'd accumulated, and the hospital passed into other hands.

Babs was six years old, and the World War was in its last hysterical months. She didn't understand the War, any more than she understood the tragedy that had come into her mother's and step-father's lives, but it was fun to stand on the back of a truck and sing patriotic songs in drives for savings stamps. And later, a day or two after the Armistice, it was thrilling to be part of the patriotic vaudeville bill at the American Theater in Butte.

Babs didn't know it then, but this was her first professional engagement. She sang "The Star Spangled Banner," and for the climax spread her folded arms to display the American flag draped behind her. It brought down the house. Someone threw a silver dollar on the stage. Other coins followed. Soon Babs, still singing, was running around the stage gathering up coins from the footlight trough, under the piano, in the wings.

Her success in this one professional appearance led naturally to an offer from the Pantages circuit, and she became part of a traveling company heading for the west coast. Under Dr. Sproule's guidance, she added dancing to her effortless lyric soprano voice. They were highly original dance steps, those sinuous Oriental twists and twirls which she worked out with the doctor. What audiences didn't know was that each movement had been planned by the canny doctor to straighten her curved spine and partially paralyzed right leg.

Dr. and Mrs. Sproule went along on the tour, of course. Dr. Sproule was anxious to get to Hollywood, hoping to develop a medical practice there, in a climate more healthy for his weak lungs. But his condition grew worse, and soon he was in the Los Angeles county hospital—to remain there for the rest of his brief life.

Babs sang and danced wherever she could. Once she was in a burlesque show, where the world-weary, cynical show-girls guarded the child with almost motherly devotion. Her mother and step-father were bitterly ashamed that their little girl must work in such an environment—but there was nothing they could do. They *had* to have the money.

A TIME was coming, though, when Babs would see her career—her first career—brought to an abrupt end. She was singing in a San Diego theater when, in the very middle of a song, her voice failed her. She opened her mouth, and not a sound came out. In agony, she looked at the orchestra leader, who was quick-witted enough to signal his men for a crescendo while Babs pretended to finish the song.

Her singing voice was gone. That was obvious when the curtain came down. A little of her carefully guarded money went to a doctor who said the trouble was overwork and advised complete rest for the vocal chords.

Luckily, Mrs. Sproule was again on the road to health and for two years Barbara went to school while her mother worked. There were more

than ordinary living expenses to be met, too . . . little luxuries now and then to make the long days and nights in the hospital more pleasant for Dr. Sproule . . . and treatments for Babs.

Just one month before she was fourteen Babs came into Dr. Sproule's hospital room, her face streaked with tears. With her were her mother and the doctor who had been treating her. Without any preliminaries, he announced that Babs must begin wearing a back brace to compensate for the weakened leg.

WEAKLY, but determinedly, Dr. Sproule refused to permit it.

His thin hand, almost transparent now, lay on both of Babs'. "Listen, Babs," he said. "Most of your life so far, you've had to take care of yourself, and—we've got to face it—you probably always will have to. You've had no formal education. All you know is the entertainment business—but you do know that. And you can't be an entertainer if you wear braces. You mustn't—*you must not*—wear them. *You are not going to look like a cripple!*"

Exhausted by the intensity of his emotion, he fell back upon the pillows. But he'd won his fight. No braces were ordered for Barbara, and a few days later she applied for work as an extra at the movies' Central Casting Bureau.

Because she was not yet fourteen she lied. She gave her age as sixteen. If she had given her real age, a prospective employer would have been forced by law to hire a tutor for her—something no film company would bother to do for a mere extra.

The gods must have been in a cruelly humorous mood when Central Casting called Barbara for the first time. For she was to report at the Butterfly Comedy studios to test for a part—as a bathing beauty!

It seemed foolhardy even to answer the call, but she did. One of six hundred bathing girls, she paraded before the cool, critical eye of the camera. She even persuaded the director, who didn't know her from Eve, to give her girl friend a test too.

Later she was called back. This time the director asked her to face the camera again. She did, breathlessly afraid, but guarding that weakened leg by letting it rest casually from a bent knee, only the toe touching the ground.

"Will you kick your right leg, please?" the director asked politely.

This was the end. "I can but I'd rather not," Barbara replied.

The director nodded, as if in confirmation. "Yes," he said, "that's what your friend told me—the one *you* persuaded me to test. . . ."

But he gave her a contract anyway. So cleverly had she passed the preliminary tests that he hadn't noticed anything unusual. If she fooled him, he told her, she could fool audiences. The traitorous girl-friend has yet to make her appearance on any screen.

If only Babs' "father" could have lived to know!

For six months, until Butterfly Comedies went bankrupt, Babs was a bathing beauty. After that, while her mother worked in a doctor's office, she added to the family income with whatever work she could get, which wasn't much until, after about a year and a half, she landed a contract to co-star in a series of comedies for Fox Films.

That was Barbara's second career: as a rising young screen ingenue. Perhaps you'll laugh when you hear how it ended. Perhaps, on the other hand, you won't.

She began to gain weight. Six pounds crept up on her. And Barbara is only four feet ten inches tall, so that six extra pounds made a lot of difference, particularly before the camera. Her employers ordered her to lose weight. Nothing particularly unusual about that—it's done every day in Hollywood. But Barbara's doctor, when he heard of it, said simply:

"You may lose your film contract if you don't diet. But if you do diet, you'll lose your life!"

GIVE up the hard-won position. Start all over again from the beginning. Try again. Make the rounds of the few theatrical producers on the west coast. Keep going. Keep going—

But Barbara Luddy wasn't entirely unknown by this time, and it wasn't too long before she was given the ingenue lead opposite Leo Carrillo in "Lombardi, Ltd.," in which she did such a good job that when Carrillo decided to take the play to Australia he urged her to go along.

She refused.

Something had happened to Barbara. She'd fallen in love, with a handsome young British actor that we might as well call Michael. They were going to be married, and Barbara had no desire to leave California and Michael.

Then, just before the Australian




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tour was to start, Barbara capitulated. She called Carrillo and told him she'd go along. Why? The answer is something that Barbara has kept locked in her heart until now.

Her doctor had told her that she must never marry. Not only that, he said, but the chances were she might be a hopeless cripple in seven years.

That is the doom which Barbara has carried everywhere with her for the last seven years, never telling anyone except her mother—who knew, already. Until he reads this article, Michael has never been able to solve the mystery of why Barbara suddenly broke off their engagement and went to Australia with Leo Carrillo's show. She apologized for hurting him . . . but she never told.

SHE kept silence throughout the Australian tour, and then she returned to the United States to find that the depression had wiped out all theatrical activity on the west coast. She kept silence—and grimly, doggedly set out to begin a fourth career, as a radio actress.

Determination made that fourth career a success, and determination—nothing else—has banished the fear of being a cripple.

The doctor who threatened dire consequences if she didn't wear a back brace was wrong. The doctor who promised her the painful bed of the hopeless paralytic before March of this year was wrong.

Not only has she proved them wrong, but she's gone on to horseback riding and dancing. And now ice skating. It was Bret Morrison, who plays the role of the First Nighter, who got her on a horse. Through his close friendship with her, he discovered her envy of those who could ride. At last he found out, too, why she was afraid to try. He scoured Chicago until he found a side-saddle, and almost forced her to try it. After a year of riding, dancing, skating, Barbara visited a famous specialist, who told her she need never worry again.

Today some people laugh when they see Barbara riding a horse with that old-fashioned saddle. They put it down, no doubt, to an actress' affectation. But Barbara laughs with them. She can afford to—now. She can afford to laugh at so many things because for the first time in years she is safe.

## Foolish Fancy, Maybe

(*Continued from page* 14)

where I couldn't afford to go; and I knew no one in Detroit who would take me there.

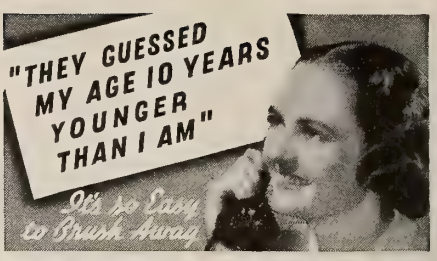
Something had to be done, and for three days I racked my brain, trying to think what it would be. Then I remembered that night when Randy interviewed me on the air. That was it! I'd go to see him, try to persuade him he needed a girl singer, and ask if I couldn't have the job. He'd never give it to me, but at least I'd have a chance to talk to him, and then—well, who knew what would happen?

I went to the hotel where he was staying, and boldly asked for Randy Blake on one of the house telephones. A man's voice answered, and I asked for Mr. Blake.

"Who's calling?" the man asked.

"Tell Mr. Blake it's Rita Sullivan—we met in Chicago."

There was a pause at the other end


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# BOX OFFICE POISON

## —*A Year Later*

Last year a red-bordered ad appeared in Hollywood which became a national sensation. It was signed by the Independent Theatre Owners' Association of New York and accused a number of high salaried motion picture stars of being "Box office poison". A wail of anguish swept through the West coast—stars and their agents threatened to sue—fans sent explosive letters to producers and then—

Twelve months have passed. Were the Independent Theatre Owners right or wrong? What has become of the stars then listed as "poison"?

Movie Mirror has just completed a careful investigation of the situation as it now stands. Its special investigator went straight to the headquarters of the Independent Owners' Association and learned some astonishing things about the popularity of the stars—things that have a direct bearing on pictures of the future.

You as a movie fan should know what these things are. They are all included in Dora Albert's feature article titled "Box Office 'Poison'—a Year Later" appearing in Movie Mirror for May. They will interest you, amaze you, enlighten you. Do not miss it. Get your copy of the May issue today.

**movie MIRROR**

of the line, and I waited, my heart pounding. Would the trick work? Or would Randy know that he hadn't met any Rita Sullivan in Chicago? Then the man came back to the phone.

"Will you come up?" he said. "Suite 412."

THERE were several men in suite 412, but I had eyes for only one—Randy, standing tall and self-possessed in the middle of the room. He looked at me blankly for a moment—then his face cleared.

"Why, it's the little girl with the big brown eyes!" he said. "What are you doing in Detroit?"

I breathed a silent prayer of thanksgiving for his friendliness. It hadn't seemed possible to me that Randy would be anything but friendly, but I was awfully glad to be reassured.

"I—I think you ought to have a girl singer with your band," I said.

His brows went up in mock amazement. "You do? And I'll bet you'd like to be her."

"Yes," I said, "I would."

Randy looked at the other men in the room. "Well," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Maybe she's right, boys. Maybe I *do* need a girl singer. Can't ever tell." He turned back to me. "Ever do any professional work?"

"N-no," I admitted. "Just at private parties."

"Um-hm," he said, regarding me thoughtfully. Then he turned abruptly on his heel and went over to a grand piano in the corner of the room. "Come on. Let's see what you can do."

I hadn't bargained on anything quite as sudden as this. I'd expected Randy either to turn me down completely or talk to me a while and make an appointment for a regular audition.

"Why—I—" I stammered. "Right now?"

"Sure," he said crisply. "No time like the present." He ran his fingers over the keys. "What'll it be?"

"Oh—'Melancholy Baby,'" I said. It was an old song, but one I'd always liked.

When I'd finished the song Randy sat on a moment at the piano, striking thoughtful chords, before he turned and said kindly, "I'm sorry, Rita—Miss Sullivan, I mean. You'd have to have more training before we could use you. . . . I really am sorry."

"Well—thank you anyway," I said.

He took my arm and began walking slowly toward the door. "Not at all. It was nice of you to come up. Come back in—oh, in a couple of years, and then we'll see."

We were at the door now, he was waiting politely for me to leave. I couldn't face his courtesy and kindness—so friendly and yet so impersonal. I turned quickly and went out.

I walked slowly down the corridor to the elevators, pressed a button, waited for the car to stop for me. So that ended that. I'd met him, and I still didn't know him. He lived in one world, I in another. And there was no use in my trying to break into his life. The words of the song I'd just sung kept running through my mind. "Foolish fancy, maybe." Mine had been a foolish fancy, and no maybe about it.

"Excuse me," a diffident voice said beside me. I turned, to find a boy who looked vaguely familiar standing at my elbow. "Excuse me," he said again, "but I'm Johnny Mack. I play sax for Randy. I was back there in his room, just now."

"Oh—of course," I said, recognizing him.

"Won't you come and have a bite to eat with me?" he asked. "I—I'd like to talk to you, if you don't mind."

I hadn't the least idea of what he wanted, but I agreed at once. He was a nice-looking young fellow—he couldn't have been more than twenty-two. He had a shy, bashful manner that was very appealing, and his gray eyes were gentle and respectful.

HE led me into the coffee-room of the hotel, and found a quiet booth for us.

"You know," he said after he'd given the waitress our order, "I used to see you in Chicago. You came to the Shalimar a lot, didn't you?"

"Yes—almost every night, I guess." He had, I noticed, just a trace of Southern accent—not much, just enough to lend his voice a soft, drawling quality.

"Um-hum." He nodded, and picked up a fork and began earnestly tracing elaborate patterns on the table-cloth. "You'll probably think I'm butting in where it isn't any of my business," he went on, "but—well, how'd you happen to come to Detroit? If you wanted to get a job singing with the band, why didn't you ask Randy in Chicago?"

"I didn't—I didn't think of it," I said lamely.

"Oh. Well, I still don't see— There are lots of other bands in Chicago. Why didn't you try one of them?"


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That was a tough question to answer. I hesitated, thinking. I looked across the table at his intent, honest face. I'd only known him a few minutes, but I felt instinctively he was my friend. He might have been the boy who sat next to me in a class at college. And I did want, terribly, to confide in someone.

"I don't really want to be a singer," I confessed. "I just want to be where Randy Blake is."

He didn't seem surprised or shocked. "It's like that, is it?"

"Yes," I said, "it's like that. You won't tell him?"

"Of course not," he promised. "You know, I think maybe I can help you. Randy's been thinking for some time he needed a girl singer—that's where you're lucky. But he doesn't know from nothing the kind of singer he wants—that's where you're unlucky. Now, I listened to you just now, and your voice is terrible."

"It is not!" I flashed back at him. It was all right for me to admit to myself that my voice was terrible, but I didn't intend to let other people say so.

HE just grinned at me. "Yes it is, and you know it. But it's also got something. I don't know what—a sort of a warm, throaty quality that would sound swell over a mike. You couldn't make yourself heard across the room with those pipes of yours, but amplified on a mike—well, then they might be swell."

"Randy doesn't think so," I reminded him.

"I know it, but maybe I can fix it so he will." And that was all he'd say, except to urge me to stay around Detroit for a week or so, and to promise that he'd come to see me the next afternoon. He also asked if I had any money, and I told him I had plenty in the bank; after which he arranged to cash a check for me at the hotel. I hadn't even thought of the difficulty of getting checks cashed in a strange town.

For a week nothing happened. I saw Johnny every afternoon, but he would only smile mysteriously and tell me not to worry. Nevertheless, I did. I wanted terribly to see Randy, and I knew, unless Johnny's mysterious plan bore fruit, I never would. Many times, in the long dark nights, I resolved to pack up the next morning and go back to Chicago—but in the mornings I felt better, and decided to stay on one more day.

Then, one afternoon, Johnny announced that everything was set.

"Are you game to sing on the air, over a little local station?" he asked. "At noon tomorrow?"

"Of course—but how—"

He chuckled. "I had to do some tall finagling, but here's the set-up. The people at the station think you're somebody Randy wants to try out, so they're willing to give you a quarter-hour of time. I gave 'em a phoney name for you—Lucille Ames. And Randy doesn't know anything about it at all. At noon tomorrow I'll see that his set is on and tuned to your station. Then, if he likes you, he'll think he discovered you himself. If he doesn't—well, you haven't got what I think you have."

I didn't sleep a wink that night, and the next morning as I walked to the station I felt as if I were on my way to the electric chair. But once before the microphone in the shabby little


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one-horse studio, my nervousness miraculously fell away. After all, I thought, if I failed, nobody except Johnny and I would know. As a result, when I finished, the studio pianist who had accompanied me looked at me with genuine approval.

I hurried back to my rooming house and waited. The hours dragged by, and slowly I lost heart. Something had gone wrong. Randy didn't like me—or perhaps he hadn't listened at all. Then, late in the afternoon, quick steps sounded in the hall, and Johnny knocked on my door.

"Randy wants to see you!" he beamed. "I was right—you *have* got something in that funny little voice of yours. And if Randy will take a joke—well, you're hired!"

MY emotions were very different the second time I entered suite 412 at Randy's hotel, from what they'd been the first time. I was twice as scared, for one thing. But what really worried me was Randy's reaction when he learned the truth. If he was angry and unkind, I didn't think I could stand it.

"This is the girl you heard on the air," was all Johnny said.

Randy's mouth fell open. For a moment he looked absolutely stunned. "You—" he said, and stopped. Then he began to laugh, and I knew I had won.

From that moment, I stepped into a new world—the strange, topsy-turvy world of danceland, where you work at night and have daytime to yourself, except for rehearsal periods.

Being in Randy's band was all I'd ever thought it could be, and more. Randy knew all about how Johnny and I had tricked him into listening to me on the air, but he never held it against us.

For my first few days I only did one or two songs an evening, but one afternoon Randy spent about four hours alone with me, playing the piano while I went over and over half a dozen songs. At last he gave a satisfied sigh and jumped up from the piano stool.

"One more session like that and you'll be a real asset to the gang," he said. "Now let's go downstairs and have something to eat."

As we went down in the elevator and through the crowded lobby to the luxurious hotel grill, I couldn't help marvelling, thinking how wonderful it was that in a few short days my entire life had changed. It didn't seem possible that I was with Randy Blake, the man I loved, sitting opposite him at a snowy-white table while an obsequious waiter received his order.

"How do you like the band business now?" he asked.

"I love it!" I assured him with such obvious enthusiasm that he smiled.

"You're a funny little kid," he said. "I can't quite make you out. How about that college course at Northwestern? School will be opening again soon."

"Who wants to go to school when she can be singing in Randy Blake's band?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Not you, evidently. But—well, I wish you'd tell me why you followed us to Detroit, instead of asking for a job in Chicago."

It was the same question, almost that Johnny had asked me, and I still didn't have a convincing answer to it—except the truth. "I didn't think you'd hire me," I murmured.

"But, thinking I wouldn't hire you, you came all the way from Chicago to Detroit? I don't get it."

I couldn't answer. I raised my eyes to his. For a long minute our glances locked. I saw first unbelief, then tenderness, steal into his face.

"You're very sweet," he said softly.

After that, I remember, we were very gay. Randy told me story after story about the band and about himself—things I was sure he would have told no one else. And when we parted, I was so happy I could scarcely keep from dancing down the street to my rooming house, where I was still living.

WONDERFUL days followed. I loved the band work, of course, but even more I loved being with Randy. Often, on afternoons when there was no rehearsal, he'd hire a car and we'd drive out into the country, and those sunlit hours were the happiest I'd ever spent.

We never spoke of love, but I said to myself that could wait. Words weren't needed, anyway. The occasional touch of Randy's hand, his high spirits when we were together—these alone were enough to convince me of his affection.

I saw a good deal of Johnny, too, because of course there were times when the business affairs of the band tied Randy up and he couldn't get away. But the hours I spent with Johnny were subtly different from those with Randy. Johnny and I were like a couple of happy kids, ex-


# Her Mirror Can't Tell Her Why She's *"Unlucky in Love"*












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ploring the city together, going to movies and arguing over the merits of different dance bands. I might as well have been another boy, for all the difference sex made in our relationship.

I wrote to my parents, telling them that I had decided not to return to school. After the last week in August, the band was going into another hotel engagement in Minneapolis, and I was looking forward eagerly to the excitement of departure.

But about a week before we were to leave Detroit I sensed that something was wrong. Randy seemed preoccupied and worried, and I never saw him except at rehearsals or performances. I racked my brain, trying to think of some way in which I had offended him, and finally I ran after him as rehearsal was breaking up.

"Randy," I said, "what's the matter? I never see you any more."

He patted my hand and smiled. "Nothing's wrong, baby. I'm just figuring on changing the style of the band a little."

"Changing the style! But—"

"SWING isn't going to last forever, Rita," he said seriously. "I've been thinking the pendulum's about due to start back the other way—and I want to get a little jump on the other bands, so I'm going to modify the style. That's the only reason I've been busy lately—just figuring out what was the best thing to do."

He hurried on, leaving me feeling strangely worried. I couldn't believe that he was doing the right thing, but after all, he knew a great deal more about the band business than I did.

Rumors of the coming changes began to circulate among the boys in the band, too. The whole atmosphere was changed. Instead of the happy, easy-going, carefree spirit of a few days before, there was a tension in the air. During rest periods the boys would gather in each other's dressing rooms, whispering, wondering.

Even so, I was entirely unprepared for what happened the day before we were to leave Detroit. Johnny came around, about eleven in the morning, to my rooming house.

"Randy wants to see you," he said, and I'd never seen him so serious.

I was all ready to go out for breakfast, so I took his arm and we began walking down the street. He wouldn't answer any of my apprehensive questions.

Randy was all alone in his suite when I entered. He drew up a chair for me, and sat down himself.

"Rita—" he began, and paused, as if uncertain how to go on.

"Yes, Randy."

"Baby, you've got a great future. In the few weeks you've been with me you've improved more than I ever thought a girl singer could. I think you're a real discovery. And so I hope you won't be mad when I tell you what I've done."

I rubbed the palms of my hands together nervously. They were suddenly damp. "Yes, Randy?" I said again.

"I told you I was going to make some changes in the band's style. Well, it's all set. As soon as we get to Minneapolis we're going to dig in and start working on a lot of new arrangements I've had fixed up. But that isn't the important part, for you. I've—I've got a job for you with Muff Elkins' band in New York, if you want it. I knew you were just the


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girl Muff's been looking for, and he wired me, taking you on my recommendation, this morning."

I stared in amazement at the slip of yellow paper he produced from his pocket. "But I don't want to leave you!" I burst out.

"I can't keep you, Rita," he said simply. "I've hired Diana Blue to sing with the band. You know who she is, of course."

YES, I knew. A "name". A big name in the danceband business. With her as a featured artist, Randy Blake's band would be a bigger draw.

He was trying to spare my feelings, but in spite of himself his eyes shone with excitement as he went on: "Don't you see what a wonderful thing it is to be able to get her? We'll really go places now, with the band! And you're going places too, Rita—in a few months you'll have all New York talking about you."

"Randy! I don't want to leave you!" I cried.

"But don't you see," he explained patiently, "I haven't got a place for you in the band, any more. If it had been anybody else but you I'd never even have bothered to fix you up with Muff Elkins." He paused, looking at me intently. Then he added, very quietly: "This is business."

Business! The word echoed through my mind.

"I thought—I hoped there was something more than—just business—between us," I said at last.

"I'm sorry, Rita. I never wanted you to feel that way. I'm awfully fond of you—we've had lots of fun together, but—"

His voice trailed away, but I could finish the sentence myself. He was trying to tell me that he didn't love me, couldn't love me, couldn't love anything but his band and his career.

I rose and tried to smile. "I understand, Randy. It was good of you to recommend me to Muff."

"He wants you right away, so I'll wire him you're leaving tonight," Randy said, obviously relieved that I wasn't going to cry.

"Tonight?"

"Sure, why not? There's a train at midnight."

Packing, farewells, singing for the last time. . . . I went through them all in numb misery. I was going to New York, to a strange new future—yet all I could think of was that Randy didn't love me.

It was eleven-thirty. I'd said goodbye to the boys in the band, and to Randy, during the interval before the supper show. Johnny, pressing my hand, had promised to get away long enough to see me off.

I went home, picked up my bags, and took a taxi to the station. Sure enough, there was Johnny, pacing up and down the platform. I hadn't realized what a comfort it would be to have him wave good-bye.

With one of those bursts of efficiency which people use to cover their emotions at moments of parting, I attended to tickets, bags, porters—and then stopped, aware that nothing was left to do except say goodbye. We stood in the corridor of the Pullman car, waiting for the train to pull out.

"Thank you so much, Johnny, for all you've done," I said.

He shuffled his feet in embarrassment. "It wasn't anything."

The conductor's long-drawn call came: "Alll a-boooooard!"

"Goodbye, Johnny," I said, holding out my hand.

"I—I—" he stammered.

The train began to glide slowly along the rails. "Johnny! Hurry up!" I cried.

"I—I'm going along!" he burst out. "*Some*body's got to take care of you!"

"Don't be foolish! Your clothes—your saxophone—they're all at the hotel. And you can't let Randy down"

I CAN'T let you down," he said, setting his chin stubbornly. "And I don't want to. I've been in love with you ever since you walked into Randy's room."

The train was running along fast now. I gazed at Johnny. The light in the corridor was dim and yellowish, but it was strong enough to show me what I'd never bothered to see before—the love and devotion in his clean-cut face, the assurance there that here was my kind of a man, one who really was a man and not a mere machine for making music. Johnny would never be a Randy Blake, but only because he didn't want to be—he wanted to be a human being.

Gratitude for him—for the mere fact that he was alive, beside me, loving me—filled my heart. It wasn't love for him that I felt—not yet. I knew that, but it didn't matter. There was time for that, plenty of time.

"Oh Johnny," I said, laughing to cover the lump in my throat, "and you haven't even got a toothbrush!"

He grinned, and dug down into his pocket. "Yes I have," he said. "I thought I might get up nerve to come along with you, so while I was waiting in the station I bought one!"




Stunning!

ISN'T SHE?

That's what they'll say about *you* when you enhance your charm with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—the eye make-up in good taste. When you darken your lashes to long, sweeping loveliness with Maybelline Mascara it seems as though Nature made them that way. Maybelline Mascara, in Solid or Cream-form, goes on easily and stays on perfectly. It is harmless, tear-proof, and non-smarting.

Give your eyebrows definite grace and character with the Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. It's perfectly pointed to form trim, tapering contours. Just soft enough for best results.

The slightest touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended on your eyelids brings out depth and color with that misty, luminous effect.

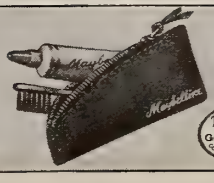
Be your most adorable self by giving your eyes this added loveliness today. Attractive purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are obtainable at all 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline.

Maybelline

THE LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS IN THE WORLD



Maybelline famous Solid-form Mascara in beautiful gold-colored vanity, 75c. Black, Brown, and Blue. Refills, including new brush, 35c.



Maybelline popular Cream-form Mascara in dainty suede-finish zipper case, 75c. Black, Brown, and Blue. Easily applied without water.

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, (and Blue for eyelid-liner).

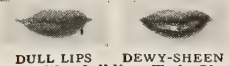


Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous shades, Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

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Now the secret of keeping lips looking temptingly moist and lustrous has been solved! A new ingredient, used only in Twin Sisters DEWY-SHEEN Lipstick, makes this thrilling effect possible. Try it! See the tender, dewy sheen it imparts—how natural and truly desirable your lips appear. Nothing quite like it! Extra creamy—helps prevent chapped lips. At your nearest ten-cent store, or send coupon.



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Please send me Twin Sisters DEWY-SHEEN Lipstick in the following shades.....
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☐ Lady's Model ☐ Man's Model
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ADDRESS.....


## What's New From Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 5*)

Gazing out at the New York skyline one night, the young daughter of Richard Crooks saw the red neon RCA sign on the building of that name light up. "Oh, look!" she exclaimed, "they've lighted up Daddy's initials." Crooks is Richard's second name—his last is Alexander. And not every singer has his monogram atop a skyscraper.

* * *

Fred Waring is responsible for a custom that's growing into a beloved Broadway and Tin Pan Alley tradition. Song-pluggers and music publishers' representatives used to drop in to see him at all times of the day, and sometimes he couldn't see them because he was busy. So he began asking them to meet him for lunch at a nearby Automat restaurant, and now these Wednesday luncheons are a weekly event. Sometimes Fred pays for everything, sometimes the gang selects the victim by voting on some crazy thing like who has the loudest necktie, or who needs a haircut most. It's all grown to the proportions of a luncheon club now, with a guest bandleader invited every week, and only one standing rule—the song-pluggers can talk business to Fred, but never to the guest maestro.

* * *

Kay Lorraine, the new singing star of the CBS Your Hit Parade program, is probably the only girl who ever refused to come to New York for an audition, and got the job anyway. She was singing on KMOX in St. Louis when the Lucky Strike people heard about her and asked her to visit New York so they could listen to her. Well-meaning friends advised her not to go unless she had some assurance that she'd get the job, so she refused, but she was recommended so highly that they hired her nevertheless. The beautiful Kay wears a Sigma Nu fraternity pin which belongs to her husband, Ray Sweeney. He used to be a KMOX continuity writer and Kay's romance with him started in the KMOX studios. When she came to New York he threw up his job and came along, figuring that since radio had brought them together in the first place, it would be a shame to let radio separate them. Anyway, he says, it was cheaper to come along—saved the expenses of long-distance phone calls between New York and St. Louis.

* * *

BANGOR, Maine—Fifteen consecutive, uninterrupted years on the air is the proud record of Dr. Ashley A. Smith, pastor of Bangor's First Universalist church and founder of station WABI. Dr. Smith's weekly radio church service was started in 1924, and is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, on the air. WABI was started by him for the purpose of broadcasting services, and although he relinquished its operation to others several years ago, he continued his Sunday morning broadcasts.

* * *

Do you know a man who hears radio programs through his teeth? If you do, please get in touch with the Mutual Broadcasting System. They want him.

The whole unlikely story of John Morskowsky, who heard MBS programs without the aid of a receiving set, started last May, when Morskowsky came to the network offices, complaining because he was kept awake at night by their programs. Nobody heard them but John, but he heard them all the time the network was on the air. Mutual engineers analyzed his plight and discovered that he was actually getting radio reception through his teeth. He was a knife grinder by trade, and bits of carborundum from his whirling grindstone lodged in his teeth, converting them into an old-fashioned crystal radio set. When he lay down on his bed at night, its frame and springs made a very efficient antenna.

The engineers advised John to keep his teeth clean, and heard no more from him. Ever since then, though, scientists and doctors have been writing in, wanting to know more about him; and now the World's Fair would like to put him on exhibit, hoping to amaze visitors by amplifying the programs coming through his radio-set teeth. Now Mutual would really like to get him back, but they can't find him. The last report heard from him was that he'd sailed for his native



Together on the air and screen—Nan Grey and Bob Cummings in NBC's "Those We Love," and in Universal's "Three Smart Girls Grow Up."

Czechoslovakia—probably hoping they broadcast there on a wave-length his teeth couldn't pick up.

* * *

WASHINGTON—Phonograph records and riddles have made a winning combination in Arch McDonald's Grab Bag program on WJSV. Arch, who besides being one of WJSV's staff announcers, is one of the best sports broadcasters in the country, simply intersperses phonograph records with riddles and commercial announcements on the Grab Bag show. When the first person with the correct answer to a riddle telephones in, Arch reaches into his "grab bag" and pulls out a prize, which may be a dollar bill, tickets to a local theater, ball game or fight, or almost anything. It's all great fun, and the listeners keep the telephones busy.

At night, Arch is also heard on his seven-o'clock sports program, and during the baseball season of course he'll be on the air with play-by-play reports of the Washington Senators' games.

Arch was born in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and played football in high school. Sports weren't uppermost in his mind then, though, and in 1918 he went to Hollywood, where he was an extra in silent films. In 1919 he became a friend of Jack Dempsey's, and spent several years around training camps, getting acquainted with many sports champions, before he began announcing sports events over public address systems.

He was in Chattanooga, Tennessee, announcing baseball games, when station WDOD hired him to broadcast them on the air. He was with WDOD until 1934, when he joined WJSV, and has been there ever since.

Arch has been married for seventeen years, and has three children, Martha, Patsy and Sandy. His hobbies are amateur magic and acting. Last summer on the opening night of his appearance with a local amateur group in "The Old Soak" he had an automobile accident and broke an ankle. The accident held up the presentation of the play for several weeks, but his sports broadcast went on as usual from his hospital room.

* * *

Remember Allie Lowe Miles of the Husbands and Wives program a couple of years ago? She's a dramatic actress now, playing the villainess, Mrs. Waite, in the new CBS serial, The Life and Love of Dr. Susan.

* * *

Tommy Dorsey nosed Benny Goodman out by a small margin in a swing popularity poll conducted by station WHAT in Philadelphia. The score was Dorsey, 292,474 votes; Goodman, 274,442; and Artie Shaw, 99,402.

* * *

There's a story behind the appearance of a recent guest star on Dr. William L. Stidger's Getting the Most Out of Life program on NBC. Years ago, when Stidger was a pastor in a mid-western city, he was awakened one night by furious pounding on his front door. He investigated, and found a drunken policeman on his doorstep. He invited the policeman inside, sobered him up a little, and got his story. He'd become involved in the graft which was flourishing in the police department at the time, and now he was trying to drown his conscience in liquor. Dr. Stidger talked to him and advised him to quit the police force entirely if he wanted to regain his self-respect. The policeman went away, and Stidger never heard from him again until recently. The policeman had heard Stidger on the air and lost no time in looking him up and thanking him. He's now an evangelist and religious singer, and agreed at once when Stidger asked him to go on his radio show.

* * *

Thanks to Lanny Ross, you may hear a swell and really unique program some time soon. It all started when Lanny celebrated his tenth anniversary on the air. He got to thinking that radio's "veterans" ought to get together and form a club, but instead of having an ordinary clubhouse, they'd have their meetings on the air. He invited a group of people to luncheon—Ben Bernie, Graham McNamee, Frank Munn, Phil Dewey, B. A. Rolfe, David Ross and Mark Warnow, all of them in radio ten years or longer—outlined his plan to them, and found everybody enthusiastic about it. Now the ball is rolling, and the "Ten Years in Radio Club"—that's the only name it has, so far, is planning to have about four meetings a year on a national network, at which members will reminisce about the good old days. And judging from some of the stories told at that first luncheon, listeners are in for some delightful and amusing tales.


LOOK *For the* RING *around the bathtub in your* Hair

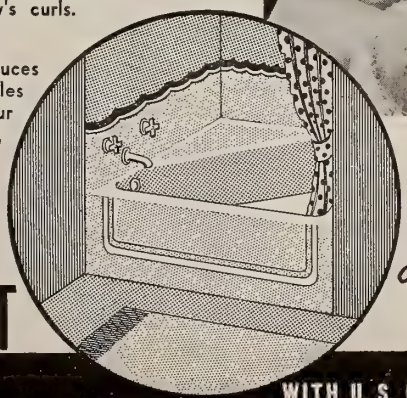


*After* a shampoo, if your hair is dull, dead or lifeless looking and tangles or snarls easily. **A horrifying thought** — but simply remember — **that the ring around the bath tub,** the wash bowl and the deposit on an unclean comb is soap scum, and that it forms and resists clear water rinsings, when soap or soap types of shampoo are used.

Remember—Hair acts as a filter when rinsed, and will collect more soap scum than the smooth sides of a tub or wash bowl, dimming its natural gloss and multi-colored highlights. Make this simple test, compare the ends of the hair to the hair close to the scalp. If three-fourths of its length is dull or lifeless looking, and tangles or snarls badly —**"the ring around the bath tub is in your hair".**

Clean hair isn't messy or stringy looking when disarranged—it is soft and fluffy—picture the lovely hair of a child. Simply remove the shampoo scum shroud—that forms in your hair during a shampoo, and your hair will be amazingly alive with millions of tiny, sparkling lights — and as soft and appealng as a baby's curls.

Two minutes of rinsing with the New GOLDEN GLINT produces this beautiful effect; and removes the cause for annoying tangles and snarls, leaving a hint of a tint in a shade best suited for your color type. The New GOLDEN GLINT is now in Six Shades, with an entirely new formula in a new brilliant retail package. It contains two and one-half times the value, at the same old price.



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## MY LUCKY BREAK

No matter how talented a person is, his success depends on a "lucky break." That's the theme of a program which has already, after only a few broadcasts, provided four people with the lucky breaks they needed to start them on the road to fame.

The program is called My Lucky Break, and you can hear it every Sunday afternoon from 6:00 to 6:30, E.S.T., on the Mutual network. It's produced in the studios of WLW, Cincinnati, where many an original program idea has been born; and its conductor is Josef Cherniavsky.

My Lucky Break is divided into two parts. The first part of the show is a dramatization of the life of some successful entertainer, emphasizing the lucky chance that turned him from failure to success. Then, as a highlight of the broadcast, Cherniavsky conducts the WLW orchestra as it plays an unpublished song by an unknown composer. To the writer of the song goes a prize of $25, plus standard royalties in case the song is chosen for publication by some music house—but best of all, the writer gets his "lucky break."

Writers are sending Cherniavsky songs which have been returned, unopened, by music publishers. The WLW musical director looks carefully at them all. "Now," says the maestro, "music publishers are asking me for songs they refused to look at before. Many of the songs written by young unknowns today need but the name of a well-known composer to receive publication and success." Playing of the song over the WLW and Mutual network gives that song the value of a big name.

Cherniavsky is no less generous in honoring well-known entertainers than in providing "lucky breaks" for unknowns. It doesn't matter to him on what network an entertainer is starred. All that matters to him is that the person's climb to fame must have some incident in it that demonstrates the importance of a "lucky break."

The dramatized "lucky break" in the life of an established star, and the actual big chance given to aspiring song writers aren't the only ways the program lives up to its title, either. Josef Cherniavsky is himself a "lucky break" for any show. One of America's most versatile musicians, he has conducted famous symphonies and theater orchestras, has composed music for the movies and won renown as a cello soloist.



Josef Cherniavsky rehearses his WLW Symphony orchestra on the popular "My Lucky Break" program.


**WOMEN IN YOUR 40's**

**Need Not Lose Charm!**

Here's good advice for women from 38 to 52 who worry about those annoying symptoms which often attend this stage of life. Life can perhaps be even richer for you now than 20 ever dreamed—

Just get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a reliable "woman's" tonic—take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women*. It helps Nature build up more physical resistance, thus helps calm jittery nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and gives more energy to enjoy life.

For free trial bottle tear this out and send with name and address to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 212 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass.

Pinkham's is WELL WORTH trying!

*Lydia E. Pinkham's*
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**LEG SUFFERERS**

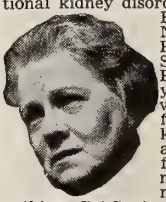
Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Veins, Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used *while you walk*. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

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Wrong foods and drinks, worry, overwork and colds often put a strain on the Kidneys and functional kidney disorders may be the true cause of Excess Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, and Puffy Eyelids. Help your kidneys purify your blood with **Cystex**. Usually the very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids and this soon may make you feel like new again. Under the money-back guarantee **Cystex** must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get **Cystex** (siss-tex) today. It costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.



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## How to Catch a Husband

(*Continued from page 15*)

People ask my advice about troubles and doubts and human bewilderment of all kinds. And I have built up a fund of experience, facts and resources which, I hope has been of real value to my clients.

VALLEE: Most of your clients do, however, seek advice on problems of the heart.

MISS FAIRFAX: Most of them, yes. Problems of the heart, Mr. Vallee, seem to be fairly universal.

VALLEE: Don't they, though! What question, would you say, is most frequently asked?

MISS FAIRFAX: That's easy. Question Number One is: "How Can I Get My Man to the Altar?"

VALLEE: And your answer?

MISS FAIRFAX: Perhaps that question can better be answered by pointing out what one should *not* do. First, girls: Don't be a cat! Don't say nasty and censorious things about other girls. Especially if these girls have *strictly honorable intentions* toward the young man you are catting to. Remember, nothing arouses chivalry, a sense of protection, like saying mean things about another girl. And above all—don't pursue your man openly. A hunted creature is a desperate creature. He will turn down any avenue of escape.

VALLEE: Good for him!

MISS FAIRFAX: Never mind. To continue, girls: Don't tell the boy friend your troubles. Look sympathetic and let him tell you *his*. He'll eat it up. Don't invite him to an untidy house or apartment. He'll see himself in such surroundings. Don't give him messy meals. Don't dance badly—nothing is so mortifying as to be loaded up with a girl on whom there will be no cut-ins. Don't dress shabbily or in an eccentric manner that will attract attention when you go out with him. Men are more conservative than women. They hate to attract unflattering attention. And don't be stupid. At least know what is going on in the world about you, read the papers. The day of the Dumb Dora is passing.

VALLEE: Not on Broadway, Miss Fairfax. However . . . let's suppose I am a young girl of eighteen. . . .

MISS FAIRFAX: Difficult but possible. Go ahead.

VALLEE: Well, I have observed all the "don'ts" you suggest, but still . . . doggone it! . . . my dream prince is drifting. *Should I propose?*

MISS FAIRFAX: Certainly! Women have been proposing ever since time began. But it's a wise man who recognizes the preambles to a proposal. You are convinced she listens to you in that flattering way because *you are interesting.* That she applauds your bridge, your golf, even your neckties and the angle at which you wear your hat—because you do these things supremely well. There's no mistaking the way she looks at you, it's the real thing. And the way she turns out trick dishes on the electric gadgets—she's a swell little cook—good housekeeper, and so on. These, my dear sir, are some of the ways nature has taught her to propose. And get down on your knees and thank your lucky stars for it—because, Mr. Vallee there is nothing quite so forlorn and lonesome as an unattached old bachelor. Now is there?

VALLEE: I . . . *wonder.* Suppose, Miss Fairfax, that our predatory female has pounced on her prey and dragged him off to the altar, kicking and screaming. What does she want to know next?

MISS FAIRFAX: How to keep him, of course.

VALLEE: How is that done? What would you say is the zero hour?

MISS FAIRFAX: Breakfast, of course. Even to a water addict, there's a good deal of a hangover about facing a new day. Yesterday's brush with the boss—the big order you didn't get, the deal that hung fire. These loom bigger and blacker, if there's a frowsy kimono opposite, and traces of cold cream on the lady-wife's face. Better an attractive negligee, or house dress, at breakfast to gladden the eyes of your husband, girls, than a glamorous party frock to incite another woman's envy. Send him out with a good breakfast.

VALLEE: And there, Miss Fairfax, I find myself in complete agreement with you. May I ask your advice on a certain matter?

MISS FAIRFAX: Mr. Vallee—with your looks, with your position, with your opportunities—

VALLEE: Yes?

MISS FAIRFAX: You don't need my advice. So long now—and remember what I said about bachelors.




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## Facing the Music

(*Continued from page* 40)

important commercial series, supplanting one of the current big-name bands.

Just recently Paul Whiteman named four of the Crosby crew as members of his "All American" swing band. This coming of age for a band that had a desperate struggle to attain recognition was climaxed with a handsome Decca Record Album, containing the band's swing masterpieces, and a triumphant fortnight at New York's Paramount theater.

None of these amazing developments would have materialized if five young musicians, their jaws set, hadn't decided to try once more to make America listen to their strange music—the music they discovered on New Orleans riverfronts. How they offered Bob Crosby the chance to join them one night in a smoke-filled New York hotel room, is one of bandom's strangest stories.

"YOU fit with us like ham and eggs," said drummer Ray Bauduc joyfully.

The boys were lucky at that. If one Bob Crosby of Spokane, Washington, hadn't the courage to turn his broad back to the taunts of wiseacres who said he was trading on his famous brother's reputation, those musical musketeers would have returned, a hang-dog lot, to Louisiana.

Bob Crosby always had music on his mind. The youngest of a family of seven children—five boys and two girls—he never finished his musical appreciation course at Gonzaga University, because he devoted too much time to extra-curricular activities. During class hours, Bob would haunt a local Walkathon contest and sing there "for free." As the footsore contestants dragged their way around the arena, the Crosby croon could usually be heard above the jeers of Walkathon customers.

Pretty soon Bob crashed a couple of radio amateur programs, boosted his stock in the Crosby household when he managed to get a few professional engagements and received for his labors, what Bob calls a "quick five." That's five dollars to you and you.

Imagine the kid's surprise when Anson Weeks spotted him and gave the young Crosby $100 a week as his vocalist. That was big dough to Bing's kid brother. He spent most of it eating roast leg of lamb, swimming in gravy, at the swank Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco where the Weeks orchestra played.

The Crosbys were always a clannish crowd. They stick together like the verse and chorus of a popular song. Big Brother Bing and business-minded Everett were secretly proud of Bob's efforts but kidded him mercilessly.

When Bing told the eighteen-year-old Bob that he would not allow him to accept a London engagement because he thought the boy too young, Bob squelched his disappointment and lit out for Broadway. Bob always took Bing's advice, has never regretted it.

It was while Bob was singing with the Dorsey Brothers' orchestra that the change in his career happened.

Our five musicians in search of a leader were tipped off that the up-and-coming relative of Bing was their man.


# Many Never SUSPECT Cause of Backaches

**This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief**

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

**PSORIASIS** That dreadful skin disease many suffer with for years thinking their trouble to be and treating without results. **ECZEMA**
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The rendezvous for the meeting was the Hotel Astor. Gil Rodin, a slim, quietly-dressed man who looks more like a lawyer than a saxophonist, did the talking. Gil still does the talking for the Crosby gang. All the boys including leader Bob call Gil "Pops." He's father confessor to the whole gang of horn tooters and they love him.

These men had left Ben Polack's orchestra on the west coast. It seemed like they were always leaving somebody's band. To them every job was Dead End. Something had to be done. They figured the last resort was to organize their own band and play the music they loved. The men called it "Dixieland." Aware of their own limitations as baton-wavers, the musicians knew of Bob's voice and contagious personality. Gil told Bob he was singing the free-and-easy Dixieland style and didn't know it!

AS Rodin spoke, the other men, Ray Bauduc, the "Noo Ohlins" drummer with the wild eyes, saxophonist Eddie Miller, he of the nonchalant manner and southern accent, smilin' Matty Matlock, inseparable side-kick of Miller, and the outfit's arranger, and guitarist Nappy Lamare, another "Noo Ohlins" product, stayed sheepishly in the background. They let "Pops" do the talking.

Bob Crosby didn't need much of a sales-talk. Who could resist such an offer? This would be his own band, playing the kind of music he didn't know too much about but just couldn't resist. Even the Bing would approve.

With the blessings of one of the big band management bureaus, "Bob Crosby and his orchestra" went into action. They broke in at Roseland on Broadway, sweated and swore in a hundred and one barns and ballrooms in the cotton belt one-night stand circuit.

Like all new innovations it took time to attract attention. Didn't they yell "gittahorse" at daring motorists? Hadn't they poo-pooed Lindbergh?

The boys laughed at their critics. The little Dixieland cult knew they were playing real swing, without frills. To the jibes of trading on Bing's reputation, Bob turned deaf ears. He was too overjoyed, leading this happy-go-lucky gang, to pay any attention to them.

No band ever attacked its work with such vigor. I think I know the reason. No one was top man. It became a cooperative organization with sage-like Gil Rodin installed as president. The band grew to fourteen pieces. However, only seven participate in the cooperative setup. Each man gets a salary. Profits are salted away. Once in a while, on the heels of a lucrative engagement, Rodin gives his partners handsome dividend checks. This sounds like big business, but to these sincere swingsters it meant complete freedom.

Nine of the fourteen men are married. Bob is married to socialite June Kuhn. In Chicago most of the wives spend daytime hours with their husbands, have dinner between dance sets at the Blackhawk. The married folk rent apartments. The single fellows shift for themselves, still upholding their "freedom" policy.

That the Crosby band is riding straight to the top is no idle observation. The Dixieland style has finally caught on. It is more relaxed jazz. It has sincerity and purpose. The reason you don't hear Dixieland style emulated by other bands is obvious. To play this style bandleaders must turn the spotlight on the musicians in the band. Much solo work is needed. And there are too many maestros who selfishly hog the spotlight.

The Bobcats know in their hearts that recognition has finally come their way. Only leader Bob wasn't sure. He seemed to be waiting for one more piece of evidence.

It came when the band opened at the Paramount in January. Bob scanned nervously through a stack of telegrams until he found the one from Big Brother Bing.

"And you know what?" he said like a schoolboy just told he's been promoted, "Bing was dead serious!"

Now the band was really on the crest of a musical wave.

## OFF THE RECORD

**Some Like It Swing**

**They Say; I Go For That** (vocalion 4548), Mildred Bailey—Slow-moving tempos romantically warbled by the Rockin' Chair lady who is now on her own again.

**Bye-Lo Bye Lullaby; Jaywalk** (Bluebird B10104A), Freddy Martin—Freddy waxes his beautiful theme and it's about time. The Martin saxophone is a joy to hear.

**Sweet Little Headache; Joobalai** (Decca 2200A), Bing Crosby—Two luscious hits from Bing's current picture, "Paris Honeymoon" that stand out like Fibber McGee's fabrications.

(*Continued on page* 91)


# HOW ATTRACTIVE ARE *You* ON THE BEACH?




*Posed by professional models*

**SKINNY? HERE'S HOW THOUSANDS GAIN NATURALLY ALLURING CURVES**



## THIN, TIRED, NERVOUS PEOPLE OFTEN GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS., NEW HEALTH, PEP—*QUICK*

HERE'S the best news ever told for thousands of skinny, tired, washed-out men and women who are almost ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit—people who can hardly eat, sleep or work—people who are so nervous and cranky they've almost lost all friends.

Now they can easily gain naturally attractive pounds, new health, pep and popularity often in just a few weeks—by simply taking these pleasant little Ironized Yeast tablets.

And it's easy to understand. Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin, rundown and nervous simply because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most bodybuilding good out of what you eat.

But now you can get these exact missing substances in these easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. And the improvement they make in a short time is often astonishing. Thousands have gained 10 to 25 pounds of naturally good-looking flesh in just a few weeks. Their tired feeling and nervousness seem to have just flown away. They're full of pep, look like new persons, and are more popular and happy in every way.

### Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh, new energy and life you have longed for, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and not one of the cheap, inferior substitutes often offered which do not give the same results. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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**TUNE IN ON THE GOOD WILL HOUR,** every Sunday Evening. Paper gives time and station.

# GIVE YOUR FACE A SPRING CLEANING



You too can have Hildegarde's allure by learning a simple beauty aid.

## By JOYCE ANDERSON

### Make your complexion look as fresh as your new season's costume

HAVE you been taking a close look at your face these days and noticing how dry it looks; how those wrinkles around your eyes seem to show up more; how unevenly the powder goes on? And have you felt that drawn feeling? Sure you have. In fact, most of us have, who have not been doing something about it! The winter winds have played havoc with our skins and dried up all its natural oils. The sudden temperature changes and our dry, steam-heated homes are to blame! The skin needs lubrication to retain its vitality and softness, and without it, your skin becomes flaky.

You must correct this condition, especially if you want to look your best in your new spring frock and up-to-the-minute hat.

It's really not a difficult problem to overcome. Manufacturers have studied the situation for years and have discovered the use of nourishing creams—creams that you can buy for a nominal amount—that you can use at home and replenish the oil cells of your skin so that it will have the lubrication that it needs. It's the foundation for a smooth, glowing and attractive make-up.

Hildegarde, personality singer on the CBS show called, "Raymond Paige, 99 Men and a Girl," heard Wednesday nights at 10 p.m. EST, knows the importance of keeping her skin in good condition so that her make-up always looks fresh.

"I use one of the many advertised brands of nourishing creams. It softens, smooths and relaxes the taut muscles of my face, especially after a hard day's work at rehearsing.

"But, first of all," Hildegarde said, "I remove all my make-up with a liquid cleansing cream. I simply smooth it on, allow it to remain for several minutes, and then whisk it off with soft tissues. Next, I pat the nourishing cream briskly into my skin with my finger tips, but very gently around the eyes, and I leave this on about ten minutes."

The eyes are very important. Here, fine lines first begin to show; your skin's own softening oils may have begun to decrease because of an overabundance of the two extremes—either too much heat or too much cold.

If your skin feels drawn, it is dry, so leave some of the nourishing cream on over night.

"Never rub the skin," warns Hildegarde. "Hard rubbing over-stimulates the oil glands, sometimes causing a shiny nose. At least, that's what happens to mine."

Keep this treatment up for a full week and the next time you set your best hat upon your head and take a good look in the mirror, you'll notice that that Easter bonnet you bought doesn't look as funny as you thought it did when you first brought it home.

#### That Final Touch

A WELL-GROOMED woman doesn't want to strike one false note in her make-up. And yet, how many of us do? We often slip up on our eyebrows. To have the rest of your face perfect and the eyebrows shaggy and irregular is like wearing a shabby coat with a smart new hat. Get the habit of brushing your eyebrows as often as possible, and do not have them tweezed down to a thin line. That is no longer good taste. Just pluck the stray hairs to clean the brows up so they look even and arched. If your brows grow together over the nose, pluck them out, but don't pluck the brows narrower than they grow.

The eyebrow pencil is important. It gives a more definite shape to the eyebrow and a sheen, which makes a better frame for your eyes. If you're a blonde or a redhead, use a brown eyebrow pencil; if you're a brunette, use the black pencil. Remember, it takes very little time and gives that finished touch to your make-up.

(*Continued from page* 89)

A handsome package when combined with Bing's other platter **"I Have Eyes"** and **"Funny Old Hills"** (Decca 2201A), from the same picture.

**Deep Purple; Romance Runs in the Family** (Brunswick 8301), Kay Kyser—Sympathetic treatment of one of the nicest 1939 ballads. Kyser gymnastics decorate the reverse side.

**Among Those Sailing; Mexicali Rose** (Victor 26136A), Sammy Kaye—Typical exhibition of the fetching swing and sway title. Is there anyone left that hasn't heard it?

**Some Like It Sweet**

**Cheatin' on Me; 'Taint What You Do** (Vocalion 4582), Jimmy Lunceford—Sly swing by one of its indigo interpreters.

**A Study in Green; Please Come Out of Your Dream** (Victor 26137B), Larry Clinton—Another composition from the Dipsy Doodle man undergoes lavish instrumentation. Less lively is the reverse but Bea Wain is at the mike for another Grade-A lesson in modern vocalizing.

**Hawaiian War Chant; Midnight on the Trail** (Victor 26126B), Tommy Dorsey—It may mean Pa-hu-wa-hu-wai to natives of Honolulu but to rug-cutters it's another excuse to cut capers to the trombone virtuoso and his great band.

**Jungle Drums; It Had to Be You** (Bluebird B1009A), Art Shaw—Savage syncopation with a drum beat you won't forget so easily. Shaw has toned down considerably and even the most extreme swingster is pleased.

**Hold Tight; Billy Boy** (Decca 2214A), Andrew Sisters—The smartest harmony work since these same girls disked "Sha-Sha." Easy on the ears and smart accompaniment by Jimmy Dorsey. My vote for the swing platter of the month.

**I Know That You Know; I Cried For You** (Victor 26139A), Benny Goodman Trio and Quintet—Two old ones revived by the king of swing with the latter piece, written by Abe Lyman, developing into a best seller all over again.

**Down Home Rag; Where Has My Little Dog Gone?** (Decca 2262B), Will Osborne—The slide trumpets have their day on wax. Light and cheerful.

**Ken Alden,**
**Facing the Music,**
**RADIO MIRROR,**
**122 East 42nd Street,**
**New York City.**

I want to know more about ..... He is my recommendation for "The Band of the Month."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

*(Each month Ken Alden will write a feature piece on "the band of the month" telling all you want to know about the favorite maestros. Your vote will help determine his selection.)*





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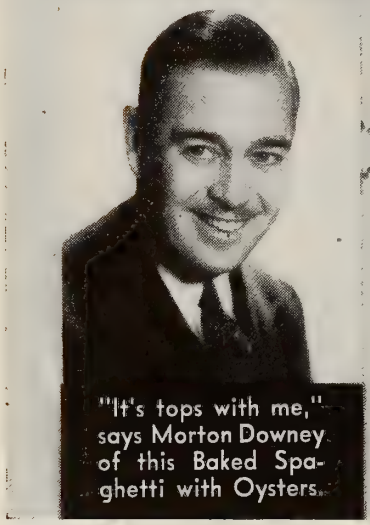
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# A MEAL in ONE DISH



"It's tops with me," says Morton Downey of this Baked Spaghetti with Oysters.



## It's easily prepared, appetizing, nourishing. What more could you ask?

**By Mrs. Margaret Simpson**

FOR nourishing, appetizing, quickly prepared meals you just can't beat that perennial favorite, canned spaghetti. As the extra dish when unexpected guests necessitate "stretching" the dinner you have already planned, it has no equal, for whether you serve it—piping hot, of course—as it comes from the can, rich with subtly-flavored tomato sauce, or *en casserole* topped with delicately browned grated cheese it is simply delicious. But what really rouses me to the cheering point is the endless variety of ways it may be served as a main course, with the rest of the meal built around it.

Two excellent spaghetti dinner recipes I owe to Morton Downey, the world-renowned tenor who is being heard currently on NBC's Pall Mall broadcast every week. The Downeys (Mrs. Downey was Barbara Bennett, sister of Hollywood's Constance and Joan Bennett) are famous for the hospitality of their Greenwich, Connecticut, home, so you may know that their preference of any dish means it is really tops—and that's just the rating Morton gives to baked spaghetti with oysters and spaghetti with meat balls.

### Baked Spaghetti with Oysters

1 can spaghetti
1 dozen raw oysters
½ tsp, garlic salt
Dash cayenne pepper
3 tbls. grated Parmesan cheese

Drain the oysters and chop them fine, and add, with the garlic salt and cayenne pepper, to the spaghetti. Transfer the mixture to a buttered casserole, sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and bake in a medium oven (350 degrees F.) for thirty minutes. Before serving, place a bouquet of parsley in the center, as shown in the photograph.

### Spaghetti with Meat Balls

1 can spaghetti
1 medium onion, minced
2 tbls. butter
1 lb. chopped beef
1 tbl. chili sauce ¼ tsp. nutmeg
2 tsps. salt Pepper to taste

Heat canned spaghetti. Cook onions in butter until tender and golden-brown (about three minutes). Mix cooked onions, salt, pepper, nutmeg and chili sauce with the chopped beef and form into small balls. Place heated spaghetti in buttered casserole, arrange meat balls on the top and bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) until meat is well browned.

## FOOD PROGRESS

The wise housewife is the one who cashes in on the great number of eye and ear impressions of modern living around her . . . She is the one who knows that every grocer is dedicating himself to bringing to his clients the most up-to-date food products and food information obtainable today . . . For this reason the news that the grocers of America have banded together to stage a Parade of Progress week is of supreme importance to every housewife in the country . . . During this week of April 6th to 12th visit your local grocer . . . Talk with him, learn about all the new developments that make it possible for you to have the best quality foods at all times at the most economical prices . . . Make the Grocers' Parade of Progress your own Parade of Progress. . . .

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

### Add Zest to Your Salads

THE more we learn about the importance of milk as an essential food not only as a beverage but as an ingredient in all sorts of recipes, the more grateful we are for the producers of evaporated and sweetened condensed milk. But these valuable milk products have long since passed the stage when they were used principally as substitutes for fresh milk. Their excellent flavor and their rich, creamy consistency, as much as their convenience, are responsible for their popularity, and we find that skillful cooks everywhere, whose reputations depend upon the superior qualities of the dishes they create, are originating new recipes based on sweetened condensed and evaporated milk.

For instance, you may never have thought of milk in connection with salad but here is one salad dressing that will give zest to any salad course. Cream salad mustard dressing is excellent with meat, fish or cooked vegetable salads, or the tangy greens such as escarolle, chicory or dandelions.

### Cream Salad Mustard Dressing

4 tbls. cream salad mustard
2 tbls. evaporated milk
2 tbls. sugar
2 tbls. vinegar ¼ tsp. salt

Place ingredients all together in a bowl and beat until light and fluffy.

## Out of the Fog

(*Continued from page 22*)

I know where I am."

"I hope you know." That know-it-all attitude again.

"Now please," he begged, "be nice. For the last two hours you've been a new woman."

Before she could answer another fog horn sounded somewhere to port. Quickly Steve rang Mac for dead slow. The fog. horn blatted again, nearer this time.

Suddenly Jane saw a huge shadow, bearing down on them. "Steve!" she screamed. "He's going to hit our tow!"

"Ye gods!" Steve said between clenched teeth, sawing frantically on the cord that set the tug's horn blowing. Beneath her feet Jane felt the tug's motor cough and die. Mysteriously, they were drifting.

Then two short blasts of the other boat's whistle proved that it had seen them. It veered off, slid past them, so close Jane could almost touch it.

"Phew!" sighed Steve in relief.

"Steve—that looked like a ferry."

"Nonsense—it was a river boat. Okay, ring for the engines again."

BUT the engine room didn't answer, and a few seconds later Mac poked his head in at the window. "Sorry, skippers," he said, addressing both of them. "Fuel nozzles are fouled. I'll have to jerk 'em and clean 'em before we can start again."

"Blazes!" Steve said. "Well, hurry up. We can't afford to drift around here with that tow behind us."

"Yes," Jane seconded him. "We don't want to lose a six hundred dollar job."

Mac goggled at them. "Six hun—Say, what's in that tow? They don't pay that kind of dough for haulin' beans."

"You clean those fuel nozzles," Steve ordered him. "I'll worry about the tow."

"Steve Colman!" Jane demanded. "I thought there was something fishy about that price. Just *what* are we towing?"

"All right," he capitulated. "I'll tell you—on that scow we've got two thousand cases of forty per cent dynamite!"

"Great Jehosaphat!" said Mac.

"Now," Steve added, "will you get to work before we drift into something?"

But Mac didn't go directly below. He stood there, his face intent. "Listen," he said. "I hear surf."

In the sudden silence, Jane could hear the breakers, pounding and rolling on the shore.

"We're goin' ashore!"

"Quick!" Jane cried. "Cut the tow loose!"

"And let it drift around the bay all by itself? No sir— Mac, let go the anchor."

Mac lost no time in obeying, and the rattle of the chain told them that, at least, they would drift no farther. But they had already drifted far enough to be able to see the dim outlines of land—land like cliffs, a fortress, a prison—

"Holy Smoke," Mac said, "that's Alcatraz!"

So it had been the wrong bridge—they *had* been headed for the Golden Gate all the time. In spite of her fear, Jane was forced to laugh at Steve's befuddled expression.


# Neatest Trick of the Month!



**CHOCOLATE FROSTING—IN 5 MINUTES**

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Magic Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Magic Milk. Stir over rapidly boiling water 5 minutes until mixture thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool. Spread on cold cake. Covers two nine-inch layers.

• Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! *Never* too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls.

• But *remember* . . . Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Eagle Brand Magic Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.




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"But I thought—" he mumbled.

"Skipper," Mac warned, "you better do more than think! When a boat comes too close to Alcatraz, 'specially in a thick fog like this, *they* don't think. They shoot!"

Mac was right. They started shooting, just then A bullet whizzed past the pilot house, as Mac ducked down.

Steve stood quietly plucking at his under lip. "If the anchor wasn't down," he murmured, "we'd drift away from the island—the tide's running that way. But it *is* down, and there's no power to lift it until Mac get's those nozzles fixed. . . ."

Another bullet whined its bad-tempered way overhead.

"He's not really shooting *at* us," Jane said hopefully. "He just wants to scare us away."

"Maybe so—but a ricocheting bullet might accidentally hit the tow, with practically the same results," Steve reminded her.

The next moment he had flung open the door of the pilot house, and she heard the clank of metal on metal, followed by a splash.

WE'RE minus an anchor," he said. "I knocked a pin out of a link. So now we're drifting."

"But suppose somebody . . ."

"Runs into us? Exactly." He began to whistle a cheerful little tune.

"Steve!" Jane cried angrily. "Will you be serious?"

"Why? This may be my last hour on earth. Let me enjoy it."

"Don't talk like that!"

All at once, he sobered. "Look, Jane. If we get out of this mess—which I doubt—but if we do, won't you stay ashore? This work is too tough for a woman."

"No!" she said sharply. "I'm not staying ashore—and we're going to haul grain up the river!"

"You're the most stubborn woman I've ever—"

At that moment, without any warning, the tug jerked sharply. They looked back. Another tug had slipped between them and the scow they were towing, neatly cutting the line. It hung limply, now, over the stern—and the scow was just disappearing into the fog, adrift, a menace to every craft in the bay.

Steve and Jane looked at each other in horror. Then, with one bound, Steve was on the deck, running to the stern, with Jane after him.

"Only one thing to do, he said as he ran. "Go after that scow." He threw one leg over the rail. "Hand me that line," he snapped.

"Steve—don't—please," cried Jane, clutching desperately at his arm.

"Why not?"

Jane gulped. This was hard to say. "Because—well, for me!"

"I'd do practically anything in the world for you, Jane, except this. Toss the line in after me."

Then he was gone. Quickly Jane caught up an end of the rope and threw it to him, saw him grasp it and start swimming, watched him until her eyes ached. She turned away—and saw the end of the rope just disappearing over the rail.

"Steve!" she screamed. "Come back! The rope's too short!"

But the fog muffled her words.

Two hours later Jane and Mac hung over the rail, straining ears and eyes into the thick mist.

"He couldn't swim this long," Mac said gloomily. "He was nuts to try a thing like that."

"It was the bravest thing I ever saw a man do," Jane insisted, choking.

There was a dull thud against the side of the tug. "What's that?" Jane asked.

"Log, probably," Mac said.

But the next instant Steve's head appeared above the rail.

Relief and joy held Jane's heart still. The sight of that red head was like a reprieve.

"Oh, Steve," was all she could say.

Steve climbed briskly to the deck, made fast a line he held in his hand. Then he turned to her ferociously.

"Now, Miss Innocence," he demanded, "just what are you going to do next? I've been sitting on two thousand cases of dynamite, trying to outshout that blamed fog horn, praying someone wouldn't run into me! Nice of you to keep that horn going and drown out my voice!"

"But we thought it would help you to locate us!"

"Yes, you did! It's a good thing there was a skiff on that barge, or your little scheme *would* have worked!"

"Steve! What scheme?"

His voice was grim. "Attempted murder, that's all. I suppose you thought it was a good way to get rid of me, giving me that short line!"

"You can't believe I did that on purpose!"

"Why not? You had nothing to lose. No witnesses—it was a perfect set-up. And then you'd be full owner of the boat."

"You—you inhuman monster!" she gasped.

"Go ahead. Call me whatever you like—anything you say will be orchids compared to what you tried to *do!*

"I—I—" Jane began to cry.

"Don't worry," he said. "I won't tell anybody."

"Oh—Steve darling—I—"

He said quickly, "Steve *what?*"

STEVE, *darling.* I've just spent two of the most horrible hours of my life—hoping, praying, that somehow you were safe—I've lived a century, believing that the one real thing in my life had come and gone—"

"No kidding, Jane?" he asked.

"N-n-no kidding."

"All right," he said with a satisfied chuckle. "You're forgiven."

"I'm— Then you *didn't* believe—"

"It was pretty crude," Steve admitted happily, "but I had to find some way of breaking that ice crust of yours."

"I'd—like—to—slap—you!"

"Go ahead," Steve advised. "I don't mind—now that you've said you love me."

"I never said anything of the sort!"

"Oh, didn't you? I must have misunderstood. In that case I'll jump back into the bay."

He was half over the rail before she caught him. "Come back, you idiot!" she said, half laughing, half crying. "The Masters-Colman company needs both its owners."

"And that's another thing that's got to be changed," Steve announced, coming back to the deck. "I don't like that name."

"No?" Jane asked suspiciously.

"It's too long. Starting tomorrow, let's use just one name."

"What?"

"The Colman Company."

It was the first time Jane had ever been kissed by a man who was dripping wet with salt water.

The End.

# *Sensational new* ROUGE

# BRIGHTENS EYES!

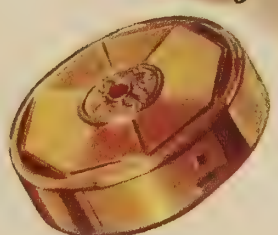
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OUCH it to your cheek. See it blend . . . magically . . . most of its own accord . . . leaving no rouge line at all . . no "rouge look" . . . see its color change from a cool, rchid red to a glowing dramatic red in the one shade that ature, herself, would choose to give you if she could. es, THEATRE changes into *your* shade—never exactly ie same on any two people . . . but, *behold your eyes!* See w liquid brilliant—how rich—how lovely their color ap- ars to have become—how alive, how intense, how spar- ing your eyes now are! Note how fresh—how different— w "new"—how much more interesting your mirror veals you to be. And imagine it—*all from rouge!* Unbelievable? Perhaps, it not after you once try it. THIS rouge is different—*very* different. It's ore than rouge. It's a complete new color treatment for skin that trans- rms your whole being into a new, brighter eyed, more thrilling YOU.



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Without cost or obligation please send me a free trial compact of Princess Pat Theatre Rouge. *(One sample free, additional samples 10c each.) This offer expires August 1, 1939*

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SURRENDER

A GIRL SINGER ANSWERS:
IS THERE A PRICE ON SUCCESS?

JUNE

# Radio Mirror

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

hy Make Those
ARRIAGE
ISTAKES?
By Martha Raye

AT LAST!
EDGAR BERGEN'S
IN LOVE!

Read Radio's Most
Thrilling Love Mystery
PRETTY
KITTY KELLY

MARTHA RAYE



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production—"The Real Glor
—features 1881 ROGERS
on her lovely Hollywood ta

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Now you need wait *no longer* to share the "Silverware Service of the Stars!" You can own a 58-piece Service for Eight, a Tarnish-Proof Chest and a lacy Flower Vase (6¾ inches high)—*all three* for only $29.95. As individual pieces, they would cost you $42.25. So you make an actual saving of *more than* $10.00! Don't wait—make your selection today from four smart designs, at your silverware dealer's. He will arrange planned payments, if you prefer.

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- 8 DINNER KNIVES
- 8 SALAD FORKS
- 8 ICED DRINK SPOONS
- 8 BUTTER SPREADERS
- 2 SERVING SPOONS



ALL FOR $29.95

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ROUGH COPY



*Lovely dress of crisp organdy, deep Victorian hem, fitted bodice, tiny puffed sleeves.*

# A stunning gown first caught his eye but what held him was a lovely smile

***Your smile is YOU! It's precious—guard it with Ipana and Massage!***



## Take no chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A STUNNING gown is a sure-fire attraction to make a girl a standout, but after that it's up to her smile!

For nothing is more pitiful than the girl with the breath-taking gown—and the dull and dingy smile. She's the one, of all people, who shouldn't ignore "pink tooth brush."

Take a leaf from her book, yourself, and *do something* about it. For no gown—not even a French import from the last boat in—can do much for the girl with the sad little smile. Let other things go if you must, but don't neglect your teeth and gums.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist.* It may mean nothing serious. Very likely, he'll tell you that your gums have simply grown weak from lack of exercise—and you can charge *that* up to our modern, soft foods. Then, like so many dentists, he may suggest "more work—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Whenever you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation increases within the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier.

Don't court trouble by waiting for that telltale tinge of "pink." Instead, get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you, as it has thousands of attractive men and women, to brighter teeth... healthier gums... and the smile you'd like to have.




# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

TIP FROM CUPID

*A Light Touch*

is the *right* touch in face powder



**LUXOR**
*"Feather-Cling"*

The face powder that sits lightly—stays on smoothly

There's no invitation to romance in a heavily over-powdered face. So choose Luxor "Feather-Cling," the face powder with *a light touch.* Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly. In five smart shades, 55c. For generous size FREE trial package, send this coupon.



MWG-6-39

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Send my *free* trial package to

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(This offer not good in Canada)

JUNE, 1939 VOL. 12 NO. 2

# Radio MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

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COVER—Martha Raye by Robert Reid
(Courtesy of Paramount Pictures)

RADIO MIRROR, published monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. General Offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and advertising offices: Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd Street, New York. Bernarr Macfadden, President: Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Chicago office: 333 North Michigan Avenue. C. H. Shattuck, Mgr. San Francisco office: 1658 Russ Building. Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 14, 1933, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price in United States, Canada and Newfoundland $1.00 a year. 10c a copy. In U. S. Territories, Possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, $1.50 a year; all other countries $2.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. Unaccepted letters for the "What Do You Want to Say?" department will not be returned, and we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. All submissions become the property of the magazine. (Member of Macfadden Women's Group.)

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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

### FIRST PRIZE

**RADIO—MARRIAGE PEACE-MAKER!**

Did you know that a radio is one of the best ways to end a quarrel between a husband and wife? You who wish to "make up" but don't know how to do it because you just won't be first to say "forgive me," just go to the radio and tune in some music. Not jazz or swing (save that till later) but a deep, throbbing, heart-reaching melody. After a few seconds of this I dare you to meet the eyes of your loved one and stay mad!

MRS. R. A. BARKER,
Centralia, Mo.

### SECOND PRIZE

**WHO DARES THREATEN CHARLIE'S AIR SUPREMACY?**

A few months ago, in a poll to determine the most popular program on the air, the Chase and Sanborn program was selected, undoubtedly due to the able efforts of Charlie McCarthy, or rather Edgar Bergen! Since then, innumerable critics, both foreign and American, have raised their voices in denunciation over America's choice, intimating that a people that chose a dummy for its ideal in radio, must have a "depraved" sense of humor.

I, for one, applaud America's choice. No one can deny the infinite joy the clever little rascal brings to us poor mortals. By his clever insinuations and mocking attitude, he deflates our ego by showing the futility and stupidity of taking ourselves so seriously. By his mock flirtations with the Hollywood stars visiting his program, he parodies our own flirtations, thus showing us how ridiculous we must sometimes look. The choice of Charlie McCarthy is a glowing tribute to the American sense of fair play, for here

(*Continued on page 76*)

# THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize ..... $10.00

Second Prize ..... $ 5.00

Five Prizes of ..... $ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than May 25, 1939. All submissions became the property of the magazine.


# SHE OPENED AN UNSIGNED LETTER!




AN UNSIGNED LETTER! A cowardly thing, perhaps—but for Nancy—what a blessing! For in no other way would Nancy have realized that underarm odor was spoiling all her other charms—that she could easily be popular, with Mum!

How easy it is to offend this way and never know it—to think a daily bath is enough for charm, when underarms always need *special* care!

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration—it can't *prevent* odor. Mum can! Remember, more women use Mum than any other deodorant...more screen stars, more nurses, more girls like *you!* It's so pleasant, so easy to use, so dependable.

**EASY!** You can apply Mum in 30 seconds, before or *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin!

**SAFE!** The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering is proof that Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric.

**SURE!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. It's foolish to take chances with your charm. Get Mum at any druggist's today—and use it daily. Then you'll always be sweet!

**WITH MUM YOUR BATH LASTS ALL DAY LONG**




**For Sanitary Napkins**

*First choice with thousands of women everywhere for Sanitary Napkins, Mum wins because it's so gentle and safe.*

**MUM**

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**




THERE is no mystery about Tampax. It is simply a kind of monthly sanitary protection *worn internally.* Each individual Tampax is sealed in a hygienic container which allows you to insert the Tampax neatly and daintily.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor and more than 120 million have already been sold. It brings new comfort and freedom to club women, office workers, athletes, students, housewives. It does away with chafing, odor and "bulking," providing a smooth costume-profile even in swim suits or sheer evening gowns. No belts or pins. You really forget you are wearing Tampax!

Made of pure, long-fibered surgical cotton, highly compressed. Tampax is extremely absorbent and efficient. No disposal problems. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. Introductory package, 20¢. An average month's supply, 35¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package of 40.

*Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.*




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# WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST



*Wide World*

■ The visit of Great Britain's royal couple, King George and Queen Elizabeth, creates this season's most exciting radio event.

AS it has done so often in the past few years, radio helps to make history again this month, when the King and Queen of England visit Canada. May 15, according to plans when RADIO MIRROR went to press, will be the first time any reigning British monarch has set foot on Canadian soil, and microphones will be all over the place to bring the event to your ears.

Under the guidance of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, all the American networks will broadcast the ceremonies in the United States, beginning on May 13, when CBC commentators will be on board H.M.C.S. *Saguenay,* meeting H.M.S. *Repulse,* with Their Majesties on board, as the latter enters Canadian waters off the coast of Newfoundland. You'll hear a description of the scene as the two ships meet.

The next evening, May 14, the CBC will broadcast from Rimouski, describing the *Repulse* as it comes up the St. Lawrence River.

At about 10:30 E.S.T. on the morning of the 15th, the royal party will arrive at Quebec, and the scene will be broadcast. Their itinerary from Quebec is, first, Montreal, then Ottawa, the capital of Canada, from May 17 to May 20, and then to Toronto. You'll hear broadcasts from each of these places, and every evening a CBC commentator, traveling with the royal party, will broadcast a summary of the day's activities.

Following a custom established in England, gold microphones will be used by the King and Queen whenever they go on the air during their trip.

* * *

It was a hectic two weeks that Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Don Ameche, Dorothy Lamour and the other members of the Chase and Sanborn cast spent in New York. Starting with a riot at Grand Central Station when they arrived, it progressed through a fake "kidnaping" of Charlie, up to a grand climax at the last broadcast, when Bergen tripped as he walked toward the microphone, and fell flat on his face, to the glee of the studio audience.

The "kidnaping," which made front-page news all over the country, was a genuine surprise to Bergen, even if it was just a joke engineered by a New York newspaper man. Bergen told me the next day that many McCarthy fans had written to him, suggesting the great publicity value of a kidnaping, and that he'd always turned the idea down. "Now," he said ruefully, "I suppose I owe royalties to everybody that suggested it." As a matter of fact, Bergen worries sometimes for fear Charlie is being over-publicized. He's afraid the public might read too much about him, see too many pictures of him, and suddenly lose interest. That's prob-

By DAN SENSENEY

ably taking a pessimistic view of things.

As soon as the kidnaping story broke, gossip columnists began saying that the real Charlie hadn't been brought to New York at all, but was locked away in a Hollywood bank vault. Well, maybe so, but I don't believe it. The dummy Bergen had on the high-chair beside him at rehearsals and broadcasts looked like the real McCarthy to me.

It isn't very likely that the Chase and Sanborn show will ever come to New York again, all in a bunch. Demands for tickets to the two broadcasts were so heavy that it took network and advertising agency officials a whole month to recover from their headaches. Bergen might travel east again this summer, though, for a vacation.

* * *

CHICAGO—Most radio announcers live, eat, sleep and dream their jobs—so maybe John Weigel is the most unusual announcer in the business. His big interest in life is not radio; it's cheese.

John is heard on two Mutual network shows, Pageant of Melody, Monday nights at 10:30, E.S.T., and Concert Review, at the same time Thursdays. He's been in radio since he was fifteen years old, and announced his way through Ohio State University, Class of '35. But he's always loved cheese, and when he came to Chicago he found there the same dearth of good cheeses that had troubled him at home. For a few years, while he was a member of the CBS Chicago staff, he saved his money until he could become a free-lance announcer—and open a cheese store of his own.

Now you can find him, whenever he isn't at the microphone, dressed up in a white starched jacket, waiting on customers in his shop just off busy Michigan Avenue on Lake Street. More than two hundred and fifty varieties are on John's shelves, from more than twenty countries—Argentina, Albania, Hungary, Holland, Ireland, and all the Scandinavian nations, to name a few. Pretty soon he hopes to get some from the Orient and Africa. Getting a new line of cheese, says John, is much more complicated than filling out an order to a wholesaler—first he has to visit a country's local consul, to get names and addresses, and then follow months of patient negotiations before the cheese lands in his store.

* * *

The cruelty of some sponsors! The entire cast of Phil Baker's Honolulu Bound program, Saturday nights on CBS, may have to move to Hawaii this summer for four broadcasts—sponsor's orders.

* * *

Down in Kentucky and Tennessee they're listening to Kiwanis Club programs these days. The famous service organization tried the experiment of putting on radio shows, and found it so successful the policy will be kept up for the rest of the year.

Station WJHL at Johnson City, Tennessee, has a program every Sunday from 5:15 to 5:30 in the afternoon, featuring Kiwanis speakers from neighboring cities. In Lexington, Kentucky, the weekly luncheon meeting is broadcast every Tuesday from 1:00 to 1:30. And right now they're planning on programs to be broadcast over WHAS, Louisville, and WSM, Nashville. The programs are


# His many neglects were due to her ONE NEGLECT*





He never pays her compliments . . . Why?


He praises other women . . . Why?


He's often "kept downtown".. Why?

* She was careless (or ignorant) about Feminine Hygiene

This one neglect may be the real cause of many divorces...Use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene.

**Let "Lysol" help YOU to avoid this ONE NEGLECT!**

IF THERE is any doubt in *your* mind about this important subject of feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". Let him tell you why, for a full half-century, "Lysol" has earned the confidence of so many doctors, nurses, hospitals . . . *and wives.* Probably no other product is so widely used for this purpose. Three sizes of "Lysol" are sold at all drug stores.

Lysol Disinfectant




1889—1939
50th ANNIVERSARY

**What Every Woman Should Know**
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. R.M.-906, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For LOVE'S SAKE avoid LIPSTICK PARCHING



Lips that invite love must be soft lips . . . sweetly smooth, blessedly free from any roughness or parching.

So—choose your lipstick wisely! Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick does double duty. It lends your lips warm, ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. 50¢.

*New—"Air-Spun" Rouge.* Actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing colors. Shades match the Lipstick. 50¢.



*New—an exciting fashion-setting shade, "Dahlia." Available in Lipstick and Rouge.*

COTY




*Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.*



being promoted by the district organization of Kiwanis in these two states, led by District Governor Roy C. Nelson, himself a radio commentator of repute.

* * *

A success story with a Three Musketeers flavor is the tale of Helen Jackson, Beverly Freeland and Judy Freeland, all once of Bristow, Oklahoma, all at present of Kay Thompson's Rhythm Singers on the CBS Tune-Up Time broadcast. Helen, Beverly and Judy all came to New York on a vacation trip three years ago, yearning for a career in the big city but smart enough to realize that New York jobs don't grow on trees. They made an agreement: If, in the two weeks of their vacation they could all three get jobs, they'd stay. If only one of them, or two, found work, they'd all go back to Bristow. You can guess what happened, but don't *you* start packing to come to New York, thinking it will happen to you too. They all three were hired by the Hollywood Restaurant, as singers, on the very first day of their vacation, and they've been in New York ever since, joining the Kay Thompson singers two years ago.

* * *

The musicians union in Los Angeles just paid Bob Burns a flattering compliment. Union officials came around and told him he'd have to join—because he plays the bazooka on the Kraft Music Hall.

* * *

Because they threatened to strike, radio actors, announcers and singers this spring persuaded sponsors to sign agreements guaranteeing a minimum rate of pay for their services. But now, in some cases, their victory is boomeranging. A few sponsors find that their programs cost them more than they used to, and are reducing choruses to quartets, or, in some daytime serials, are cancelling the repeat broadcasts to the west coast. This explains why some of you Westerners have suddenly been missing your favorite serials.

The Barbara Weeks who plays Nancy in Her Honor, Nancy James, is *not* the Barbara Weeks you used to see in the movies—although, says Barbara-Weeks-in-radio, she might as well be. Both Barbaras live in New York, and both are actresses, and the result is that Barbara-in-radio frequently gets mail and telephone calls intended for Barbara-in-the-movies. The worst mixup, though, occurred when Barbara-in-radio was touring the country as a member of a dramatic stock company. On that tour she met all of Barbara-in-the-movies' distant relatives, who came backstage to visit her, convinced that she was the dear second cousin they hadn't seen for years.

* * *

After spending three years looking for a sponsor, George Jessel now has two. On Tuesdays he is master of ceremonies on For Men Only, on the NBC Red network, and on Wednesdays he stars with Richard Himber's orchestra and Mary Small on an ice-cream-sponsored program heard on some eastern stations of the Blue network.

* * *

CINCINNATI—Station WSAI has started something that ought to be a model for other radio stations all over the country to shoot at. In cooperation with the City of Cincinnati, it has launched an extensive series of programs promoting safe driving. Under the direction of Dewey H. Long, WSAI general manager, every single member of the station's staff has a particular job in the campaign.

Free time goes to the Police Department for special broadcasts. Every Monday night a program goes on the air from the court where traffic violators must gather to receive instruction in proper driving, and every week the station gives cash prizes for the best safety slogan submitted. All in all, a war is being waged against that old devil Traffic Accident that ought to produce results.



*Ben Washer*

■ On their trip to New York, Dorothy Lamour, Edgar Bergen and Don Ameche attended a performance of "The Boys From Syracuse." Here they are visiting back stage. That's Jimmy Savo, kneeling, left.

# PETER GRANT—COMMENTATOR

BROADCASTING the news is not pleasant business. Not the way Peter Grant tackles it.

Peter Grant, of WLW, Cincinnati, is one of the nation's leading newscasters. His Sunday Evening Newspaper of the Air is heard not only in his own home town, but in eight other cities as well, where it is eagerly awaited as the week's comprehensive digest of what's going on in the world. On the air only fifteen minutes, Peter nevertheless manages to pack into each broadcast a total of 2600 words, which is about 400 more than is ordinarily spoken in that time.

Born Melvin Meredith Maginn in St. Louis, Peter was expected to be a concert pianist. His father, a former child prodigy on the piano and a professional musician, thought young Peter was inheriting his abilities because he liked to sit on the piano when he was a baby. It wasn't the piano's attraction, musically, that caused this—Peter simply liked to imagine the piano was a wagon and he was driving it. When music lessons came along, there was trouble, because Peter showed no aptitude for them at all.

In high school Peter studied pharmacy and chemistry, but in college (St. Louis' Washington University) he switched to law and dramatics. During his five years on the campus he was in almost every college stage production, and this activity led him to radio. On his graduation in 1930, Station KMOX invited him to become a member of its dramatic staff, and



■ Meet Peter Grant, WLW's speedy newscaster—175 words a minute!

he accepted, thinking the money he would earn on the air would come in handy while he was getting a law practice started. He soon found radio work so exciting, though, that in 1932 he went to WLW to become a news broadcaster, and forgot about law.

The breath-taking speed with which he rattles through his Sunday-night program is a real test of physical stamina. To make it more difficult, the Newspaper is broadcast three times in a mere ninety minutes. At 6:15 he is heard over KDKA, Pittsburgh. At 6:45 he broadcasts at KYW, Philadelphia; WSYR, Syracuse; WHAM, Rochester; WBAL, Baltimore; WGAL, Lancaster; WDEL, Wilmington; and WORK, York; and at 7:30, over his home station, WLW.

He's meticulously cautious about the temperature of the water he drinks between broadcasts. Cold water would shock the sensitive vocal chords so much that his voice would be impaired for days, so he drinks only tepid water. While broadcasting, he stands instead of sitting, in order to allow deeper and better breathing. He reads so fast he can't look at the clock, and has to be signalled when the time is almost up. He grips the script with both hands, shakes his head violently to emphasize a word, and often stamps the toe of one foot at the conclusion of a bulletin.

Peter cherishes one ambition—to own a couple of horses and several dogs, and to become, on a small scale, a gentleman farmer. Planes frighten him but he'll use 'em rather than take the longer way. He's six feet three inches tall, and wears size 13 shoes—a very husky guy, in fact. Quick, serious, jovial, modest and sincere, he reflects all these likeable qualities in his broadcasting voice—which is undoubtedly the big reason for his immense popularity.


*Glamorous*

# ART MODEL THRILLED

**by sparkling beauty this new shampoo reveals in her hair**







Miss Helen Reese—

famous in fashion art for her gorgeous hair and exquisite beauty—says:

*"I am asked so frequently to pose for hair style photographs I must always keep my hair looking its best. Frankly, I was thrilled when I discovered Drene. It left my hair simply radiant—revealing its dazzling natural highlights and luster. And Drene leaves my hair soft and manageable—so it can be readily set in any hair style right after washing. It's 'good business' for me to use Drene!"*

NO NEED to let dull, drab-looking hair detract from your beauty and charm. Now see your hair's full beauty revealed by this amazing new shampoo discovery that's thrilled famous art models and countless thousands of other women! For lusterless hair, in most cases, is caused by dulling, scummy film (bathtub ring) that all soaps leave on hair. But Drene gives thrillingly different results! Drene sweeps away the ugly film that soap shampooing leaves!... Because it contains an amazing, new, patented cleansing ingredient, never before used in a shampoo! Because Drene is not a soap, not an oil— it leaves no dulling film itself. Nor greasy dust-catching film. Instead, Drene reveals all the sparkling natural beauty and brilliance of your hair!

Say goodbye to lemon, vinegar or other after-rinses! See dirt, grime, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes cleaned away with a single sudsing and thorough rinsing! Leaves your hair radiantly clean!

There are now 2 kinds of Drene. Use Regular Drene if your hair is oily. Otherwise, use the new Special Drene for Dry Hair. Refuse substitutes! Drene is the only shampoo licensed to use its safe, new, patented cleansing ingredient. No soap shampoo can give Drene's revolutionary results. American women bought over 24 million bottles of Drene last year alone! Approved by Good Housekeeping. Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble. At drug, department, 10¢ stores; at your favorite beauty shop—*insist* on Drene! You'll thrill to its glorifying results! *Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*




New SPECIAL DRENE FOR DRY HAIR
(Leaves Even Fine Hair Soft and Manageable)
REGULAR DRENE—for Oily Hair

NOW 2 KINDS OF drene

# "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT"



■ Return engagements of "It Happened One Night" still go on. Listeners clamored for one on Monday night's Lux Radio Theater so Mr. de Mille presented it with its original stars, Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert.

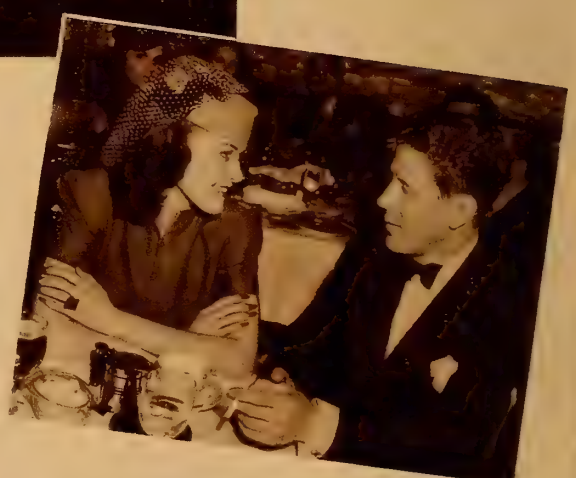
# HOLLYWOOD RADIO WHISPERS

By GEORGE FISHER



Hear George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night on Mutual.

The Legion's broadcast brought to the mike Fibber McGee, Mary Pickford, and Bob Hope. Right, Rudy Vallee dines with Barbara Brewster.



TWO blessed events at the Bel-Air Stables are being anticipated keenly by Robert Young's two small daughters, Carol Anne, aged five, and Barbara, aged two. When the colts arrive, they'll become the property of the two girls.

* * *

Fanny Brice has just received a fan letter from a man who said that as a young man, twenty-five years ago, he'd seen her at the famous Palace Theater playing the part of a grown up. "Now I'm married and am the father of seven sons and two daughters," he writes. "And you've reverted to babyhood: Now you're Baby Snooks!"

* * *

Gertrude Niesen is up to her old romantic tricks again. Since returning to the film town she's been dating the Hollywood lads with a vengeance. She's had a new escort for every night of the week.

There are still some Hollywood optimists who think that all is well with the Alice Faye-Tony Martin household. All I can say is, I hope they are right, but I am afraid they are due for an awful shock shortly.

* * *

Mary Livingstone took her daughter Joan over to the studio to see Jack Benny in action in "Man About Town." Seeing daddy in trapeze attire, Joan turned to her mother in disgust.

(*Continued on page* 10)

# THOUSANDS ACCLAIM SENSATIONAL NEW LISTERINE DANDRUFF TREATMENT

***Recent discovery that dandruff is germ disease, and that Listerine kills the germ, results in new scientific treatment . . . letters from all over the country report quick relief.***




"I have used Listerine Antiseptic on my own hair, and on my daughter's hair as well, for a number of years now. I like its stimulating effect on the scalp. It is the most effective treatment for dandruff that I have ever tried . . . and certainly the most pleasant one."

MRS. S. C. SLOAN, *West Palm Beach, Florida*




"This is the first letter that I have ever written endorsing a product but Listerine Antiseptic has made such an impression on me that I thought that I would tell you about it. You have been advertising Listerine as a cure for dandruff so I thought that I would try it. After the first application the intense itching stopped. I am nearly finished with the bottle now and I am happy to say that all traces of dandruff have disappeared and my hair and scalp are again normal."

JOHN KEESER, *Walden, New York*

"I am a retired barber. I have barbered 27 years and I have often used Listerine Antiseptic for dandruff. I am writing this letter to the manufacturers of Listerine because I have used all kinds of hair tonic and want to say that Listerine Antiseptic beats them all. I am absolutely convinced that it will restore hair to its natural condition if properly used."

G. S. CUMMINGS
*Saltese, Montana*




When the sensational discovery that dandruff is in reality a *germ* disease was flashed to the world recently, hope of positive dandruff control became possible. It could no longer be said that dandruff therapy was largely a matter of guesswork. The very scientists who proved the germ origin of dandruff, also proved that Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle, kills the stubborn little bacillus, *Pityrosporum ovale*, which causes dandruff. In repeated tests it was shown that, by killing the germ, Listerine Antiseptic banished or substantially improved the dandruff condition in the great majority of cases.

Now, a wave of letters from all over the country brings wholesale corroboration. Read this first hand evidence of the effectiveness of the easy, delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatment. Note how quickly scalp and hair were ridded of ugly, embarrassing dandruff flakes.

Start your own invigorating Listerine Antiseptic treatments today. And even after dandruff has entirely disappeared, continue to enjoy a treatment from time to time to guard against possible reinfection.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*




"Since using Listerine Antiseptic as a preventive for dandruff, I really feel safe as to my appearance in public."

HENRY W. SCHLETER
*Oshkosh, Wis.*






## THE TREATMENT

**MEN:** Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day*. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

*Genuine* Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

# High Special Rates for Writers of True Stories

Following our regular policy we are discontinuing true story manuscript contests during the summer months. A great new true story contest will begin on September 1st, 1939. But, in the meantime, we are still in the market for true stories for straight purchase, and in order to secure them are going to renew our sensational offer of last summer which worked so greatly to the financial advantage of many writers of true stories.

During the month of May we gladly will pay writers of true stories the special rates of 3c per word for better-than-average true stories and 4c per word for exceptionally good true stories submitted for straight purchase.

When you consider that our average year-round rate is 2c per word, a few moments' figuring will show you what this offer can mean to you financially—literally making $2 grow where $1 grew formerly.

Under this offer the Editorial Staff of TRUE STORY are the sole judges as to the quality of stories submitted. But rest assured that if you send in a story of extra quality you will receive the corresponding extra rate.

This is in no sense a contest—simply a straight offer to purchase true stories, with a handsome bonus for extra quality.

Here is your opportunity. The time, as explained, is limited to the month of May, 1939. So strike while the iron is hot. Start today the story of an episode in your life or the life of a friend or acquaintance that you feel has the necessary heart interest to warrant the extraordinarily high special rates we are offering. Send it in when finished, and if it really has the extra quality we seek the extra sized check will be forthcoming with our sincere congratulations. Be sure your manuscript is post-marked not later than midnight, May 31, 1939.

**MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.**
Dept. K, P. O. Box 629,
Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

## IMPORTANT

Submit stories direct. Do not deal through intermediaries.

If you do not already have one send for a copy of free booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories." Use the coupon provided for that purpose.

In sending true stories, be sure, in each case, to enclose first-class return postage in the same container with manuscript. We gladly return manuscripts when postage is supplied, but we cannot do so otherwise. Failure to enclose return first-class postage means that after a reasonable time the manuscript if not accepted for publication will be destroyed.

TRUE STORY, Dept. K RM-6
P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories."

*Name*.....

*Street*.....

*Town*.....*State*.....
(Print plainly. Give name of state in full)


## Hollywood Radio Whispers

By GEORGE FISHER

*(Continued)*

"He certainly looks awfully silly," she whispered, "but don't tell him I said so!"

* * *

Sports announcer Clem McCarthy isn't one to forget a request. Clem proved this the other day when he delivered a deputy badge to Shirley Temple, making her a deputy of Jackson County, Kansas. It was just a year ago that Shirley glimpsed the badge and expressed a desire for one.

* * *

Comedian George Burns has been the target of so much comment lately, I feel a humorous story about him would be a relief. As you know, Burns and his wife, Gracie Allen, have two adopted children. The kiddies have never visited the studios where their parents were working, so when Burns brought the tots to see Gracie at work recently, director Al Green asked why they had finally decided to visit the set. One of the kiddies replied, "Well, daddy asked us if we would rather go to the monkey farm or the studio. We thought mother would be funnier!"

* * *

Recently Edgar Bergen and I had an experience while getting ready to fly to Catalina Island which showed me how real a lot of people consider Charlie McCarthy. When Bergen mentioned to the girl at the ticket office that Charlie would be one of the passengers, she was delighted to have him take the plane, but also insisted that he buy a ticket for the little brat. It took five minutes to convince her that Charlie would travel as Bergen's baggage and didn't need a seat for himself.

* * *

Frank Morgan has been smitten by the bowling bug. Each Thursday after the Good News Show, he joins a very distinguished foursome that tries to split the ten pins. The other three members are Robert Young, Bob Burns and Bing Crosby. The bowling alleys are right across the street from Radio City, and as usual, Bing is the expert. His average game is 190.

* * *

Ten years ago they fired Irene Rich from pictures because they didn't think she could ever learn to talk well enough for the talkies. I would like to see the faces of the talkie moguls when they hear that Miss Rich has appeared in over 260 radio plays in a medium depending entirely on voice. In addition to 260 plays on the air, Irene has appeared in 181 silent pictures and 4,982 vaudeville shows.

* * *

Hollywood is whispering that Burns and Allen may soon be replaced by Paul Whiteman's orchestra and revue. Burns, commenting on the report, declared "It's news to me!"

* * *

Pretty soft for those two hundred jitterbugs who are working in the Paramount picture, "Some Like It Hot." Instead of paying their own money to dance to Gene Krupa's swing band, the kids are actually get-

ting paid for doing what they would rather do than eat!

* * *

Recently I had the pleasure of playing host to Lance Sieveking, head of the British Broadcasting Company's television department. While showing him the sights of Hollywood, he told me many interesting things about television which you might like to hear. "Television today," said Sieveking, "is at the same stage that radio broadcasting was in during the days of the crystal sets, and it only needs some little improvement to make it as practicable and as popular as today's radio." However, television will never replace radio, according to Sieveking, because in order to watch telecasts, you must sit in one place in a darkened room; while you can hear a radio program anywhere.

* * *

Joan Fontaine tells me she will not marry radio and film actor Conrad Nagel. Joan, who is Olivia de Havilland's sister, says, "I don't think two people in this profession can be happily married." I suspect this is good news for Broadway showgirl, Wilma Francis, Nagel's one-time girl friend!

* * *

Here's a good deed you can chalk up for Constance Bennett. While rehearsing for a recent Texaco show, Connie learned of the sad plight of an eight-year-old youngster, Buster Phelps, who had been booked for a part in the show. The youngster was told that an AFRA card was required before he could work. The necessary initiation fee was too much for the



Irene Rich drops in to Hollywood's Brown Derby for a bite after her Sunday broadcast.

youngster's pocketbook, but as he was about to step out, Connie stepped in and wrote a check for the required amount and little Buster began his radio career!

* * *

Gene Autry, the Number One Cowboy star, who is scheduled for his own radio show soon, will make the column headlines again when the reporters hear the following story. Gene is the favorite film star of England's Royal Family. I have just learned that the two little English Princesses, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, have given Bob Taylor, Clark Gable, and Tyrone Power the go-by as their favorites. To them, Gene Autry is now the top Hollywood star! Which is another feather in the cap of the two-gun man!

* * *

Since Dick Powell took over the Al Jolson show, film producers have shown renewed interest in him. In addition to Dick's one-picture deal with MGM, he is being sought by Paramount for a series of musicals!

* * *

Plans for an unusual wedding were revealed to me by Cecil DeMille, who plans to perform the marriage ceremony himself for Evelyn Keyes, who is under personal contract to DeMille. Sometime this spring Miss Keyes will board DeMille's yacht with her groom-to-be, whose name she refuses to divulge, and in mid-ocean, Skipper DeMille will perform the wedding rites. As a wedding present, DeMille will sail the newlyweds to Honolulu! Complete details of the marriage plans will be announced soon.

* * *

Your Hollywood Whisperer is happy to have been chosen as the official Hollywood host and guide to the winners of Uncle Don's Mutual Network Hollywood Child Talent Contest, when they visit Hollywood this summer! (June).

* * *

Hollywood is whispering that pretty starlet Nan Grey is more or less secretly married to Jackie Westrope, the well-known lad who steers the horses around the turns at Santa Anita and other major race tracks.


NOW FASHION SAYS: "BE FEMININE"

Pond's answers with 4 soft SUMMER SHADES



● This summer the eternal feminine comes into its own! It's a season of delicate pastels and cobwebby laces. Your make-up, too, must be romantic—fragile. So Pond's gives you a choice of four soft, flattering summer shades:

*—for Romantic* EVENINGS

Rose Dawn and Rose Brunette in lovely blush tones! New and enchanting with pink and blue, and in the evening.

**ROSE DAWN**—brings a delicate glow to fair skins.

**ROSE BRUNETTE**—gives a deeper glow (for blondes and brunettes).



*—and for* DAYTIME—*with the New "Subtle-Tan"*

"Prettiness" is too much in vogue to permit brazen, copper skins. So keep your tan light. And for daytime smartness, choose Pond's flattering Sunlight Shades. Not deep "sun-tan" shades, they're soft, appealing—perfect with outdoor costumes and your new "subtle-tan."

**SUNLIGHT LIGHT**—for the creamy tan of a blonde skin.

**SUNLIGHT DARK**—for warmer tones.

**Summer Shades** Rose Dawn Sunlight Light Rose Brunette Sunlight Dark

Try them today. 10¢, 20¢ and 55¢. Or send for free samples of all four summer shades. Pond's, Dept. 8RM-PF Clinton, Conn.

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# Surrender

**■ Is there a price on success? The true story of a girl singer who almost took the wrong road to fame**

IF you want my advice—but of course you don't," Jerry said, "you'd better stay home."

I stared at him, across the restaurant table, in amazement. It was the first time in all our months of friendship that I'd seen Jerry Gates lose his temper. Mild, sandy-haired Jerry, with his slow smile and his off-hand way of talking—but now the smile was gone and his words were clipped and bitter.

It was all so totally unexpected. For more than a year now, Jerry and I had been on the same radio program, he as the announcer, I as the featured singer. True, it wasn't much of a program—just fifteen minutes on a small New York station three times a week, with a Broadway clothing store for a sponsor—but it was a living, and I'd always hoped it would be a stepping stone to bigger things. In all that time Jerry had been my best friend, assuring me when I grew blue and discouraged that I was good, that I really could sell a song, that some day a big sponsor would hear me and give me my chance on the networks. He'd been my bulwark against loneliness, my father-confessor, my most loyal fan.

And now, when it looked as if the big chance he'd predicted was at last on its way, instead of responding to my happiness and excitement—he was urging me to throw it over!

"But—Jerry," I said. "I don't understand. Why shouldn't I go?"

"Look here," he said. "You've been around New York long enough to know what kind of a fellow Brad Staley is. You met him at a party a couple of months ago, didn't you? And he was pleasant, and talked to you a long time. So what does that prove? Don't kid yourself he thought he'd discovered a new Frances Langford. To a guy that produces the Atlas Hour, girl singers are a dime a dozen."

"I knew that," I explained patiently. "I didn't expect anything at all to come of meeting him. But last week, just after I heard that Vola Mont was leaving the Atlas Hour—the very same day I heard it, in fact—he called me up and asked me what time I was on the air. He said he wanted to listen to me. And that was the first time I'd heard from him since the party."

He shook his head—the same gesture I'd seen him use at rehearsal when he stumbled over a line in the commercial announcement. "And so he listened, and called you up to his office, and asked about your experience. And now he wants you to come up to his lodge at Lake What's-its-name—"

"Falling Leaf Lake."

ALL right—Falling Leaf Lake—for a week-end party. But this is the point—have you signed any contract yet?"

"Of course not! You know that. But Mr. Staley told me today that everything's practically set—"

"Practically! What he means is, everything's set except the week-end party. That's the little detail still to be arranged."

I'm sure my mouth fell open. Strangely, I wasn't angry. The whole idea that had been brewing in Jerry's brain seemed too fantastic for that.

"Jerry," I told him, "you sound exactly like an old-fashioned mama. Don't you know that sort of thing isn't done any more?"

A flush spread over his face. "All right, go ahead and laugh. But you ought to know Staley's reputation by now. If you don't, you're the only one in New York."

"Reputation!" I said scornfully. "All I've heard is a lot of irresponsible gossip. The whole idea is absurd. Mr. Staley's a gentleman. And besides—Ray Tucker and his wife are coming up to the lodge too. They ought to be good enough chaperons for anyone, oughtn't they?"

He shrugged and began to edge out of the booth where we were sitting. "All right, Nicky. I've had my say. But I guess it's your business."

Outside, we paused in the midst of the hurrying before-theater crowds in Times Square. "Want to take in a movie?" Jerry asked, but his voice sounded only as if he were trying to be polite.

"No, I have to go home and do a little packing," I said.

"Okay." His face was expressionless.

"I've got to go, Jerry," I pleaded. "Don't you see—this is my big chance! It's what I've waited for, prayed for, ever since I came to New York. It may never come again. And if I called Mr. Staley up now, only a few hours after I promised to go to the lodge, and tried to back out—why, he'd think I was crazy."

"Sure, I see that," he answered coldly. "Well, I only hope you're as happy when you come back as you think you're going to be."



I came back to myself with a start. Still with his arms around me, I leaned back to see his face and search it with my eyes.

That was his last word on the subject, but after he left me at the door of the rooming house where I lived, some of the edge had gone from my anticipation over the chance of being featured on one of the biggest network variety shows. I didn't believe a single one of the things he'd hinted about Brad Staley and his methods—I couldn't, even knowing Staley as slightly as I did—but I couldn't help feeling vaguely disturbed over them just the same.

Then, at the memory of Brad's charming smile and frank, friendly manners, I threw off my forebodings. Of course it was nonsense! And it had been Brad's own suggestion that Ray Tucker, star comedian of the program, and Mrs. Tucker were to be guests at the lodge as well.

I realized, suddenly, that I wasn't worried over *what* Jerry had said. I was worried *because* he'd said it. We'd been such good friends. He'd always been at my side when I needed sympathy. And now, when for the first time things looked better for me, he'd acted—yes, he'd acted as if he were jealous. As if he begrudged me my chance. I had never expected that of Jerry.

BUT in the morning I felt better. Jerry would get over it, I told myself. Anyway, the important thing was the warm feeling of confidence I'd had at Brad Staley's words: "I don't mind telling you I think you've got exactly the kind of voice I've been looking for to make my show perfect!" Even if something happened and I didn't get the contract, that speech of Brad's alone would almost make the whole thing worth while!

Almost on the dot of noon he drew up in the crowded street outside, driving a cream-colored roadster that seemed to be the embodiment of speed and luxury. I picked up my overnight bag and met him on the steps. Somehow, I didn't want him to see the interior of the place where I lived. His face brightened as he saw me, and I mentally gave thanks that I'd spent more than I could afford for my new suit of white sharkskin, with the bright blue handkerchief tucked in its breast pocket.

"You're the only cool-looking thing I've seen this morning," he said, smiling down at me. His eyes were deep-set, and of a blue that contrasted oddly with his jet-black hair and the deep tan of his skin.

"Ray and Edna are coming along in their own car," he said as he stowed my bag in the rumble. "Ray always refuses to get up before noon, and it'll probably be three o'clock before they're ready to start, so I thought we might as well go on without them."

Then began one of the most enchanting rides I'd ever had. The big, high-powered car seemed to be a part of Brad Staley, he handled it so expertly, weaving in and out of the congested Saturday traffic along the West Side highway and over George Washington Bridge. Once in the country, it hummed with deep-throated satisfaction and leaped ahead, yet its movement was so smooth and soothing that I was surprised when I glanced at the speedometer and saw how fast we were going.

All the way to the lodge Brad—I was calling him Brad to his face now, and he was calling me Nicky—kept up a running stream of talk: stories about radio, the theater, people he knew and I longed to know. I felt as if we'd been friends for years.

**■ "I was terribly aware of his nearness. It was one of those moments when, without a word being spoken, the air is full of clamorous thoughts"**

We had lunch at a little roadside restaurant, and arrived at the lake about four in the afternoon. The lodge was all I had dreamed it would be—a low, rambling log house, set on the high ground overlooking the little lake and surrounded by tall, whispering pines. A breeze ruffled the surface of the water, and it sparkled in the afternoon sun as if it were set with diamonds.

A big woman with gray hair and a broad Irish face opened the door and ran down the shallow stone stairs to take our bags. Brad introduced her to me as Mrs. Geraghty, the housekeeper.

"Well, here's Falling Leaf Lodge," Brad said with a sweeping gesture of his arm. "It's all yours, Nicky."

He stood beside me, and for a moment we were silent. The only sound was that of Mrs. Geraghty's quick steps moving around upstairs. Suddenly, I was terribly aware of his nearness. I knew, somehow, that his eyes were upon my face, not upon the view; and some instinct told me that unless I moved, said something to break the spell, he would touch me. It was one of those moments when, without a word being spoken, the air is full of clamorous thoughts; which can't be measured by time nor explained in words.

It was with a real effort that I turned and spoke to him lightly. "Let's go swimming! Can we?"

"Of course," he said, responding at once to my tone. "Meet you here in ten minutes."

Upstairs, in the bright, sunny bedroom, I wondered. Had that moment really been tense, electric—or had I merely imagined it, made it up out of a mind that was too full of what Jerry had said? I was sure of one thing—I hadn't been frightened. I liked Brad too well to be afraid of him. Yet there was something overpowering about his vitality, his masculinity and self-assurance. I felt that here was a man who knew women and his power over them. I didn't resent that power, exactly, but I made up my mind that no matter what happened I'd fight against it.

But there was no need to fight against it, during the next hour or so, while we alternately swam in the icy waters of the lake and lay full-length on the strip of sandy beach, letting the rays of the sun soak into our bodies. After the noise and confusion of the city, its smells and dirt, this lonely part of the mountains was like a paradise—a beautiful, perfumed paradise.

"Run up and get dressed, and then we'll have a cocktail, without waiting for the Tuckers," he said when, glowing from the sun and the water, we returned to the house. "Dinner's at eight, but I don't imagine they'll get here much before seven-thirty."

It was nearly seven when I came down the stairs, wearing my one and only evening gown. Brad, mixing drinks at a little table before the fireplace, looked up and grinned cheerfully.

Nothing in the world, I thought, could be more pleasant than the next half hour, while we sat before the fire, talking, wrapped in the peace of the soft mountain air. If only, I found myself thinking, we could have the whole evening alone like this—if only the Tuckers weren't (*Continued on page* 69)



June marks the silver wedding of radio's most famous married couple.

# 25 YEARS WITH EDDIE



**What other wife ever waited so long for the chance to talk back!**

**BY IDA CANTOR**

ON JUNE NINTH Eddie and I will be married twenty-five years.

Yet, as I think back, it doesn't seem that long. The present panorama . . . our house in Beverly Hills, its white-tiled pool, these purple-gray Hollywood hills, my sun-tanned Eddie, our five daughters and even a couple of sons-in-law . . . they do a complete fade-out.

Instead, I see a dingy gymnasium in a New York public school. A basketball game is in progress. And I ask about the eager skinny boy, a regular human dynamo, who is running in and out of the place, appearing everywhere at once, upsetting the players' routine, making us laugh.

No one knows his name. They can only tell me, "He is Annie Cantor's cousin."

Somebody else calls him, "Ruby Goldberg's fella." I don't like this. For, right from the start, I have a crush on him myself.

Eddie awakened my maternal instincts. He was so very thin. He wore other people's clothes, cast-offs that were much too big and only succeeded in making him appear even more under-nourished than he actually was.

His parents were dead. He lived with his grandmother. I think it was not having a home of his own that gave him his tremendous love of family life, an odd quality to find in an actor.

And his *is* an all absorbing love. Through the years, no matter where acting has carried Eddie, he insisted that we (the girls and I) join him, whenever possible. Painstakingly, we have built and furnished homes and apartments all over America, in Mount Vernon, in Great Neck, in New York City and California, only to give each one up, take a cheerful loss and travel on to the next engagement. As Eddie says, our children may be duds in arithmetic, but there's scant excuse for them not to know geography!

During those basketball days there were no managers offering Eddie contracts. He was just a boy, a little on the nervy side, wanting badly to be an actor.

At that (*Continued on page* 73)

**She's feminine, she has a sense of humor—and what's more, even Charlie likes Edgar's new girl friend!**

# AT LAST! BERGEN'S

## By MARIAN RHEA

EVERYONE around Hollywood knows that Edgar Bergen, one of our most eligible bachelors, has got a new girl. Now, we're often inclined to jump at romantic conclusions out here, but it looks this time as though Cupid were getting in some pretty good licks. . . . Certainly *I* think so and it seems to me I should know, because I spent an hour in Edgar's office on the Boulevard the other day and fifty-seven minutes of that time (the other three were devoted to the weather; it was the day it snowed) were taken up with discussion of the young lady in question. . . . Meaning Miss Kay St. Germain, the attractive brunette singer on NBC's Signal Carnival and recently guest on the Eddie Cantor program.

Let's see. . . . It has been about two years and a half, now, since Edgar and Charlie McCarthy moved west. Confirmed bachelors they were when they arrived and it looked for a while as though they would stay that way. They—or Edgar alone when he managed to elude the irrepressible Charlie—"played the field." For a while it was Shirley Ross, whose company was also regularly shared by Ken Murray, Edgar's pal of long standing. Then it was Andrea Leeds whom Edgar "beaued" on this and that occasion. Or Anita Louise or Helen Wood or Florence Heller. But it was never for long and never, apparently, seriously. Quiet as he is (at least until you know him) Edgar Bergen likes a good time. He likes to dance. He likes the night spots. And he likes a gay, attractive companion. But so often was it a brand new lady who appeared on his arm at this party and that party and premiere, that even Hollywood, always ready, as I say, to jump at romantic conclusions, couldn't cook up a real Bergen romance with anyone. . . .

Until Kay St. Germain came along. Now, it looks different.

"Sure," Charlie says, "put a little romance in Bergen's life and maybe he'll understand the problems of others."





Her name's Kay St. Germain, she sings on NBC's Signal Carnival—and she's a Charlie McCarthy fan too.

# IN LOVE!

As for the significance of what he said about his new "girl friend"—well, see what *you* think about that. . . .

I started him off by asking when he had first met Miss St. Germain, where, and all about it. He remembered exactly. It was one day when photographs were being taken of NBC stars in connection with the opening of the new broadcasting studios in Hollywood. Edgar and Charlie, Madaline Lee, the girl who plays "Miss Blue" with "Amos 'n' Andy," Helen Wood and some others were gathered around. Edgar had never seen her before but he certainly noticed her then. "When she spoke, there was something in her voice that made me listen," he told me. "I thought to myself, 'a good radio voice.' She has dark hair, lots of it, and on that day it was combed simply in what I guess you would call a 'page boy' bob.

"I talked with her and realized I should like to see more of her. So, in order to get her phone number without appearing conspicuous or impolite, I asked for the numbers of everyone in the group and later invited them to the rhumba party I was giving around Halloween time. Kay, among the others, accepted. I danced with her and I liked her better than ever because she was about the best dancer I had ever danced with. Since then—" He paused but I prompted him.

"Since then you've been seeing a lot of her?"

"Yes," he said, "as much as I have time for and she will let me."

"Tell me other things about her that appeal to you," I demanded.

He grinned again. "Are you comfortable?" he inquired, irrelevantly, I thought at first, but I was wrong about that. "Have a cigarette? Fine. Now. . . . What do I like about her? Well, that will take time to tell. That is why I wanted to make sure you were comfortable." Yes, he was half jesting, but just half. Exaggerating, but not completely.

"In the first place," he said, "I like her because she has a sense of humor and is excellent company. She is one of the few women I have met who likes to tell a joke and can tell it well. She even makes them up and they're good."

To prove his point he told me a couple—and they were! For example. . . . There was the mother hen who hatched a brood of a dozen chickens or so and, since there had been a duck egg in the nest, one duck. Eyeing the strange looking, broad-billed newcomer with complete disfavor, she exclaimed, "Ye Gods! A Ubangi!"

"Then," he went on, "she likes to do the things that I enjoy. She plays golf, a whacking good game, and she can beat me at tennis—although, tactful girl that she is, she doesn't do it too often, for which I am grateful. Her badminton is good and so are her bridge and ping-pong. Another thing, she seems tickled to death to play them when I want to, which makes me feel comfortable.

"She likes to eat, too. When she goes into a restaurant, she looks the menu over and orders a sensible meal, none of your trick foods, salad dressings made out of non-fattening oils, tomatoes and pineapples. A good dinner is as much an event with her as a good show.

"She is not overly critical. You can take her to see a picture or to a broadcast secure in the knowledge that she won't have it torn to pieces five minutes after it's over. She has the same tolerance toward people. Men know when women are being cats and they don't like it for no other reason than because jealousy makes them uncomfortable.

"She is restful. You don't have to entertain her every minute. She seems to fit in with a mood. If you want to be hilarious, she keeps up her end and then some. If you don't, she can be quiet and serious and you don't feel that she is making a conscious effort to do it, either. She reads good books and can discuss them intelligently. She knows what is going on in the world and can discuss that."

"Do you ever quarrel?" I inquired.

He smiled. "Well, not exactly, except that she sometimes becomes a little upset at a certain masculine perverseness (*Continued on page* 59)



The Inspector brought out a letter. "Here," he said. "Take a look at that—and see if you can make it out."

*Photograph by Pinchot, specially posed by Clayton Collyer, Arline Blackburn and Howard Smith, of the Pretty Kitty Kelly air serial.*

**■ "Who am I? And where did I come from?" Would you dare fall in love when you couldn't solve the dark mystery of your forgotten past?**

# Pretty Kitty Kelly

PART I

THE train to New York sped onward through the night. But Kitty did not sleep. Her eyes wide in the cramped darkness of the lower berth, she stared out at the landscape rushing by. She felt as though she were rushing toward her own destiny.

Two days ago she had been Kitty Kelly, dress model in Marks Fifth Avenue, an orphan girl from Dublin who had lost her memory a year ago. But now—the mystery of her real identity had risen to haunt her again.

That telegram from Inspector Grady—what did it mean? She and Michael had read it that morning in the lobby of the New Hampshire ski resort.

"Bring Kitty Kelly to New York at once for questioning," it had read. "Clues that may throw some light on her identity have turned up. Mrs. Megram has been murdered. Grady."

Some light on her identity. Her heart beneath the soft stuff of her nightgown beat a mad tattoo of hope. Tomorrow, at this same time, she might know who she really was. And the nightmare and confusion of her life during the past year would be over.

For a whole year, she had lived in ignorance, like a person in a dream. A year ago, she had awakened as though from a heavy sleep, and found herself in the stuffy third-class cabin of a ship bound for America. Her only companion had been a grim-faced old woman in cheap black clothes. Mrs. Megram.

She had awakened that morning, as though from utter darkness. Unquestioningly, in a kind of stupor, she had accepted the things Mrs. Megram told her day after day in that swaying, ill-lighted cabin. That her name was Kitty Kelly. That she was a poor Irish girl from an orphanage on her way to find work in America. That she had been ill during the voyage. Her mind had been a blank on which Mrs. Megram's harsh tongue had traced a dismal story of a poverty-stricken past.

But not one word of it was true.

She had known that now for two days. Even before the telegram from Inspector Grady came, she had known she was not Kitty Kelly, a poor Irish orphan. She had known it ever since that wintry afternoon two days before at the hotel, when she and Michael had gone out to ski on the white New Hampshire hills.

Neither of them had ever skied before. And Michael, the dear, had worried about her falling. "Give me your hand, Kitty!" he had cried, catching her as she stood unsteadily on the height of the snowy slope. She had clung to him for a moment, a little frightened. Then something had happened to her—and she had pushed forward, skied down the steep mountain with sudden, effortless ease.

Even Michl, the ski instructor, had cried out in delight at her skill. He had rushed forward, as she braked at the bottom in a perfect Christiania, and seized her by the hand.

"But, Miss Kelly—you must have learned how to ski like that in Switzerland!"

Switzerland! An Irish orphan in Switzerland! She had laughed and shaken her head. But the incredible ease she had felt on those skis had haunted her with a sense of strange unreality.

And that same night, there had been the incident of Grant Thursday.

Michael had gone out, and she and Bunny Wilson had been standing alone in the lobby, when he arrived. Grant Thursday. She had heard about him from the gay crowds at the ski shop. A wealthy, handsome young bachelor. A writer, explorer, man about Eu-

**For the first time, in dramatic fiction form, you can read the complete story of the CBS serial that has thrilled listeners from coast to coast**

rope. And an expert on skis. In spite of her love for Michael, she had felt a little twinge of excitement at the thought of meeting him.

But she had scarcely been prepared for the look of shocked amazement on his face, when he came into the lobby that night, and saw her standing there.

GOOD Lord!" He had given a low whistle. "Is it possible? Or am I seeing things?"

She had shaken her head.

"I—I'm sorry, but—we've never met each other before."

"*You* haven't, perhaps. But *I* have. Don't you remember—that afternoon last January? At St. Moritz? You were wearing a little blue jacket with military frogs, a knitted white Norwegian cap peaked in back? You were getting into a crowded funicular railroad going up the mountain? And I—I couldn't get into the car to meet you? I lost you!"

In a torrent of excitement he had poured out a wild story of falling in love with her, following her all over Europe, in an effort to find out her name. And at last something had stirred inside her stunned brain. *She knew him. Somewhere she had seen his face before.*

And now—Mrs. Megram had been murdered. New clues had been uncovered. At last, perhaps, the mystery was coming to a head. Tomorrow morning, she would be climbing from the train, racing to Inspector Grady's apartment in a taxi, with Michael at her side, racing toward her destiny . . .

Perhaps she and Michael could be married at last. For six months now, she had known she loved him dearer than life itself. He had begged her to marry him. But she had not dared. And now, he was beginning to grow restless, bored with their endless existence apart. This last week-end, when they should have been so happy together, he had wandered off several times by himself, gone skiing with that pretty rich Isabel Andrews. Even tonight, he had gone out "for a last minute smoke" with Isabel. He had stayed away a long time.

She had been in bed, her curtains drawn, when they finally returned. But wide-awake, staring into the darkness, she had heard his whisper, husky and deep, as they brushed past the closed curtains of her berth.

"Shh, Isabel. Not so loud. We'll wake Kitty."

And Isabel's drawled reply:—

"Not a chance. G'night, Michael darling."

There had been a little giggle, as the train lurched round a bend. Mockingly that laughter still lingered in her ears. Tomorrow, she whispered prayerfully in the narrow berth. Tomorrow. . . .

* * *

At ten o'clock next morning, she and Michael were riding up in the iron-grilled elevator to the Inspector's apartment on Riverside Drive. Inspector Grady was waiting for them, outlined against a huge window that looked out on the Hudson River.

"Well, Kitty Kelly, if you're not a sight for sore eyes! Say, Michael —if I were twenty years younger, I'd run off with her myself."

But she was in no mood this morning for idle banter.

"Inspector — please — what is it about Mrs. Megram—and . . . and me?"

His kindly blue eyes scrutinized her with sympathetic understanding. He motioned her to a chair.

"I hope my wire to Michael here hasn't gotten your hopes too high," he said. "There's nothing very definite as yet. But we have found a couple of queer things out about this Mrs. Megram. She was murdered, as you know, last Thursday night. Shot three times through the back of the head. In a room at the Wolfert Hotel."

"The Wolfert!" Michael broke in. "But—that's the most expensive hotel in New York!"

"Exactly. That's one of the things I want to talk to Kitty about. Her friend, Mrs. Megram, was paying $25 a day for her room. She's been paying that price for the last six months. Tell me, Kitty, did she strike you a year ago as a woman who was rich or poor?"

"She—she appeared to be very poor, Inspector."

"Poor—eh?" The Inspector snorted. "Well—what do you think of this? Your friend, Mrs. Megram, left a deposit in the Marine National Bank of $10,000! She also had money to play the stock market, and to keep a gigolo. Now—can you make out where she could have gotten hold of all that dough?"

Kitty shook her head. The whole thing was too fantastic for belief. Mrs. Megram wealthy! Why—she had seemed like a poor old charwoman, a broken-down derelict of the slums a year ago. And now—

The Inspector went on.

"You don't know? Okay—we'll go back to that later. Anyway, to make a long story short, this is the other thing that struck us. She was shot last Thursday night, while she was writing a letter to you."

"To me? Sure—and what could Mrs. Megram be writing a letter to *me* about?"

"That's just what we wanted to find out." The Inspector fumbled in his desk, and brought out a letter. "Here," he said. "Take a look at that—and see if you can make it out."

Kitty took it from him with trembling fingers. It was a piece of expensive pink stationery, covered with writing in a deliberate, slanting hand. A strange scent, overpowering, the odor of some perfume, rose from it. Her head swam, and for a moment she could not read the words. Then:

"Dear Kitty Kelly," she read. "I am writing you care of the store, where you are employed, because I have been told you are in the city. When you receive this letter, will you please communicate with me at once? I have something of great importance to tell you concerning yourself. Do not be afraid to see me, as I no longer want to do anything but help you regain the place that is rightfully yours. I know that when you hear what I have to tell you, I can trust your generosity to forgive me what I did, and to reward me well for the news I bring you. I want . . ."

The last "t" in "want" trailed off in a long inky line down the paper. At the bottom of the letter was a smear of dried blood. Nothing more.

Nothing. Tears of disappointment came into Kitty's eyes. She read the letter again. Perhaps she had missed a phrase, a word that might mean something definite. But no. This letter was nothing but an introduction, the (*Continued on page* 66)

## PRETTY KITTY KELLY

*Sponsored by Wonder Bread and Hostess Cakes on CBS*

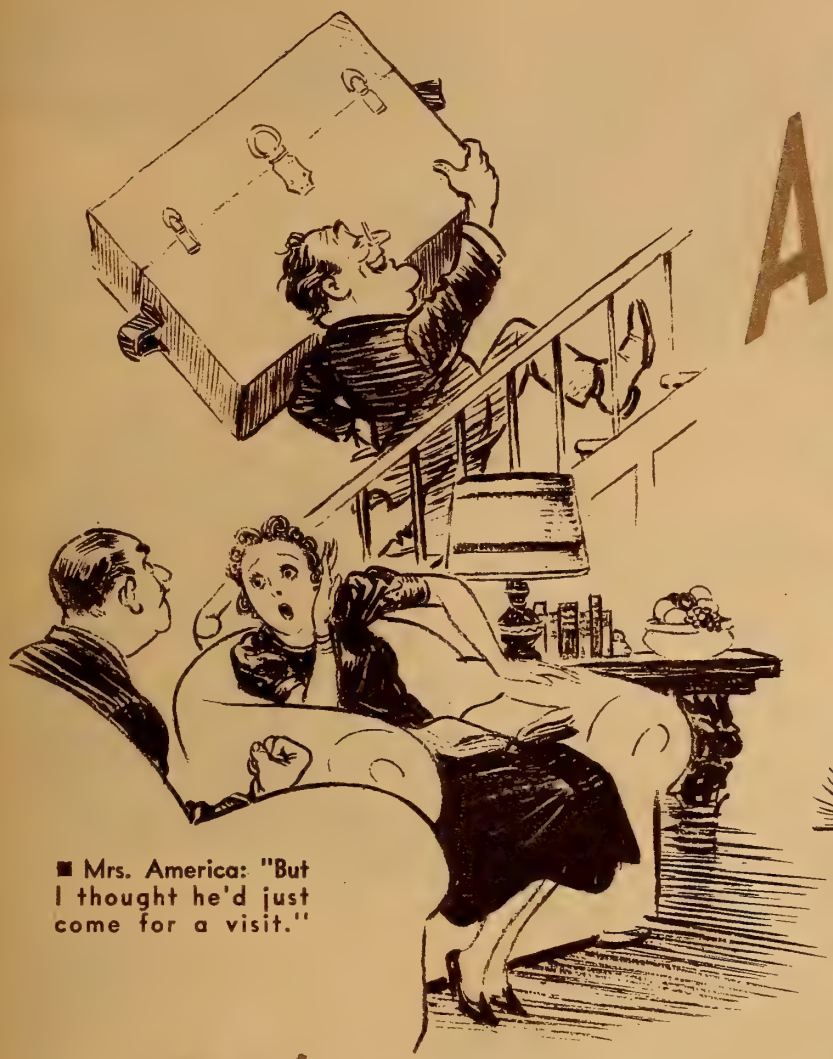
### CAST

*Kitty Kelly* . . . . *ARLINE BLACKBURN*
*Michael Conway* . . . . *CLAYTON COLLYER*
*Bunny Wilson* . . . . . *HELEN CHOAT*
*Slim* . . . . . *ARTELLS DICKSON*
*Inspector Grady* . . . *HOWARD SMITH*
*Grant Thursday* . . . *JOHN PICKARD*
*Dr. Orbo* . . . . . *LOUIS HECTOR*
*Isabel Andrews* . . . . . *LUCILLE WALL*

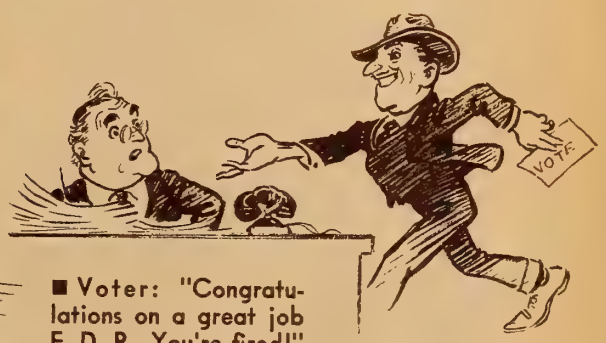
*Radio script by Frank Dahm*

*Fictionization by Lucille Fletcher*

# SHOULD ROOSEVELT SEEK A THIRD TERM?



■ Mrs. America: "But I thought he'd just come for a visit."




■ Voter: "Congratulations on a great job F. D. R. You're fired!"

## NO! BY RAYMOND MOLEY

I DON'T think the President should have a third term. And this is why:

There are certain characteristics about a human being that can readily be understood and that are common to all. If you stab a human being he will bleed. If you shut him up without air he will die. If you touch him with a hot iron he will be burned. If you strike him he will either shrink away or fight back. If you give him too much power he will abuse it. This is a danger inherent in human nature (now I'm not talking about Franklin Roosevelt, I'm talking about any man) and it is the best purpose of human government to limit power in the interest of freedom, and, so far as possible, to divorce it from personalities.

Even the most casual observation of human beings in possession of power reveals that the thirst for power is the original sin of rulers. It grows by what it feeds on, dulling the perceptions, clouding the vision and leading its victims away from that contact with reality which is the very essence of democracy. There is an impatience of restraint, an (*Continued on page* 53)

## YES! BY ROY VICTOR PEEL

OBVIOUSLY, the Constitution places no restriction on the number of terms that a President may occupy the office. There is nothing anywhere in the Constitution limiting this.

The third term is, therefore, clearly constitutional.

While the prejudice against the third term has been sedulously cultivated by the politicians, by the discontented and the ambitious, there is no ground at all for believing that the principle is more than a custom, which is foreign to our constitutional system, lacking any authoritative support, and existing only because its abolition has not been urged at a propitious time.

The practice of keeping leaders in power as long as they are giving satisfactory service and inspired direction to affairs, is a cardinal principle in American business and associational life. Imagine what a shock it would be if the president of one of our larger corporations were removed from his office simply because he had served eight years. Even more to the point is the practice in our states and cities where able and efficient governors and mayors are not (*Continued on page* 53)

*Condensed from a debate by Professor Peel and Professor Moley, broadcast over station WEVD, New York City, and arranged under the auspices of the Rand School of Social Science*

# Why Make Those



Listen to Martha Raye Tuesday nights on CBS, sponsored by Lifebuoy. Below, with her first husband, Bud Westmore.

*Paramount*



## by Martha Raye

**■ Wedded happiness isn't just luck—that's the lesson one girl learned from a disastrous first experience**

A CAREER marriage *can* work.

David, who is very practical about such things, would say that I'm "sticking my neck out a mile" making such a statement—after all, we haven't had any anniversaries to celebrate so far, except for monthly ones, and this *is* Hollywood, where anything can happen, even to the best laid plans.

But just the same, I say that a career marriage *can* work—if, all other things being equal, a couple enters it with their eyes open, determined not to make the simple, fatal mistakes that have wrecked so many other promising partnerships.

Because David and I did all of our worrying *before* we made that trip to Ensenada. Everytime we'd bump up against an "if" or a "maybe,"

# Marriage Mistakes?

we'd sit right down and work out a way to get around it, and the result is a system which we think will make our marriage work—no matter how hard Hollywood tries to defeat it—and probably would help any marriage to sail along on an even keel, whether it's in Hollywood, or Muncie, Indiana.

My first marriage was unsuccessful. In it I'd made enough mistakes to wreck every happy home from here to Calcutta. I'd let the public, friends, work, outside interests, everything, come between me and my home. I suppose the public hasn't forgotten that first, brief and unhappy marriage of mine—and you can be sure I haven't. But at least it pointed out the pitfalls which David and I must avoid, if we are to have the happy life together that both of us want so terribly.

I'm optimist enough to think that I can learn how to do things the right way from doing them the wrong way. There should be lessons here for you, too, even if your home isn't in Hollywood and you aren't working for a living in radio and the movies—because, fundamentally, the lessons I learned apply to every marriage, everywhere.

Dave and I want to stay married just as much as you do, for we both believe that marriage is the best way of life, even for two ambitious careerists. We think we have found the key.

Briefly, it's this: Work together when you can. When the job at hand is something you have to do alone, then *do it alone.* Don't drag the other fellow in, just to stand around and wait for you. Guard a free hour together, as though it were your last hour on earth. And don't let *anybody* intrude on it.

Just two simple rules. Just two *don'ts.*

But ignore them, and before you know it marriage rhymes with mess.

I think these rules will work not only for the first year together, but for the first ten, and the first twenty, and forever.

David and I were thinking in terms of a whole life together when we exchanged wedding vows in that little chapel at Ensenada. "Till death

(*Continued on page* 75)



Dave and I want to stay married, just as much as you do, for we both believe that is the best way of life.

# THIS IS

**(BUT DON'T ASK US**



■ Jackie Coogan, Frances and Jon watch while Ken Murray does an impersonation of a roast pig.

■ Guests sat on mats around a low table. Below, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, Dave Rose and Martha Raye; right, Kenny Baker hulas with Betty Grable.



# A LUAU!

**TO PRONOUNCE IT)**

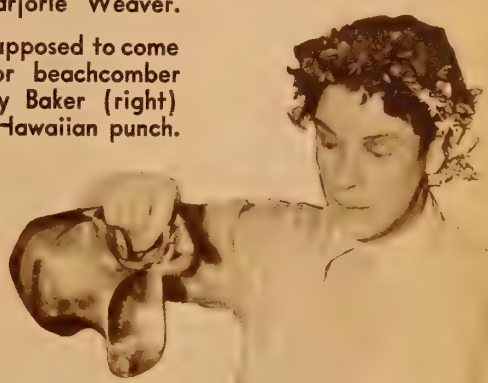


*Photos by Fink*

**The South Seas moved to Hollywood when Jon Hall and Frances Langford gave a real Luau —in plain English, just an evening of Hawaiian high-jinks!**

■ Pineapples, melons, bananas—and Walter Kane, Lynn Bari, Vic Orsatti, Marjorie Weaver.

■ Guests were supposed to come in hula skirts or beachcomber togs—and Kenny Baker (right) poured out the Hawaiian punch.



■ Jackie Coogan offers a big Pineapple to Betty Grable, Ken Murray, Shirley Ross and Ken Dolan.



RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR



# TELEVISION IDEALS

**■ What does it take to be a star of the newest thing on earth? These two beauties know the answer—it's not what you think!**

Do you yearn to star in radio-pictures—but think you haven't the right kind of face or coloring? Then cheer up, for now television engineers say that a girl can be blonde or brunette, piquant or patrician—it doesn't matter as long as she has that one glamorous attribute: Personality! That's something possessed in abundance by the "Television Girls" of the East and West Coasts. Left, Patricia Murray, of New York City, is NBC's nomination.

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR



■ Across the continent, Mutual's Station KHJ in Los Angeles says that Betty Jane Rhodes is also a perfect television type. Betty is already a sound-radio star, singing on her own program every Monday. Patricia has won success in movies, and stars in the Macfadden picture, "I'll Tell the World," which will be shown at the New York World's Fair this summer. Both girls are blonde, but that's just a coincidence. Patricia's features are regular and rather large; Betty's are smaller and more sharply modeled. But both photograph like a million—and that's what's important.



NEW YORK CITY listeners this spring heard Juanita Hansen speak the startling words printed on the opposite page.

Once a lovely star of the silent movies, she began taking heroin during an illness. In 1922 she undertook a cure, which was completed in 1924. But in 1928 she was severely scalded in a shower bath, and formed the habit a second time, so that once more she went through the heart-breaking task of curing herself. Now, her movie career behind her, she is planning a narcotics exhibit at the New York World's Fair, where she will lecture this summer.

# I took



■ Opposite, Juanita Hansen in 1918, at the height of her career; above, with Jack Mulhall in a scene from an early film.

■ Left, Miss Hansen as she is today. Above, as the heroine of an old-time serial called "The Secret of the Submarine."

**AS BROADCAST BY MISS HANSEN ON STATION WMCA**

MY mission is to warn the youth of America against narcotics —I would save them from paying the price I paid through ignorance.

I believe ignorance is the root of all evil. I cannot and I will not believe that the intelligent youth of our nation today would deliberately destroy their God-given good health if they knew the destructive power of all narcotic drugs.

From the first indulgence down the path that leads to addiction, the steps are so gradual that the victim is unsuspectingly caught in the undertow that grips and binds.

If you only knew the suffering and mental anguish the unfortunate victims of this menace endure you would be horrified. I know whereof I speak for on the altar of dope I placed a career, health, wealth and youth.

Much has been said about limiting the source of supply of narcotic drugs. I believe that is putting the cart before the horse. Stop the demand and there will be no need for supply—this can only be accomplished through education.

I want you to tell your children if they are ever tempted to try marijuana cigarettes, heroin, morphine, cocaine or opium in any form, I want them to think of me. I had everything in the world to live for —a beautiful future in motion pictures and I lost it all through narcotics. It took me two years to regain my health, and every day, week and month of that two years was filled with physical pain and such extreme nervousness I nearly lost my reason.

For the past two years I have carried a dream in my heart: that I might have a Narcotic Museum at the New York World's Fair—which will be the first Educational Narcotic Exhibition of its kind ever to be shown. To that end—I have toured United States, lecturing in Schools, Teacher's Colleges, Universities, Federated Women's Clubs, Civic groups and from the pulpits of many churches

I want to take the Narcotic Problem out of the taboo category and bring it right out into the open—for our only weapon against this narcotic menace is Education. If we would save our children from this narcotic evil then throw off the cloak of ignorance. I would rather have all the risks which come from the free discussion of the narcotic evil than the greater risks we run by the Conspiracy of Silence. Open the door of knowledge to all for ignorance will destroy the beauty of the world.

# Dope

# FORMER SCREEN STAR BROADCASTS A DARING CONFESSION



# I Dare

■ **Dedicated to every couple in love, but most of all to those who are afraid to marry without money—a course in happiness by the director of radio's Original Good Will Hour**

*by*

*John J. Anthony*

*John J. Anthony is the director and master of ceremonies of the Original Good Will Hour, sponsored by Ironized Yeast and heard over the Mutual Broadcasting System every Sunday at 10:00 P. M., E. S. T. He is also director of his own Marital Relations Institute, and is well known as an authority on marriage and its problems.*

THEY come to me by the hundreds—young men and women in love, wanting each other, anxious to marry, yet prevented from doing so by one thing: money, or the lack of it. Confused and uncertain, they know what they want, but not how to get it. They ask me for advice. They've been told they should be "practical." They've been advised to wait until they have some money in the bank — until John gets a raise—until Jane can quit her job —until they can afford to buy their own furniture. There is always, in these cases—an "until."

In all but a very few instances my advice is the same: "Don't wait. Tomorrow may never come. Get married now—and *then* tackle the problems that are worrying you."

For these youngsters, with their doubts and fears, are the most terrible indictment of our modern age that it is possible to conceive. A hundred years ago, we in America had no automobiles, no radios, no telephones, none of the many luxuries which today we think of as necessities. The words "standard of living" were unknown. For shelter, many a happy couple had nothing better than a log hut, with the wind whistling through its chinks. But when two young people fell in love, they went ahead and got married, and didn't worry too much over jobs and finances. Or if they did want to be "practical," there was enough security in the world to enable them to plan ahead and eventually find happiness without waiting for too many years.

But today, in far too many cases, young men and women are being forced to postpone their happiness. They are being denied the right to marry—the right to the greatest happiness possible to a man and woman. Thousands of young people—and some, unfortunately, not so young — who have prepared themselves to take part in modern life, now find suddenly that modern life doesn't want them and won't grant them the security they need to build a home and family.

To you who are caught in this deadlock, I have only one answer: Take your courage in your hands and marry anyway. Don't wait, and don't gamble with your future happiness.

I am assuming, of course, that you are really in love—that you are aware of the difference between love and infatuation, that you have looked into your hearts honestly, and found there, not sexual desire alone, but all the other things that go to make up a marriage as well: loyalty, community of interests, affection, friendship, respect. This article isn't meant for you otherwise.

But if you are in love, it's your right to be married, and no one can take it away from you.

Frank and Judy came to see me recently. Both were graduates of a large Eastern university. I looked into their faces and saw two examples of fine American youth. They were intelligent, healthy, ambitious—and, I thought, courageous. They'd make good citizens of any town in the country.

"We want to get married," Frank told me, "but neither of us has a job—and the way things look now, the chances aren't very bright. For more than a year we've both been living with our parents, hoping something would turn up

# I Marry?"

so we could marry and have a home of our own. Lately the worry and strain have been getting us both down—we've started losing our tempers at each other, and we never used to do that."

I looked at the two unhappy faces. "And what did you want me to tell you?" I asked sympathetically.

Frank blushed and shifted in his chair with embarrassment, but he'd come to ask my advice and he meant to go through with it.

"We made up our minds we could do one of two things. We could call the whole thing off, and decide not to see each other any more — or we could — well, we could be happy together without waiting to get married."

"You mustn't do either of those things," I told him. "You must go right down to the court house, get a license, and find a preacher to marry you. But, once you're married, go out and try to get jobs —try exactly twice as hard as you've already been trying."

To this young couple, battered and bruised by lack of sympathy from all sides, this simple suggestion served as an inspiration. Under its impact they found new hope and faith in each other and in themselves. They married, and it was only a couple of weeks later that they'd both found jobs—small ones, to be sure, but nevertheless a means of earning their living.

They're living now in a one-room apartment. According to some standards, they're only existing. Yet I've seldom seen two happier kids. With their love to sustain them, they can get along on very little. They'll prosper later. Meanwhile, they are not forsaking their moments of happiness because of economic insecurity.

Frank and Judy were just one couple who proved the truth that problems which seem insurmountable to (*Continued on page* 60)



■ "We want to get married, but neither of us has a job—and the chances right now aren't very bright. Which shall we do—call the whole thing off and not see each other any more—or take our courage in our hands?"



"Menace in both eyes and ruin in every whisper." But you'll have your own description of radio's new matinee idol when you tune in Charles Boyer

# Latin

WHEN Charles Boyer made his stage debut in Paris some years ago, one dramatic critic raved—"He acts as if he had a temperature of a hundred and four!"

When he hypnotized Hollywood on the screen a few years later, the local victims cried — "He's more magnetic than Valentino!"

After the preview of "Algiers" last year, one ordinarily dignified and sensible Hollywood glamour girl wailed right out in public—"His attraction is positively tormenting!" And just the other day I heard a little Hollywood extra on his set sigh wistfully—

"That guy Boyer has menace in both eyes and ruin in every whisper!"

They're saying much the same superlative things about Charles Boyer again today—only this time the praise rings out along Radio Row in Hollywood where the mesmerizing personality of this electric Frenchman has already made him a solid, sensational hit every Sunday on Woodbury's Hollywood Playhouse over NBC.

And once again the power of his amazing personality is cast in the light of a mystery. You can get an argument any hour of the day at the corner of Sunset and Vine on this subject: What has Charles Boyer got? How does he do it?

Well—people have been trying to figure that out ever since Charles was in diapers. His own mother was baffled. When Charles was little more than a pair of big black eyes and barely able to talk, she trotted him down to a church school in the little town in France where he was born.

"I don't expect you to teach my son anything," she told the sister. "He's too young for lessons. But —I wish you'd see if you can make him sit down and be still!"

A few weeks later Charles came home and babbled out in perfect order a long religious poem. His folks were astounded and a little

# Lover on the Air

## By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

angry, too. They promptly scolded the teacher for putting a mere infant to such a prodigious task of memory. The teacher was just as astounded.

"He's never had a lesson," she protested. "He's just been sitting still!" But while he was learning to sit still the terrific vitality of Baby Charles had to be spent doing something. So he had silently mastered all the lessons of the older kids!

You can't analyze that certain something Boyer has—except that it's something which is dynamite, especially to the fair sex. You might as well try to catalogue the attraction of Clark Gable or the lure of Hedy Lamarr. Boyer's got it—and that's that. But as for how he's brought it to the air—that's something different.

I didn't expect to find him in studio A at NBC's great new Hollywood Radio City. Our date at Thursday night rehearsal was one thing—but the Academy Award Banquet that same night was another, and a very big other. It's the biggest night in a film star's year, as everyone knows, the night when the highest honors of the screen are bestowed, when coveted gold "Oscar" statuettes are doled out and all Hollywood pays honor to the lucky winners.

Charles Boyer had been nominated for the 1938 male star performance award. What's more, with vast respect pervading Hollywood for his work in "Algiers," it looked very much as if he'd get it. He didn't, as you know now, but that's not the point.

The point is that Woodbury rehearsals start at eight o'clock and at eight-one Charles Boyer hurried down the long corridor toward me, his gray overcoat, worn in Napoleonic cape fashion, flying in the breeze, his cigarette trailing sparks.

"Am I late?" he asked anxiously.

"I didn't expect you at all," I said. "I thought you'd be at the Academy Dinner. You may get the award, you know."

He shook his head. "I feel very bad about not showing up there," he said. "Since they were good enough to nominate me, it seems rude not to attend. But," he shrugged, "I have work to do here. I couldn't disappoint these people." And that settled it. He rushed into the rehearsal studio.

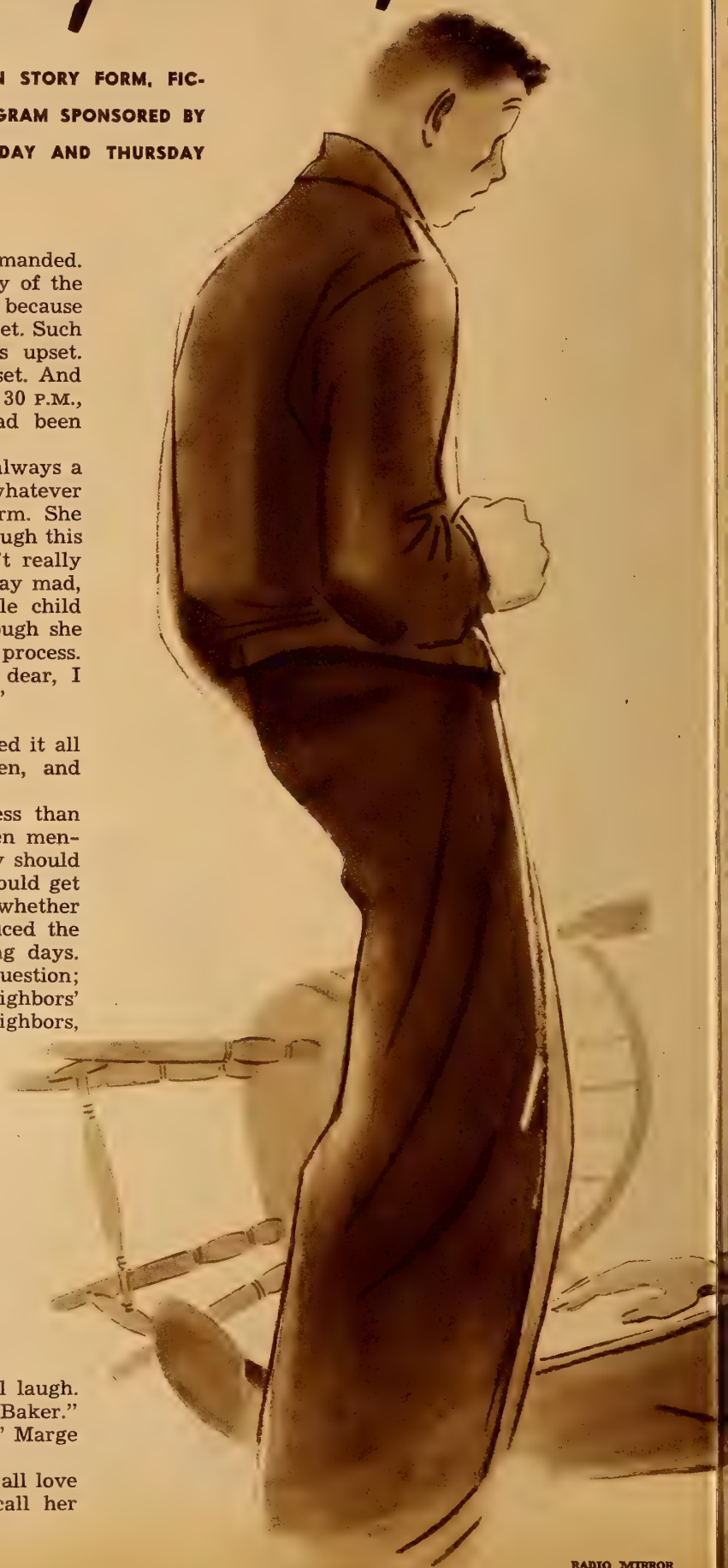
Now that, I think, shows two important things about Charles Boyer. First, work comes absolutely first in his life (*Continued on page 79*)

■ Boyer and his charming wife, Pat Paterson, who helps him over his big stumbling block.



# That's My Baby!

**MEET THE EASY ACES FOR THE FIRST TIME IN STORY FORM, FICTIONIZED BY LYNN BURR FROM THE RADIO PROGRAM SPONSORED BY ANACIN, HEARD OVER NBC, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY**



"WHERE have you been?" Mr. Ace demanded. Jane Ace stood there in the doorway of the bungalow, wearing a contented smile because she was just too dumb to know when to be upset. Such as this occasion, for instance. Mr. Ace was upset. Marge, the family's closest spectator, was upset. And both with righteous cause. For the hour was 8:30 P.M., neither had had their dinner, and Jane had been missing all day.

Mr. Ace tried to be patient, though it was always a painful process for him, for he knew that whatever Jane had been up to, she had meant no harm. She just had a big heart and little brains, and although this produced many trying situations, you couldn't really get mad at her. Or if you did, you couldn't stay mad, anymore than you could stay mad at a little child who was trying to bake you a cake, even though she burned the whole back of the house off in the process.

Jane paused and looked surprised. "Why dear, I thought you knew. I've been to the orphange."

"The Orphange?"

"Yes, to adapt a child. After all, we discussed it all last week and I tried out different children, and everything . . ."

Mr. Ace sat down heavily. It had been less than a week ago when somehow, orphans had been mentioned, and Jane had as suddenly decided they should "adapt" one. Ace and Marge had talked, but could get no further than to make Jane undecided as to whether it should be a boy or a girl. This had produced the trying situation they'd endured for three long days. For Jane thought up a way to decide the question; she'd try out both sexes, by borrowing the neighbors' children, a girl one day, a boy the next. The neighbors, who knew a good thing when they saw it, were happy to cooperate.

Three days of the worst children the neighborhood could produce, with Jane still undecided, had Ace feeling confident the idea of "adapting" a child had played itself out. But no. Now Jane had been to the orphanage!

"Oh yes," Jane explained, "I've been every day for the last three days. But it's so hard to decide because they've got more children than you can shake. I got acquainted with most of them though."

"Oh, you did?"

"Yes, and some of them got to know me. They'd say, 'She's in again!', and we'd all laugh. Oh, I learned a lot about children from Mrs. Baker."

"She's the head of the orphanage, I take it?" Marge asked.

"Uh huh. She's awfully sweet. The children all love her. They have a nickname for her. They call her Simon Legree."

**What's nicer than adopting a lonely orphan, except when the little waif is six feet tall and has to shave? The Easy Aces discover the disconcerting answer in this rollicking story**

■ Ace never knew what hit him! He slumped to the floor like a wet sack. "Say, you big lug," Marge demanded of Cokey, "Who are you hitting?"



Illustration by Mary Horton

"Isn't that awful?" Ace moaned, and then rose from his chair. "Well, all this can wait. How about some supper?"

"But it can't wait." Jane jumped up, and opening the front door, went out on the porch. In a second she reappeared. Behind her stood a huge, hulk of a young man with a forlorn look on his face. He towered above Jane like a giant, and looked for all the world like the entire Pittsburgh backfield.

"What's that?" Ace demanded.

"I want you all to meet Cokey," Jane said.

"Cokey?" Ace muttered. "Jane, what's the idea of coming home with strange men?"

"But he's not a man, dear. Not quite. He won't be twenty-one for another month."

"All right, where does he fit in?"

"Don't you see dear, I adapted him."

"You what?"

"I adapted . . . Well, after all, those small children I tried out last week were so much trouble, and this afternoon the idea hit me in the face like a flash in the pan. I decided that as long as we're going to adapt a child, why not get one big enough to shovel coal and tend the furnace."

"Jane, you didn't?" Marge exclaimed.

"Yes, wasn't that smart of me? We had an awful time getting here though. We hitch hoke."

"Hitch hoke?"

"Yes, he showed me how. I didn't know before that if you put your hand out like this with your thumb like this they stop the car and let you in. I knew about putting your hand out the window when you want to turn, and . . ."

"Jane, will you stop this jabbering?"

Jane did, for a second, and Ace slid down in the chair. "A twenty-year-old 'child', named COKEY!" he muttered.

The following afternoon Cokey was still "in," by virtue of Ace having been at work all day, and not having figured out a way to talk Jane out of the idea of keeping him. In the meantime, between shoveling coal, and listening to "mother," Cokey was very busy.

"And another thing," Jane rattled on, "you have to go out sometime and play. You've stayed inside all day today, and there's a lot of children around here. What do you like to play?"

"Pool."

"Well, tomorrow I'll . . ." Jane hesitated. "Pool? I don't think they play that around here. Is that all you can play?"

"I play first base."

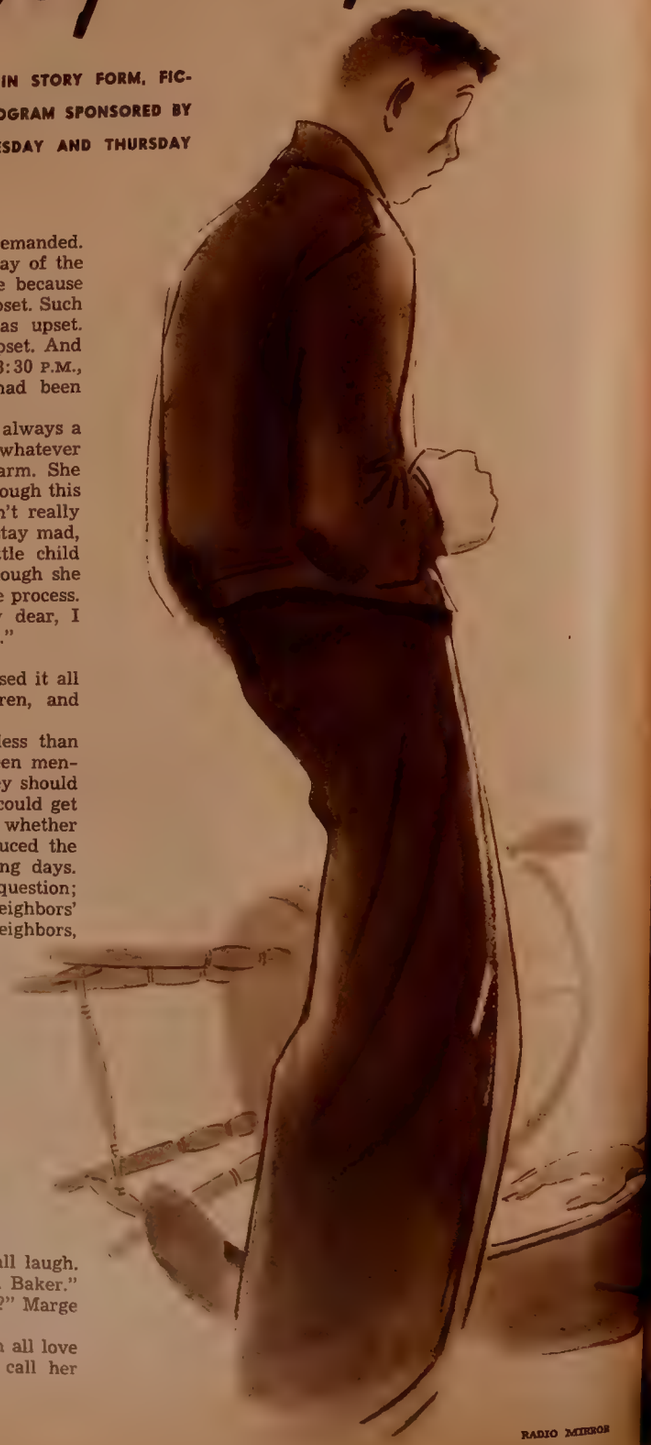
"First base? That's a new one I guess. Oh, I forgot. Isn't it time for you to tend the furnace again?"

"Yes. It's been fifteen minutes."

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"Yes. It's been fifteen minutes."

Illustration by Mary Horton

Cokey strode slowly over to the cellar door, and a few minutes after he'd gone downstairs, Ace arrived home.

"What is this, Jane?" he drawled as soon as he got inside, "Do you have to keep it this hot in here?"

"Is it hot, dear?"

"Is it hot? It's suffocating!"

"Well, Cokey's been tending the furnace."

"Oh. . . . Well, you tell him to let it cool off a little." Stomping out in the back Ace opened a window. After all, he didn't want to hurt Jane's feelings, but this was too impossible to continue. All day long he'd racked his brain for some means of maneuvering Jane into changing her mind, but without success. So he'd finally decided to come out bluntly, and put his foot down. "Jane, this is the most ridiculous situation we've ever been in. That big lummox is going back to the orphanage."

"What?"

"Now you heard me. I don't want any trouble with the orphanage, and I don't want any trouble with you."

"Oh dear," Jane began to wail, "my own child, my own flesh and bones . . ."

". . . Your own flesh and bones?"

"Well," Jane mumbled, "it seems like it now."

THE argument which ensued dragged out into the evening, Ace trying to use common sense, battling against Jane's sudden "mother" instinct to protect her "young." Ace's idea was very simple and sound. Cokey would be released from the orphanage on his twenty-first birthday anyway, which was only a month away. Ace had talked to Jane's brother Johnny, who had married into a responsible position in the local department store, and between them they'd gotten a job for Cokey, to start when he became twenty-one. In the meantime, Ace wanted to send Cokey back to the orphanage, since no binding papers had been signed. It was slow going through all of Jane's "My own flesh and bones," "It'll break his little heart," and similar remarks, but finally Ace won his point. Cokey was called up from the cellar.

"Oh dear," Jane wept, "I don't know how to say it."

"Well, don't start to weep."

"But I can't help it. I'm the weeper sex."

"Oh," Ace moaned, and then turned to Cokey. "Look, Cokey, we've got a job for you when you're twenty-one, but in the meantime you'll have to go back to the orphanage."

Cokey's huge, dumb face fell, and he looked as if his best friend had just sold him down the river. After a second his expression returned once more to its usual nothingness, and he spoke very calmly.

"Oh, no you don't."

"Yes, and we'll . . . Huh?" Ace looked dumfounded.

"You're not gonna send me back. I've seen what happens to those nobody wants."

And on this point, Cokey remained firm. Marge returned home a few minutes later to find them all arguing in the hallway, and she too, joined in the discussions. Through the better part of the evening they pleaded and begged, but Cokey seemed to know only four words, which he kept repeating over and over in answer to all attempts to get rid of him. "Oh, no you don't."

It was the next morning when all else had failed, that Ace finally lost his temper. He turned to Marge first. "You better go to work. You're late now."

Marge only laughed. "No sir. I wouldn't miss this for the world."

Ace grunted, and turned to Cokey. "All right you, you're going out of here." But as Ace stepped forward to eject him bodily, Cokey's right hand came up like a lazy sledgehammer. Ace never knew what hit him! He slumped to the floor like a wet sack.

"Say, you big lug," Marge demanded, "who are you hitting?"

"I didn't mean to. . . ."

"Oh dear," Jane fluttered, "he struck his own father."

"But I . . ."

"Ace dear, wake up," Jane called. "Oh, he looks so comfortable, it's a shame to . . ."

"Here, this'll fix him," Marge, coming from the dining room with a glass of water, dashed it in Ace's face. He groaned. "Ohhhh," and slowly opened his eyes.

"What time is it?"

"Half past ten."

"I must have overslept."

At that moment the doorbell rang, and who should appear on the scene but Jane's garrulous brother Johnny. He strode through the doorway with, "Hello everybody," and then stopped. "Say, what happened to you, Ace?'

"He . . ."

"And who's this?"

"That's it. That's what happened to Ace."

"Oh yeah," Johnny remembered, "this is Cokey. Ace told me about him yesterday and we got him a job with the old man down at the store. But I thought he was going back to the orphanage for a month."

"So did we," Marge agreed, "but just try and budge him. He won't move."

"He won't. . . . Well, that's simple. Just call up the orphanage, they'll send somebody to . . ."

"Oh, no you don't," Cokey inserted calmly, but firmly.

"What?"

"Oh, no you don't."

"He means no," Marge explained.

"Now, see here, my good fellow, you may be able to bluff these people here, but you'll find *me* a different story."

"Johnny, I wouldn't start anything with . . ." (*Cont'd on page* 78)



They're Jane and Goodman Ace in private life as well as in their thrice-weekly NBC series.

# This Happened to Me

**A success story in swing time—brought to you in his own words by the jitterbugs' newest idol**



## BY ARTIE SHAW

### As told to Jerry Mason

*Seldom have the editors of* RADIO MIRROR *published a success story as unusual as this. Last month Artie Shaw told you of his early life—of poverty in one of New York's "Dead End" slums—of how he quit school when he was fifteen because all he wanted to do was play a saxophone, and at once became a full-fledged musician in a dance band—and of how he slept on park benches and washed dishes for his meals when he was barely old enough to shave. Now, at twenty-nine, he is a famous bandleader—and this is how it happened:*

PART II

I WAS faced with two offers—and I couldn't make up my mind which one to take. I was sixteen years old, and although I'd been earning my own living as a musician for considerably more than a year, I still didn't have enough maturity to make a decision that was likely to affect the rest of my life.

The California Ramblers wanted me—a band that was then, in 1926, riding the crest of the wave. On the other hand, my second offer was from a Cleveland band that I was convinced was going places. Having a pair of good jobs like these handed to me on a silver platter was flattering — but remembering the lean days I'd already been through, and suspecting that some just as lean would come along in the future, I couldn't help wishing that the offers didn't have to come together.

After a whole day and night of indecision, I finally decided to send a wire of (*Continued on page* 62)

# THE CASE OF THE Hollywood Scandal

by

Erle Stanley Gardner

**Author of**
**"The Case of the Velvet Claws"**
**"The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.**



She got to her feet and pointed angrily at him.

*The story thus far:*

WILLIAM C. FOLEY hired me as his secretary because he liked my voice. Later I discovered that he judged people's character by their voices. On the very first day of my new job things began to happen. A man who said he was a private detective investigating the hit-and-run injury of Mr. Foley's former secretary forced his way into the office and demanded to see my employer. After Mr. Foley had gotten rid of him, another visitor came—Frank C. Padgham, who seemed to be a talent agent. I was called into the office while Mr. Foley dictated a long agreement between Padgham and two men named Carter Wright and Woodley Page. Mr. Foley instructed me to type the agreement and deliver it to a Wilshire address that night.

On my way to carry out his instructions I was almost run down by a car—and it didn't look like an accident, either. I was panic-stricken when I reached the house. It seemed completely deserted. Then, coming from upstairs, I heard a thumping noise. Investigating, I found Bruce Eaton, the radio and movie star, bound and gagged in a closet. I set him free, and under pretense of getting a drink, he slipped out of the house, leaving me alone. As I started to follow him, I picked up a safe-deposit key from the floor—and then, through an open door at the end of the hall, I saw a dead man slumped over a desk!

While I stood gaping, every light in the house went out, and I hurried downstairs. At the front door I met Mr. Padgham and told him what I'd seen. He went into the dark house, telling me to get in his car and wait for him. Instead, I went to a nearby drug store and called Bruce Eaton's agent, telling him to give Eaton a message from the young woman who removed his gag—to call me at the office the next day.

I returned to the house, to find Padgham and his car both gone, but Mr. Foley was there. I told him everything that had happened, except about Bruce Eaton and the key, and he advised me to go into the drug store and tell the clerk to notify the police of the mur-

**Should a beautiful secretary remain loyal to her boss or believe blindly in the man she loves? Miss Bell finds Cupid isn't the least dangerous foe in this thrilling serial of murder in filmland**



"And I thought I could count on you for help!"

**Illustration by Mario Cooper**

der. I did as he said, and returned to his car. All evening I'd kept tight hold of the brief case with the Padgham agreement in it. But now, when Mr. Foley asked me for it—the brief case was empty!

PART III

MORNING BROUGHT the newspapers and gave me the first really definite information I'd been able to obtain about what actually happened.

Police, it seemed, having been notified by a drug clerk that the body of a murdered man was in one of the more expensive homes in an exclusive Wilshire district, had sent a radio car to investigate.

The house turned out to be the property of Charles Temmler, a wealthy, retired contractor. The police found the front door of the house unlocked. A main light switch near the heater on the back porch had been thrown, plunging the entire house into darkness. Using flashlights, the police climbed the stairs to the second floor, where they found a dead man seated at a desk in what was evidently an upstairs study. From letters in the man's pockets and cards in his cardcase, the police tentatively identified the body as that of one Carter Wright, a man who had been employed by Mr. Temmler as chauffeur.

Death had been practically instantaneous, caused by a bullet fired at close range from a .38 caliber automatic.

In another upstairs bedroom, the police had found evidence which led them to believe a man had been tied and gagged. Two handkerchiefs, moist from saliva, and which had evidently been used as gags, had been found on the floor. A sheet had been jerked from a bed, torn into strips, and tied in square, business-like knots. Later on, apparently, this man had been liberated by some person who had cut through the strips of cloth with a sharp knife. There was no clue whatever as to the identity of either of these two persons. Police were testing everything on the property for fingerprints.

I was particularly interested in seeing myself as others saw me, for the clerk in the drug store had given a description of the woman who had reported the murder. This young woman was the subject of intensive and widespread search. I read the description with interest.

Dark chestnut hair, rich (*Continued on page* 81)

# THE CASE OF THE Hollywood Scandal

by

Erle Stanley Gardner

Author of
"The Case of the Velvet Claws"
"The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.

Should a beautiful secretary remain loyal to her boss or believe blindly in the man she loves? Miss Bell finds Cupid isn't the least dangerous foe in this thrilling serial of murder in filmland



She got to her feet and pointed angrily at him.



"And I thought I could count on you for help!"

Illustration by Mario Cooper

*The story thus far:*

WILLIAM C. FOLEY hired me as his secretary because he liked my voice. Later I discovered that he judged people's character by their voices. On the very first day of my new job things began to happen. A man who said he was a private detective investigating the hit-and-run injury of Mr. Foley's former secretary forced his way into the office and demanded to see my employer. After Mr. Foley had gotten rid of him, another visitor came—Frank C. Padgham, who seemed to be a talent agent. I was called into the office while Mr. Foley dictated a long agreement between Padgham and two men named Carter Wright and Woodley Page. Mr. Foley instructed me to type the agreement and deliver it to a Wilshire address that night.

On my way to carry out his instructions I was almost run down by a car—and it didn't look like an accident, either. I was panic-stricken when I reached the house. It seemed completely deserted. Then, coming from upstairs, I heard a thumping noise. Investigating, I found Bruce Eaton, the radio and movie star, bound and gagged in a closet. I set him free, and under pretense of getting a drink, he slipped out of the house, leaving me alone. As I started to follow him, I picked up a safe-deposit key from the floor—and then, through an open door at the end of the hall, I saw a dead man slumped over a desk!

While I stood gaping, every light in the house went out, and I hurried downstairs. At the front door I met Mr. Padgham and told him what I'd seen. He went into the dark house, telling me to get in his car and wait for him. Instead, I went to a nearby drug store and called Bruce Eaton's agent, telling him to give Eaton a message from the young woman who removed his gag—to call me at the office the next day.

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Dark chestnut hair, rich (*Continued on page 81*)

# FACING the MUSIC

BY KEN ALDEN



■ Hal Kemp sits one out with his wife, Martha Stephenson; left, three important members of his orchestra—Mickey Bloom, Jack LeMaire and Saxie Dowell.





■ Andre Kostelanetz creates a new instrument, a "bass drum fiddle."

BENNY GOODMAN insists he is not breaking up his band. The star soloists who have left the king of swing to form their own bands were all recipients of Benny's good wishes . . . Cab Calloway and warbler June Richmond have parted company . . . Kay Kyser hits the west coast this summer . . . Charles Baum stays at New York's St. Regis throughout the summer . . . Red Nichols set to supplant Teddy Wilson at the Famous Door by May 1 . . . Eddy Duchin is now giving his "magic fingers of radio" a workout in Chicago's Palmer House with a MBS wire . . . They say Hal Kemp and Tony Martin were none too friendly offstage when the pair shared top billing at New York's Paramount . . . Orrin Tucker takes his "conversational music" to San Francisco by the time you read this . . . Elmo Tanner, Ted Weems' whistling soloist, and Eleanor Jones, a Birmingham school teacher, tied the knot . . .

As predicted here Tommy Dorsey gets the New York Hotel Pennsylvania roof berth this summer . . . Ben Bernie shifts to the Hotel Astor roof on July 3 for the World's Fair tourist trade . . . Helen O'Connell, 19-year-old singer, who got her first break with Larry Funk's band, is now working for Jimmy Dorsey. Helen replaced Ella Mae Morse . . . Three bands rapidly rising in public favor are Charlie Barnett, Gray Gordon and Jan Savitt. Barnett has the looks and ability to worry Shaw. Gordon scored at New York's Hotel Edison and was elevated from Bluebird to Victor platters. This is the first time in history that the record company transferred a band from lower priced disks to higher priced ones . . . Jan Savitt came up from Philadelphia to Gotham and revealed an interesting style. Jan used to play fiddle for Toscanini . . . Artie Shaw will be featured in a Warner Brothers picture when he gets to the coast with the Bob Benchley show.

## THE NEW HAL KEMP

THE slender, soft-eyed collegian who sprouted like a string bean over the heads of other North Carolina students as he spoke hopefully of leading a professional dance band, was a far cry from the sophisticated showman who now tops one of radio's favorite orchestras.

But both descriptions fit Hal Kemp. That is, the first one did fit before the "Time to Shine" CBS maestro passed through a multitude of experiences that eventually stamped him as one of America's great dance band figures.

The Mason & Dixon hayseed who developed through the years into a

(*Continued on page* 56)



# Inside Radio

## The New Radio Mirror Almanac

### BY THE STUDIO SNOOPER

■ Presenting the listener's best friend—a complete network program directory, day-by-day reminders of highlights you don't want to miss, thumbnail biographies of interesting people, and the fascinating behind the scenes stories of seven programs!

PROGRAMS FROM APRIL 26 TO MAY 25

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | **8:00 A.M.** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Peerless Trio** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Organ Recital** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Four Showmen** |
| | | | **8:45** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Animal News** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| | | | CBS: **From the Organ Loft** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Turn Back the Clock** |
| | | | **9:15** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Red: **Tom Teriss** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Wings Over Jordan** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Melody Moments** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| | | 9:00 | CBS: **Church of the Air** |
| | | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **String Quartet** |
| | | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Radio Pulpit** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| | | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Russian Melodies** |
| | | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Music and Youth** |
| | | | **11:00** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | **11:05** |
| | 9:05 | 10:05 | NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen** |
| | | | **11:15** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Chimney House** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | **11:30** |
| 8:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **MAJOR BOWES FAMILY** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Southernaires** |
| | | | **12: Noon** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Music for Moderns** |
| | | | **12:30 P.M.** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table** |
| | | | **1:00** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **Church of the Air** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Blue: **GREAT PLAYS** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Red: **Ireene Wicker** |
| | | | **2:00** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Americans All** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Blue: **Magic Key of RCA** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's** |
| | | | **2:30** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Words Without Music** |
| | | | **2:45** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Kidoodlers** |
| | | | **3:00** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: **N. Y. PHILHARMONIC** (Ends Apr. 30) |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Sunday Drivers** |
| | | | **3:30** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Blue: **Festival of Music** |
| | | | **4:00** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **National Vespers** |
| | | | **4:15** |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Hendrick W. Van Loon** |
| | | | **4:30** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Blue: **Crawford Caravan** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **The World is Yours** |
| | | | **5:00** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | CBS: **St. Louis Blues** |
| | | | **5:30** |
| | 3:30 | 4:30 | MBS: **The Shadow** |
| 8:00 | 3:30 | 4:30 | CBS: **BEN BERNIE** |
| | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **The Spelling Bee** |
| | | | **6:00** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **SILVER THEATER** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Blue: **New Friends of Music** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour** |
| | | | **6:30** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **Gateway to Hollywood** |
| | | | **7:00** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **People's Platform** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **World's Fair Program** |
| 7:30 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **JACK BENNY** |
| | | | **7:30** |
| | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Screen Guild** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Blue: **Radio Guild** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon** |
| | | | **8:00** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **Dance Hour** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **Out of the West** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **DON AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **FORD SYMPHONY** |
| 6:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **HOLLYWOOD PLAY-HOUSE** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| 7:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **Walter Winchell** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music** |
| | | | **9:45** |
| 7:15 | 7:45 | 8:45 | NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| 5:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Robert Benchley** (ends May 14) |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Circle** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | MBS: **Goodwill Hour** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Cheerio** |
| | | | **11:00** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Dance Orchestra** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: **Dance Orchestra** |

# SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone watch a Jell-O Show rehearsal.

**Tune-In Bulletin for April 30, May 7, 14 and 21!**

APRIL 30: Daylight Saving Time starts in New York—if your community stays on Standard Time, all your programs will come an hour earlier than before. . . . Three p.m., on CBS, the N. Y. Philharmonic's last program of the season. . . . On all networks, the N. Y. World's Fair opens. . . . Six p.m. on CBS, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., stars on the Silver Theater.

May 7: Nine p.m. on CBS, violinist Jascha Heifetz is on the Ford program.

May 14: Nine p.m. on CBS, the Greenfield Mixed Chorus sings on the Ford Hour. . . . Ten p.m., Robert Benchley and Artie Shaw broadcast their last show on CBS—moving to NBC on Tuesdays.

May 21: Six p.m. on CBS, great actress Helen Hayes stars in a Silver Theater play—this is the first instalment. . . . Six-thirty p.m., NBC, Eamon de Valera, prime minister of Ireland, speaks from the Chicago stadium. . . . Nine p.m., Kirsten Flagstad sings on the CBS Ford Hour.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Jell-O Show, on NBC's Red network from 7:00 to 7:30 Eastern Daylight Saving Time, with a rebroadcast for the West Coast at 7:30, Pacific Standard Time.

If you were Jack Benny, star of the Jell-O Show, you'd have to figure on rehearsing a full week for every thirty-minute program—that's what Jack does. He starts on Monday morning to prepare for next Sunday's show—a full-time job from October until early in July. That's how important radio is to Mr. Benny.

The week's procedure goes something like this. Jack collaborates with his two gag-writers, Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin, and the three are virtually inseparable until the script is in shape. In fact, Jack relies so much on the boys' comedy sense that his screen studio hires them to write additional dialogue for his Paramount pictures. When the script is ready, the regular cast—Mary Livingstone, Kenny Baker, Phil Harris and Don Wilson—get together with Jack to read it. A reading rehearsal means hours of work, because showman Jack insists that every word must be paced, timed and given just the right inflection. The microphone rehearsal doesn't take place until Sunday morning, at the studio, when producers Ted Hediger of NBC and Murray Boland of Young and Rubicam, Jell-O's advertising agency, time the program and make the necessary cuts.

Jack personally supervises every detail of the show, but he's particularly fussy over sound effects. They mean so much to his scripts that he always instructs the soundmen himself, and sometimes during a broadcast even waves his arm to cue the sounds in.

Sunday night, after the broadcast, is "date night" for Jack and Mrs. Jack, who is of course Mary Livingstone. Mary wears a neat tailored suit to rehearsals, but shows up at the actual broadcast in a more sophisticated costume, suitable for the gayety afterwards.

Before the program gets under way in NBC's Studio B in Hollywood Radio City, Jack comes out, cigar in mouth and fiddle in hand, and gives a curtain talk—joking, playing the violin, kidding celebrities in the audience, and introducing Mary's mother, who sits in the front row.

The voice that always says "Telegram for Mr. Benny" is that of Harry Baldwin, who also acts as Jack's secretary. Harry's the only secretary in Hollywood who has a contract—he's been with Jack 11 years. Blanche Stewart, the girl who does all the feminine parts except Mary's, is an old-time vaudeville trouper, and a great friend of Mary's.

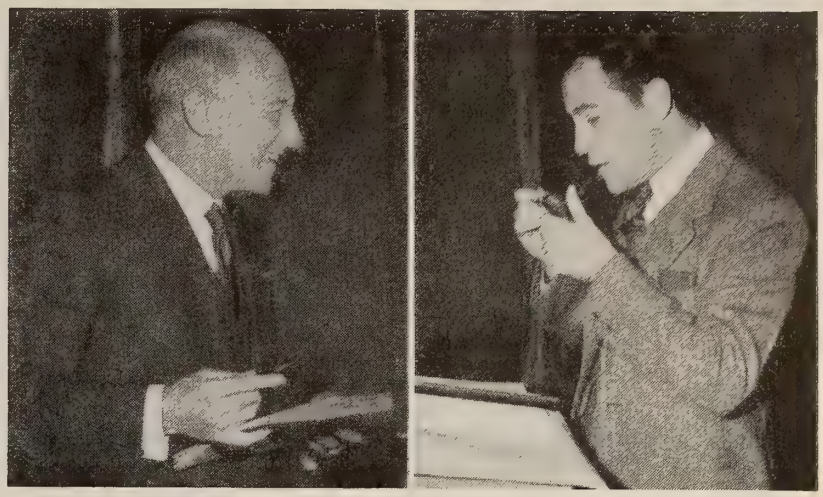


## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**BOB GIBSON—vocalist on Ben Bernie's program, sponsored by Half and Half Tobacco, on CBS at 5:30 today—is a modern Horatio Alger hero—was a CBS page boy little more than a year ago—a CBS executive heard him singing in an empty radio theater, and gave him a chance on a sustaining program—he made good and now sings in the same theater he used to usher in—born in Newark, Bob worked as a telegraph messenger at night, an errand boy in the afternoons—although he's strictly a popular singer, he likes opera to listen to—hates crowds, noise, and the color green.**

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | Eastern Daylight Time |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade** |
| | | | 8:45 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:15 |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 11:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Time for Thought** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
| | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Girl Alone** |
| | | | 5:00 |
| | | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy** |
| | | | 5:15 |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Blue: **Sheriff Bob** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow** |
| | | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:15 |
| 4:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: **Howie Wing** |
| | | | 6:30 |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **Bob Trout** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| 9:00 | 4:45 | 5:45 | CBS: **Sophie Tucker** |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Lum and Abner** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **EDDIE CANTOR** |
| 7:30 | 7:30 | 6:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **Cavalcade of America** |
| 6:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **AL PEARCE** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **Howard and Shelton** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **LUX THEATER** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Morton Downey** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Guy Lombardo** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **True or False** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Contented Hour** |

# MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Director Cecil B. DeMille—assistant director Frank Woodruff.

**Tune-In Bulletin for May 1, 8, 15 and 22!**

MAY 1: It's May Day . . . and all the networks will have May Day Programs. . . . 10:30 p.m. on Mutual, a streamlined version of Gounod's opera, "Faust."

May 8: Remember that Amos 'n' Andy are on CBS tonight at 7:00.

May 15: Ten a.m., on all networks—the King and Queen of England arrive in Canada—something you shouldn't miss.

May 22: On NBC—the King's Plate Race, from Toronto, Canada, and the King and Queen will be there to watch it.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Lux Radio Theater, on CBS from 9:00 to 10:00, Eastern Daylight Time—repeatedly voted America's favorite dramatic air show.

The Lux Theater has been a weekly program, except for short vacations, ever since October 1, 1934, when it made its debut from New York. One year and three months later—January 1, 1936—it moved to Hollywood, and has come from there, under the direction of Cecil B. DeMille, ever since.

Practically every great personality of Hollywood has at one time or another broadcast for Lux from the stage of Columbia's Music Box Theater, on Hollywood Boulevard two blocks north of Columbia Square. It's a handsome theater of Spanish design, seating a thousand people.

Producing the Lux Theater is the biggest undertaking in the radio business, and more persons contribute to the program than to any other on the air, because it is built partly in New York and partly in Hollywood. Ideas and plans cross the country by telephone and telegraph every day in the week.

First, the play is selected, and producing rights are purchased—a job that sometimes involves long legal and business negotiations. Then writers George Wells and Sanford Barnett adapt the play to radio. This is no cinch either, because a play that runs two hours and forty minutes on the stage has to be reduced to 43 minutes on the air. The script is then read by DeMille, Frank Woodruff, and Danny Danker. Woodruff is DeMille's assistant director, and Danker represents the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. Danny Danker is a Hollywood institution, who knows the entire film colony so well he carries the unofficial title of "Mayor of Hollywood." He's the man who signs up the important stars. Probably no one else could wheedle, coax and bully so many famous people into signing on the dotted line. For a Lux guest-shot is fun, but it's also work—all Lux contracts call for a minimum of 25 hours of rehearsal, in order to insure those fine broadcasts.

There are usually about fifty people on the stage at a Lux broadcast—the stars, DeMille, the supporting cast, Lou Silvers' orchestra of 25 men, sound-effects men and technicians. Occasionally, as many as 73 persons are in the actual cast. Supporting players on Lux plays are veteran actors of stage, screen and radio, all of them competent themselves to play the leading roles in case of emergency. Some of them are Lurene Tuttle, Lou Merrill, Edward Marr, Frank Nelson, James Eagles, Sara Selby, Florence Lake and Margaret Brayton.

Besides the play itself, the Lux Theater each week presents guests of honor in interviews with Cecil B. DeMille. These interviews are written by Sandy Barnett.

The Lux Radio Theater is an international institution now. On March 16 DeMille formally opened the Lux Radio Theater of Australia by broadcasting greetings from Hollywood to Sydney, 8,080 miles away.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**TOM HOWARD—the crazy half of the comedy team of Howard and Shelton, stars of the Model Minstrels, sponsored by Model Tobacco, on CBS at 8:30 p.m.—is like Ned Sparks in that he never cracks a smile but delivers his comedy lines with a sad face—he and George Shelton, his partner, prepare their own scripts and never read from them during a broadcast—they get their programs together merely by starting an argument over some subject—almost any subject will do—Tom's a real hobbyist—has a huge collection of more than a thousand pipes in his home at Red Bank, N. J.**

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:45 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:15 |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| 1:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 9:45 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 11:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most out of Life** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| | | 11:00 | CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
| | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Girl Alone** |
| | | | 5:00 |
| | | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy** |
| | | | 5:15 |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Blue: **Sheriff Bob** |
| | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow** |
| | | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:15 |
| 4:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: **Howie Wing** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 6:30 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Jimmie Fidler** |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **HELEN MENKEN** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| 7:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **BIG TOWN** |
| 6:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **The Inside Story** |
| 7:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 8:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **DICK POWELL** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **INFORMATION PLEASE** |
| | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **For Men Only** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **We, the People** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Melody and Madness** |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: **Benny Goodman** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **MARY AND BOB** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **FIBBER McGEE** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Hal Kemp** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Cal Tinney** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Bob Hope** |

# TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Valiant Lady and suitors: Charles Carroll, Joan Blaine, Ray Johnson.

**Tune-In Bulletin for May 2, 9, 16 and 23!**

MAY 2: Two new programs—ten p.m. on CBS, Hal Kemp's band stars in Time to Shine, to continue all summer. . . . Ten-thirty p.m. on NBC-Red, Raleigh Cigarettes sponsor a new show.

May 9: On NBC—the Cotton Carnival from Memphis, Tennessee.

May 16: Watch this time change—tonight and from now on you hear Mary and Bob on NBC-Blue at 9:30, not 9.00.

May 23: Nine p.m. on NBC-Blue—Robert Benchley and Artie Shaw's music start their new series on this network.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Valiant Lady, starring Joan Blaine, sponsored by Wheaties, on NBC's Red network every day except Saturday and Sunday, from 2:30 to 2:45, Eastern Daylight Time.

In a box-like studio in New York's Radio City, far removed from the glamor and hullabaloo of the big night-time shows, a little group of people gather to rehearse and broadcast a fifteen-minute slice of a continued story—the story of Valiant Lady. This is radio as it used to be—no studio audience, no applause, nothing but bare walls and a microphone.

In Valiant Lady's case, there isn't even any music. Its theme song, Estrellita, selected by Joan Blaine herself, comes from far-away Chicago, where all the other programs on the General Mills Hour, of which Valiant Lady is a part, originate. Joan Blaine likes New York and specified when she signed her contract that her show must come from there.

Several of the actors on Valiant Lady are Chicago graduates. Joan herself; Charles Carroll, who plays Dr. Tubby Scott; Raymond Johnson as Paul Morrison; Judith Lowry as Stevie; and even Manny Segal, the sound-effects man, all used to work in Chicago radio. Johnson, a recent addition to the cast, was Joan's leading man several years ago, and she said then that if she ever got a program of her own, on which she could have a say as to story and supporting actors, she wanted him to play opposite her.

In the story of Valiant Lady (which is partly based on Joan Blaine's own life) Johnson and Charles Carroll are rivals for Joan's love; in the studio, at rehearsals, they adopt a joking attitude of rivalry, criticizing each other's performances, glaring at each other over the microphone, and so on. It's one of those private jokes radio actors love to carry on.

Valiant Lady's rehearsal begins at one o'clock, an hour and a half before broadcast time. The studio is on the third floor of Radio City, and outside, in the lobby, is the radio actor's unofficial club—a huge, luxurious lounge where actors who are working and actors who aren't gather to smoke and gossip.

The rehearsal is very quiet, with Joan and the others in the cast gathered around a table in one corner of the room. At two, they run through the script at the standing microphone, timing it. This mike is surrounded by tall screens to deaden the slight echo the walls of the studio make. At 2:29 you'll find Raymond Johnson squatting on the floor, his script spread out in front of him, mumbling a difficult passage to himself. At 2:30 the announcer, at a special mike in another corner of the studio, starts his commercial—and still nobody in the cast seems to be paying much attention. But when the announcer has finished, there they all are, standing at the mike, ready to speak the opening lines.

Joan, one of radio's most charming actresses, always comes to the broadcast beautifully dressed—in fact, she was recently named radio's best-dressed woman by the New York Fashion Academy.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**MILTON CROSS—The "Canada Dry Expert" on tonight's Information Please program, NBC-Blue at 8:30—has been a radio announcer ever since 1922, when broadcasting was just getting started—always with NBC—is quiet and calm, but big and husky too—likes classical music and is NBC's best operatic announcer—wouldn't trade his job of announcing for any other work in the world—has a good tenor singing voice—outside of the Metropolitan opera broadcasts, his favorite program is the Sunday-morning children's show, Coast to Coast on a Bus—he's married—was born in New York City in 1897.**

*(For Wednesday's Highlights, please turn page)*

# Four Famous Paris Dressmakers sponsor the NEW CUTEX Cameo and Cedarwood



Nails in the New Cutex CEDARWOOD



*Schiaparelli*

**Florentine elegance by Schiaparelli—latticed pearl beading on saffron crepe. She suggests nails in romantic Cutex CEDARWOOD.**



*Alix* **Alix spins a dream from miles of violet and pale-blue silk voile—says wear ethereal Cutex CAMEO with it.**



*Lelong* **Lelong's sophisticated afternoon frock in white and two new blues. He recommends chic mauvy nails in Cutex CEDARWOOD.**



*Lanvin*

**Circular tunic frock in mauve-rose moiré from Lanvin. She suggests nails in feminine Cutex CAMEO.**




THERE'S a romantic summer in the cards for you if the hand he holds is tipped with the new Cutex CAMEO or CEDARWOOD! Four great Paris dressmakers—Lanvin, Lelong, Schiaparelli and Alix—sponsor these two enchanting new Cutex nail shades to wear with their most romantic new creations.

Cutex CAMEO is fragile mauve-tinted rambler pink—summery as roses themselves. A pale, cool touch with your violets, blues, candy pinks . . . born to be worn with your delicate new pastels.

Cutex CEDARWOOD is a light rose touched with orchid. Wear it with all the new blues, purples, Paradise yellow, cyclamen, greens. Wear it in the sun or with your favorite evening fluffy-ruffles.

Be irresistible this summer in the lovely new Cutex shades sponsored by Lanvin, Lelong, Schiaparelli, Alix—Cutex CAMEO and Cutex CEDARWOOD! Ask to see *all* the smart new Cutex shades.

NORTHAM WARREN
New York, Montreal, London, Paris

**OTHER EXCITING NEW CUTEX SHADES**

**ORCHID:** Perfect with fuchsia, blue, pink, yellow, green.

**HEATHER:** For violet, wine, blue, gray, green, yellow.

**CLOVER:** For all the new colors except orange tones.

**OLD ROSE:** For blues, pinks, yellow, brown, black.

**LAUREL:** Smart with rose, blue, gray, mauve, pastels.

**THISTLE:** Perfect with gray, beige, brown, navy, green.

***Ten times as many women use Cutex Polish as any other brand***

. . . as shown by a recent national survey. A quarter-century of research for the most durable, longest wearing polish modern science can devise stands behind the new Cutex Salon Type Polish.

**NEW CUTEX** *Salon Type Polish*

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade** |
| | | | 8:45 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:15 |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **It happened in Hollywood** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 11:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Girl Alone** |
| | | | 5:00 |
| | | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy** |
| | | | 5:15 |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Blue: **Sheriff Bob** |
| | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow** |
| | | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:15 |
| 4:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: **Howie Wing** |
| | | | 6:30 |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **Bob Trout** |
| | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| 9:00 | 4:45 | 5:45 | CBS: **Sophie Tucker** |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Lum and Abner** |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 6:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Ask-It-Basket** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 6:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **Gang Busters** |
| | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **Hobby Lobby** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Tommy Dorsey** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **TEXACO STAR THEATER** |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **TOWN HALL TONIGHT** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **99 Men and a Girl** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Edgar A. Guest** |

# WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Fred Allen harangues Peter Van Steeden, Portland, Harry Von Zell.

**Tune-In Bulletin for April 26, May 3, 10, 17 and 24!**

APRIL 26: On all networks—The Crown Prince and Princess of Norway arrive in America for an extensive tour of the whole country.

May 3: Tonight on NBC-Blue—Bill Stern announces a prizefight from Madison Square Garden.

May 10: This afternoon on NBC—Clem McCarthy describes the Dixie Handicap horse race at Pimlico. . . . Al Donahue opens at the Rainbow Room in New York, featuring singer Paula Kelly—you'll hear him three times a week on NBC.

May 17: Larry Clinton and his orchestra, with Bea Wain, open at the Park Central Hotel in New York—hear them on NBC.

May 24: Brush up on your popular-song knowledge by listening to Kay Kyser's College on NBC-Red at 10:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Town Hall Tonight, starring Fred Allen, sponsored by Ipana and Sal Hepatica, on NBC's Red network from 9:00 to 10:00, Eastern Daylight Time, with a rebroadcast to the West Coast at 8:00, Pacific Standard Time.

There's nothing easy-going about this program. Each week it's the result of hours of work by many people, headaches, conferences, telephone calls, revisions, rewritings, rehearsals—and all-around sweating.

Fred Allen has two assistant writers, Herman Wolk and Arnold Auerbach. Some day he hopes to have four, so he won't have to write any of the script himself, but so far he hasn't been able to find that many who measure up to the Allen standards. Wolk and Auerbach talk to The Person You Never Expected to Meet and do the first draft of his air interview with Fred; and they write the first draft of the Mighty Allen Art sketch.

Thursday night, Fred takes what they've written and starts writing the rest of the show, filling in the Wolk-Auerbach contributions and rewriting them as he goes along. He works until some unholy hour Monday morning, doing it all in pencil, making very tiny printed letters. Sunday afternoon Portland Hoffa's sister, Lastone (yes, that's really her name), comes in and types what Fred has finished; Sunday night and Monday morning Portland, who is Mrs. Allen, finishes the typing job.

Monday afternoon the whole cast rehearses it twice, in a small NBC studio, at a microphone. Then Fred, his writers, the directors and production men, all get together and revise the script. After that everybody goes away and Fred rewrites the whole thing himself.

Changing and revising go on right up to broadcast time, and even past it—often the repeat broadcast at midnight contains lines that weren't in the first one.

The show originates in NBC's biggest New York studio, 8-H, which seats about 1400 people on folding chairs. Fred and the rest of the cast always go to a restaurant between first and second broadcasts, and Fred eats an omelet. After the second one he hangs around, signing autographs and talking until about two, then he and Portland go out for their only real meal of the day, and get home between four and five in the morning.

The Mighty Allen Art Players are Charlie Cantor, John Brown, Minerva Pious, and Aileen Douglas—the last two members of the company since it was first formed. Walter Tetley, Lionel Stander, and Jack Smart were Mighty Allen players until they went to Hollywood.

Fred will take his usual vacation this summer, but he won't go to Maine again. Too many people found out where he was last year, and he didn't get any rest. He won't tell anybody his destination this year.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**ADELE RONSON—who plays Elizabeth Perry in the dramatic serial, John's Other Wife, on NBC-Red at 10:15 this morning, sponsored by Bisodol—was born in New York City—moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma, when she was eleven, and took part in all the high school plays there—left for New York after graduating to study dramatics at Columbia University—was on the stage and also in the movies—came to radio in 1930—likes to collect rare editions of books and to knit sweaters—has reddish brown hair, brown eyes and an extra-special complexion—used to play Wilma Deering in the Buck Rogers serial.**

*(For Thursday's Highlights, please turn page)*

# Peeresses of the British Realm

**FOLLOW TODAY'S EXTRA SKIN CARE**



**Titled U. S. Visitor—The Lady Ursula Stewart,** sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury, has seen much of the United States. "I always use Pond's to cleanse and soften my skin."



**Daughter of the Earl** and Countess of Mayo. Deeply interested in acting, **The Lady Betty Bourke** has studied 4 terms at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She believes in the new skin care with "skin-vitamin" in Pond's.

*Britain's Titled Ladies*

**CREAM**

**EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"**

**INTO THEIR SKIN***



**Often Sings** at charity affairs—**The Lady Alexandra Haig,** daughter of the late Earl Haig, Britain's famous military figure. "Now that 'skin-vitamin' is in Pond's Cold Cream, I'm even more enthusiastic about using it."



**Royalty Attended Her Wedding—The Lady Grenfell,** snapped at Ascot. When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. "I use Pond's to help supply this 'skin-vitamin.'"



**In Smart Society Journals,** photographs of the charming **Lady Morris** often appear. "Pond's is famous for smoothing skin—adds **sparkle** and **glamour** to my make-up!"




**In Britain,** as in America, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the new skin care. **Vitamin A,** the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

*** Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**

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| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | Eastern Daylight Time |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | **8:00 A.M.** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio** |
| | | | **8:15** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | **8:45** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | **9:05** |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | **9:15** |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | **9:45** |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | **10:15** |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| 1:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | **10:45** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | **11:00** |
| 9:45 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | **11:15** |
| 11:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | **11:30** |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | **11:45** |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | **12:00 Noon** |
| | | 11:00 | CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| | | | **12:15 P.M.** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | **12:30** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Time for Thought** |
| | | | **12:45** |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | **1:00** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | **1:15** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
| | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News** |
| | | | **1:30** |
| | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | | | **1:45** |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans** |
| | | | **2:00** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | **2:15** |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | **2:30** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | **2:45** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches** |
| | | | **3:00** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | **3:15** |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | **3:30** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: **Sonata Recital** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | **3:45** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | **4:00** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Sunbrite Smile Parade** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | **4:15** |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | **4:30** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | **4:45** |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Girl Alone** |
| | | | **5:00** |
| | | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy** |
| | | | **5:15** |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Blue: **Sheriff Bob** |
| | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine** |
| | | | **5:30** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | CBS: **March of Games** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow** |
| | | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong** |
| | | | **5:45** |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | **6:00** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | **6:15** |
| 4:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: **Howie Wing** |
| | | | **6:30** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **Bob Trout** |
| | | | **6:45** |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | **7:00** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| | | | **7:15** |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties** |
| | | | **7:30** |
| 4:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Joe E. Brown** |
| | | | **8:00** |
| 7:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **KATE SMITH HOUR** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **Parade of Progress** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **RUDY VALLEE** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **MAJOR BOWES** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **GOOD NEWS OF 1939** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Walter O'Keefe** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL** |

# THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Bing polishes up a number while Bob Burns and Johnny Trotter look on.

**Tune-In Bulletin for April 27, May 4, 11, 18 and 25!**

APRIL 27: Ben Pollack and his band, swing pioneers, open tonight at the Culver City Club, near Hollywood, broadcasting over NBC.

May 4: Segar Ellis and his brilliant new Choir of Brass orchestra open at the Van Cleve Hotel in Dayton, Ohio—listen late at night on NBC. . . . Enric Madriguera's band opens at the Pierre Hotel in New York—CBS.

May 11: Four band openings: Emil Coleman and Xavier Cugat, both on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf in New York, playing alternately—CBS. Abe Lyman at the Beverly Hills Country Club, in Newport, Kentucky—CBS. Ben Bernie at the Ritz Carlton Hotel in Boston—CBS.

May 18: Birthday greetings to three famous men: Raymond Paige, Meredith Willson and Ted Malone.

May 25: Tonight on NBC—the Max Baer-Lou Nova fight, coming from the Garden Bowl in Long Island City.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Kraft Music Hall, on NBC's Red network from 10:00 to 11:00 o'clock, Eastern Daylight Time—the most informal and easy-going show on the air.

Bing Crosby, star of the Kraft Music Hall, is Hollywood's most casual celebrity, and takes radio very much in his stride. Wearing slacks, a short-sleeved sport shirt (lately it's been of the Hawaiian variety), an old hat with a pheasant band, and comfortable zipper boots, and puffing his pipe, Bing shows up at the studio around noon on broadcast days. He usually has a racing form under his arm. After some kidding with John Scott Trotter, his heavyweight bandleader, and the orchestra boys, he plants himself on a high stool at the mike and rehearses—still puffing the pipe. He always has time to talk to the song-pluggers he allows into the rehearsal, which is another of the many reasons he's such a popular guy with everybody.

Bob Burns arrives about 2:45 and there's more visiting and kidding. Bob may talk like a hillbilly, but he doesn't look like one. He's better dressed than Bing—his clothes, though conservative, are very smartly tailored, and his ties, shirts and accessories all harmonize in color. He's also one of the few radio stars whose scripts are never checked before broadcasting by the network—Amos 'n' Andy and Lum and Abner are the only others.

Harry Lillis Crosby, Sr., Bing's dad, and his two brothers, Everett and Larry, who manage his business affairs, are also always on hand at rehearsal and broadcast.

Everybody takes the rehearsal casually except the producers, Ted Hediger of NBC and Bob Brewster of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. It's due to their expert direction that the completed product runs off so smoothly. The Bing has his own favorite NBC engineer, Murdo Mackenzie, who knows the crooner's tone qualities to a T. Carroll Carroll is the young writer responsible for the snappy dialogue—he also thought up Ken Carpenter's weekly bell-ringing routine.

People who take their opera stars seriously sometimes object to Bing's off-hand way of talking to them when they guest-star on his show—but the opera stars themselves usually love it; it makes them feel at home and breaks down the nervous tension they work under.

Bing's program comes from the same Studio B that Jack Benny uses. It seats only 320 people, and is filled every time it's used. Visitors often remark on its pleasant and tasteful color scheme, robin's-egg blue and deep red—but to the Bing it's just black and white. He's color blind.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**ANNE ELSTNER—who plays the title role in the NBC-Red serial, Stella Dallas, heard this afternoon at 4:15, sponsored by Milk of Magnesia Cream—was born at Lake Charles, La.—her mother was a musician, her father a poet—she took part in all her school plays, doing everything from Hamlet to old character women—filled her first professional engagement in New York doing solo dances and characterizations in costumes of her own design at a steel men's banquet—was with the Theater Guild for a while—is five feet, four and a half inches tall—likes to cook and putter around the house.**

*(For Friday's Highlights, please turn page)*

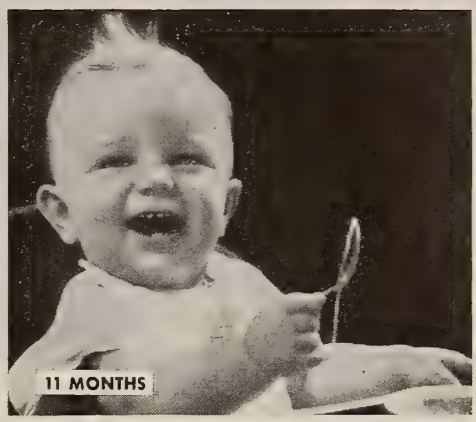
# Tommy's life is one big Success Story!

## CHAPTER 1. THE FIRST YEAR: CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS




**"Baby specialists approve** of Clapp's," says Tommy Malek's mother. "Did you know that Clapp's is the *only* large company that makes nothing but baby foods? Clapp's has been making them longer, too—18 years.

"They've *always* worked with doctors. Each Clapp's food has a texture suggested by doctors to suit babies best. They surely suited Tommy!..."




**"The way that baby grew!** My neighbors couldn't get over it. There was one time when he tripled his weight in 5 months. Yet he was solid, too—strong as a baby bear.

"You knew to look at him that he was getting plenty of vitamins and minerals in his Clapp's Foods. And *appetite!*...his dish would be empty almost as soon as it was filled!"




### 17 VARIETIES

Every food requested and approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. The Clapp Company—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

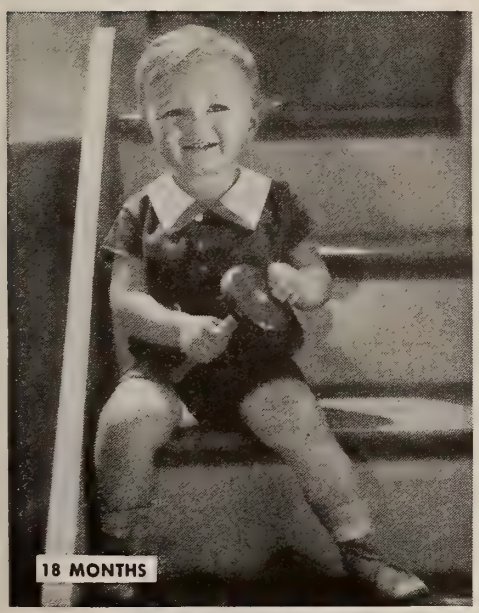
**Soups**—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Strained Beef with Vegetables

**Vegetables**—Tomatoes • Asparagus Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

**Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

**Cereal**—Baby Cereal

## CHAPTER 2. RUNABOUT YEARS: CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS




**"Food dislikes? Not a one!** Babies often do get the stubbornest notions when the time comes for coarser foods. But Tommy slid onto his new Clapp's Chopped Foods like a charm.

"No lumps or stems, you see—these foods are evenly cut, though coarse, just as doctors advise for toddlers. And since they had the same good flavors as Clapp's Strained Foods, they made the same big hit!"




**"A big menu and well-planned**—that's another reason why Tommy eats and grows so well on Clapp's. He has 11 kinds of Chopped Foods, including those hearty new Junior Dinners that combine meat, vegetables, and cereals.

"We're a family of Clapp's fans—now baby sister's getting Strained Foods. I tell other mothers, 'If you want your baby to have the best, it's worth while insisting on Clapp's!' "




### 11 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

**Soups**—Vegetable Soup

**Junior Dinners**—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

**Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

**Fruits**—Apple Sauce • Prunes

**Free Booklets**—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

# CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES.... CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:15 |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 11:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| | 8:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride** |
| | 8:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| | 8:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| | 8:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| | 8:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| | 8:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| | 8:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Time for Thought** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| | 8:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| | 9:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| | 9:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
| | 9:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News** |
| | 9:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| | 9:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| | 9:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | 9:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 9:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| | 9:45 | 12:45 | NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 10:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| | 10:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| | 10:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| | 10:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 10:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| | 10:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| | 11:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| | 11:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| | 11:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| | 11:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| | 12:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| | 12:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| | 12:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| | 12:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Girl Alone** |
| | | | 5:00 |
| | | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy** |
| | | | 5:15 |
| | 1:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Blue: **Sheriff Bob** |
| | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| | 1:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow** |
| | | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| | 2:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:15 |
| | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: **Howie Wing** |
| | | | 6:30 |
| | 2:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **Bob Trout** |
| | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | 9:00 | 4:45 | 5:45 CBS: **Sophie Tucker** |
| | | | 5:45 NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| | 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| | 5:00 | | 6:00 NBC-Blue: **Vocal Varieties** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| | 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: **Lum and Abner** |
| | 6:45 | 5:15 | 6:15 NBC-Red: **Jimmie Fidler** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| | 7:30 | 6:30 | 6:30 MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| | 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER** |
| | | 6:00 | 7:00 MBS: **Guess Where** |
| | | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | 7:30 | 6:30 | 730 CBS: **BURNS AND ALLEN** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: **CAMPBELL PLAYHOUSE** |
| | 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC-Blue: **Plantation Party** |
| | | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC-Red: **Waltz Time** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | 8:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC-Red: **Death Valley Days** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| | 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: **Grand Central Station** |
| | 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC-Red: **Lady Esther Serenade** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| | 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 CBS: **Bob Ripley** |

# FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ They keep Gracie dumb: Helm, Medbury, Bill Burns and George Burns.

**Tune-In Bulletin for April 28, May 5, 12 and 19!**

APRIL 28: Last chance to hear two CBS programs—The School of the Air, at 2:30, and The Mighty Show, at 5:45. Going off the air for the summer.

May 5: Birthday greetings to Freeman Gosden—Amos of Amos 'n' Andy—born in Richmond, Va., this day 1899.

May 12: Ten p.m. on NBC-Blue—lightweight champion Solly Krieger fights Billy Conn—with Bill Stern announcing.

May 19: Ten p.m. on NBC-Blue—another fight from Madison Square Garden, announced by Bill Stern.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Burns and Allen in the Chesterfield Show, on CBS from 8:30 to 9:00, Eastern Daylight Time, rebroadcast to the West Coast at 7:30 P.S.T.

Somebody once said that the consistent popularity of George Burns and Gracie Allen, year after year, is due to the fact that Gracie is every man's private idea of his own wife.

At any rate, it takes a lot of man-power to keep Gracie dumb. The weekly script is prepared by John P. Medbury, Harvey Helm, and William Burns, George's brother, working in collaboration with George himself. Gracie never sees the script until rehearsal-day, which is Thursday. An informal reading-through is held then in a small CBS studio, after which the afternoon is spent in rewriting. Ray Noble's band holds its first rehearsal Friday morning, six hours before the broadcast. He's one of the few bandleaders who actually makes all his own arrangements, and his band is so used to playing together that by the time it has gone through a number three times it has every trick of shading down pat.

A Friday-afternoon rehearsal looks like this: Ray Noble in the control room, listening to his band and checking meticulously every bit of instrumentation and shading; George and Gracie in a huddle with their dramatic cast about a table; Frank Parker in the wings, warming up on a French or Italian operatic aria, and then emerging on stage to sing something like "Jeepers Creepers." Paul Douglas, the announcer, who is an excellent copy reader and editor as well, stands at one side practicing his commercials and comedy lines.

Many comedy shows like to give "previews"—fake broadcasts the night before the actual broadcast, in order to get audience reactions. Burns and Allen don't subscribe to this fashion. They tried a preview a few weeks ago and dropped the idea at once—thought it robbed the show of spontaneity.

Half an hour before every broadcast there's an impromptu jam session backstage, to get people warmed up for the show. Cliff Arquette at the piano, Paul Douglas on a trumpet, Frank Parker at the drums, producer Bill Goodwin on a trombone, and George and Gracie tap-dancing—all this sends Ray Noble into the wings with his fingers in his ears.

When they started their present series George and Gracie found one riddle they couldn't solve. The first joke on the broadcast, no matter how good, always fell flat. Finally Bill Burns solved the mystery, by watching some women in the front row of the audience. They were so busy inspecting Gracie and taking in every detail of her very modish clothes they couldn't put their minds on the show. The problem was solved by having Gracie take her first bow without a comedy line, so the customers could look at her clothes and settle back to enjoy the comedy the second time she stepped up to the mike.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**LINDA LEE—Bob Ripley's beautiful vocalist on his new program, sponsored by Royal Crown Cola on CBS from 10:30 to 11:00 tonight—her real name is Hattie Richardson—she's twenty-five and a New Orleans belle—made her social debut in 1931—went to St. Louis on a vacation and sang at a private party—the manager of the Ambassador Theater heard her and offered her a one-week job—which she kept for four weeks—went on KMOX, CBS outlet in St. Louis—came to New York in 1935 and sang with Russ Morgan and Paul Whiteman—was with Ripley in 1937—is married to the Group Theater manager.**

*(For Saturday's Highlights, please turn page)*

# FOR BROWN-EYED GIRLS LIKE ETHEL MERMAN

## There's *Glamour* in Marvelous Matched Makeup!



A star of "STARS IN YOUR EYES"

**Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!**



**LOIS:** Explain yourself, Judy! You say you chose this makeup by the color of your *eyes?*

**JUDY:** Yes! It's Marvelous Matched Makeup—the most flattering powder, rouge and lipstick I've ever used, Lois! It's amazing what a harmonized makeup can do for a girl!



**LOIS:** It's *perfect* on *you*, Judy! But *your* eyes are *brown!* What about *me*, with *blue* eyes?

**JUDY:** Whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—



**LOIS:** And they found *eye* color to be the guide to proper makeup shades, Judy?

**JUDY:** Lois, they found it's the *only* true guide! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes—*the color of your eyes!*



**JUDY:** And Marvelous Matched Makeup gives you so much *more* than becoming shades, Lois! Take the face powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!



**JUDY:** I'm *devoted* to Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick—and you will be, too! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly* —gives your lips lovely, *long-lasting* color!



**JUDY:** With Marvelous, you look as you *want* to look! You can get the Powder, Rouge and Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony*, use them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each! *(65¢ in Canada)*




## MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

**By Richard Hudnut**

**KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!**

MF-639

**RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City.**

My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐
Please send sample Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous metal containers. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | **8:00 A.M.** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Cloutier's Orch.** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio** |
| | | | **8:15** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Dick Leibert** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-tete** |
| | | | **8:45** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Jack and Loretta** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | **9:05** |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Red: **Texas Jim Robertson** |
| | | | **9:15** |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Montana Slim** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Red: **Saturday Morning Club** |
| | | | **9:25** |
| | | 8:25 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | **9:45** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Hill Billy Champions** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Wise Man** |
| | | | **10:15** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Amanda Snow** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **No School Today** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Florence Hale** |
| | | | **10:45** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **The Child Grows Up** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Armchair Quartet** |
| | | | **11:00** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Symphony Concert** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Music Internationale** |
| | | | **11:30** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Our Barn** |
| | | | **12:00 Noon** |
| | | 11:00 | CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **Education Forum** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Cloutier Orch.** |
| | | | **12:30 P.M.** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Let's Pretend** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Call to Youth** |
| | | | **1:15** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Calling Stamp Collectors** |
| | | | **1:30** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Moods for Moderns** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Kinney Orch.** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Campus Notes** |
| | | | **2:00** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Men Against Death** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Blue: **Red Nichols Orch.** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Matinee in Rhythm** |
| | | | **2:30** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Music Styled for You** |
| | | | **3:00** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Blue: **Its Up to You** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies** |
| | | | **3:30** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Blue: **Al Roth Orch.** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **KSTP Presents** |
| | | | **4:00** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| | | | **4:30** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Southwestern Stars** |
| | | | **5:00** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Blue: **Erskine Hawkins Orch.** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Paul Martin Orch.** |
| | | | **5:15** |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC-Red: **Youth Meets Government** |
| | | | **5:30** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Cosmopolitan Rhythms** |
| | | | **5:45** |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | CBS: **Adventures in Science** |
| | | | **6:00** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Red: **Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten** |
| | | | **6:05** |
| 2:05 | 4:05 | 5:05 | CBS: **Dance Orchestra** |
| 2:05 | 4:05 | 5:05 | NBC-Blue: **El Chico Revue** |
| | | | **6:30** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **What Price America** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Blue: **Renfrew of the Mounted** |
| | | | **7:00** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel** |
| | | | **7:30** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Americans at Work** |
| | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Blue: **Uncle Jim's Question Bee** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Red: **Lives of Great Men** |
| | | | **8:00** |
| 7:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **JOHNNY PRESENTS** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Tommy Riggs** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| 8:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **PROFESSOR QUIZ** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **Brent House** |
| 8:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Avalon Time** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **Phil Baker** |
| 7:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **National Barn Dance** |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Vox Pop** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Hall of Fun** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Arch Oboler's Plays** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Dance Music** |

# SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ This is how the Lucky Strike dance orchestra looks from the wings.

**Tune-In Bulletin for April 29, May 6, 13 and 20!**

APRIL 29—On all networks—the arrival of the U. S. Fleet in New York City—150 ships, which is a lot. You'll hear the description of the sight no matter what station you tune in. . . . Ten p.m. on CBS—Mark Warnow's last broadcast directing Your Hit Parade.

May 6: Six p.m. on CBS—listen to a description of the Kentucky Derby.

May 13: This afternoon on NBC—the Preakness Stakes horse race, with Clem McCarthy announcing.

May 20: This day twelve years ago Charles A. Lindbergh took off on his trans-Atlantic flight.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Your Hit Parade, sponsored by Lucky Strike Cigarettes, on CBS from 10:00 to 10:45, Eastern Daylight Time—a monument to one sponsor's sense of showmanship.

Most sponsors know how to manufacture and sell their products, but they don't know what entertains the public—which explains why some radio shows, subjected to too much sponsor-interference, are not as entertaining as they might be. George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, not only knows how to make and sell cigarettes, but how to amuse listeners as well. Your Hit Parade is mostly his idea. It is also the only straight-musical program, except the Ford Symphony and "style bands" like Dorsey or Lombardo, with a popularity rate of more than 10 in the official survey. Your Hit Parade's rating is about 16 now, higher than it's ever been before—partly due to Lanny Ross' singing and partly to Mark Warnow's conducting.

Each week the Lucky Strike orchestra plays the ten most popular songs, graded according to their popularity. There's no fake about the way they're selected, either. About fifty people are kept on full-time jobs conducting the survey which indicates the nation's favorites in the song line. Information comes from three sources, coast to coast—from band leaders, who tell Lucky Strike what songs are most requested by dancers; from music stores, who report comparative sales of sheet music and recordings; and from networks and radio stations, who keep track of the number of times each piece is played on the air. All this information comes into the American Tobacco offices in New York, is quickly tabulated, and turned over to the director of the orchestra, who gets the music arranged and rehearses his band.

People watch the results of the Hit Parade, too. Many folks have regular Saturday-night Hit Parade parties in their own homes, and it's whispered that some of them regularly bet on the identity of the leading three songs. As an indication of how carefully listeners keep track of their favorites' places in the poll, if the announcer on the show makes a mistake and ascribes a number to fourth place last week, when it was really in third, hundreds of indignant letters come in.

Mark Warnow has been directing the Hit Parade for the last thirteen weeks, but will probably relinquish his baton to another maestro after April 29. No conductor has ever remained on the show more than thirteen successive weeks. Lanny Ross, singer Kay Lorraine, the Songsmiths Quartet, and the Raymond Scott Quintet are more or less permanent features, however. The Quintet, which plays sophisticated swing, is really a sextet, but Scott doesn't like the sound of that word. Its members are Scott on the piano, Dave Harris, tenor saxophone, Russ Case, trumpet Pete Pimuglio, clarinet, Lou Shoobe, bass viol, Johnny Williams, drums.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**RED SKELTON—comedian of Avalon Time, on NBC-Red at 8:30 tonight, sponsored by Avalon Cigarettes—is the son of a Hagenbeck-Wallace circus clown and was a tent-show performer himself—is a doughnut-dunker, which gave him the idea for the hilarious lecture on doughnut-dunking you heard him give in the movie of "Having Wonderful Time"—he played the part of the camp social director—and was cast for it without ever having a screen test—his real first name is Richard but he never uses it—he lives now in Cincinnati, where Avalon Time originates.**

## Should Roosevelt Seek a Third Term?

(*Continued from page 21*)

**NO! BY RAYMOND MOLEY**

intolerance of opposition, a conviction of personal rectitude that leads unerringly to the suppression of opposition. It imprisons the victim in the chill isolation of a self-created aura of intellectual infallibility.

I well realize that the friends of Mr. Roosevelt and those who believe in his reforms hold that his reforms will be endangered if their sponsor is not maintained in power to support them and continue them.

But this brings us to the question whether ideas, in order to live, must depend upon individual persons. If the ideas that friends of Mr. Roosevelt admire and cherish are good ideas, they can stand on their own two feet and live their own lives and pass from hand to hand in the long march to the future. But if they are so frail that they will die if their present exponent and preserver is removed, then they are not worth maintaining. And the sooner we test this fact the better for everyone.

AS TO the perfection of Roosevelt's program, I share my friends' apprehension, but apparently President Roosevelt does not share it, because he said in his message that his program was over. It is complete. If so, then why not let it stand? I believe in that program. I don't believe that the ideals are weak, because I spent three years of my life working for them. But I worked for the principles, I didn't work for a man, and I believe the principles will go on regardless of the man.

**YES! BY ROY VICTOR PEEL**

capriciously turned out of office, until they have had ample opportunity to perfect their programs.

The question now arises as to whether we should encourage President Franklin D. Roosevelt to seek a renomination from his party. It is my belief that we should.

I think that he has endowed the party with pride, strength, confidence and unity of a degree unparalleled in its history. He has infused into its ancient body a sense of bounden duty and high social obligation. But his work is as yet incomplete and the perilous state of world affairs, so much like that which confronted us at the end of Washington's first term, is so critical that only he can preserve the integrity of the party, and only he can be relied upon to maintain unimpaired the promise of the New Deal.

Only Franklin D. Roosevelt can interpret the ideals and principles which he has in speech and action enunciated on behalf of the Democratic Party. His most loyal associates lack either his gifts of magnetic appeal or his firm and comprehensive grasp of political realities. In other words, the party can have only one standard bearer who will honestly lead it in the paths that have been followed with its approval, and who will lead it to victory—and that is Franklin D. Roosevelt.


# MARY GOT 3 MYSTERIOUS LETTERS —*WITH NO SIGNATURES!*

**"The first made me furious!"**



The neighborhood busybodies are saying plenty behind your back. I won't tell you my name, but take it from a friend, you'd better do something to get tattle-tale gray out of your clothes!

**"The second made me fly into action!"**



I've warned you—but the gossips still raging. Don't you know it's left-over dirt that makes your clothes look so dingy? Stop using lazy soaps! Change to Fels-Naptha like I did and see how its richer golden soap and lots of naptha put tattle-tale gray to flight!

**"The third made me happy as a lark!"**



Smart girl! I've seen you trotting out of the grocer's with Fels-Naptha Soap and you've certainly turned the tables by taking my advice. Your washes now look so gorgeously white, all the little busybodies on the block are cheering instead of jeering.

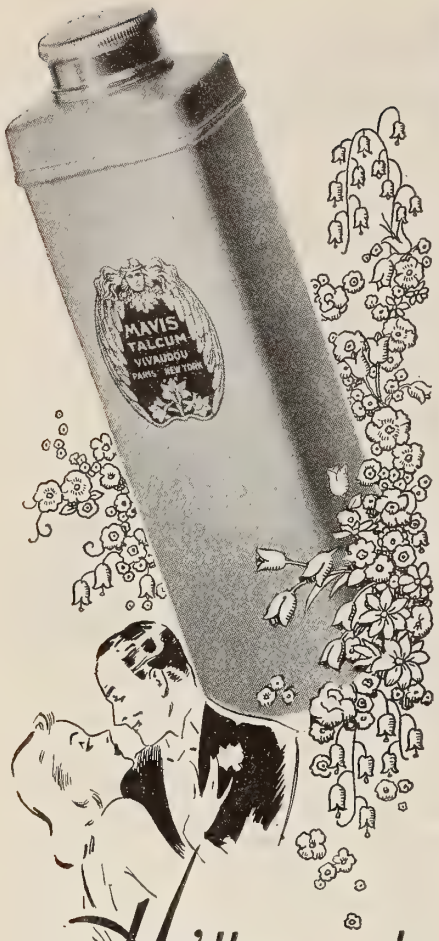
**P.S.** Nobody may take the trouble to warn you, but there's bound to be plenty of neighborhood gossip if *your* clothes are full of tattle-tale gray.

Why take a chance? Ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha Soap today and pin up the whitest, brightest washes that ever flapped in a breeze!

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

## BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

**TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY** every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.




*He'll sense the difference—tonight—*

THIS FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS

Men are unbelievably sensitive to FINE things—fine odors, fine clothes, fine influences—like yours!

So when you prink for tonight just shower yourself from head to foot with this exquisite lingering fragrance—Mavis Talcum. Just make him say, "Why! You're too wonderful for words!"

Go buy this famous red tin—today!—in 25¢, 50¢, $1 and convenient 10¢ sizes.

MAVIS talcum

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TALCUM

# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



■ Joan Tompkins is Judy Wilbur on NBC's Your Family and Mine.

HAVE you ever listened to a program that completely held your interest from the beginning to the very end of the broadcast? Well, just such a program is Your Family and Mine, heard over the NBC-Red Network Monday through Friday at 5:15 P. M.

Joan Tompkins, whose picture we have chosen to print this month, plays Judy Wilbur on this serial . . . is twenty-one years old and is considered one of the youngest top-notch dramatic stars in radio. Joan has also been a success in the theater. Her first Broadway role, several seasons ago, was in "Fly Away Home" which played for one year. She followed this with playing one of the Bennett girls in the dramatization of Jane Austen's famous novel, "Pride and Prejudice." Following her success in these two plays, Joan was literally swamped with radio and screen offers. She chose radio because she prefers its "fluidity" as she describes it.

Miss Tompkins likes to crochet, has blonde hair, blue eyes, is five-feet-four and weighs 110 pounds.

* * *

**J. M. W., Baltimore, Md.**—Dr. Robbie Clark is played by Carleton Young in the popular serial Hilltop House . . . Joe Marlin is portrayed by Robert Griffin and Bunny Mitchell by Frances Carlon in The Story of Mary Marlin.

**A Fan, Houston, Texas**—The theme song of the Big Sister program is "Valse Bluette" by George F. Drigo . . . David Brewster is played by Alexander Kirkland on the Big Sister show and no fan club has been organized for Alice Frost.

**Eva, East Weymouth, Mass.**—We are not permitted to give out home addresses of stars. However, I would suggest you write to those you are interested in, care of the stations over which they broadcast.

**M. D. W., Houston, Texas**—Here's the short biography on Richard Maxwell you requested: He was born in Mansfield, Ohio, and started his career at the early age of two when he appeared as local church soloist. He sang in the choir when he was six and was quite thrilled when his salary was increased from five to twenty cents a week. Educated at Georgetown University, Kenyon College and the Ohio State University Aviation School, Maxwell made his professional debut in "Lady In Ermine." He was understudy to John Steel in both the second and third editions of the "Music Box Revue," and also appeared in the "Greenwich Village Follies." . . . first appeared on the radio in 1923. He likes to fish; plays golf and

tennis. Weighs 175 pounds, is five feet eleven inches tall, has brown hair and hazel eyes.

**Mrs. J. S. Haller, Bassett, Nebr.**—Mary Noble is played by Vivien Fridell and Larry Noble by Ken Griffin in the serial, Backstage Wife . . . Kitty Keene is portrayed by Frances Carlon and Charles Williams by Bill Bouchey in the program, Kitty Keene . . . Bill Davidson is Arthur Hughes and Nancy Donovan is Ruth Russell on the Just Plain Bill show.

### FAN CLUB SECTION

In the April issue I mentioned I had no record of a **Horace Heidt** Fan Club and I've been deluged with letters from readers, since that issue went on sale, telling me there most certainly is a club for Horace, whose president is Mrs. Helen Hayes Hemphill, 201 West 105th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Write to Mrs. Hemphill for details.

Anyone wishing to join the **Bert Parks** Fan Club should contact Eleanor Pryde, 1415 Genesee Street, Utica, New York.

Here's good news for all the **Gene Krupa** fans! A club has now been organized and Charlotte Bicking, president, 33 Downing Avenue, Downingtown, Penna., will be glad to hear from prospective members.

Kay Browning, president of a **Bing Crosby** Fan Club, is instituting a drive for new members. Her address is Camden, Mississippi.

Mary Wilson, 807 Eighth Street, West Park, McKeesport, Penna., is president of the **Kay Kyser** Fan Club of Pittsburgh. She'll welcome all new members, so why not drop her a line, all you Kay Kyser fans?

We have been requested by N. Davis Wilson of Treasure Gardens, Glen Ellyn, Illinois, to make the following announcement: "To the many Radio and Theater friends of our Honorary President, **Mr. Paul Page**, The North Star of the Air, and famous NBC baritone, we extend greetings and membership in our interesting innovation, The North Star Service Symphony.

---

## The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is open the year round with excellent accommodations at attractive prices for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden School for boys and girls from four to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.







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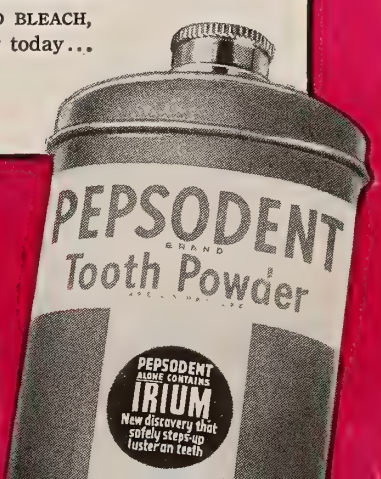
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The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

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## Facing the Music

(*Continued from page* 40)

sartorial rival to Lucius Beebe, a dance band maestro who bows his head to no one, and the husband of one of cafe society's choicest morsels, is an even more amazing case history than the one Shaw concocted for "Pygmalion."

Those of you who really don't know Hal Kemp, except to wave a cheery greeting to him as he smiles down from the bandstand, would never believe Hal was just a bright young lad with a lot of musical tricks from a town called Marion, Alabama. But his friends know. Take away the exquisitely tailored clothes, the $1,000,000 worth of charm, the luxurious suite he and his pretty wife Martha Stephenson occupy at the Waldorf-Astoria, and the real Hal Kemp still remains the kind of guy you'd like to call a friend. Down deep Hal hasn't changed a bit. Saxie Dowell, Porky Dankers and Jack Shirra, musicians who have been with Hal for years, call him friend. Otherwise you can bet your social security card that these faithful associates would never have stayed in harness so long.

That transformation is one of bandom's great stories, because with it goes the story of one of the first style bands.

Even before Hal was graduated from North Carolina University, he knew his career was music. Why he still recalled the nine-year-old kid who made $2 and passes for the family grinding a player-piano in the Bonita theater back in Marion.

So each year Hal would amaze the student body at school by producing a better dance band than the one he directed previously. But it was in Hal's senior year, 1925, that the real dance band came along. There was roley-poley Horace Kirby Dowell III, a self-taught saxophonist; Skinnay Ennis, the nervous drummer with the shaky voice; pianist John Scott Trotter, who pestered Hal about extravagant arrangements; Dave Wade, a young man with a horn; Harry Pine and Ben Williams, another saxophonist, devoted to the glories of Delta Tau Delta.

Fred Waring, a collegiate-trained maestro himself, heard the band one day when he was in Charlotte. What he heard called for action. Fred told Alex Holden, a bandbooking friend. Holden, a shrewd business man, spoke quickly, "Fred, the trend today is toward college bands. The public wants them clean and good looking. I'll get a load of this Kemp bunch and see what makes them tick."

Alex Holden is still manager of Hal Kemp's orchestra.

The band broke in professionally at Shea's Buffalo Hippodrome theater. Before Hal left school he made a typical Kempian gesture. He bequeathed his band dictatorship of the campus to a fast-talking college politician named Kay Kyser.

The march uphill began rapidly. Hal started to get the hay out of his blond hair by immediately purchasing a snappy tuxedo. Because the band in its early days was like a diamond in the rough, the sparkle attracted people. Other bands of the day were enmeshed in stock orchestrations. Holden soon spotted Kemp on a series of one-night stands, winding up in 1929 at New York's old Strand roof.

From New York, Hal and the boys sailed for Europe, soon knocked Londoners, including drum-playing David Windsor, the Prince of Wales, into their respective royal aisles, and returned to America in 1932. A year before Hal had married the regal-looking Margaret Elizabeth Slaughter, who had better looks and a longer family tree than Scarlett O'Hara. Two children were born: Sally, now six, and James, now three.


# KINGS and BROTHERS

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No other modern biographer has ever equalled the dramatic skill of Emil Ludwig. When his story appears, the pages of that dramatic magazine will become a stage lighted with the glow of history. You will live through the drama as if you were a part of it. Watch for this, beginning in the May 20th issue of

LIBERTY, On Sale May 10th

However, it wasn't until Hal brought his band to Chicago's Blackhawk that the band's name meant something to passersby when they saw it flicker over marquees.

Weird, wonderful effects like staccato brass, which Hal calls "tucka-brass" — subtone clarinets, double-octave piano solos, and glissando saxophones, became smooth, expert trade-marks. Not all these embellishments clicked immediately. Many a night was spent, long after the dancers had departed, working on a new phrase, a new trick. Some ideas were carried over from the original college band. Others, after weeks of practice, were tossed mercilessly into a waste basket.

Staccato brass has a background written in simple, sixteenth notes as three trumpets phrase their notes bitingly. As the musicians cut these notes short, the nervous energy similar to a telegraph machine is produced. The idea to play this way came about when Skinnay Ennis substituted for the ailing Saxie one night at a college prom. Skinnay half-spoke, half-sang the lyrics, leaving large holes in the number which the exasperated musicians had to fill hurriedly. It wasn't until 1930, though, that Kemp perfected this style.

1935 found the band back in New York. Few remembered that it was the same band that ground out so amateurishly at the Strand roof and later at the Hotel Manger.

THE lanky conductor had the kids flocking in droves, but preferred to stay quietly in the background as Ennis, Bob Allen and Maxine Grey projected their personalities.

Radio commercials came along. Recordings were best-sellers. Things were going beautifully—too beautifully. In 1938 Kemp received a resounding body blow. He almost went down for the count, but came up smiling, southern accent intact, and enriched with something he never before possessed. The setback gave him a new outlook on life; a sharper, more matured personality.

Maxine Grey was badly banged up in a train wreck. Skinnay Ennis left to start his own band. Hal's home life struck a snag. The rumors along radio row mushroomed to stage whispers.

But the divorce came quietly and the suspense was soon over. Hal plunged himself into his work, tried to forget everything else, mapped out a vigorous road trip.

Everything worked smoothly until the boys in the band noticed that Hal was heading for one particular table in the latter part of the Hotel Astor engagement.

The occupant was 20-year-old Martha Stephenson and as pretty a picture that ever posed before El Morocco's zebra-stripes. But this girl was different. She didn't spoil any plans. As a matter of fact, she wanted to be a part of them. Her vivacious spirit instilled Hal with fresh hope. A strenuous tour was in the offing, but that didn't stop Martha and Hal. They were married on Friday, January 13, 1939, in Pittsburgh, between stage shows at the Stanley theater.

Out of all these whirling events blossomed the new Hal Kemp. Old-timers rubbed their eyes. Before Hal concentrated on the music rack. Today the new groom is a showman. Three years ago his southern drawl





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**LORR** Laboratories, Paterson, N. J.


held him back. Today he's a smooth-talking master of ceremonies. Plenty of radio work helped. The band now plays more comedy tunes. Audiences roar with delight when Hal shuffles merrily across the footlights, towers over four-foot-nine Judy Starr.

On college and one-night-stand dates, the crowd loves it when Hal shouts, "What do you kids want to hear?" The requests sweep across the floor. Hal isn't kidding. He has 500 tunes in the books, with a turnover of 200 new tunes a year, ably orchestrated by Hal Mooney. The backfiles contain 2,400 other selections.

The band is composed of 13 musicians, Hal, Bob Allen and Judy. Of the original six only two are left. Harry Pine left because he preferred the real estate business. Dave Wade dropped out in 1928 to join another band. John Scott Trotter is now Bing Crosby's maestro. Skinnay Ennis has his own band but is managed by Alex Holden.

Ben Williams and Saxie are still with Hal but others in the band are also considered veterans. Handsome Bob Allen who used to be a drugstore clerk until Ben Bernie discovered him, has been with Hal since 1933. Mickey Bloom, the Brooklyn trumpeter has worked with Hal on and off for eight years. Trombonist Eddie Kusby and trumpeter Clayton Cash both joined the outfit in 1933. Pee-Wee Jackie Shirra, the Scottish bass fiddler and husband of Judy Starr signed up in 1931. And loyal Harold "Porky" Dankers is just as bashful as he was the day he joined nine years ago.

When I saw the boys at New York's Paramount theater they were pretty tuckered out, doing five and six shows a day. Seven of the boys I encountered were sprawled out on cots. Saxie was sewing a button on his uniform. An enthusiastic jitterbug in the audience had ripped the old one off.

Working theaters and ballrooms is tiring work but the Kemp men laugh it off.

"Playing a hotel engagement is more restful," said one, "but the gold is on the road, so you don't mind the hours and rides."

You'll like the new Hal Kemp better. But for all his showmanship and smoothness, he blushed like that nine year old Marion, Alabama pianola player when he asked and GOT $5,000 to play a New Year's Eve dance party for Evalyn Walsh McLean, Washington society woman. Mrs. McLean wanted Kemp's band so badly for her blowout, I think she would have tossed in her famous Hope diamond to get him.

## OFF THE RECORD

**Some Like It Sweet**

**I Cried For You; Let's Tie The Old Forget-Me-Not** (Decca 2273A) Bing Crosby—A more mellow Crosby is discovered on this dandy double-header. "I Cried For You" is an old tune that has recently been revived with surprising success.

**I Get Along Without You Very Well; Chopsticks** (Brunswick 8308) Kay Kyser—Harry Babbitt gives this frothy tune a big-league rendition. Kyser gets tricky with those inevitable chopsticks.

**You Got Me Crying Again; Heart of Stone** (Victor 26165B) Hal Kemp. The staccato brass and glissando saxes ripple merrily across both sides of this elegant platter which bring back two traditional Kemp classics. Bob Allen replaces Skinnay Ennis on the vocals and you don't mind a bit.

**Among Those Sailing; It Took A Million Years** (Vocalion 4623) Enoch Light—The Hotel Taft tune titan returns to the records with a rhythmic pair of ditties.

**Kinda Lonesome; Junior** (Brunswick 8304) Dorothy Lamour. Those who like the sarong-for-your-supper soloist will find this a record-breaker. The tunes are from Dorothy's new "St. Louis Blues" picture.

**This Is It; It's All Yours** (Victor 26149A) Tommy Dorsey. This is the way to play a pair of show numbers. They are from the new musical hit, "Stars In Your Eyes." Jack Leonard does the vocals with the proper finesse.

**Penny Serenade; Could Be** (Victor 2160B) Sammy Kaye. Jimmy Brown hits the high ones on the Penny ballad. Neat balance on a pert platter.

**Some Like It Swing**

**Art Shaw's "Album of Popular Music"** (Bluebird) Five solid records in the Shaw manner of tunes that will live for a long time. A collector's item as Shaw swings "Carioca," "Bill," "Donkey Serenade," "Rosalie," "Lover, Come Back to Me," "Vilia," "The Man I Love," and other hits.

**Blue Lou; The Blues** (Victor 26144A) All-Star Band. *Metronome* magazine worked this one out, recruited such ace musicians as Goodman, Dorsey, Berigan, Teagarten, Miller, Mastrin, James, Rollini, Dunham, Zurke, Bauduc, Haggart, Spivak, Shertzer, to merge their talents. The tunes are nothing to write home about, but you'll want this record anyway.

**Diga-Diga-Do** Part I and II (Decca 2275) Bob Crosby. A field day for the Crosby crew. Dixieland style really goes to town.

**Boogie Woogie Prayer** Part I and II (Vocalion 4606) Three pianos harmonize in this latest swing style, led by its creator Meade Lux Lewis.

**Honolulu; This Night** (Bluebird B-10130-A) Van Alexander. A new band to keep tabs on. Fresh, lively and brimming over with syncopation on both sides of this waxing from the M-G-M Eleanor Powell picture.

**Pick-A-Rib** Part I and II (Victor 26166A) Benny Goodman Quintet. Seems to be the vogue right now to play the same tune on both sides of a record. Goodman wrote this crazy, lingering melody and dedicated it to his brother's barbecue bistro which is located on Swing Alley (Fifty-Second Street, N. Y.)

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**RADIO MIRROR,**
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I want to know more about . . . . . He is my recommendation for "The Band of the Month."

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*(Each month Ken Alden will write a feature piece on "the band of the month" telling all you want to know about the favorite maestros. Your vote will help determine his selection.)*

## At Last! Bergen's in Love!

(*Continued from page* 17)

on my part. You see, I won't light her cigarettes for her and she gets pretty heated, sometimes, on the subject of 'neglect.' But I always tell her, 'If a woman is strong enough to smoke nicotine, she is strong enough to light her own cigarettes."

"Is she pretty?" I asked him. (I hadn't seen her then, although I have since. She *is* pretty—quite.)

EDGAR considered. "Well, yes," he said, "but, thinking it over, I believe 'attractive' is a still better word. Personally, I don't go much for beautiful women, because it has been my experience that the raving beauty is usually so entertained and dated and made much over because of her beauty that this adulation often interferes with her life. She has no time to study or in other ways develop the facets of personality."

"But this is not true of Kay?" I suggested.

He smiled quietly. "No," he said. "She is attractive in many different ways."

Well, since I have met her, I think so, too. There is, for one thing, that interesting voice quality which Edgar noticed right off. When she speaks, even though her voice is low, you notice her. There is also that warm appeal of health, vitality and good spirits at once captivating and enduring.

She was born in Minot, North Dakota, but spent much of her life in Portland, Oregon. Although her father and mother were not professionals, both were musical, and she says she has been singing since she can remember. She got her first radio job through a dare made by a trio of girls with whom she was playing bridge one day. Listening, idly, to the radio while the game was going on, she remarked that she was going to get an audition "sometime."

"Dare you to call and ask for one right now," one of her friends said.

"All right, I'll do it." Suiting the action to the word, she went to the phone; got an important producer on the wire and talked him into hearing her. Spots on NBC's Signal Carnival, Tune Types and other program appearances in San Francisco, Hollywood, New York and Chicago were the result.

As for what she thinks of Edgar. She laughed when I asked her about that and wisecracked that it wouldn't be "maidenly" to declare her undying affection for Charlie McCarthy's father "right out in print." Besides, she added, "it was really Charlie that got me started. I've been a McCarthy fan since that first broadcast on Rudy Vallee's show in December, 1937. Not that he appreciates it, the Lothario. He never appreciates any woman's devotion."

Charlie, however, approves of the Bergen-St. Germain romance most heartily.

"For one thing, Bergen better get himself a steady girl while he still has some hair," he remarked to me that day I visited his "father's" office. "Nobody loves a shiny dome. Now look at *my* luxuriant locks!" he added complacently.

THEN you would give the two of them—Bergen and Miss St. Germain—your blessing?" I asked.

"Sure," he came back. "Put a little romance in Bergen's life and maybe he'll understand the problems of others. You know . . . maybe he'll see how it is that 'in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to love!'"

"Meaning *your* fancy?" I inquired.

He winked knowingly. "Sure. Why just the other day Carole Lombard said to me, 'Charlie, I can't seem to get you out of my mind.' Moreover," he confided, "I think a lot of that girl, too. I sometimes think I love her as much as it is in me to love anyone. But Bergen is always objecting to my *affaires de coeur*. *He* has a heart of stone. He won't increase my allowance so I can spend any money on a girl—not that I *like* to spend on anyone. . . . Anyway, I hope he has fallen for Kay (I always call her Kay) good and hard. Then perhaps he will be more sympathetic toward my own yearnings——"

At this point, Charlie's father unceremoniously clapped him into his suitcase and conversation proceeded *sans* further McCarthian comment. But judging from what was said, Charlie's fond wish is not so far from fulfillment.







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(*Continued from page* 31)

one unhappy person, are easily solved by two happy ones. I've seen it happen so often that I've stopped telling young people in love to be "practical." Life isn't made up of practical actions—it's something more than that. And love is the least practical thing in the world.

I sympathized with Frank and Judy—but I frankly haven't much compassion for another type of couple who often seek my advice. Jonathan and Mary came to my office two years ago, to tell me that their plans for marriage seemed to be on the rocks.

Both had jobs, in a large department store. But here was the rub. Mary, through brilliant executive ability, was rising fast in the store, while Jonathan seemed doomed to stay in the same position in which he had started three years before. He just lacked the vital spark that spelled the difference between success and mediocrity. And he had a shocking request to make of Mary.

"I want Mary to give up her job," he told me. "Otherwise our happiness will be jeopardized. It won't be long before she will be considering me a failure."

I LOOKED questioningly at Mary, thinking that if what Jonathan said were true, she had much better not marry him. She silenced that thought by bursting out:

"But I won't! It doesn't make any difference to me, if I make more than you. I'd love you just as much if you weren't making any money at all."

He shook his head, unable to see things that way. "That's what you think now, but marriage is built on the leadership of the man, not the woman. We just wouldn't be happy!"

I'd kept quiet while they set their problem before me. Now I said, as patiently as I could, "But, Jonathan, you're asking the impossible. Not that Mary wouldn't give up her job for you, if she really thought she ought to—but she knows that if she did so she'd really be wrecking your future happiness. You're not asking her just to give up her job—jobs mean little to a woman of Mary's mental capacity—but you're also asking her to give up her right to better your family finances. And even more important, you're asking her to give up her right to the full enjoyment of her mental and executive gifts. She has as much right to express herself, in work, as you have. The truth is, Jonathan, you're jealous."

He tried to deny it at first, but at last he broke down and admitted I had spoken the truth.

"Good," I said. "Now, you two love each other and you should get married. But no giving up jobs. Jonathan, you know you are jealous of Mary's ability, and that's the first step in ridding yourself of your jealousy. Once you can do that, you'll keep pace with her, simply because she'll stimulate you to greater endeavor. Remember, a happy man can do twice as much as an unhappy one, and do it better."

They took my advice and were married. They're happily married now, and what I predicted has come true. Jonathan is an executive in the same department store in which his wife is now an important official.

Similar to Jonathan are those men who announce firmly that if they can't support a wife, alone and unaided, they won't marry.

A recent survey by the Original Good Will Hour indicated that 43 per cent of our American women are ready and willing to help their husbands maintain a home by working at outside jobs. And why not? Since civilization's beginning the woman has been at the side of her man, working with him and for him. In earlier days, she did back-breaking labor in the home or in the field. She doesn't have to do that work any more, thanks to modern labor-saving devices most of which even the poorest of us can afford. It's only logical then that she should make her contribution to the family in another way—by going out and earning her share of expenses, if necessary.

Many couples try to reach an impossible financial goal before attempting marriage. My advice to them is to forget this ambition. They are wasting too many good years of their lives. Their courtship will become humdrum, and romance will fade and finally disappear!

BOB and Lucille came to me with such a problem. Both were employed, at inadequate salaries. However, they were each putting aside a very little money each week, toward the far-distant day when they could have a nest-egg of some size. They wanted me to tell them how large that nest-egg should be before they married.

Instead, I asked them another question: "And what will you do, if one of you is ill or something else equally important makes it necessary for you to spend what you've saved? Suppose you never get much of a nest-egg together? Suppose your salaries never are raised?"

The defeat in their eyes was my answer.

"Go on and get married," I said. "You have enough for your present needs. You can have a modest home, where careful budgeting will make both ends meet. Most of us never reach the financial goal for which we strive, so why sacrifice happiness for something you may never get?"

They saw the point, and like Frank and Judy were married and are living happily together at this very moment. Things aren't easy for them, financially. But they love each other, they're together, and that's what really counts.

The marriage drive is so powerful that it must overcome all economic barriers—and rightly so, because homes and families are the things upon which civilization is built. But if our civilization sets up obstacles in the way of the normal expression of the sex instinct, we must expect trouble. If we tell a boy and girl they can't and mustn't marry, we must not be surprised to find them coming together without marriage—or, even worse, becoming neurotic and depressed, useless both to themselves and to their communities.

And that's the reason I say to every couple in love: Be true to yourselves! Marry, and face life and its problems together. Two can't live as cheaply as one—but, on the other hand, two heads, and two loving hearts, are better than one!

# WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

KEN SOBLE, Canada's Amateur Man, started his fourth year on the air recently with his "Ken Soble's Amateurs," sponsored by Royal Canadian Tobacco Company . . . program is heard each and every Sunday at 12.30 noon. EST, over sixteen Ontario stations and CFCF, Montreal . . . broadcast from the 1200-seater Lansdowne Theater, Toronto. . . . Canadian Facts, Registered, for February 26, of this year, gave the show a Crossley rating for Canada of 37.82%, surpassed in the Dominion only by Bergen and McCarthy and Jack Benny . . . the *other* amateur show, headed by one Major Bowes, received a rating of 24.4% . . . so it's the Major who gets the gong this time.

On the recent anniversary broadcast, Ken Soble received ninety thousand requests for tickets to the 1200-seater! No wonder Royal Canadian Tobacco Company signed him for another fifty-two weeks without looking.

Ken Soble's Amateurs are drawn from all over Ontario and Quebec. "Tours for Talent" are conducted, with elimination contests in all centres, comprising 35 theaters . . . the winners are then brought to Toronto, expenses paid, where they compete for valuable prizes . . . finalists usually receive a week with pay on some of Ken's vodvil units. A few of his



Ken Soble, with arms raised, leads the applause for his amateurs on the Royal Canadian Tobacco show.

amateurs (and they're *strictly* amateur, without casting any aspersions) have made good professionally. Jean Hemand, six-year-old Montreal tap-dancer, recently made a short for Vitaphone at Long Island. Mildred Moray of Hamilton is singing with famed Luigi Romanelli and his orchestra at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto. Eddie (Angel) Allan and his accordion are now a daily feature of the popular CBS-MBS "Happy Gang".

KEN is young. Only 27. He started in the radio game in his native Toronto ten years ago, after graduating from Jarvis Collegiate Institute. He was a radio time salesman and announcer. After ten years we find Ken is the following: president of Metropolitan Broadcasting Service, Limited, one of the largest radio advertising agencies in Canada; general manager of Soble's Artists' Bureau, supplying forty Canadian theaters with talent; managing director of CHML, Hamilton.

Ken has some pertinent observations on this amateur business. He has found from time to time that if an amateur steps up to the mike in audition and faints dead away that, without fail, the next two or three in line will likewise keel over. Now, when anyone faints, he calls off the audition for a while.

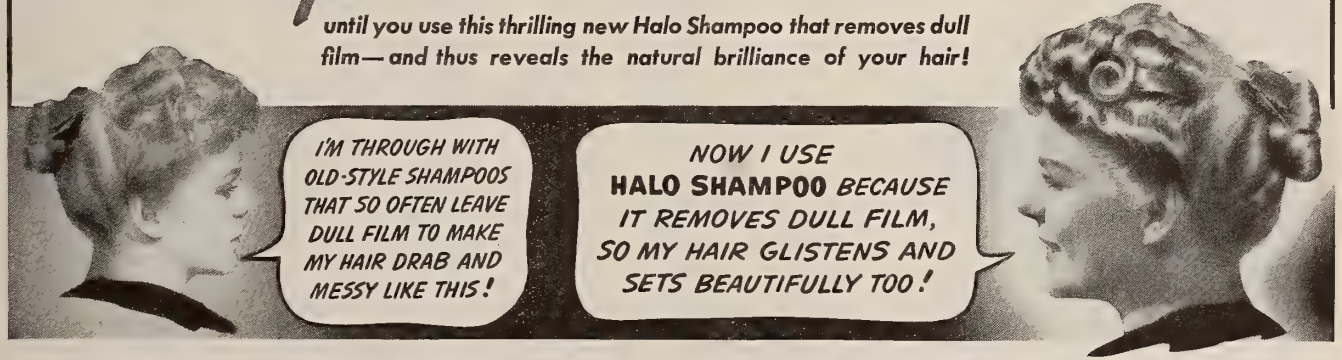
And finally, just to show how this amateur business gets 'em young, on the program's third anniversary broadcast, Ken Soble presented a charming young tap-dancer, who was *born the day of the first Ken Soble's Amateurs broadcast!*

Which is my cue to say: "Good listening!"


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**Thousands hail amazing new HALO Shampoo! Not oil, not soap! Leaves your hair sparkling with natural lustre, manageable and soft as silk!**

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Try this remarkable new Halo Shampoo, today. And discover how radiant your hair really *can* be! Actual retouched photos show what a marvelous improvement this new shampoo may make. See the enchanting way your hair can gleam after a Halo shampoo! Results are exciting because Halo is utterly different in three ways.

**FIRST:** *Halo contains NO soap!* Thus it cannot leave sticky film on hair to hide natural lustre, as many "old-fashioned" shampoos often do. Yet Halo makes more lather than soap, in hardest water. One sudsing washes away dirt, loose dandruff and cloudy film often left by other shampoos. Lemon or vinegar rinses are not needed. You save time and trouble. Yet your hair is free of film . . . alluringly fragrant, cleaner, more brilliant than you probably ever dreamed possible.

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"No meal's complete without Beeman's!" he declared. "That refreshing tang adds the touch of perfection! It's tonic to your taste! Delicious is the word! Thanks a million, dear hostess—for a perfect dinner—and a perfect after-dinner treat!"

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

## This Happened to Me

(*Continued from page 37*)

acceptance to the California Ramblers. After the theater that night, the band I was with played a late dance date. I was just leaving the hall when I looked at my watch. Three o'clock—and I was dead tired. I'd wire the Ramblers in the morning.

Then a crazy thing happened. It sounds like something out of a gangster thriller. I was practically taken for a ride.

I stepped out of the doorway and found two familiar-looking gentlemen waiting for me. They were my friends from the Cleveland band—the one I'd decided not to join. They didn't waste much time in greetings: "Come on, Shaw, you're going with us."

We all piled in their car. The driver seemed to know where to go. We drove out by the Yale campus and parked behind the darkly silhouetted Yale bowl. One of them carried my saxophone case and I, pleading for an explanation, followed. The leader was the first one to speak:

ARTIE, we think you belong with this band. But we want to hear you play again. Will you?"

I unpacked my case. Leaning there against the concrete wall of the great empty stadium, I played "Blue Skies." Not so long before, the Bowl had sounded with school cheers and the thump of a booted pig-bladder. Now it was quiet with a huge silence. A saxophone solo of "Blue Skies" didn't make much of an impression on it.

But my companions listened carefully. They looked at each other and nodded. We got back into the car, and I promptly began to doze. The whole business seemed like a dream to me, anyway. Then the car went over a bump, and I happened to see that we were just passing the New Haven city limits.

"Hey, what's this?" I yelled.

"Don't get excited, Artie. We're going to New York. There's a contract there we want you to sign."

It was close to five then, and the sun was beginning to come up. I was too sleepy to argue. At something after six that morning I signed a contract and we drove back to New Haven. I can't take any credit for making *that* decision.

I've often wondered, since then, what my life would have been if my Cleveland friends hadn't been so high-handed, or if the band hadn't happened to play a late date that night, tiring me out so much that I literally couldn't do anything but let matters take their course. Almost certainly I'd never have met the girl who was later to become my wife—with unhappy results for both of us. But I might have met the girl I later married. Would I have formed my own band, eventually—or would I today still be playing for someone else?

It's all speculation—and, I guess, not particularly productive speculation, at that.

They were laying off the house-band in the theater at New Haven, where I was playing, and I'd already had my two weeks' notice before I joined the Cleveland outfit. I finished my job, got into my car, and drove off to Cleveland.

The band, playing then in a Chinese restaurant, belonged to Joe Cantor. It was a good little outfit. We had two brasses—a trombone and a trumpet—three saxes and a rhythm section. As soon as I joined them, I began arranging seriously. Up to then I had been writing out choruses for two or three part harmony—the stuff I picked up off of good records plus ideas of my own. But now I tried working out harmonies for a full band. It took me three weeks to write my first arrangement, one of "Wabash Blues"—and the result was terrible.

When the boys first tried playing my orchestration it sounded like a terrific clambake—which it was. That taught me the first lesson of arranging—restraint. I'd completely overdone my work. The next lesson came from listening to the boys going over and re-arranging that first woebegone effort. From then on I did at least one or two arrangements a week. I learned how to score, too. In addition, I began concentrating on the clarinet.

I'd begun to feel I was traveling the way I wanted to go when I got an offer from another Cleveland band—Austin Wylie's, then the top dance orchestra in the mid-west. Wylie was playing close to the great phonograph records of the time. What Bob Crosby is doing now, Austin was doing then. He offered to let me take charge of his band, and the opportunity was too good to turn down.

I WASN'T eighteen when I first started to work for Wylie, yet he let me do almost everything but conduct the band. (I even did that, at rehearsals.) Arranging, scoring, playing, conducting, kept me busy and gave me more good experience than any young musician had a right to hope for.

It was while I was with Wylie that another offer came my way, from Ben Pollack. He had a great band—it's already gone down in swing history. He came through Cleveland on a one-night stand, looking for a clarinetist, and said I could have the job. But I liked my own band, and turned the offer down. A good clarinetist, named Benny Goodman, joined the Pollack band instead.

It was 1928, and the Wylie band began broadcasting over WTAM. That was my first contact with the new entertainment device slated to be the greatest single factor in the music business—but at the time that didn't seem as important to me as a piece of good luck that came—well, I can truthfully say that it came right down out of the sky.

One day when I had about two hours with nothing to do I happened to see a story in the paper about the

**Attention! Contestants in the SAMMY KAYE MUSICAL TREASURE HUNT—The winners of the cash prizes which were offered for helping Sammy Kaye finds words for his theme song, will be announced in the July RADIO MIRROR**

National Air Races in Cleveland. It contained the announcement of an essay contest. "Write 250 words on 'How the Air Races Will Benefit Cleveland' and win a two week airplane trip to Hollywood—all expenses paid."

Well, I had time on my hands. So I wrote an essay. A few days later I got a notice informing me that my essay had won first prize.

I had always wanted to see Hollywood, anyhow.

AUSTIN gave me a leave of absence and young Shaw left for the Golden Coast. It was a swell two weeks. I didn't do much except rest and perform most of the standard tourist duties and watch a few bands work. But that holiday trip got me my next job.

One evening there was some sort of an affair staged by the air race people at the Roosevelt Hotel. Irving Aaronson, then one of the big-time orchestras, was playing there with his Commanders. They introduced me to him as the winner of the essay contest. When I began talking to him about sharps, flats, arrangements, he looked at me much as we in these days look at an "ickie." I explained that I was clarinetist-arranger for Austin Wylie. That changed his expression.

Changed it so much, in fact, that a few weeks after I was back in Cleveland. Aaronson, with his arranger, came into our restaurant and offered me a job with him. Two months later I left Wylie to join the Commanders in California.

I really wasn't with Aaronson very long—a month in California and another few months while we traveled across the continent and into New York. And New York got me. I was nineteen and here was a town I wanted to catch by the tail and throw around. I told Aaronson that when he went on tour again I'd stay behind.

I stayed behind, all right—but without a job. I couldn't work without a New York union card, and, as an out-of-towner, I had to wait three months to get one. When the card finally came through, I was broke again.

Luckily, I met Bix Beiderbecke, that great swing trumpeter, and we liked each other. Both of us were very short of cash, and both were looking for jobs, so we decided to room together. The spot we picked was the Forty-fourth Street Hotel—smack in the middle of Times Square.

Bix was in that in-between period where he had just left Paul Whiteman and was on the point of going back to him. The illness that was to kill him had already begun to make its mark.

Our joint finances got very low indeed, but it didn't seem to matter much. That's one thing about being a musician—you can usually figure that something will turn up.

Something did—three things, in rapid succession. First a place with Paul Specht, then one with Red Nichols, and then one with Freddie Rich at the Columbia Broadcasting System. This last job was something —secure, well-paid, with short hours. If I wanted to pick up extra money I could play free-lance jobs in other radio bands.

I had a lot of time on my hands, and decided to catch up on my education. After all, I'd been flunked out of school when I was fourteen. But Columbia University didn't want me, wouldn't have me, once it discovered that I didn't have a high school diploma. I was infuriated at what struck me as a stupid, hidebound system of education. A couple of years later I tried again, at New York University this time, and met the same blank wall. Finally I was forced back to my original conclusion—that formal education was a stupid thing. I hired tutors, and with their help and my own determination, taught myself what I wanted to know, without the guidance of learned professors and a benign university.

But I'm getting a little ahead of my story. After my tussle with the Columbia University authorities, everything went smoothly until January, 1931. Then a visitor from Ohio came to town. Years before, when I was still working for Joe Cantor, in Cleveland, I had met the daughter of a doctor practicing in a small Ohio town. We were close friends, and when she came to New York and we met again, we thought we were in love. I was twenty; she was a year or so younger. We were married.

IT WAS a mistake. A bad mistake. Luckily, it didn't take us long to discover it. Three months after our marriage we separated and arranged for a divorce.

I tried to settle back to work. It was hard at first. I'd been through an emotional upheaval, and it had left its mark. But music has always been the most important thing in my life, and now it came to my rescue. I worked hard and well—and with results. I played first saxophone and clarinet in different CBS orchestras,





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accompanying such stars as Bing Crosby, Morton Downey, and the Mills Brothers, and before long was averaging $500 a week.

For a year and a half I went on, making money. Then, one morning, I pulled myself up with a jerk. I don't know exactly what happened—it was probably only the accumulation of a thousand thoughts and feelings. But I knew that music had become a business to me. It was a trade—no longer an art. It had stopped bringing me the unending enjoyment that had kept me going since I was fourteen. I had to stop it!

It was then 1933. I had saved $12,000. I decided I must get out of New York. Try to write, maybe. I'd always wanted to. But more important, no matter what else I did, I'd make an attempt to straighten myself out. Life had turned sour on me.

Out in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, ninety miles from New York, I bought a farm—an old house, far up in the hills, completely lacking every modern convenience.

Just before I left for the farm I married again. My second wife was a nurse. We loved each other then. There was no question about it. Together, we left for Bucks County.

I WAS there for a year. Not once did I touch my clarinet. I got all the music I needed by playing the piano. The rest of my time I spent trying to write a book and working. The work I did was pure manual labor—wood-chopping, farm chores. Whenever money ran out, I'd get a job on the Pennsylvania road gangs and help make roads for three dollars a day. My only recreation was walking and thinking. I needed that last badly.

I read almost savagely from the large collection of books I had brought with me, lapping up every bit of knowledge I could get my hands on. But one evening I came across a technical term whose meaning I didn't know. I looked it up in the encyclopedia. I read the explanation twice—but couldn't make sense out of it. Then the realization came again that I didn't know enough. I tore up every word I'd written.

That was when I returned to New York and made my second assault on a university education—as fruitless an assault as the first. But it did accomplish one thing. It settled my mind and put me back to work.

I was happy. I didn't need much work to keep myself going, and I found enough when I was hired for two commercial radio programs. I made enough to live on, and had plenty of free time—all of which I spent at home, reading, writing, studying. My wife remained on the farm, for our relationship had changed. We understood, respected, and were fond of each other; but that element which had first drawn us together was gone. I had changed too much in that year on the farm—not for bad or for good, necessarily, but I was different from the person she'd married. Separation was the only logical step. We both wanted our freedom and got it.

May, three years ago, saw the beginning of a new life for me. It was then that the Swing Concert was held at Manhattan's Imperial Theater. Every name band in the country was to be there—Goodman, Casa Loma. Crosby, Dorsey. Joe Helbock, then

owner of the Onyx Club, asked me to appear. I had no band but I agreed

That Swing Concert was the beginning of my success, really. I had a few friends who were classical musicians. Once or twice a month I'd get together with four of them who had formed a string quartette as a hobby, and I'd play the clarinet against their strings. We used the works of Brahms and Mozart. When I signed up for the Swing Concert I asked them if they'd like to work with me. After they consented, I began work on a composition I called "Interlude in B Flat."

THE night we stepped on the Imperial stage reminded me of the evening when I woke with such skin-tightening fright on the rowboat and heard Johnny Cavallaro's band playing without me. I couldn't understand how we'd had the nerve to go in there, following fourteen and fifteen piece crews which had been blasting the roof off. But there we were—four nice soft string instruments, a guitar, a bass, a drum, and a clarinet, playing an original composition called "Interlude in B Flat"!

I know we were stunned when we heard the prolonged applause. And I was more surprised and flattered than I'd ever been when, a few minutes later, George Gershwin came backstage. I don't think I'll ever forget what he said to me: "That was the first original contribution to jazz music in the last fifteen years."

Next morning I began getting calls from bookers and agents, all offering the new "band" jobs—and the moon. We decided to go slowly, though, and it was August before we opened in the Hotel Lexington.

At the Lexington, with two violins, a 'cello, a viola, clarinet, two trumpets, trombone, tenor sax, drums, guitar, piano and string bass, we stayed six months, and when we left the official judges called us a flop. One cause more than any other was responsible: nobody knew what we were doing.

The band broke up, but I was completely sold on being a bandleader by this time, and I formed a new one. No instrumental tricks this time—just the legitimate fourteen pieces and my own clarinet. We started on a road tour to break the band in, hitting every kind of spot imaginable. Mining camps, farm communities, college towns. It was the toughest work I had ever done.

But that training welded us into a unit. Gruelling as it was, it was the making of Artie Shaw's orchestra. Those few musicians who didn't belong, left. Most of them stuck. They stuck because they had complete faith in the idea behind the orchestra.

I think we reached the up-trail in Boston, at the State Ballroom. The State is no swanky spot. Neither is it a dime-a-dance joint. But a dinner-jacket and a champagne cocktail would feel completely out of place there. Yet, after a week or so, we began to notice a difference in the dancers. From Cambridge, Harvard boys and their dates began to drift in. Week-end nights were collegiate affairs. Then broadcast wires were installed and we had a national network a couple of nights a week. And by fall we were ready for New York.

You know the rest of the story. In October, we came to New York and opened at the Hotel Lincoln. The reaction was what we had hoped and prayed for. The final touch came in November when we were signed for the Sunday night Old Gold program with Robert Benchley. We had arrived. Arrived not so much financially as professionally. We're no longer limited. The result of the experiment at the Hotel Lexington in 1936 had naturally made me hesitate before trying anything new. Yet I feel now we are in a position to do those things we want to do. For instance:

An ordinary dance number is limited to about three minutes. But several of the numbers we play are, I feel, more than dance tunes. A group of them can make a miniature swing concert—each taking from seven minutes up to play. That sort of thing had never been heard on the average sustaining dance broadcast. When we reached New York, we decided to try it. Judging from listener response, the idea was successful.

It may now even be possible to revive the string section idea. That's what having "arrived" means, I think. That's part of the peculiar psychology attached to success. My ideas may be no better now than they were two or three years ago, but my professional standing is better. It makes it possible to experiment successfully.

My feeling has always been that any American contribution to a world's music will come from "jazz" or "swing." Most music being played today is no further advanced than the work of Armstrong and Hines in the twenties. It's my job and the job of other conscientious and sincere musicians to carry it beyond that point.

THE END.


# MY HUSBAND ALMOST LEFT ME—

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## Pretty Kitty Kelly

(*Continued from page 20*)

beginning of a revelation, silenced forever, by death.

"It's evident that Mrs. Megram was murdered so that she couldn't tell Kitty who she really is," the Inspector was saying. But she scarcely heard what he said. For with a little cry of "Michael!" she had burst into bitter sobs.

* * *

IT was good to get home to the apartment on 31st Street at last. Good to find Bunny curling her brunette mop over a gas jet, and whistling "Flat Foot Floogie," as she got ready to go out.

"I've got a date with Slim—at an Italian joint in the village. Ravioli up to here!" Bunny burst out gaily, but stopped short at the sight of Kitty's face.

"What's the matter, Kit? Nothing come of your confab with the Inspector?"

"No."

"Aw, gee, kid, that's too bad. And I had a hunch you were on the right trail at last." Bunny heaved a sympathetic sigh. "Well—sit down, and rest your dogs for a while. I'll get you some crackers and milk—"

"Thanks, Bunny—but sure and I don't feel like eating at all."

No. Tonight she wanted only to crawl into the little brass bed in the tiny bedroom she shared with Bunny. She wanted to forget all of the events of the day—Mrs. Megram's cold face in the morgue, the Inspector's questions—but especially that moment this evening, when she had invited Michael back to her apartment for dinner.

They had been riding downtown in the taxi, and she had noticed, even in the dusky twilight, the little look of embarrassment that came over his face.

"I'm sorry, Kitty. But I—I can't make it tonight. I have an engagement."

"With Isabel Andrews?" The stupid question had slipped out jealously before she knew it. And under a passing street light, she had seen his eyes evade her.

"Not—not exactly. It's with her grandfather. He's—he's made a proposition. Wants to set me up in a law-office, do some legal work for him. He's trying to put over some kind of important deal. It looks like my big chance at last. . . ."

"But Michael—I thought you were happy working in the District Attorney's office—"

She had hesitated for a moment, hating to sound so unenthusiastic, but remembering Mr. Andrews—white-haired, pompous, with the flashing manners, the smoothness of a born gambler. He and Michael would never get along.

But Michael had picked her up on it.

"There's no future there. Jog along for years on a small salary, waiting for an advancement. This Andrews thing is big. I'll have my own office, my own secretary, make my own decisions. . . ." He turned to her suddenly, struck perhaps by her silence, perhaps by his own conscience.

"What's the matter, Kit? Say—you're not jealous of Isabel Andrews! You know she doesn't mean a thing to me. I'm just having dinner with her and old A. J. for *our* sake—that's all."

"Of—of course, Michael—" She had tried to smile, tried to share his enthusiasm. But that laughter last night, that suppressed giggle on the train, had persisted in her mind. She had said goodbye to him, and come back to the apartment, with a heavy heart.

Michael! He had been her shield against the world for six long months. What would become of her, if he failed her now?

Bunny came back into the room, bearing a glass of milk.

"I was just talking to Yonson, the janitor, and he told me something that may interest you. It seems that while we were away Mrs. Megram was here to see you—and a funny looking big guy named Dr. Orbo—"

She listened listlessly, sipping the milk. Mrs. Megram. A funny looking man named Dr. Orbo. Clues. More futile, foolish clues. Perhaps tomorrow, when she was not so tired, she would be able to start the puzzle all over again. But tonight she could think only of one thing. Michael. Michael sitting down at a candle-lit table, smiling into Isabel Andrews' brown, compelling eyes.

Suddenly her reveries were shattered by the sharp sound of a buzzer. Slim, she thought to herself. Bunny's Slim, calling for his date. Then a familiar voice sounded in her ears, and she turned to stare up at six feet two of blond masculinity.

"Grant Thursday!"

He grinned at her obvious surprise.

OH, say now, I can't tell from that tone whether I'm welcome or not. It isn't glacial, and yet there's no warmth in it. After all—when I've trailed you all the way from Switzerland and New Hampshire—at least say you're not sorry to see me—!"

"Of course I'm not sorry. I'm—I'm glad!"

"That's better!" He was all attention, all eagerness to please. And in spite of herself, she could not help feeling a warmth at his nearness. He *was* handsome—not Michael's roughhewn strong kind of handsomeness—but in a kind of careless, devil-may-care way that swept all opposition, all doubts before him. And his debonair style of speech, his gay laugh were very infectious.

She began to feel less miserable, less alone.

"Have dinner with me, Kitty—and make me the happiest man in New York" he cried, his gray eyes hungrily upon her, belying his foolish words. She drew back for a moment, a little frightened by his eagerness, remembering the strange circumstances under which they had met. Then once more, like a sharp stab of pain, the thought of Michael returned. Michael's face, smiling over a lace tablecloth at Isabel Andrews.

She pushed back her red-gold curls with a carefree gesture, and smiled into Grant Thursday's eyes.

"Why not?" she said softly. "Why not—?"

* * *

They went to the smartest restaurant in town. A French place, soft-

carpeted, old world, save for its shining, chromium bar. The headwaiter, a smiling Frenchman with a little waxed mustache, knew Grant at once. He bowed low, and led them to a table near the wall, snapping his fingers at the other waiters round about.

"Vite! Pour mademoiselle et monsieur—le mieux!"

IT WAS not until the thrilling little flurry of excitement had died down, that she looked up, and saw them standing at the bar, just beyond Grant's shoulder.

Michael—and—Isabel!

He was dressed in dinner clothes, his black hair sleek and shining. She had never seen him look so distinguished, so tall. And even in her hurt, her heart cried out to him with longing. She wanted to go to him, beg him to explain.

But he was raising his glass to Isabel, swaying a little.

"Grant!" She leaped to her feet, pushing back her chair. "I—I want to go home!"

"But, Kitty, my dear—we haven't even begun . . !"

"It doesn't matter! Please—Grant—I—" Her mind searched frantically for an excuse. Anything. Illness. A telephone call. Something she had forgotten.

All the people in the place were turning to look at her. And still she could find no words of explanation. Then at last the inevitable came. Michael turned and stared at her too.

"Kitty!"

She could feel his eyes upon her, Isabel too, turning to stare with supercilious, raised eyebrows. But she could think of nothing to do. So this was where they had gone. Not to A. J. Andrews' house at all. But out, on a secret rendezvous, together. While she could remain, forgotten and alone.

Michael left the bar, and came toward her. He was pale and shaky. She could see him weaving his way around the white tables, steadying himself on the backs of the chairs. He came and stood before her, and his voice was thick, uncertain.

"I'm—shorry, Kitty. Shorry. Please. Let me 'splain. 'Splain everything. Ishabel—she'll 'splain too. Please, Kitty. No. Don't go. Old Andrewsh—not home. Not home at all. Sit down, Kit. Pleash—'splain. Please—please—"

His lips trailed off in a string of meaningless words. He tried to grasp her arm, push her into a chair. But Grant stepped forward, and with one swift gesture, had jerked him away. Sick at heart, she saw his eyes, clouded and blue, staring at her with a puzzled look. Then she could stand it no longer.

"Please, Grant—take me home. Let's get out of here!"

"I've a good mind to sock him one before I go!" Grant hesitated. But she caught his arm, and urged him toward the door. Hurrying into her wrap, she saw Isabel Andrews sauntering slowly from the bar, and bending over Michael's slumped figure. Then she and Grant were in the dark taxi, and she was crying like a child against his shoulder.

* * *

They talked that night—Bunny and Slim, Grant and herself—far into the dawn. There was no real point, Grant said, in being sorry about Michael. After all, he insisted, she had only known Michael six months—in this new period of her life. He was a passing phase of her present existence. But there was still a vast, important life behind her—a life of mystery and darkness, that yet remained unknown.

She must concentrate on finding out about that life, he said. Find the place that Mrs. Megram's letter had said was "rightfully hers." It was foolish to go on, being plain Kitty Kelly, denying herself things that might be just around the corner. Things like travel, wealth, beautiful clothes, gay friends. But, he insisted, she must go about finding herself scientifically. This silly policeman stuff, these vague "clues" she had been following, were useless. She must go to a good psychiatrist, have him explore the recesses of her mind.

MICHAEL took Kitty to a doctor once," Bunny murmured. "He was a psychiatrist. But she never went back. Dr. Weyman—that was his name."

Grant raised his eyebrows.

"Good Lord Weyman's the best psychiatrist in New York! And you've never gone back! Kitty, darling—but you must!"

"He—he didn't seem to help me!" She sat on the sofa in the paling light of dawn, staring at her lap. What did it matter—a new life? No matter what it was, she did not want it, without Michael at her side.

"But, of course not, my dear. No psychiatrist can help a patient in one treatment. It's a long business—"

Gently, insistently, his debonair





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manner gone, Grant persuaded her, as the gray morning crept across the sky. They all persuaded her—even Slim, whose hard-boiled reporter manner had disappeared out of sheer sympathy with her plight. She must go to Dr. Weyman tomorrow—begin her search for happiness anew.

And dully, she nodded her head, promised that she would go. But all the time, her heart was thinking. I'll give him one more chance. If he calls me up today, I won't go. I'll forgive him. I'll forget all about the old life, be contented with this one. We'll be married.

At six o'clock, Grant and Slim finally went home, and she and Bunny crept into bed for a few hours sleep. But she tossed back and forth beneath the blankets, waiting. Seven o'clock. Eight o'clock. Nine. She and Bunny were up and dressed, powdering their noses. By now, he should be home. Perhaps, if she called his housekeeper. Secretly, while Bunny was in the next room, she dialed the number.

"Mrs. Murger. This is Kitty Kelly. Is—Is Mr. Conway there?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Kelly, but he hasn't yet come home. . ."

TEN o'clock. And now she was pirouetting before the customers in Marks Fifth Avenue, in a French import with a silly little spring hat upon her red curls. Eleven o'clock. Twelve.

At twelve, she whispered an excuse to the buyer, and hurried out of the store, through the hurrying noon-day crowds toward the canyons of Park Avenue. Her face was set and determined. In ten minutes, she was sitting in Dr. Weyman's spacious office, waiting while his starched secretary whisked through the door.

"Will you come in, Miss Kelly?"

Dr. Weyman, a pleasant, middle-aged man, dressed in a plain, dark suit, greeted her with a handshake and a brisk, appraising smile.

"Oh yes, I remember you well, Miss Kelly. A most unusual case. In fact, I still have the card I made for you last year. Miss Schilling—" He buzzed a button on the mahogany desk. "Please bring in Miss Kelly's record—"

He bent over the square of cardboard, with its minute symbols and figures, as impersonally as though he were studying a cross-word puzzle, instead of a human being. But she was glad of his scientific detachment. One kind word, one note of sympathy, she thought, would have made her scream.

"Hm." He looked up at her, scrutinizing her closely. "Memory any better now?"

"No better, doctor."

"You can't remember anything that happened farther than a year back?"

"Not a thing."

"Hm." He paused, looking at the card once more. Then suddenly, a light dawned in his face, and he laid it back on the desk, with a low exclamation.

"Great Scott" he cried. "Why didn't I think of that before?" His professional reserve melted into boyish excitement. "Miss Kelly—this is most fortunate! It so happens that this week the International Institute of Psychiatrists is meeting here in New York. We have specialists in town from everywhere. And right in my laboratory here is a man who knows more about amnesia than anyone else in the world. His name is Dr. Orbo."

Dr. Orbo! But she had heard that name somewhere before. What? She tried to think, as Dr. Weyman's secretary came and went, and the seconds ticked off, and finally, footsteps, heavy and plodding came slowly down the hall.

Then the door opened, and she knew. A strange looking man, saturnine, with piercing eyes. Heavy, apelike shoulders. A peering expression. Dr. Orbo. The man Bunny had mentioned last night. The mysterious man who had come to see her.

"Dr. Orbo—this is Miss Kitty Kelly." Dr. Weyman said, introducing her. The massive head turned, the blinking eyes stared at her. Then, a strange look came over that weird face.

"But—I have met Miss Kelly before!" Dr. Orbo said slowly. His voice was low, with a kind of humming quality. He turned to Dr. Weyman.

"Quick!" he said. "Get me that copy of the British Medical Journal. The one with my article. Give it to me. Look. On page 723. The 15th experiment. The subject:- Miss K. Listen:- On January 15th I performed an experiment in artificial amnesia on a young woman. She was in good health, submitted easily. . . But it does not matter. You have read the experiment through. What matters is that Miss K of that experiment is this Miss Kelly I see before me!"

"Dr. Orbo!" Dr. Weyman scarcely breathed. "But is it possible? What a coincidence!"

ASK your patient to uncover her left shoulder. You will find the marks of my needles, my injections. . ."

Dr. Weyman came forward professionally. "Certainly. How *very* interesting. Now, Miss Kelly—if you will permit me?"

But Kitty drew herself away, and ran forward with a suffocated cry toward that weird figure.

"Doctor Orbo!" she cried. "Who am I?" Tell me who I really am?"

---

*What is the story Dr. Orbo has to tell? Will he help Kitty to find love with Michael, or . . . perhaps . . . with Grant Thursday? Don't miss next month's exciting instalment, in the July issue of Radio Mirror, on sale May 26.*


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**JULY RADIO MIRROR**

(*Continued from page 14*)

coming— But of course they had to come; I couldn't very well stay if they didn't.

Then the telephone rang, with a husky, muted buzz.

Brad answered it—and as I listened I knew exactly what he would say. All the time, without wanting to, I'd expected something like this. It had all been too perfect.

HE HUNG up and returned to the fireside, his face grave. "That was Ray Tucker," he said. "Awfully apologetic, and all that, but they can't come after all. Edna's sick—they kept hoping all afternoon she'd be better so they could come, but finally they had to give up and decide to stay home."

"Oh—" I said weakly, my disappointment showing itself all too clearly in my voice.

"I'm terribly sorry, Nicky. If only I'd asked somebody else — another couple besides—"

"I'm sorry too," I said, trying to smile. "I—I guess I'll have to go back to town now."

"Yes, I suppose so." He stood there a moment, staring into the fire. "Well, that's that. Tell you what—there's no sense in wasting Mrs. Geraghty's good dinner. We'll eat, and then start out for New York."

He rang for Mrs. Geraghty, and soon we were sitting at a table which had been laid at the other end of the room. The dinner was delicious, but something had gone wrong — very much wrong. I didn't want to go back to New York. I hated the thought of the hot, stifling city. But I knew I couldn't stay here. It wasn't so much that I didn't trust Brad, as that I didn't entirely trust myself. Was I in love with him?—I didn't know. Jerry seemed very far away from this beautiful room, and very different from the sophisticated man at the other side of the table.

We lingered over dinner, each of us reluctant to meet the moment when we must start back. At last I could delay no longer. I got up and wandered over to the fireplace, warming my hands, which were suddenly cold and stiff. Brad followed. He was standing beside me—and just as before, I was aware of a tension in the air. But this time I was unable to move. I felt languorous, almost hypnotized by the flickering flames on the hearth, by the spell of the moment.

Then Brad's arms were around me, his breath on my cheek. I felt the blood throbbing in my temples. Instinctively my hands crept to his shoulders, and for one second of forgetfulness I gave myself to his embrace. For though Jerry had warned me against Brad, he hadn't thought to warn me against myself!

"Don't go back tonight," I heard him murmur. "Stay here—there's no reason you shouldn't—"

I came back to myself with a start. Still with his arms around me, I leaned back so I could see his face and search it with my eyes. "The week-end party—that's the little detail still to be arranged." Jerry's words came back to me. And so far, everything had happened the way he had suggested it would. I was terribly attracted to Brad—the moment that had just passed was proof of that. But how much could I trust him? The absence of the Tuckers, the lonely mountain lodge, Brad's plea for me to stay—all these were so pat. Had he arranged everything, and was surrender to him thinly disguised as accident, the price of my big opportunity on the Atlas Hour?

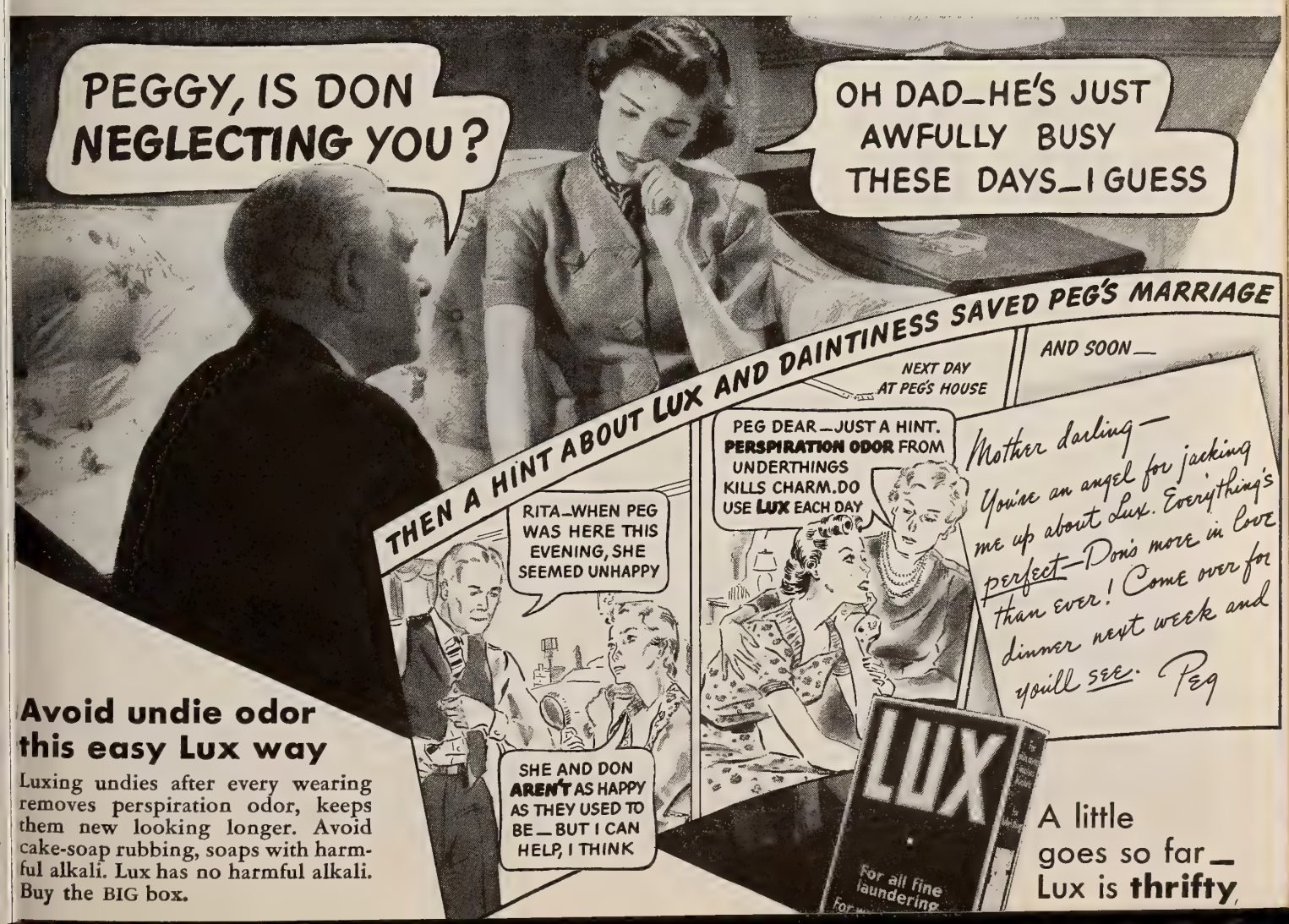
Well, perhaps so. But if it was, it was too great a price to pay.

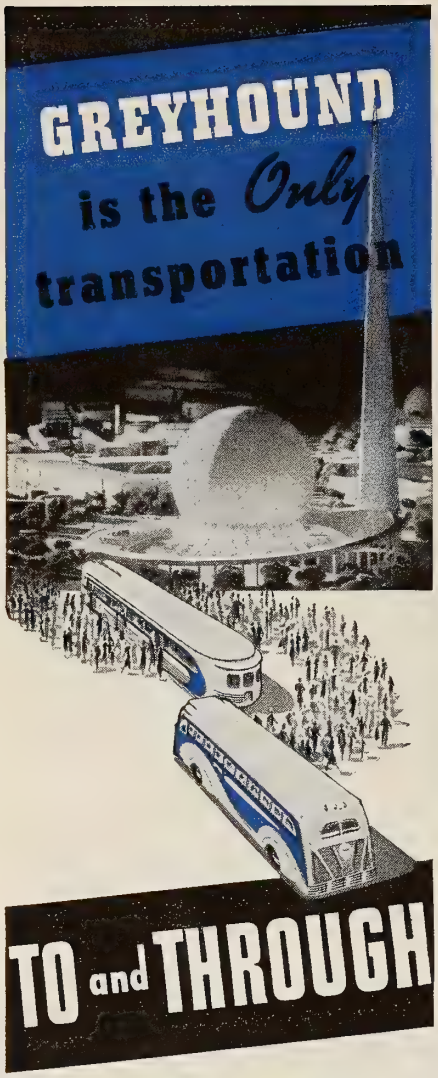
In little more than a second, all these thoughts had raced through my mind. Now I twisted in his grasp. "Please, Brad—you mustn't—"

He tried to hold me; in sudden panic, as I felt the force of his personality numbing my will, I tore myself loose and stood, panting with the exertion, on the other side of the fireplace.

"I'm sorry," he said curtly, and I realized he had misunderstood my vehemence—had thought I was repelled by him, instead of attracted so violently that I didn't dare remain near him.

NO, YOU don't understand," I said quickly—and then stopped. How could I explain; how could I tell him? "It's—it's just that I'm a girl who wants you to give her a job. If I let you—make love to me—I'd have the feeling that I was—buying the job that way."




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I saw the muscles of his jaw tighten. "But why should you think that?"

"Oh—I don't know—" I faltered—and then I realized I must know the truth. "Brad—did you plan all this? Did you ever invite the Tuckers up here at all?"

"What a wonderful reputation I must have," he said quietly. "No, Nicky, I did not plan it. I did invite the Tuckers, and that was Ray Tucker on the phone just now. But I'll tell you the truth. I was *glad* when I found out they weren't coming. I wanted us to be alone together. And I suppose—yes, somehow I have to tell you this—I suppose that I realized, and was using, the power my position as producer of the radio show gave me over you."

He turned away, fumbling for a cigarette in the box on the coffee table.

He broke the silence that followed: "I just want to tell you this—nothing that's happened makes the least difference about your job. I won't pretend that I haven't—well, mixed business and pleasure before now, but I never had any intention of doing that in your case. If you'd slapped my face—and perhaps I deserved it—I'd still have given you the contract. Because you've got a voice, and I want that voice on the show. Besides, I knew you weren't that kind of a girl. . . . And now I guess you'd like to start back to town."

I LAUGHED shakily. His utter frankness had thrown me once more off my guard, and I believed everything he had said. It no longer seemed terribly important that I get back to town, although I knew I must. "I suppose so," I said, "but I hate to think of you driving all that way and spoiling your week-end, just for me. Can't you put me on a train?"

"Of course not," he said, smiling. "It's my fault you have to go back. The least I can do is drive you there."

All at once, the atmosphere had cleared. We were friends again.

"Wait a minute," he said, as I turned toward the stairs. "I just thought—there's a swell little inn about five miles from here. What would you think about staying all night there? We could run down there now, as a matter of fact, and have a few dances before I leave you. And in the morning I'll drive down and bring you back in time for breakfast."

I hesitated. Truthfully, I didn't want to go home, and the prospect he held out was too alluring to refuse.

"All right," I said.

He held out his hand. "And we're friends?"

"Of course."

And we were, very good friends the rest of that evening and all the sun-drenched, wonderful day that followed. He stayed at the inn until about eleven, and we danced to the music of the small orchestra. Then he left me, and I slept for eight hours of oblivion in the cozy bedroom that was almost as pleasant as the one at the lodge. He was back, in the morning, to drive me up to the lodge for breakfast.

Not until late Sunday night, when we'd driven back to New York and the cream-colored roadster drew up in front of my rooming house, did either of us mention the scene after dinner.

"I've had a wonderful time," I said, holding out my hand to say good-by. "Really."

"In spite of last night?"

"I—I'm sorry about last night, too," I stammered. "Sorry I accused you of planning it all, I mean."

He had been smiling, but the smile faded from his face. "You needn't be," he said in a low voice. "As I told you, I'm capable of it—but not with a girl like you."

While I was trying to think of an answer, he straightened up and gave my hand a little pat. "Shall I see you at the office tomorrow? I'll have all the papers ready to sign. And maybe we can arrange that meeting with Ray Tucker then."

I said goodby to him at the door, watched him drive off down the street, and then went into the gloomy little hallway. It was almost midnight, and everyone should have been asleep, but I was surprised to see a light burning in the parlor. The next thing I knew, Jerry was standing in the doorway between the parlor and the hall, looking at me.

"Jerry!" I said in pleased astonishment, all the wonderful story of the week-end leaping to my lips. I wanted to tell him that everything was all right, that I had the job sewed up, that my big chance had come at last.

"What happened?" he asked hoarsely. The light was behind him, and I couldn't see his face, but his voice was strained and unnatural.

"Why, I—" I began.

"Were the Tuckers there?" He fired the question at me like shot from a gun.

"No—that is, they were supposed to be, but something happened and they couldn't—"

"Was anyone up there—besides you and Staley?"

The reaction from spending a perfect day, then coming home to this scene, was too much for me. "Stop talking to me like a district attorney!" I snapped. "If you must know, there *wasn't* anyone else there!"

"Well?" he snapped viciously.

WELL . . . nothing. Just that I sign my contract tomorrow. I spent last night in an inn, five miles from the lodge—but I don't expect you to believe that."

"You're right I don't believe it—knowing Staley!"

I felt tears springing to my eyes. His previous warnings, before I'd gone to the lodge, had been bad enough. But this assumption that I'd yielded to Brad, simply for the sake of a job, was so cruel that for a moment I could hardly speak.

"I wish you'd go away," I said, trying to keep from choking over the onrushing sobs. "I've told you the truth and if you won't believe it I don't want to talk to you any more."

He hesitated—then he seized his hat and brushed past me, out of the house.

I cried myself to sleep that night. Possibly I was tired and overwrought—perhaps too many emotions had been poured into me during the twenty-four hours I'd just lived through. I didn't love Jerry—I knew that now, although there had been times in the past when love had not seemed so far away for us. But even without love, it is a terrible wrench to find that your friend has left your side, exchanged his sympathy and understanding for hardness and cruelty.

I'd thought that success had no price—but now I saw that it had. I'd made sure of my big chance on the

air, but I'd lost a friendship that I valued.

I was thankful, during the next two weeks, that I was so busy. Not even Jerry's coldness could take the thrill out of the knowledge that at last I was going places. Contracts to sign, rehearsals to attend, new songs to learn, pictures to be taken, new people to meet, new clothes to be bought—all this while I was still doing my old program, from which I would not be free until the two weeks were up. I saw Brad every day, and Jerry on the three days a week when I broadcast. On the first day, I hoped fervently that he'd say something, ask my pardon. I was ready and eager, if he would make the first move, to forget the things he'd said. But he remained stiff and aloof.

Then, one night, he came to the broadcast white-faced and unsteady. He stumbled over the words of his announcement, while I listened to him in agony. It wasn't possible that I'd done this thing to him! In all our association, I'd never known him to take more than one drink—and here he was, so intoxicated he scarcely knew what he was doing. I put my hand on his arm, trying to steady him as he stood at the mike, but he turned on me with a look I can never forget, and shook me off. I sang very badly that night.

AT MY next broadcast, Jerry was missing. They had fired him.

I was frantic. It was only four days before my opening program on the Atlas Hour—but suddenly nothing seemed to matter except Jerry. Whatever his faults, I saw now, he had loved me enough to break up entirely when he thought I had given myself to another man. For the first time, I had a glimpse into his strange, repressed mind—so quiet and calm, usually, on the outside, so high-strung within. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't let him drift irresponsibly into poverty and degradation. I had to find him and somehow bring him to his senses.

He wasn't at his home. None of the people at the studio knew where he might be. I couldn't imagine where to locate him. And already I was due at Brad's office to go over some songs.

Unable to think of anything more to do, I got in a taxi and rode uptown to keep my appointment, hoping that I would be able to concentrate sufficiently to get through the evening's rehearsal. But Brad's keen eyes met me as I entered his office, and he knew at once something was wrong. Halfway through the first number, he stopped me.

"Come on, Nicky," he said. "What's the matter? I listened to your program tonight, and you sounded like the substitute soprano at a tank-town picnic. And now you can't even read music."

I broke down then, and told him the whole story—about my long friendship with Jerry, our conversation on the night before the week-end trip, our meeting on my return and what had happened since.

While I talked, Brad had sat at the piano, drawing strange lines and crosses on the margin of a musical score.

"I can't bear to have him think what he does about me," I finished. "He's ruining himself, and it's all my fault. I should have *made* him believe me!"


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"If a man ruins himself, it's usually his own fault," Brad said wearily. "All right, Nicky, I think I can probably find him for you. I know him slightly, as a matter of fact. So you run along home and stop worrying."

I didn't hear from Brad the rest of that night, nor until noon the next day. Then he called me up. "I've got your Jerry in my apartment," he said. "I think you'd better come up and see him."

"Is he—"

"Oh, he's all right. Just a little ashamed of himself."

I went right up to Brad's apartment on Central Park, and found both men waiting for me. Jerry was wearing a dressing gown that was so much too big for him I knew it must be Brad's. He looked tired and ill.

Brad excused himself as soon as I came in, and left us alone. For a moment there was silence. I don't think either of us knew what to say. Jerry spoke first.

"I'VE made a fool of myself, Nicky," he said humbly. "I'm sorry. Staley brought me home with him last night —I don't even know where he found me—and this morning he told me what really happened up at the lodge. I—well, all I can say is I'm sorry, and I said that before."

"I'm sorry too," I told him.

He seized my hand and began to talk very fast. "It was only because I loved you so much, Nicky. I couldn't tell you that before—I couldn't seem to find the words, or the right time and place. But I—I just went crazy when you told me you were going up to the lodge with Staley. I couldn't get you out of my mind that Saturday and Sunday — thinking about you, wondering what you were doing. I was crazy jealous. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes. I understand."

"And you forgive me?"

"Of course I forgive you."

His tired face lit up, and he pressed my hand harder between his own. "Nicky—darling—if I don't say it now I'll never dare to—won't you marry me?"

I shook my head. "No, Jerry."

His brows drew down over eyes that were suddenly darkly glowing with anger. "You're in love with Staley!" It was an accusation.

"Jealous again, Jerry?" I said gently. "If I am in love with Brad, that's my business. The point is, I don't love you. I'm tremendously fond of you, and I always will be. But I don't love you. I don't think I ever will now."

"Isn't there anything I can do—"

"You can't manufacture love, Jerry. I think I was on the verge of loving you, once, but you weren't willing to trust me. Now I guess there's nothing much either of us can do about it."

He got up and stood there a minute, looking forlorn and uncomfortable in his too-large dressing gown. "I'll send Brad in to see you," he said, and left the room.

A moment later Brad came in. His eyes sought mine questioningly.

"Nicky!" he demanded. "I've got to know. Do you love Jerry?"

"No."

"Thank heavens! I was afraid, for a while—"

I stood up, holding out a hand as if I could ward off the words I knew were on his lips.

"You know just about every bad thing there is to know about me, Nicky," he said earnestly. "You know I've played around—I've done as I liked, always. Maybe I'm that kind of a guy. But just the same—I'm asking you to marry me."

The longing to say yes struggled in my heart with the old fear of him. This man who always got what he wanted—could a real marriage be built, with him? Might there be a day when what he wanted—wasn't me?

HE SAW me hesitate, and rushed on: "It was a game I tried to play with you, that night at the lodge, but I'm not playing games any more. And last night, when I thought you were in love with somebody else, I knew I'd have to tell you soon—"

But I wasn't listening. My thoughts had flown back to the day, two weeks before, when he had stood beside me at the window in his lodge. Then I'd felt that he was consciously exerting all his power upon me, mentally willing me to surrender to him. Now all that was gone. This wasn't the Brad Staley I had known then. He was utterly different. In love and humility, he was surrendering to me.

I laid my hand on his arm. "Stop it, Brad," I said, smiling. "Of course I'll marry you."



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## 25 Years With Eddie

(*Continued from page 15*)

time, to people like my parents, the good substantial folk, an actor was a bum. They simply couldn't understand what I saw in Eddie. They thought I was crazy.

But he always made me laugh. And with his sense of humor there was mixed a priceless touch of pathos, the heritage of a clown. Eddie has a sensitivity and a feeling and a love for humanity that amounts to a religion. I can truthfully say that in all our years together I have never heard him utter one unkind word about anybody.

I think that big-hearted, human side of him developed during those early days when he learned, first hand, the meaning of struggle.

He knew my parents did not approve of him. Yet his actor blood ran too deep for anyone to change the course. Valiantly he tried to make good and impress my family.

I SHALL never forget when he got himself a job as singing waiter in a Coney Island café. He told me he was the manager of the place. So I, wanting to show my relatives that Eddie was really turning out to be somebody, took them all to the café. Eddie, seeing us enter, must have died a million mental deaths. But he was quick-witted enough to face any predicament. He merely tossed his apron aside and, throughout the evening, *acted* the part, transferring his orders to the other employees *and* the owner.

It took a comparatively short while for him to show my folks, because as soon as Eddie worked for Gus Edwards, he started making money. After he traveled with the Edwards act he sent me part of his salary to save for him. The day that salary reached one hundred dollars a week he asked me to marry him.

At this time Eddie landed an engagement in London. He planned taking me to Europe for our honeymoon.

My parents gave their consent. One hundred dollars a week plus a European honeymoon meant success, even if a man's business was in the theater.

So in 1914 we sailed, second class, on the Aquitania.

I've always been proud of what Eddie said about that trip: "It's all right to travel second class, when you travel with a first-class wife."

During the trip I faced reality, for Eddie's act, due to his partner, didn't work out so well, and we nearly went hungry. Now we laugh whenever we remember the day we counted pennies before venturing tea in an English restaurant. Spying a huge tray of French pastry, with a price tag on it, a price equivalent to our dime, Eddie gobbled six pieces, figuring that if he stuffed himself he could go without dinner, and ten cents seemed so cheap for all that cake. It was his mistake. When he paid the check he discovered the sign meant ten cents—apiece!

I could not help recalling that incident last summer, when, again, we were in England, only now my Eddie, who had known so well the meaning of want, worked, night after night, with all the concentrated power of his talents, energy and emotions, to collect money for refugees. And the boy, who once was obliged to eat pastry in




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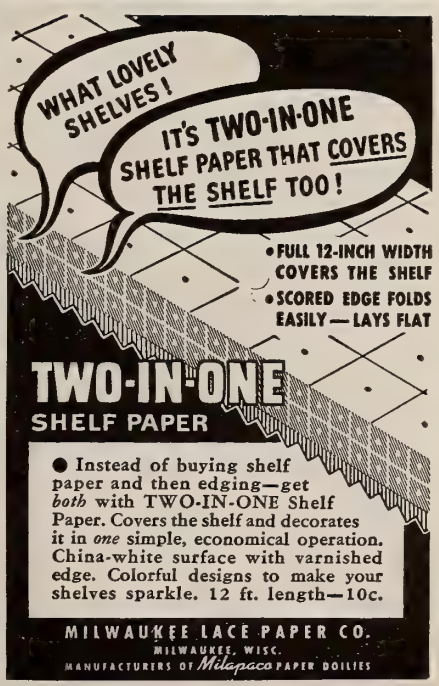


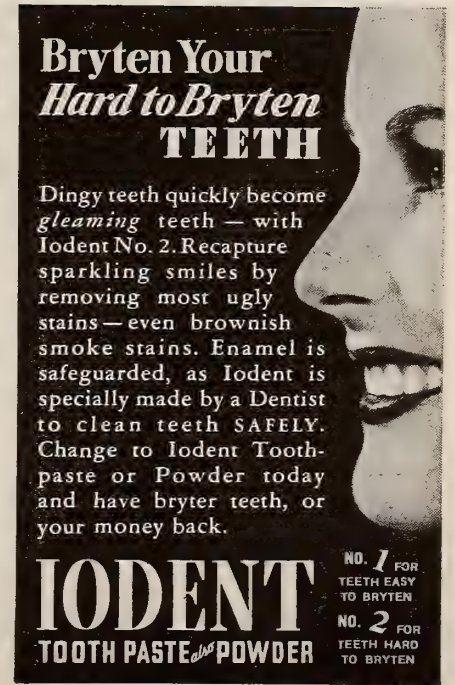
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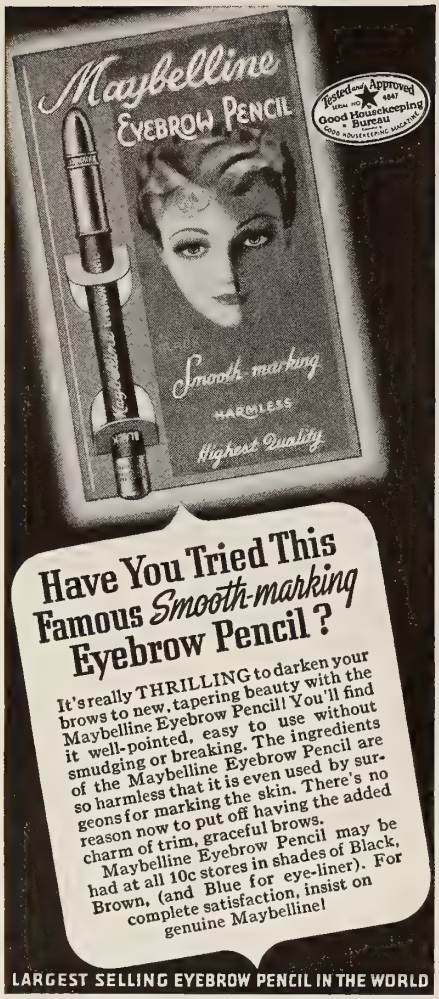
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order to fill himself, had become a man, who, within three weeks, collected a sum equal to five hundred and fifty thousand American dollars.

I thought of the incident again when we visited Ambassador Joseph Kennedy and his wife. The couples preceding us were announced, all imposing names, Lord and Lady This, the Duke and Duchess of That. When our turn came, imagine my embarrassment—Eddie whispered to the footman, who immediately bellowed, "Eddie and Ida!"

Ambassador and Mrs. Kennedy rushed forward to greet us and I suddenly realized what my given name has grown to mean. Eddie talks so much about Ida that it had achieved an identity of its own, an identity of which I was totally unconscious until that moment, and one other, drove it home to me.

The other occurred at a charity gathering when I was introduced to President Roosevelt's mother as "Mrs. Cantor," and she simply said, "So *you're* Ida."

BECAUSE this surprised me, my girls laugh, and say I'm naïve. But I have tried to stay out of the limelight. I never go backstage. I keep away from theatrical gossip. Before opening nights, when Eddie is nervous and jittery, I see that he takes a comfortable hotel suite so he can be alone and attain at least a measure of calmness. And I trained the children to be quiet.

The nervous disposition of Eddie's, so typical of the artist, affects his entire system. I am afraid it has made him into something of a hypochondriac. He is apt to go on diet spurts and then the whole family must go right with him. When our daughter Marilyn was quite little and we visited my relatives, she marveled, exclaiming over and over again, "What good food they have." At that time our branch, led by Eddie, was subsisting on sauerkraut juice!

However, I am jumping ahead. Returning from our honeymoon, we moved into a small apartment in the Bronx. I did the cooking. Eddie says this is what gave him the incentive to become a star. He says he knew he had to make enough money to be able to afford a cook because he never could have lived on my culinary efforts! He jokes like that, always. But it was twenty years ago that he first publicly told a joke about me. It happened by accident.

He went away for the week-end and I carelessly forgot to pack the long woolen drawers he loved to wear. Luck was against me, the weather turning very cold. Consequently, for two days and nights, Eddie shivered in a poorly heated country house. On Monday, when he got back to New York, I didn't see him, as I was spending the day with some friends from out-of-town. That evening, anxious to meet him, I went to the theater and sat out front. Eddie claims he senses when I'm in the audience and that, by my laugh, he can tell just where I'm sitting. So it was after I had laughed that I saw him stop short, walk straight to the footlights and calmly ask the audience what they thought of a woman who neglected to pack her husband's woolen drawers when zero meets his knees!

The audience loved this. They literally howled. The woolen drawers routine went right into the show, and from then on, Eddie made jokes about his family and the little incidents that are part of our everyday life. In fact, he says we'll never be divorced because I've been such a good act!

Frankly, I play up to his sense of humor. When Marilyn was born, Eddie happened to be on the road with "The Midnight Rounders." I wired him, "Another girl, excuse it, please!"

Eddie believes in disciplining by jokes. When Edna bought a sweepstakes ticket, Eddie, who hates gambling, never scolded. Instead, he cooked up a scheme, with a New York friend of his, to have her sent a telegram announcing she had won. Edna, all excitement, ran out and bought new clothes and presents for herself, her sisters and each of the servants. The final joke was really on Eddie, because her gifts were charged to his accounts. However, he let everyone keep their presents. We had a good laugh. And Edna was cured of any gambling tendencies.

Only once during our entire married life have I seen Eddie unable to wisecrack. That was in 1929 when the stock market took his life earnings. For three desperate weeks our house seemed hopeless, silent, barren, unnatural. Then one night, Eddie woke me, demanding I listen to a new joke. Until dawn we stayed up, while he dictated gag after gag. By the next evening he had written "Caught Short," which sold over two hundred thousand copies, starting him on his way toward recouping a fortune. But none of that mattered to me. I was content in the knowledge that Eddie was himself again. He had thought of a joke.

As a man he is difficult to describe. I have already written about his great heart. As to his mind, well, he never forgets a name or a face; he reads practically every magazine published, every story, every article, and what is more, he remembers them.

As a father, in spite of joking about that son, his love for his daughters is beautiful to watch. Always, he has been considerate, always careful never to play favorites, never to hurt anyone's feelings.

WE DID disagree over their education. Eddie won, but he is a graceful winner. I wanted all my girls to go to college. Eddie felt that, unless they wanted to study, this was foolish. So each daughter chooses her career.

When Janet, our youngest, was born, Eddie's hopes were so strong for a boy that he had planned to name him Michael, after his father. He compromised by giving Janet the middle name—of Hope.

If asked what he wished for them he would say that he wants each to find a nice husband, make a good wife—and be happy.

He teases me for feeling blue because, up until now, our house has been too small for such a large, growing family, and only last year we built a new one, with a bedroom for each daughter. Then Natalie and Edna were married. And I see two empty rooms. Mother-like, I sigh at the passing of time, and the growing up of our babies. But Eddie winks. He says never mind, because maybe there'll be a grandson—called Eddie Cantor.

And I laugh, as I always laugh at his jokes. Because that, of course, is the most important rule for a wife—to be an appreciative audience.



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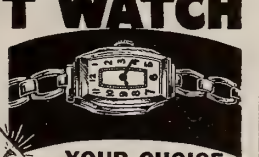
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## Why Make Those Marriage Mistakes?

(*Continued from page* 23)

do us part," meant just that as we repeated it to one another.

You see, ours was not what Hollywood calls a "week-end" marriage. We had talked about it for a long time, and, as I told you, hurdled all the "ifs" and "maybes" before we took the final step.

I met David a long time ago—before my first marriage, as a matter of fact. He was a staff arranger at NBC in Chicago. I was a singer with a band. Both of us were looking for broader horizons. David was composing. His original modern pieces were being played every week, on the Roy Shields program, over NBC in Chicago. Although he was young and unknown, one of his numbers, a tone poem, "Shadows," was played at a concert in Grant Park. He had had Hollywood offers, but was considering them only because he felt more money would give him more freedom, more time for creative work. I, too, was Hollywood bound. My agents had booked me for a run in a night club there. If I clicked, they told me, I might get a movie chance.

Even then, when each of us was deeply engrossed in his own work, David and I were aware of one another. I remember when "Little Jackie" Heller introduced us. "This boy," I thought, "is really *nice*."

WE MET again in Hollywood. David was to do some of my arrangements for "The Big Broadcast of 1938." No one else has worked with me since. It was David who convinced me that I needn't be just a "comedy" singer.

"You have a real voice," he told me. "Use it. Sing it straight—*then* swing it. They'll like you in a new mood."

He worked out unusual harmonies for me, showed me that I had range, tone quality I'd never used. I've been singing steadily better since I've worked with David, and the credit is entirely his.

His composing, in which I have only an interested spectator's part, is done when I am at work elsewhere. He is working now on a rhapsody, "Ensenada Escapade." He plays part of it for me when we are alone together in the evenings. I think it is destined to be a great modern work.

I suppose we're like the postman on his day off, but much of our play time, too, is devoted to music. We have a wonderful radio-phonograph, and a library of records . . . we both love the moderns, Debussy, Stravinsky, De Falla. We plan whole concert programs in advance, then sit in front of the open fire and listen.

We spend most of our free time at home. I have occasional vacations from the studio, but we can't leave town because of David's work and my weekly radio broadcast. We go to occasional concerts, work on our music, and take long walks.

You see, we are still so much in love that it is more fun to be alone. Not only that, but too many good times, at parties and night clubs, is one of those mistakes I made before and don't intend to make again. Don't you make it either, whether yours is a career marriage or not. Have your

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, two great Hollywood stars. Happily married, have two children. Joan Blondell is said to originate this very fashionable hair-do. Her dress is black and green with jacket effect.




*For your pleasure*

*ENJOY REFRESHING*

**DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM**

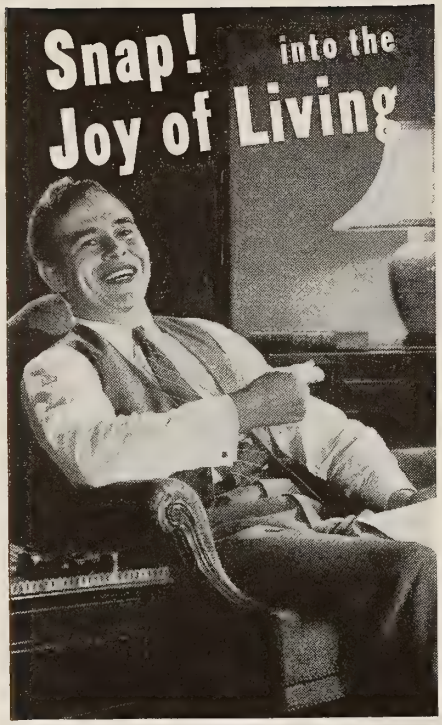



In Hollywood chewing delicious DOUBLEMINT GUM is a popular pastime. You too are sure to enjoy its long-lasting, refreshing flavor. . . . And, ladies, note the lovely face contours of attractive **JOAN BLONDELL**, shown here with her husband, the famous **DICK POWELL**.

*Many Beauty Specialists find that the exercise of chewing Doublemint Gum vigorously several times a day while gently lowering and raising your head, helps keep that youthful chin line admired by all.*

So chew Doublemint Gum for beauty and for pleasure. Get several packages today. T-123

*Chewing DOUBLEMINT Gum aids digestion*




MISTER MAN, you cannot afford to let so-called "spring fever" *slow you down . . .* or *let you down!*

S.S.S. Tonic may be just the "lift" you need *this Spring* to make you *feel better* and *look better.*

**when that tired-let-down feeling**
begins to take hold and you slow-down in your work and thinking as the day wears on, it is well to remember your precious red-blood-cells may have been reduced in number and strength.

**what causes this change?**
Wear and strain of worry, overwork, colds, and sickness often reduce one's blood strength.

But you may rebuild this strength by restoring your blood to normal, in the absence of an organic trouble, with the famous S.S.S. Tonic.

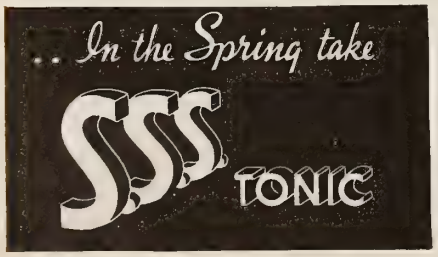
**improves the appetite**
Further, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite . . . foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated, and finally, the food you eat is of more value . . . *a very important step back to health.*

Thousands have been benefited by S.S.S. Tonic. You, too, will want to take it to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired *natural* glow.

Buy and use with complete confidence and we believe you, like others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making *"you feel like yourself again."*

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical.

**interesting booklet *free***
Send name and address on post card to S.S.S. Co., Atlanta, Ga., Dept. M-1, for helpful illustrated booklet on The Joy of Living.




"night out" once a week or so, and enjoy it to the utmost. Then it becomes a luxury, a special occasion. Parties and night clubs are like chocolate cake—wonderful now and then, but apt to cause indigestion if taken as a steady diet.

Always remember that love can't do without the simple, quiet hours together, and that no marriage can really prosper if a couple insists upon keeping up the rate of gayety that was so much fun during courtship.

We live alone. My family is in Hollywood, and so is David's. We see a lot of them. They come for dinner—we go to see them. But we know we must keep our home for ourselves. Mother and my step-father have the big, hilltop house I lived in before David and I were married. My brother, who is starting out on a career of his own, has his own apartment. So does my father. David's mother and father live quite close to us—they have been so kind to me, and I love them both—but they all feel that we must have our chance at life without the handicap of too many onlookers.

PRIVACY is essential if you are to make a marriage—any marriage—work.

My secretary works at the studio. David doesn't have to be bothered, ever, with business correspondence, or fan mail, interviews, or photograph appointments. Nor am I ever bothered with the smaller details of his business. The maid has instructions never to call us to the telephone for a business conversation when we have planned to spend an evening together. If the phone is too persistent, we have discovered a wonderfully effective way to shut it off without pulling the phone out of the wall, or even getting the phone company into a dither over line trouble by leaving the receiver off the hook. Just dial the first two digits of any phone number . . . your line is busy the rest of the evening. Only don't tell the phone company I mentioned it.

The phone is a nuisance, sometimes, but newspapers can be worse. When we were first married, we often fumed an entire day away because some columnist had "rumored" that "Martha Raye and David Rose are calling it a day" or some such blast. One newspaper man saw David having supper alone at the Brown Derby. I was working at the studio, it was the maid's night out. David thought it would be simpler to drop in at the Derby for dinner than to raid the icebox. So he said we had "pfffttt!"

It's easy enough to shrug your shoulders at these items, to discuss phoning the erring reporter and then to agree to "skip it." But no matter how many times you "skip it," a new rumor always gets under the skin. If we could only talk back!

We've solved that problem, too, just like the telephone. We read magazines—we have to find out somehow what's going on in the world—and have cancelled all our newspaper subscriptions. The gossip hounds can make up whatever they like now: we're blissfully unaware of any of it.

There are other "problems," much thornier, really, which bother us much less. On the subject of finances, we have no disagreements. We worked out a budget plan before we were married, and so far have had no trouble with it.

David pays half of the household expenses, I pay half. He buys his clothes, I buy mine. Ditto for our automobiles, etc. We don't go in for much swank—have a simple house, two servants, each his own car. If I make a little more money than he does—it comes out even in the end because I have more personal obligations. A gal doesn't know how many relatives and old friends she has until she becomes a movie star—nor does she realize how much Uncle Sam depends upon her to keep Congress in session. But why worry? We live very well, we put a little money in the bank, and there are no arguments. The financial hurdle is easier in a career marriage, I think, than when just one partner is bringing home the pay-check.

We discourage "drop-in" guests. We love to have people at the house, but because our daily schedules are unpredictable in advance, we prefer to invite our families, and our friends, to visit us on specified occasions. The rare, unexpected evenings at home are greater blessings when we can spend them together, without interruptions.

I USED to have the idea that a bride should conduct a sort of perpetual open house. Most brides, proud of their new homes and their new husbands, probably feel that way too. But it's a mistake—another mistake. Have your friends when you're prepared for them, and when you can really enjoy their presence and devote all your thoughts to them—not when you've come home all tired out and looking forward to a quiet evening listening to the radio or just sitting and talking.

We have a few close friends. We see them as often as we can. But if I am in the midst of a picture, and David is up to his ears in work, we just hang the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the front door. At times like that, free time is too precious to share with others.

There's very little more to tell. We're working very hard, and living very happily, and we hope "for ever after." (You've no idea how hard it is to write with your fingers crossed.)

## What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page 3*)

we laugh at a dummy, rather than at other people's religion or the shape of their noses. LILIAN MILOWSKY,
New York, N. Y.

### THIRD PRIZE
### THE REAL ACTORS VERSUS THE REEL ACTORS

I hope that Tyrone Power's recent removal from the radio by his motion picture bosses is the start of a general exodus of movie actors from the air.

Personally, I am a bit weary of hearing such a galaxy of movie stars as we now have on our programs. It seems to me that the majority of these actors use this medium to publicize and advertise themselves and their current pictures. They laud their pictures and praise their fellow-actors to

# "UNCORK" YOUR CORN
## THIS EASY WAY



WHAT A RELIEF WHEN CORNS GO ROOT* AND ALL

CORNS are caused by pressure and friction. They go deep into your toe—press against sensitive nerves, often cause intense pain.

Don't suffer needlessly when it's so easy to remove corns. Just put a scientific Blue-Jay pad neatly over the corn. It relieves pain quickly by removing pressure. The special Blue-Jay medicated formula on the pad acts on the corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. You have glorious relief. Then simply by avoiding pressure and friction which caused your corns you can prevent their coming back!

If you suffer from corns follow the example of millions and get quick relief this easy way. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today—only 25¢ for 6.

BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

## "IS BABY TEETHING?"

Teething is a natural baby problem. Mothers need not worry when they have the right guidance. For only 10c, you can have the answers to "Teething Problems" in the U. S. Government's 138-page baby book of knowledge, "Infant Care", prepared by five of America's leading child specialists.

SEND 10c. (Wrap Coins Securely)

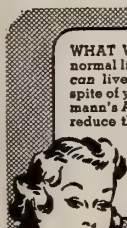
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**RADIO MIRROR**

205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

WHAT WOULDN'T YOU GIVE to live a more normal life—unaffected by asthmatic attacks? You can live more happily, more comfortably—in spite of your affliction—if you have Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR handy. Its aromatic fumes reduce the severity of the attack—promote normal breathing. Get ASTHMADOR today at your druggist's—powder, cigarette, or pipe mixture form. For a free sample, write: R. SCHIFFMANN CO. Los Angeles, Calif., Dept. A-7



Life's worthwhile again—

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YOUR CHOICE of MAN'S curved, shockproof, or LADY'S 1939 jeweled wrist watch with every ring ordered NOW and paid for within one year on our new easy two $2 payment plan! (total only $4). The watch comes to you as a GIFT . . . It does not cost you one cent extra! Wear 10 days on approval! Mail postcard NOW! Send No Money with Order.

WE TRUST YOU. We ship AT ONCE. No references needed. No red tape . . . Your order shipped SAME DAY RETURN MAIL.




Simulated diamonds set in Lifetime Sterling Silver Decorated in Rich 1/30, 14K Gold.

Gold Standard Watch Co. Dept. K-386 Newton, Mass.


high-heaven. This doesn't make good entertainment.

The radio needs something new, and I'm of the opinion that using more of the abundant talent it has in its own field, is the answer.

There are REEL actors and there are REAL actors. Let's keep them in their places!

MRS. M. WILLIAMSON,
Memphis, Tenn.

### FOURTH PRIZE
#### AM I BURNED UP!

So, swing belongs with the riff-raff? Well, what's it doing on the radio?

Never yet have I turned on the radio when swing music was all that met my ears.

Everyone has his favorite form of radio entertainment. If you don't like swing, don't listen to it! Tune in on your beloved classics, serials, drama and comedy, and let us enjoy our swing.

Has everyone completely forgotten that there is still a younger generation, with its own ideas? Well, our idea is to dance, laugh, be gay and swing it!

Orchids to the jitterbugs and a toast to swing!

RUTH GOLDTHWAITE,
Allegany, New York

### FIFTH PRIZE
#### THERE'S ALWAYS AN ALTERNATIVE

I bemoan the missing of Bette Davis' "Alter Ego" broadcast. I'll bet it was a "hummer"—if I know my Bette Davis.

At least I have the consolation of not missing the story itself—thanks to RADIO MIRROR.

"Her Other Self" was just the sort of story I enjoy most, something out of the ordinary, not kiss and live happily forever after.

When one gets through reading a gripping story like that, it makes one pause—maybe there is something in this mystical Joan-Carmen matter!

Who knows? Can us poor mortals say yes or no?

TOMOTHY F. DONOVAN,
Lewiston, Maine

### SIXTH PRIZE
#### IS SHE A SOUR PUSS?

Hello there! Just how do you feel about the new program "The Circle?" Somehow I just haven't felt as though I were a member of it as yet. For the money invested, results are weak. Anyway, I haven't gone out to buy cornflakes in payment for my pleasure.

Does anyone agree with me or is my "puss sour?" MRS. L. V. S.,
Monroe, Wis.

### SEVENTH PRIZE
#### THAT "SWING" IS HERE AGAIN!

I've read complaints in your column about the swinging of classics but not a word against the swinging of Negro Spirituals.

These songs are sacred and it makes my blood boil when I hear an orchestra beating out "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and other spirituals.

And now they've gone to the Bible for material to write swing songs. This seems like mockery to me.

I like the right kind of swing music but I believe in placing God and all things sacred on the highest level.

MRS. MARGARET POWELL,
McDonald, Pa.


# EVERY MOVE I MADE WAS TORTURE!



## I Couldn't Stand, Sit or Walk In Comfort!

Pity the person who suffers from Piles—even simple Piles! He or she really knows what suffering is!

Simple Piles are a real affliction. Their pain is torturous, their itching maddening and embarrassing.

More than a torment, simple Piles are a drain on your health. They tax nerves and strength and make you look and feel years older than you are. Almost every person who has Piles—even simple Piles—shows it on his or her face.

### TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment.

Pazo is a real preparation for the alleviation of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is the only thing that ever gave them any relief from the distress of simple Piles.

### SEVERAL EFFECTS

Pazo does a good job for several reasons. First, it *soothes* simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it *lubricates* the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easy. Third, it tends to *shrink* or *reduce* the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo!

Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum makes application neat, easy and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

### TRY IT FREE!

Give Pazo a trial and see the relief it affords in many cases of simple Piles. Get Pazo at any drug store or write for a free trial tube. A liberal trial tube will be sent you postpaid and free upon request.

Just mail the coupon or a postcard today.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC. **FREE!**
Dept. 115-MF, St. Louis, Mo.

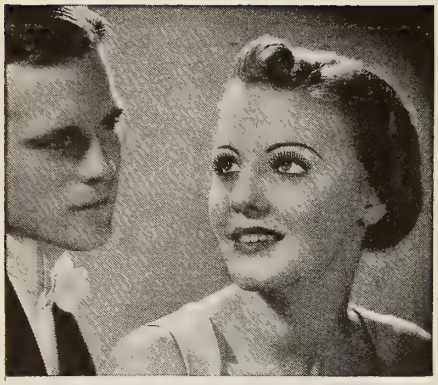
Gentlemen: Please send me free PAZO.

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*Address*_____

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*This offer is good only in U. S.*



*For Romantic Eyes*
**get WINX mascara!**

Eyes of mystery and allure ... eyes that look larger, brighter...*yours* with WINX! This *finer* mascara *clings* closely, makes lashes seem *naturally* longer...dark and silky. Be sure to ask for WINX mascara... *today!*



Scientific laboratory tests prove WINX mascara is amazingly *fine in texture.*

Approved by Good Housekeeping. Get WINX Mascara, Eye Shadow, and Eyebrow Pencil at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

*Change to* **WINX**
THE FINER QUALITY MASCARA

**ROLLS DEVELOPED** 25c Coin. Two 5x7 Double Weight Professional Enlargements, 8 Gloss Prints.
**CLUB PHOTO SERVICE,** Dept. 19, LaCrosse, Wis.



**NOW! *Beautiful* NAILS**
**AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE**

So natural they even have *half-moons.*

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

**NU-NAILS** *ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS*
4042 W. Lake St., Dept. 16-F, Chicago

**Is your skin at the "CRITICAL AGE"?**



Sometime between 20 and 40 a woman's skin starts to look old. Then—more than any other time—you need Ambrosia's gentle, stimulating help.

Ambrosia promotes skin health by cleaning thoroughly yet safely. Contains no grease, no clogging wax, no drying alkali. Helps fight blackheads. Will not clog, stretch or enlarge the pores. For a glamour-smooth skin, start using Ambrosia today. At drug, dept. and 10-cent stores.

For generous trial size send 10c to AMBROSIA, Dept. R-6, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

**AMBROSIA**
THE PORE-DEEP LIQUID CLEANSER

## That's My Baby!

(*Continued from page* 36)

But Marge spoke too late. Johnny had already "started" something. There was a little "pop" as Cokey's fist met Johnny's chin, and then a soft thud as Johnny hit the floor. Once more Cokey looked as if he would cry.

"I didn't want to do it. He made me."

Ace sat up. "I'll move over and make room for Johnny."

"Johnny . . . oh dear," Jane exclaimed. "Look at him, he's so quiet."

"That's a pleasant change." Ace got up painfully. "Did I go down like that?"

"Just about," Marge replied, returning with another glass of water.

Johnny came around slowly, and after a few moments he regained his composure and jumped up. "Say, we're rich!"

"Rich? . . . What . . .?"

"Why it's a natural. I'm his manager, I tell you. I earned it just now. What a fighter he'd make!"

"Wait a minute," Ace demanded, "I did a little earning myself before you came in here. If anybody's going to be his manager . . ."

"What a right!" Johnny exclaimed again. "I'm cutting myself in, do you understand?"

"He's mine!" Ace shouted, "I'm his *father!*"

"Okay," Johnny conceded, "we'll be partners, you and me. We've got a gold mine here."

IT'S strange what rapid changes can be made in the Ace household without anyone noticing that a change was even contemplated. By the end of the week, Cokey and his fistic career had become a vital cornerstone in the Ace family existence. Jane was sitting over in a corner after dinner, sewing a pair of trunks for Cokey to fight in. She was singing too.

"Rock-a-bye baby, in the tree top, when the wind blows . . ."

"Jane, will you stop that unearthly noise?"

"When the wind blows . . ." Jane, not having heard Ace's request, looked up questioningly. "When the wind blows he'll be awfully cold in just these trunks. Do you think I should make him a bathrobe too?"

"Oh, I don't care. Only hurry with those trunks. You want to have them ready for his first fight."

Monday night at the Coliseum found everyone in Cokey's dressing room except Marge, who was holding seats at the ringside. Johnny was giving instructions, and jabbering excitedly about fighting for the championship, and all the money they would make. Ace wasn't carried away by championship dreams, but since he had bet fifty dollars on the fight, he was excited about the easy money he was going to make.

"Now Cokey," Johnny continued instructing, "remember to watch out for this fellow's right. I hear it's dynamite, and if he ever hits you on the button with that . . ."

"Huh?" Jane asked.

"I said, if he gets hit on the button, he'll be knocked out."

"He will?"

"Oh Johnny," Ace said, "don't waste time talking to her. I'm nervous enough as it is is. What's the name of this palooka we're fighting, anyway?"

"Kid Jones," Johnny answered. "By the way, let's take a look at him. He's in the next dressing room."

As the door closed behind them, Jane went over to Cokey. "Did you hear what they said?"

"Huh?"

"Oh, I made a big mistake, but thank heavens it isn't too late. Here, let me fix you."

"Hey," Cokey protested, "what'cha doing?"

"There," Jane straightened up. "Now it's fixed."

A few minutes later Ace and Johnny returned. "All right, Cokey," Johnny exclaimed, "we're on."

Jane jumped up. "Okay, I'll give the pep talk."

"Jane, this isn't a movie."

"Well, it's a fight, and you have to talk real peppy to them to make them want to win. And I know how. Now Cokey, you want to be sure to win and remember we're all for you and you're all of us. And don't take no for an answer."

"And don't take. . . . Isn't that awful?" Ace demanded.

"Yeah. Come on, Cokey." Johnny took Cokey by the arm and they started up the ramps toward the stadium.

BUT at the entrance, Jane suddenly stopped. "Oh, dear, I forgot my purse. Its on the chair in the dressing room."

She started back toward Cokey's dressing room, but of course she got the wrong number at first, and was nearly embarrassed to tears. But after a few minor delays, she recovered her purse and started back.

At the entrance she bumped into Ace and Johnny, coming back! Cokey was being carried between them.

"But . . . what happened?"

"One punch" Ace bellowed. "The shortest fight in history."

"Yeah," Johnny moaned, "there went our chance at the title, and everything. Cokey didn't even put up his hands. Just walked out and let the guy hit him on the button."

"He did not," Jane retorted as they dragged Cokey back into the dressing room and laid him out on a table. Ace grunted.

"Oh Jane, be quiet. You weren't even there."

"It was over before I could get back."

"I can't understand it," Ace turned back to Johnny. He kept fooling with his trunks, and took it right on the button."

"He did not!" Jane exclaimed. "I took the button off there."

"Will you stop interrupting while . . . what button?"

"The button I sewed on his pants to keep them up. I ripped it off when you said, if he got hit on the button . . ."

"You tore off the button that . . ."

"So that's why he couldn't raise his hands!" Johnny exclaimed, "His pants would have fallen down."

Ace sat down heavily. "If this isn't the most ridiculous thing I ever heard . . ."

(Yes, but when Ace made that crack, he undoubtedly didn't know about the present adventures the "Easy Aces" are now having on the air. Be sure to tune in every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday over the Blue Network of NBC.)

# BABY COMING?




See your doctor regularly. Ask him about breast-shape Hygeia Nipples and wide-mouth Hygeia Bottles. Valve inside nipple aids in preventing collapse. Tab helps to keep nipple germ-free. Smooth, rounded inner surface and wide mouth make cleaning bottle easy.

**SAFEST**
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NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

**PSORIASIS** That dreadful skin disease many suffer with for years thinking their trouble to be **ECZEMA** and treating without results. Send for this VALUABLE INFORMATION at once. Free.
DR. D. R. PARSONS
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# Hair OFF
Face Lips Chin Arms Legs

**Happy!** I had ugly hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many different products . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 10-B. Chicago.

# *Let* Nadinola *help you* Clear Your Skin



*of freckles, ugly surface pimples-Enjoy new beauty*

Nadinola Cream quickly starts you toward a fresher, smoother, softer, more alluring complexion—the kind that men admire and women envy. That's because, unlike most creams, Nadinola speeds up the natural process of exfoliation. Its gentle action helps to clear and whiten dark, dull, rough skin—to fade away freckles, loosen blackheads, clear up surface pimples and other externally caused blemishes. Used and praised for 40 years by thousands of women. Only 50c at your drug or toilet counter. Satisfactory results guaranteed or your money back. Get famous, quick-acting Nadinola Cream today!

## STUDY THE ADS AND MAKE $2.00

### Cash for Readers' Time

Pick out the advertisement which you like best, or dislike most, in this issue of Radio Mirror. Then tell us why in about fifty words.

Or, if you prefer, write about the product advertised. Have you had any experience with it, favorable or unfavorable . . . tell us that. You can praise or criticize, it makes no difference as long as you believe it helpful, as long as it will help the advertiser to write a better advertisement or make a better product.

Leaf through the pages now, examine our advertisements carefully and then write us a letter in your own words. Fancy composition not important. The Macfadden Women's Group* will pay $2.00 for each contribution accepted.

Address your letters to:

**Advertising Clinic**
**MACFADDEN WOMEN'S GROUP**
**122 East 42nd St., N. Y. C.**

* The Macfadden Women's Group consists of five magazines: True Romances, True Experiences, True Love and Romance, Movie Mirror and Radio Mirror. These five Macfadden publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.


## Latin Lover on the Air

(*Continued from page 33*)

—before even the honors that it might bring. And second, he is sensitive and considerate about the people he works with.

I noticed this again when he rushed into the rehearsal studio and grabbed a script to get to work. He went around to every small radio bit player and greeted each separately, taking each one's hand and chatting a moment. A small thing, that, but revealing. Most Hollywood stars I know would have ignored them.

In a way, it was this very consideration, this latin courtesy that gave Boyer his first big break in Hollywood.

Four years ago he was packed and ready to hop the train from Hollywood, with his steamship tickets to France in his wallet when a telephone call came to him from New York. A man he didn't know named Walter Wanger said he'd appreciate it if Boyer would stay over in Hollywood until he arrived, as he was rushing out to talk to him.

AT that point Charles Boyer didn't want to talk to anybody about anything connected with Hollywood. He had just ended his third heartbreaking try at American pictures and it had been anything but a charm.

The first time he had been imported for French versions at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which studio promptly stopped making French versions when Boyer arrived. The second time his MGM career consisted of playing Jean Harlow's chauffeur in "Red Headed Woman"—a tiny silent bit—and Boyer the most dramatic actor in France! The third time had just ended disastrously with a picture called "Caravan" at Fox studios, and the less said about it the better. After that, he had ripped up his Fox contract and sworn off Hollywood for keeps.

But a man was crossing the continent just to see him—and—well, he couldn't be rude. So he changed his reservations. Meanwhile Walter Wanger, the producer, had taken in a ship's movie *en voyage* from Europe to New York. The picture was a French one, "La Bataille", and the star was Charles Boyer. Wanger, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne and a few other passengers who should have known, agreed he was terrific. Hence Wanger's wire—and hence, too, "Private Worlds" and Boyer's Hollywood "discovery" a little later. It pays to be courteous and considerate.

The thing that still baffles the old radio hands around NBC is how Charles Boyer caught on to his job so quickly.

Besides one or two guest spots with Louella Parsons on the old Hollywood Hotel, Charles Boyer had never breathed his fiery charm into the business end of a mike until Tyrone Power left the Woodbury show last year on vacation. He didn't know a cue from a station break.

But when he left the air after his pinch-hitting, anxious ladies swamped him with letters. The collective wails explained that a catastrophe had befallen American womanhood which could be righted only by Charles Boyer's radio return.

So when Darryl Zanuck eased Tyrone Power off the air in the recent


*New! Different!*
**PARK & TILFORD**
*Perfumed Deodorant*

EASY TO USE
NOT GREASY
NOT MESSY
LASTS LONG




**Body Odors Disappear**
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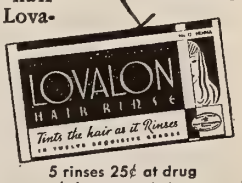


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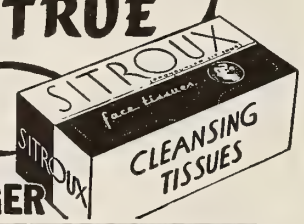
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Great Radio Purge of picture personalities, Woodbury's, naturally, offered the spot to Charles, and he accepted.

It doesn't take any gift of second sight to realize at once that the Woodbury Hollywood Playhouse is all Charles Boyer's show. First of all, he chooses the script material. "I spend four hours every day reading material," he told me. If you don't think that's a job—try it some time—especially when you're making a picture at the same time. It means you read at breakfast, at lunch and after dinner too.

He supervises writing the script. He picks every member of the cast. Around NBC they chuckle at the exacting way he picks his supporting players—as if they were actually to appear on the stage.

Just the other week the Woodbury script called for a little, bent old man—a minor part. Now, of course, some of the best old men's voices on the air are played by youngsters in their twenties. As far as radio goes, what's in a face? It's the voice that counts.

BUT Boyer couldn't see it that way. He interviewed a string of hopeful players until finally he found a little bent, gray headed old actor with just the right senile quaver in his voice! Only then was he happy.

His own enthusiasm for seeing his radio job as a real acting assignment makes him put on by far the best personal show of any dramatic air star. Boyer, in fact, had a hard time remembering he's playing to the mike instead of the large studio audience that gathers to hear his shows. Sometimes he forgets and almost upsets his shows, such as the other night when he was supposed to choke a villain. Boyer got so worked up he reached across and grabbed the actor by the neck, as the mike stand teetered dangerously and the audience roared. Another time he beat savagely on one of his actor's ribs, almost drowning out the dialogue. Boyer's own excuse is that acting enthusiasm "projects" over the air, even if you can't see it—and a lot of people say he's right about that. In other words, you can feel a smile or a frown in a voice, if it's the real article.

If genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains as Thomas Carlyle is supposed to have said, Boyer is already a radio genius. As his cast grouped around him in a semicircle to rehearse his script, he governed every tempo and changed the inflections of almost every speech. His big eyes darted around the circle to every voice as it spoke, appraising or critical. He was familiar with every word in his script.

He shuttled constantly between the stage and the glassed-in control booth to consult with producers Dave Elton and Jay Clarke. Even the sound effects concerned him. He dropped everything twice to go through a series of experiments with the sound man, trying to get just the right volume to a water splash!

Boyer's coat was off by now, his tie dangling. Cigarettes littered the floor, for Boyer is a chain smoker. (He's trying to give up cigarettes now, though, since a doctor told him it would hurt his radio voice.)

After the fifth rehearsal his red lips parted. "Ah," he said happily, "that's more like it!" The rest of the cast was limp. But Boyer paced to and fro nervously. "Let's do it again," he pleaded.

Boyer's accent is his greatest personal bugaboo. Oddly enough, and he realizes it to some extent, it is also a large part of his terrific charm. There is nothing more devastating to American womanhood than a latin accent, especially one like Boyer's that reeks with romance.

After one of his first guest star radio appearances, Charles Boyer received a letter from a woman listener. "I can't understand half what you say, Toots," she wrote, "but that's okay with me. Just keep talking and I'll listen!"

Boyer can laugh at things like that but they bother him just the same. "I was scared to death when I started this program," he told me. His greatest fear, he said, was of sounding like a musical comedy Frenchman, a "zis and zat guy." He records his rehearsals every Thursday and takes them home with him to go over with his cute blonde, English wife, Pat Paterson. Together they iron out the Anglo-Saxon tongue twisters that might make him sound funny on the air.

He's eager and impatient every second he's near a microphone. There's little time for the gags that all radio people are so fond of, but when they do creep in, he never fails to catch on quickly and usually manages to supply a topper.

He plays a violin slightly—in a squeaky and somewhat corny manner, and sometimes at rehearsals to relax himself he grabs a fiddle from some member of the orchestra and saws away, to the consternation of everyone within earshot.

TO trick him one night, his writer typed into his script the line, "I will now play 'The Bee'." At the first reading, Boyer came to the line, read it with a slight frown of surprise and then walked rapidly to the orchestra. Borrowing a violin with mock gravity he stepped to the microphone with a flourish and played "The Bee"! It was pretty awful, but it actually was "The Bee." Nobody had any idea he knew Jack Benny's favorite melody, least of all the chagrined prankster.

Champagne is Boyer's favorite drink, and when he's in the mood he can consume a quart of it at a sitting. After his debut program gagsters again ganged up on him. They invited him to a champagne supper—only the champagne, served in impressive gold sealed bottles, was gingerale.

Boyer drank without blinking an eye and complimented his hosts extravagantly on the excellence of the vintage. Then he asked the privilege of buying everyone a drink, saying he wanted to select the whiskey personally. He whispered to the waiter and soon the highballs arrived. The special whiskey was black tea!

As usual, Charles Boyer sails for his beloved Paris this summer, where he can absorb all the real vintage champagne he wants—and even more violent feminine worship than Hollywood can hand him.

Despite these two potent attractions, he's cutting his trip shorter this year than ever before. He'll be back in two months to start work on the fall Woodbury Hollywood Playhouse. Pictures never pulled him back that soon.

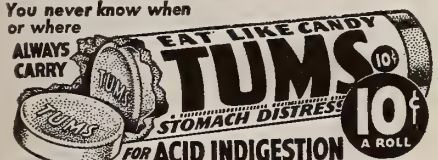
"But radio," said Charles Boyer, "ah—that is different!"

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## The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(*Continued from page 39*)

warm brown eyes, very full red lips, a smooth satiny complexion, average height, approximately one hundred and sixteen pounds, possessing a superb figure, and naturally graceful in her actions. She disclosed even, regular teeth when she smiled, was probably about twenty-four, and according to the clerk, might be in pictures, because of her beauty—although he was quite certain he'd never seen her face on the screen.

After reading that, I was inclined to forgive his smirks. He'd evidently been completely hypnotized. He hadn't been able to describe a single article of clothing I was wearing—only to give a glowing, but nevertheless general and vague description.

I had breakfast and went to the office, opening the door with the key Mr. Foley had given me. There was a pile of mail under the door, and, because Mr. Foley had given me no instructions about opening mail, I stacked it in a neat pile on his desk.

While I worked, I kept thinking of the events of the night before. Had Bruce Eaton taken that agreement? Had Mr. Padgham opened my brief case under cover of the darkness in the corridor? There had been an interval, while he was groping for the light switch.

I OPENED the drawer to take out my shorthand book. I couldn't find it. Hastily, I searched every drawer in the desk. My book was gone!

The door opened, and Mr. Padgham entered the office. He was flustered and pretty much excited.

"Where's Foley?" he asked.

"Mr. Foley hasn't come in yet," I told him.

He came across the room to stand in front of my desk. "What happened to *you* last night?"

"What happened to you?" I countered. "I waited in the automobile, expecting you'd be right down."

"You weren't there when I got back."

"Well," I told him, "I was only gone for a minute. I had no idea you'd run away and leave me."

"I didn't run away and leave you," he sad. "*You* ran away and left *me*."

I took refuge behind a secretarial mask. "I'm sorry," I said, with impersonal politeness.

He studied me with his selfish, glittering, deep-set little eyes.

"Have you," he asked, "read the morning papers?"

"Yes."

"You understand, then, what it was you saw last night?"

"Certainly."

"You haven't—well, I gather from the description given by the drug clerk that *you* were the one who notified the police."

I smiled serenely up at him. "Why, of course, I notified the police, Mr. Padgham. Isn't that the proper thing to do when one stumbles upon the body of a murdered man?"

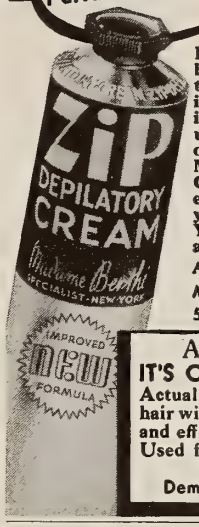
"It may be proper, but—but, well, is it advisable?"

"I thought it was," I said.

"I'm not certain that Mr. Foley will like it."

"We'll leave that matter entirely up to Mr. Foley," I said.


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He leaned impressively forward until his cheeks were so close I could smell the odor of shaving lotion. "You'd better be pretty careful not to offend me, Miss Bell," he said. "You understand that I *could* tell the police who instructed the drug clerk to put in that call."

"Why, certainly," I said, making my eyes large and round with simulated hurt innocence. "Aren't you going to? I am. I'll tell them I ran down to the drugstore to telephone, while you went into the house to—"

He straightened as though I'd jabbed him with a pin. The color left his cheeks momentarily, then returned darker than ever. "Miss Bell," he said, "under no circumstances are you ever to tell a living soul that I was in that house."

"Under those circumstances," I said, "it's up to you to keep the police from finding out *I* was the one who talked with the drug clerk."

He cleared his throat and returned to his pompous manner.

"Of course," he said, "there are times when a—er—ah—prevarication is sometimes not entirely unwise."

"You mean *lie* to the *police?*" I asked, keeping my eyes big.

He was about to say something more when Mr. Foley came in.

Mr. Foley nodded to me and, I thought, from the look on his face, that finding Mr. Padgham there irritated him. He said, "Come in, Padgham. Please see that I'm not disturbed, Miss Bell."

I saw that he wasn't interrupted, to the extent of stalling off two telephone calls and a person who looked like a salesman.

The telephone rang and, as I picked up the receiver a masculine voice asked, "Is this the office of Mr. William C. Foley, the attorney?"

I launched into my speech. "I am very sorry, but Mr. Foley isn't available. If you'll leave your number, I'll have him call . . ."

"I don't want Foley," the voice said. "I want his secretary."

"Oh," I said inanely.

"Are you she?"

"Yes."

"Hold the line, please."

I felt suddenly weak. I had to prop my elbow on the desk to hold the receiver to my ear. There was no need to tell me who it was. I knew.

I could hear the rustle of motion at the other end of the line as the receiver changed hands. A masculine voice which I'd have recognized anywhere—I'd heard it often enough on the air—said, "I am trying to get in touch with a young woman who left a message for me. I am *very* anxious indeed to talk with her."

I tried sparring for time. "Do you know her name?" I inquired.

His voice became sharply authoritative. "A young woman," he said, "telephoned one of the principal Hollywood agencies last night about leaving a message for a gentleman whose name she mentioned. She stated the party could get in touch with her through you."

"Yes," I said, "I understand. I know the party."

"That's better," he told me. "I'll be at the Royal Hawaiian Café in Hollywood at twelve-thirty. Please ask this young woman if she'd care to have lunch with me . . ."

"Oh, but that's way out in Hollywood!" I exclaimed. "This party works. You'd have to come in to Los Angeles to see her."

"All right," he said. "I'll drive past any corner you name at any time you mention."

"Make it Fifth and Spring," I said, "at ten minutes past twelve. I'll—she'll be on the northwest corner."

"All right," he said. "Now remember this. I'll recognize her. If this is on the up and up, it's all right. If it isn't, there's going to be trouble."

"There won't be any trouble," I said.

"Very well,' he said crisply, "now please take a message for this party. Tell her it is absolutely imperative that she say nothing whatever to anyone about anything which happened, and if she found any of my property, she's to keep it until she can return it to me in person. Can you get that message to her?"

"Yes."

He had no more than hung up when Mr. Foley pressed my buzzer.

I grabbed a new shorthand book and entered the office. Mr. Padgham had gone. The boss motioned me to a seat. "How do you feel?" he asked.

"Fine," I said.

Abruptly, he said, "Don't trust Padgham."

I kept quiet.

"I wanted to see you," he went on, "before you'd talked with him. How long had he been here before I arrived?"

"About ten minutes."

"What did you tell him? Anything?"

"Mr. Padgham," I said, "of course realized that I must have been the one who telephoned for the police."

"Did you tell him it was at my suggestion?"

"No."

"Did you tell him that you had met me out there?"

"No."

"Did you accuse him of taking those agreements from your brief case?"

"No. I don't think he did. I thought so at first, but now I don't—well, I don't think he would have done it."

"Why?"

"Because the person who took them must have been someone who wanted to know what was in them. Mr. Padgham already knew."

A look of relief came over his face. "Thank heavens, you have sense," he said. "What *did* you tell him?"

"As I explained to you, when I left Mr. Padgham's automobile, I went down to the drug store. He assumed this morning that I'd gone to telephone the police."

Mr. Foley stared thoughtfully at the carpet for a second or two, then said, "Don't ever trust yourself to the mercy of a grandstander."

"Is Mr. Padgham a grandstander?" I asked.

"A grandstander and a four-flusher. That type of man always thinks of himself first, foremost and always. He'll sacrifice anyone in a pinch. You have noticed the way he talks?"

"Yes," I said. "He usually hesitates in the middle of a sentence, and then comes out with a big word which he seems to roll over his tongue with all the satisfaction of a mother cat purring over her kittens' bath."

Mr. Foley threw back his head and laughed. "I'm going to remember that. That's priceless!"

"Is that," I asked, "what you wanted me to notice about his conversation?"

"Yes," he said. "The sincere, straightforward man of action usually chooses short, crisp words. He never uses a long word when he can express

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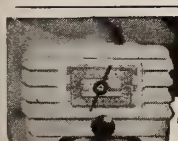
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himself with a shorter word. Padgham talks along until he gets near the middle of the sentence, and then pauses to find the most impressive word he can think of. Mind you, he already has the thought of the sentence, already has it clothed in everyday words, but he hesitates so he can substitute some longer word which will sound more impressive. And when he pronounces it, he slows down the tempo of his diction slightly, so as to make the word seem longer than it really is.

"Don't ever let him get anything on you. If the going gets rough, he'll toss you out to the wolves."

"If it's not being presumptuous," I asked, "did Mr. Padgham explain anything to you about this contract?"

"He did," Mr. Foley said dryly, "and I have come to distrust his explanation."

Abruptly I asked, "Do you always get your secretaries at that same employment agency?"

"Yes. Why?"

"And pick them in the same way?"

"Yes. Why?"

"It occurred to me," I said, "that someone has been particularly interested in finding out the terms of that agreement. The accident which crippled your secretary was deliberate—as the detective pointed out. Someone tried the same trick on me last night. Fortunately, I escaped. I think Miss Blair was in the car. And she certainly thought she was going to be your new secretary. If you had employed her instead of me—well, you can see how simple it would have been for her to have taken your dictation, then telephoned her accomplice . . ."

BUT what's in that agreement," he interrupted, "that the whole world couldn't see?"

"I don't know," I told him, "but I do know it's something. Last night, someone stole the agreement. This morning, my shorthand book with the notes is missing from my desk."

He stared at me, and was just starting to say something when the door from the reception room opened, and a fleshy woman in the late forties came sailing into the room, talking before she'd crossed the threshold.

"I'm looking for Mr. Foley, the lawyer," she said.

Mr. Foley gravely inclined his head and indicated a chair. "I am Mr. Foley," he said.

"And I'm Mrs. Charles Temmler. You know, it was in my house the body of Carter Wright was found by the police last night."

Mr. Foley's eyes indicated that I was to remain and listen. "Yes, Mrs. Temmler," he said.

"Carter Wright had been employed by my husband as the chauffeur and discharged for dishonesty," she said, dropping into the proffered chair.

"Indeed," Mr. Foley said, inviting her to go on; and go on she did in a big way.

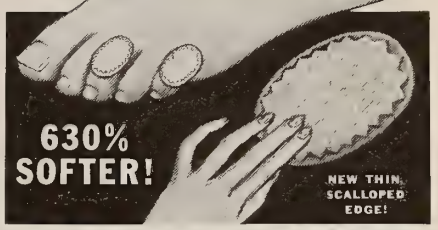
"My husband," she said, "had some very important papers, and for reasons best known to himself placed them in a safety deposit box in a rural bank. Carter Wright stole the key to that safety deposit box, and had it with him at the time he was murdered. I want to avoid any publicity, but that key is *my* property and I want you to get it for me."

"Why," asked Mr. Foley, "did you come to me?"

(*Continued on page 85*)


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# "IS MY FACE RED!"



Claire Trevor, star of the CBS dramatic serial, Big Town.

*Walter Wanger*

## By DR. GRACE GREGORY

**■ Don't start your summer vacation before you've educated yourself to the intelligent way of sun-tanning!**

JUNE is at hand, with joyous prospects of vacations and weekends. Summer is outdoor playtime. The modern girl is an outdoor girl, a good companion in all the sports the summer offers—motoring, boating, fishing, swimming, tennis, badminton, and all the rest. But a word in your ear, lady: what are you planning to do about sunburn?

Of course we are no longer so foolish as to blister ourselves into a physician's care the very first day out. But many a girl who stops short of painful blistering nevertheless does her complexion year-round harm by sunburn carelessness.

The radio stars know better than that. Lovely Claire Trevor, star of the dramatic series, Big Town, sponsored by Rinso, over CBS on Tuesdays at 8:00 p. m., condemns sunburn carelessness in no uncertain terms. "I think it is just plain silly to ignore the danger of sunburn," says she. "Even if you never go to the beaches, the reflected glare from city pavements is enough to damage an unguarded complexion. And what about that unsightly burned triangle on your collar bones and chest that marks the neckline of your summer dresses and blouses? It certainly is unbecoming with evening gowns."

Claire is one of the most consistently charming of radio's and movies' favorites. Her lovely complexion is evidence of intelligent care.

Sunburn, even in mild form, definitely coarsens the skin. The woman who wishes to keep her allure all year round and for many years should unconditionally resolve she will not sunburn. Nowadays that is not a hard resolution to keep. All you need is a good assortment of sunburn preparations in your beauty kit.

These come under two headings: preparations which prevent sunburn, and preparations which have a healing and curative effect. While it is true that all good creams and lotions and powder bases which keep the skin from drying, do, in a measure, lesson the tendency to sunburn, there are now lotions and creams to be had especially devised to filter out most of the rays which cause burning.

But the curative preparations are necessary, too. Perhaps you protect your face, and then play a few sets of tennis in shorts. Or perhaps you spend a long blissful day on a boat, in a glare from sky and sea which nothing can withstand. Quick, Henry, the healing cream or lotion or salve!

Which you will need depends upon all sorts of considerations. First, the tried and true burn remedy that comes in a handy tube. Sunburn, remember, is a real burn, just as much as what you get when you touch a hot stove. Then, there is another remedy with a long history back of it—a healing balm. Just a drop goes a long way. And how comforting it is! Or, if you prefer, there is an exquisitely cooling and healing greaseless cream that gives instant relief.

AND DON'T FORGET—

AS the summer days come, do not forget the usual cold creams and other creams which you are accustomed to use. A good cleansing cream, followed by soap and water, removes make up and dust. Quite a battle rages between those who use soap and water alone and those who use cleansing cream alone. I vote for both.

The night creams and foundation creams keep the skin supple. Oddly enough, they are a corrective for both the too-dry and the too-oily condition. Choose the ones best suited to you. There are many on the market, put out by cosmetic firms of established reputation, whose very name is a guarantee of the purity and reliability of their products.

(*Continued from page* 83)

"Because," she said, "I happened to know that before Carter Wright was discharged, he'd been in correspondence with a man by the name of Padgham, and Mr. Padgham sent Carter Wright a telegram in which he said he would employ you to draw up an agreement, that you are one of the best and most conscientious attorneys in the country. I just happened to remember your name, and not knowing any lawyers whom I could trust, I came to you."

"Most flattering," Mr. Foley agreed, "but suppose Mr. Padgham's business with Carter Wright should have had something to do with that safety deposit box—mind you, I'm not saying that it does because I don't know—but I'm merely outlining the possibilities. You can readily see that, as an attorney, I would be placed in an impossible position."

"Oh, but that key has nothing to do with Mr. Padgham's business!" Mrs. Temmler exclaimed.

"Do you know the nature of Carter Wright's business with Mr. Padgham?"

"Oh, yes. It had something to do with acting. Carter got to thinking he was an actor. He was a very excellent chauffeur until he started in training with a theatrical crowd—not real actors, amateurs. He entered the Little Theater plays and had some flattering press notices, and he hasn't been worth anything since."

"But," Mr. Foley objected, "even if I agreed to represent you, I couldn't do anything except go to the police. The coroner took charge of Carter Wright's personal effects, everything that was in his pockets or—"

"But that's just what I *want* you to do! I want you to go to the coroner at once. But you mustn't tell him whom you're representing."

Mr. Foley smiled. "I'm afraid I couldn't get hold of a key to a safety deposit box unless I explained matters fully—and even then the police would open the lock box and inventory the contents in the presence of a representative of the state inheritance tax appraiser."

Disappointment flooded her features. She said, impatiently, "Mr. Padgham said in his telegram that you were a very *resourceful* attorney."

Mr. Foley said, sympathetically, "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Temmler, but I'd have to be more than resourceful to get possession of that key. . . . In whose name is the box registered?"

"Well," she said, "you see—"

"Yes?" Mr. Foley asked, as she hesitated.

"It's rather a peculiar situation," she said. "The box is registered in such a way that whoever has possession of the key has access to the contents of the box. It's an arrangement—well, Mr. Foley, I suppose it's illegal, but you mentioned something just now about the state inheritance tax appraiser. He's always supposed to be present when the safety deposit boxes of dead persons are opened, isn't he?"

"A representative of his office," Mr. Foley said, glancing significantly at me.

"Well," she said glibly, "that's the reason we rented this box the way we did. It's rented under an assumed name. My husband told the banker he was negotiating an agreement with

(*Continued on page* 87)

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# THE CUP THAT CHEERS



Tea keeps him in top form, says Doc Rockwell of NBC's Brain Trust show.

**By Mrs. Margaret Simpson**

IT WAS William Cowper who first said, in speaking of tea, 'cups that cheer but not inebriate,' and even though that was nearly two hundred years ago it's still the best description of tea that's ever been given."

The speaker was Doc Rockwell, radio's newest comedy star. We were sitting in his office just after he'd finished putting his "Brain Trusters" through their regular stiff rehearsal for their Tuesday night show over NBC, and Doc was busy making tea, which he consumes in quantities and considers indispensable for keeping at top form in the busy, nerve-wracking life he leads.

"Tea's really a man's drink, you know," Doc went on. "Heaven alone knows where the past generation got the idea of associating it only with women's parties and gossip. Originally tea drinking was a ceremony, indulged in by the prominent men of the community. Statesmen, philosophers and other big-wigs would sit for hours over their tea, discussing and solving the problems of the day. If the early Chinese had had the word for it they would have called it a dual purpose drink, for it first relaxes then stimulates, and the combination results in the cheer that our old friend Cowper mentioned."

Like all connoisseurs on any given subject Doc is full of fascinating information about his hobby, not only ancient lore about the ceremonials in which tea drinking was an important part, but facts and figures about the growing, harvesting and curing of the tea leaves. Only the three tenderest leaves are picked from a stalk, he tells me, for it is these tender leaves alone that will produce the fine flavored brew that exacting appetites demand today.

In support of his statement that tea is a man's drink, Doc cited a number of interesting examples. For instance its use by athletic coaches as part of the training table diet of the athletes under their charge. "At Notre Dame," Doc said, "athletes can drink all the tea they want with their meals, and on the day of a game they are given a late morning meal of tea and toast, their final meal before the game."

Whether you buy the finest of teas, which, Doc told me, is the Darjeeling, grown in India, or the most inexpensive brand your grocer carries, you are sure of a drink fit for a king for only a few cents a cup. The secret lies in the preparation. Here are Doc's rules for making fine tea.

"Have the water bubbling hot. If you are using a teapot, pour sufficient boiling water into the pot to heat it. Pour off this water, then add the tea —one teaspoon of tea leaves (or one tea bag) per cup, and one for the pot. Now pour on the boiling water, a cupful for each teaspoonful of tea leaves, cover the pot, and allow the tea to steep."

The length of time for steeping depends on your own taste. Doc believes that the full flavor and aroma will not be released from the leaves under four or five minutes. For tea to be served with milk, and for the early morning cup which helps you to open your eyes and for late afternoon drinking, when you need a gentle stimulant after a hard day, he says no less than five minutes, though for tea to be served with a meal a milder brew is sufficient.

For iced tea—and very soon now we'll be serving it daily, for nothing can quite take its place as a summer beverage—Doc suggests that you double the amount of tea used per cup, for a stronger infusion is needed to maintain the flavor after the brew has been diluted by the melting ice.

## TEA for TWO—or TWENTY

There's no more charming or hospitable gesture than the serving of tea to one's guests. . . . It is the mark of the gracious and sophisticated hostess. . . . Whether your tea party is large or small, you will want to add individual touches that will make the gathering stand out in your guests' minds as one of the most delightful they have ever attended. . . . One way to do this is to vary the condiments and flavorings with which tea is usually served. . . . Lemon, cream and sugar, of course, but for extra interest serve some of the following sweetmeats for additional flavor. . . . Lemon or orange slices stuck with cloves. . . . Maraschino cherries. . . . Fresh mint, lemon verbena or rose geranium leaves. . . . Candied fruits, such as lemon or orange peel. . . . Fruit drops of any desired flavor. . . .

IT'S REFRESHING—

ONE of the most versatile products you will find at your grocer's these days is tomato juice. There's nothing more refreshing and appetizing as a pre-luncheon or dinner cocktail than rich red, ice-cold tomato juice, served just as it comes from the can, but if you prefer a tangier taste, try adding the following ingredients to a can of the ready prepared juice:

1 small onion, sliced thin
2 tbls. minced celery leaves
1 tsp. lemon juice

Let the mixture chill in the refrigerator for an hour before serving, then strain and serve.

(*Continued from page* 85)

another party covering the possession of certain notes that had to do with a very valuable invention. The notes were too valuable to be delivered in the ordinary course of business and so my husband had arranged to give the purchaser the key to this box when the money was paid over. The bank was to give this purchaser, or his legal representatives, access to the box whenever he showed up with the key."

"That," Mr. Foley said, "is highly irregular."

"I know it's irregular. That's why my husband chose this country bank at Las Almiras. I don't suppose they have more than half a dozen safety deposit boxes in all. And my husband signed a blank power of attorney which the banker agreed to fill in with the name of any person who might appear with the key."

"Then the box actually *does* contain notes relating to an invention?" Mr. Foley asked.

She said, "Well, there are *some* notes there, yes; but those are just a blind. There's currency in the box."

"Where's your husband now?"

"He's in New York."

"Why don't you have your husband wire the banker that the key had been stolen, and withdraw any authorization to enter the safety deposit box?"

"Because my husband doesn't know it's been stolen."

"How does that happen?"

"He trusted the key to me. . . . Can't you see? That's why I'm so anxious to get it back. He'll think I was having an affair with the chauffeur. I must get it back without anyone knowing."

MR. FOLEY said, "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Temmler. There's nothing I can do. The entire affair sounds rather —well, rather bizarre. Incidentally, Mrs. Temmler, if the police have found any such key they didn't mention it to the newspaper reporters."

"Oh, they've found it right enough," she said.

"You're certain?" Mr. Foley asked.

"Quite. They *must* have found it. Carter Wright had it with him. I know he did."

"Do you know who killed him?"

"No, of course not."

"Do you have any suspicion?"

She said, "Well, my—no, I won't say that! No, I haven't even any suspicion."

Mr. Foley said, with an air of finality, "Mrs. Temmler, I think you should go to the district attorney. Tell him your story in detail. Ask him to see that your identity is guarded."

She got to her feet, and pointed angrily at him. "And I thought I could count on you for help! I thought that's what an attorney was for."

"A lawyer," Mr. Foley said, "is obligated to cooperate with law enforcement, not to conspire to thwart it."

"Bosh," she said, as she sailed through the door. "That's a perfectly mid-Victorian outlook on life! I thought you were resourceful."

The slamming of the door punctuated her departure.

I knew that Mr. Foley would be looking at me, and, for the life of me, I couldn't bring myself to meet his eyes. Should I have told him about that key to the safety deposit box? There it was in my purse right this










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minute. . . . But it was Bruce Eaton's property. He'd said so himself. He'd told me I wasn't to mention it to anyone. I was to return it to him personally.

Mr. Foley said, "If you're interested in voices, Miss Bell, make a note of that woman's. Don't ever trust the judgment of a woman who forms her word sounds on the roof of her mouth. You can trust the *integrity* of persons who talk that way, but you can never trust their *judgment.*"

"It impressed me," I said, "that she was lying."

Mr. Foley laughed. "Of course, she was lying. That stuck out all over her. The question arises as to where the truth left off and where fabrication began. Doubtless, I could have discovered it, if I'd taken the trouble to cross-examine her."

"Why can't you trust people who talk with the roofs of their mouths?" I asked.

"I don't know," Mr. Foley said, "but you can't—not in ninety per cent of the cases. Such people may have imagination. Usually they're quick, intelligent, and highly versatile, but you can't trust their judgment. If you want someone who has good mental perspective—which is, after all, a necessity to judgment—pick someone who talks with his diaphragm."

I WANTED to get away, wanted to be where I could think things over. After all, I was working for Mr. Foley. He'd been simply splendid to me, and . . .

"I'm going out," he said, "and won't be back until quite late this afternoon. In fact, I may not be in again all day."

The announcement was a relief. "May I leave for lunch promptly at twelve, Mr. Foley?" I asked.

He glanced at me sharply, and I felt myself color.

"Some day," he said, his eyes twinkling, "I'll tell you about the little trick of vocal expression which means that a woman's thinking of the man of whom she's very, very fond. . . . Yes, Miss Bell, by all means; leave a little before twelve if you want. You've had rather a strenuous time of it, so you don't need to come back at all this afternoon—and I hope you have a very nice luncheon with a very fascinating young man," and he walked out of the door leaving me standing there, blushing like a schoolgirl.

I felt self-conscious standing on the corner with the hordes of luncheon-goers streaming past me. I wondered what they'd think if someone had pointed me out and said, "There's the little secretary waiting on the corner for Bruce Eaton to come and take her to lunch."

My heart thumped wildly as a big, blue automobile slid in close to the curb. It was he!

Bruce Eaton smiled at me and raised his hat.

Feeling that strange sense of unreality which comes in dreams, I pushed forward. He opened the door, and I found myself seated beside him. He slid the gearshift lever back into place, and the big automobile shot across the street.

"So it really was you, after all," he said.

"What was?" I asked.

"The young woman who telephoned my agent. I was afraid it was some sort of a racket."

My laugh was nervous. "I was afraid—oh, skip it."

"After the way I treated you last night," he said, "I suppose you expect almost anything from me. I'm sorry, but circumstances made it necessary for me to act as I did. I'm hoping you'll give me the opportunity to explain."

"You don't need to," I told him, "because there's nothing to explain. After all, you're not entirely your own agent, you know. You have your sponsor and your studio to think of as well as your own career."

"That's a mighty sensible way to look at it," he said, flickering his eyes from traffic to look at me.

"I always try to look at things that way."

"You're too good looking to be sensible," he laughed. "That is, I mean, most beautiful women become very much a law unto themselves. Being sensible comes with considering problems from the other's viewpoint. Beautiful women rarely do that."

I didn't have any answer to that. I wanted to be calm and sensible, and I was quivering all over.

When I didn't answer, he lapsed into silence, driving on through traffic, leaving me free to surreptitiously study the profile which I'd admired so much on the screen.

He was just as he appeared in pictures, magnetic, handsome, and intensely masculine, not in the hard-boiled, coarse, two-fisted way, but with a certain mental virility which, to my mind, was largely responsible for his screen success.

While we were waiting for a traffic signal, he turned to me and said abruptly, "How about that property of mine? You have it?"

I started to hand over the key, and then changed my mind. After all, I had to talk with him about something, and banter about that key was better than bromides about pictures. And then he *might* lose interest in me after he got the key. "I'm afraid," I told him, "you'll have to identify it. After all, you know, a finder is responsible for the property until he's surrendered it to its rightful owner."

He was silent.

"Go ahead and describe it," I invited.

I saw then that he was silent because I had hurt him. Evidently, down underneath that vigorous exterior the man was sensitive.

I LAUGHED and said, "I'm only joking, you know."

"Well," he said, "where is it?"

"Where is what?"

"My stickpin."

"Your *stickpin!*" I exclaimed in dismay.

"Yes. I lost it last night in the scuffle which immediately preceded my—er—predicament."

I fumbled in my purse, took out the long, flat key.

"Then just what is *this?*" I demanded.

He barely took his eyes from the road. "Looks like a key to a safety deposit box. Where did you get it?"

---

*Is Bruce Eaton trustworthy—or is Miss Bell making a big mistake when she fails to tell her boss about him and the mysterious safety deposit box key which may be the biggest clue to the murder of Carter Wright? Next month—another chapter in this tense story of mystery in Hollywood.*




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**Before you buy window shades, go to your nearest 5c & 10c or neighborhood store and see the new CLOPAY Lintones for Spring!**




GONE, now, is that blotchy, papery look of fibre window shades. For CLOPAY has perfected the "*Lintone*" process that makes fibre shade material look like linen. This enables you to have lovely window shades at a fraction of usual cost . . . only 15c each, 36″ by 6′ size, ready to attach to rollers. (On new rollers 25c.) CLOPAY *Lintones* have no clay-filling; they don't pinhole, crack or fray. They hang straight, roll evenly. Wear for years. See the *new* CLOPAY *Lintones* now before you fill Spring window shade needs. A wide variety of colors and patterns now at 5c & 10c and neighborhood stores. For color samples, send 3c stamp to CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1243 Clopay Square, Cincinnati, Ohio.

## CLOPAY *Lintone* WINDOW SHADES

## CLOPAY *Washable* WINDOW SHADES



Cloth-like *Lintone* beauty PLUS 100% washability. Only 35c each, complete on roller. CLOPAY coats both sides of *Lintone* shade material with expensive oil-paint finish. Soap and water removes grime, soot, fingermarks, without streaks, watermarks or rings. CLOPAY WASHABLE Shades in many colors and sizes (up to 54″x7′) at 5c & 10c and neighborhood stores everywhere. Send 3c stamp for color samples, today.



● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

# An Authority

## ON TOBACCO QUALITY

Joe Cuthrell, auctioneer, says: "Tobacco's getting better, and Luckies always buy the finest. I've smoked them 6 years." Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, warehousemen and buyers—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

Copyright 1939, The American Tobacco Company




# Have you tried a LUCKY lately?

LUCKIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER. They are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government and the States have helped farmers grow finer tobacco in the last few years. And, as independent experts like Joe Cuthrell point out, Luckies have always bought the cream of the crop. Aged and mellowed from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. Have you tried a Lucky lately? Try them for a week and then you'll know why . . .

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

PHANTOM DESIRE- Every Wife's Deadliest Rival

A Great Real Life Broadcast BY AUNT JENNY

JULY

# Radio MIRROR

10¢

MACFADDEN PUBLICATION



## Honeymoon House For Rent

THE DARING MARRIAGE GAMBLE of ALICE FAYE and TONY MARTIN

# Some Call it Luck



I say it's Luck

## . . . and such Luck

—to find a sanitary napkin like Kotex with its patented pressed ends that fit flatly and so end that dreadful, bulky feeling. And besides you've no idea what a difference it makes when your napkin doesn't shift, bunch or chafe.



I say it isn't

## What's Lucky about it?

—using Kotex Sanitary Napkins is just plain good sense because they're made with layer after layer of soft filmy tissue, that one after another absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the napkin and check that striking through in one spot.



I say—you're both right

## The Truth of it is . . .

—aren't we all lucky to have Kotex? Until Kotex made 3 sizes we had to cut and adjust our napkins to suit our varying daily needs. Now with Regular, Junior and Super Kotex it's a simple matter for any woman to meet her individual needs from day to day.

**All 3 Types at the Same Low Price**




**KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS**

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

Better Say Kotex—Better for You

# Jean revamped her bath technique and her popularity hit a brand new high



**Bill met Jean** and things happened! "You're the only girl for me," said his eyes. "And you're the only boy for me," flashed her smile! And of course, they dated!



**This was to be the night** of Jean's dreams. And how gloriously fresh she stepped from her bath—how fragrant and sweet—how radiantly sure of her charm! *Poor, poor Jean.*



**Before the first dance was over,** Bill's smile faded! Before midnight Jean was alone and in tears. Poor silly little goose, not to know *never to trust a bath alone.*




**"Your own fault,"** scolded Peg. "A bath removes only past perspiration—it can't prevent odor to come! But Mum *prevents* odor —guards freshness all evening long."






**And Jean wins!** Bill's back in her life and back to stay. Life's more fun for the girl who decides, "A bath alone is never enough —underarms *always* need Mum!"

## HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH **MUM** STILL KEEPS YOU FRESH!

NO MATTER how fresh you feel after your bath, don't forget that underarms always need special care to prevent odor yet *to come.*

Wise girls use Mum after every bath, before every date. Mum is so fragrant, so pleasant to use, so dependable. Mum is QUICK... it takes just half a minute to use, yet you're protected for a full day or evening. Mum is SAFE...completely harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing to your skin.

Mum is SURE... without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor, keeps you sweet all evening long. Be sure *you* never offend. Get Mum at any drug store today. Use it daily for *lasting* charm!

*ANOTHER USE FOR MUM—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. They know it's gentle and safe.*



JULY, 1939

# Radio Mirror

VOL. 12 NO. 3

**ERNEST V. HEYN**
**Executive Editor**

BELLE LANDESMAN,
ASSISTANT EDITOR

**FRED R. SAMMIS**
**Editor**




**LUXOR**
*"Feather-Cling"*

**sits lightly—stays on smoothly!**

Don't let a heavily overpowdered face spoil the soft charm of your appearance this summer. Make sure you use Luxor "Feather-cling" —the face powder with a light touch. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly, won't cake or streak. Choice of shades? All five of the season's smartest! Each 55¢. Rose Rachel is very popular.




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COVER—Alice Faye and Tony Martin by Robert Reid
(Photo by Hyman Fink)

RADIO MIRROR, published monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. General Offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and advertising offices: Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd Street, New York. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Chicago office: 333 North Michigan Avenue. C. H. Shattuck, Mgr. San Francisco office: 1658 Russ Building. Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 14, 1933, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price in United States, Canada and Newfoundland $1.00 a year. $10c a copy. In U. S. Territories, Possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, $1.50 a year; all other countries $2.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. Unaccepted letters for the "What Do You Want to Say?" department will not be returned, and we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. All submissions become the property of the magazine. (Member of Macfadden Women's Group.)
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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

# A Test for "Model Wives"

## Beware of the ONE NEGLECT* that sometimes kills Romance!
















Are you always careful about Feminine Hygiene?

* Carelessness (or ignorance) on this question means that you "flunk" the test.

### "Lysol" can help you make a perfect score

A GIRL can take courses that teach her how to keep a house. But how to keep a husband seems to be left mostly to guesswork.

There *are* women who neglect their husbands and still hold their love. But the woman who neglects *herself* is apt eventually to live alone, whether she likes it or not. Neglect of intimate personal cleanliness, of feminine hygiene, may spoil an otherwise happy marriage.

Many thousands of women have solved the problem of feminine hygiene . . . with the help of "Lysol" disinfectant. Probably no other preparation is so widely used for this purpose. Here are some of the important reasons why—

**1—Non-Caustic** . . . "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

**2—Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

**3—Spreading** . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

1889—50th ANNIVERSARY—1939




Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

**4—Economy** . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

**5—Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

**6—Stability** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

**What Every Woman Should Know**

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. R.M.-907, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyrignt 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.




NONSPI CREAM

*Does Both!*

**Because of an entirely new ingredient never before used in a deodorant!**

Whether you prefer cream deodorants for steady use, or for those occasions when a liquid is inconvenient you will welcome Nonspi Cream for its outstanding advantages:

**1.** Checks *both* perspiration and odor—from 1 to 3 days.

**2.** Feels and looks like velvety vanishing cream. Goes on easily—dries almost instantly. Not greasy.

**3.** May be used directly after shaving.

**4.** Has a reaction approximating that of the normal skin—so cannot injure either skin or clothing.

**5.** Works on new principle—"adsorbs" odors.

Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. *Also in liquid form.*




# WHAT'S NEW FROM



Fibber McGee and Molly—all grin is Fibber these days now that Molly is back on his program again.

THERE wasn't a dry eye in the studio the night Molly returned to the Fibber McGee program after an absence that began in the fall of 1937. Molly herself burst into tears when she entered the studio and saw what Fibber, the rest of the cast, and many of her fans had done to welcome her back. They'd banked the walls of the NBC studio high with a mass of flowers. Letters and telegrams of congratulation filled a table at the side of the room.

Molly looks fine, as you can see from the picture, although she is still a little weak. You don't get over a long illness like hers in a hurry. However, her doctors say she can stand the strain of broadcasting, at least until the program goes off the air for a vacation late in June.

Incidentally, Molly's return was an occasion for rejoicing by an office boy in her sponsor's factory—even though he's never seen her and lives two thousand miles from Hollywood. He suggested that the homecoming program be written around a budget theme—and reaped a hundred-dollar bonus for his idea.

* * *

On my way to a rehearsal of the Johnny Presents program, one balmy spring afternoon, I stopped outside CBS Playhouse No. 2 to watch a sidewalk violinist. He wasn't a very good violinist—in fact he didn't seem to be playing any tune at all—and he was all bundled up in an overcoat, the collar coming up around his chin and mouth, and his hat pulled down over his eyes. On the curb in front of him was his open violin-case, with a few pennies in it, dropped there by passers-by. "Poor fellow," I thought, and added a coin of my own. Then I caught a glint of wicked merriment from the eyes under the hat-brim, and I took a closer look at the sad figure. It was Johnny Green, maestro of the Johnny Presents orchestra, who had come to rehearsal early and was letting the spring air make him cut capers.

P.S. Johnny made eleven cents with his sidewalk concert, but he had to split with the first violinist of the orchestra, whose fiddle he'd borrowed.

* * *

Kate Smith is up against one of those problems that come sooner or later to all dog owners. She has a cocker spaniel puppy called Freckles, and she loves to take him to rehearsals—she spends all of Thursday, you know, in the CBS playhouse where her variety show originates. But young Freckles loves chewing-gum, and a theater is a wonderful place to find lots of it—the second-hand variety, but Freckles doesn't mind that; in fact, he prefers it. Now Kate can't make up her mind whether to bring him to rehearsals on a leash, make him stay home—or just let him gorge himself on chewing gum.

* * *

Maybe you enjoy The Circle, Sunday nights on NBC, and maybe you don't. I wouldn't argue with you, either way. But before you criticize it too harshly, just remember this: One director left the program and had himself a nervous breakdown. Another came charging back to New York after a spell of working on the show, swearing that he was going to resign from the advertising agency which produces it and do nothing but rest for the next six months. They talked him out of resigning—sent him off for a vacation in Bermuda instead.

# COAST TO COAST By DAN SENSENEY

Right in the midst of his personal-appearance engagement at the New York Strand theater, Guy Lombardo ran into trouble. His crack piano player, Fred Vigneau, fell ill and had to be rushed to the hospital. There were only a few hours in which to get a substitute, so Guy sent out a hurry call to all the band bookers and other musicians he could think of. The first pianist who showed up got the job. No wonder. He was the son of the man who gave the Lombardos their first music lessons when they were boys in London, Ontario.

* * *

Fred Waring's new five-times-a-week program for Chesterfield cigarettes, which starts June 19, is the result of radio's strangest audition. Nobody in the band except Fred knew that an audition was going on. The Pennsylvanians were rehearsing in their Manhattan headquarters for a short personal-appearance tour, and the sponsors simply dropped in at the rehearsal hall one afternoon and listened. Fred figured the band would be more lively and spontaneous if nobody knew anything important was in the wind.

* * *

Bandleader Vincent Lopez has a new and very praiseworthy hobby—testing the effects of swing music upon mentally deranged people. The curative effects of music on mental disorder have already been investigated, but Lopez claims that the music used has always been too slow, and that the strong, fast, rhythmic beat of swing is just what is needed to break through the inertia of many mental patients.



Johnny Green, maestro of the Johnny Presents show and his lovely wife, Betty Furness.

* * *

Four years ago, Radio Mirror published a story about Irving Gross, a hopeless cripple who had found in radio the happiness that his physical infirmity had denied him. Irving had made radio into a hobby, listening to all the programs, writing to the stars, collecting their autographs, and often having the supreme pleasure of meeting them when they came to his tenement home. Radio, and the contacts it brought him, were all Irving had in the world. In that story, we gave readers of Radio Mirror his address—189 East Second Street, New York City—and asked them to write to him.

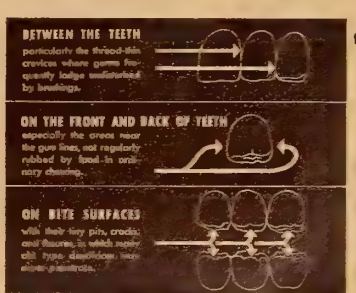
Now we have heard from Irving again. He is still unable to walk; he is still at the same address; radio and its people are still the greatest interest in his life. But two years ago, when he was out of his rooms, someone broke in and stole his most priceless possession—a collection of about two thousand autographed pictures of radio, stage, and screen stars. It had taken him twelve years to make this collection, and now it's gone.

He wrote to Radio Mirror and asked us to remind our readers, stars and ordinary folks alike, of him. "Now that the World's Fair is open," he wrote, "I would be grateful if you would ask all your readers to write or visit me, if they come to town. It





THRILLING NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE WITH LUSTER-FOAM — CREATED TO REACH NEGLECTED DANGER ZONES WHERE 75% OF DECAY STARTS




*Amazing penetrating power makes gentle Luster-Foam "bubble bath" a super-cleanser . . . teeth flash and sparkle.*

At last, a really *modern* tooth paste! So different, so quick to show results, that people all over the country have gone wild about it . . . to the staggering tune of 6,000,000 tubes in 90 days!

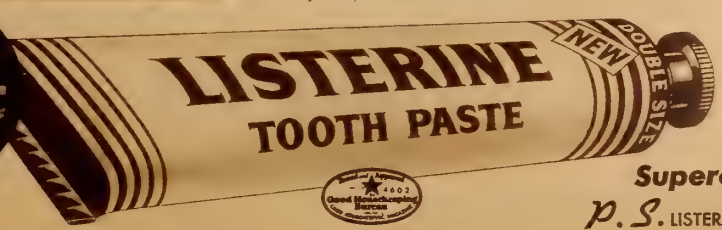
Luster-Foam detergent attacks decay-breeding film in a surprising new way. The instant you start brushing, it surges into a dainty, foaming "bubble bath". . . safe, gentle, yet so penetrating it attacks even those hard-to-reach "danger zones" where some authorities say more than 75% of decay starts. You know these neglected decay areas . . . between the teeth, on front and back of teeth, and on bite surfaces,—with their tiny germ-packed pits, cracks and fissures.

Try this thrilling new *energized* tooth paste *now!* Feel it go to work on your teeth. You'll like its lively stimulation . . . the way it refreshes and awakens the mouth . . . the way it whisks away recent ugly surface deposits and attacks dirty, stained film. And above all, the way your teeth sparkle and gleam with wonderful new brilliance!

Get a tube of this New Listerine Tooth Paste, supercharged with Luster-Foam detergent, at any drug counter today.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube 40¢ Regular size tube 25¢




THE NEW FORMULA
*Supercharged with* LUSTER-FOAM

*P. S.* LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS LUSTER-FOAM




YOU need not be an athlete, however, to appreciate what a blessing Tampax is to all classes of women—housewives, travelers, students, business girls. The Tampax principle of internal absorption, long known to doctors, has already led women by the million to throw off old restrictions and adopt this new method of monthly sanitary protection.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor; so ingeniously made that you are not even conscious of wearing it. Only *pure, long-fiber surgical cotton* is used in Tampax. Also note the sealed hygienic applicator in which Tampax comes to you. Using this, your hands do not even touch the Tampax!

No bulking, no wrinkling with Tampax, even in swim suits or sheerest formals. No disposal problems. Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. At drug stores; notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Average month's supply, 35¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package of forty.

DAINTY AND NEAT Your Hands never touch the Tampax

*Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association*




TAMPAX INCORPORATED MWG-79
New Brunswick, N. J.
☐ Send introductory box; 20¢ enclosed (stamps, coins). Size checked below.
☐ Regular Tampax ☐ Junior Tampax
☐ Send Tampax booklet with diagrams—free.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



would help immensely to break the monotony of my otherwise dull life." And Radio Mirror is happy to comply with his request.

* * *

SAN JOSE, Calif.—I knew I was starting something when I asked if Bernard C. Barth of KOBH, Rapid City, S. D., was the youngest announcer in the country. Here's another candidate for the honor—Robert Franklin, of KQW, San Jose. Robert isn't nineteen yet, and has already been in radio for more than a year, having worked for station KJBS and KFRC, both in San Francisco. My thanks to Mrs. Eddie Calder for telling me about him.

BECAUSE one of New York's most successful programs goes on when all respectable people are supposed to be in bed, it looks as if approximately one-fourth of Manhattan's great population are dirty stay-ups. Gene King's Jamboree over Station WEVD is designed for people who are just beginning to feel wide awake about midnight—the time it goes on the air.

Gene broadcasts for four solid hours, giving a one-man show. He plays records, but only those requested by listeners. He talks to himself and to stooges—mysterious, whimsical creatures known as the Fiend, the Goblin, the Ghoul and the Zombie. Actually, they are his technical assistants who, quite by accident, are very expert hecklers.

Gene's audience, one of the largest assembled by any Manhattan station, includes bartenders and bar-frequenters, nurses and internes, milkmen and cab drivers, newspaper men and newspaper men's wives—and lots of people who just hate bed. Gene announces birthdays, anniversaries and weddings for listeners. Hospitals call him if they need a blood-donor, and the police department has him issue storm warnings when necessary. Suicides confide in him. He has one letter from a chap who said he intended to commit suicide. Night after night Gene tried to dissuade him. Finally, a package arrived at WEVD. The enclosed note explained that he was sending this gift to show his appreciation for Gene's efforts, but he was going to kill himself anyway. That night, he did.

Gene graduated from Ohio State in 1934. A year later he returned from a European trip and got a job on WEVD. Now he's the station's chief announcer and biggest attraction—big enough for such big-time band leaders as Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey, Sammy Kaye, Larry Clinton and Fats Waller to pay him wee-hour visits to be interviewed.

* * *

CINCINNATI—One of radio's most widely informed sportscasters is Dick Bray of WSAI, and no wonder, because he's been an outstanding college athlete, a professional player, and a referee. And he loves sports better than anything in the world. He is also the only man broadcasting sports events who is an official Big Ten referee, a position which he held long before he entered radio four years ago.

Dick was born in Cincinnati in 1903, and received his education in Cincinnati primary schools and at Withrow High School, where he played basketball, football and baseball. He played football at Xavier University as well. Then came professional baseball in the old Salley League—a career which he was forced to cut short because of a game leg, the result of a high school football injury.

Dick was still in love with athletics, though, so if he couldn't play he turned to refereeing football and basketball, which kept him busy until 1935, when he decided to supplement that work by broadcasting. When he applied for a job at WKRC, Columbia's station in Cincinnati, the manager told him to go see a baseball game first. Dick explained that he didn't have to, and was put to work at once. He's been on the air ever since. To his present station, WSAI, he is a great asset, because time salesmen never have any difficulty in finding a sponsor for a Bray broadcast, whether it's a description of a game, a series of interviews with sports fans, a fifteen-minute round-up of the day's sport news, or whatnot.

He's an energetic worker, always convinced that he could be better than he is. Soon after he first went on the air he decided he wanted to know more about the history of baseball, and on the air he requested old books and manuscripts dealing with the sport. The result was a library full of baseball books of every size, shape and description, including thirteen of which Dick is very proud, written in longhand by Ren Mulford, the man who invented the modern system of scoring.

Wherever Dick goes, he keeps a record of his experiences with his own candid camera. In a mammoth scrapbook he has hundreds of pictures, taken by himself, of sports celebrities and famous games. With his father's assistance, he clips box scores from newspapers and thus keeps a running record of every pitcher in big-time baseball.

A young man, and a quiet young man at that, Dick is already well on the way to sports immortality. Last year a Cincinnati dog-owner named one of his racing greyhounds after him, and there's a horse, half-brother to Discovery, who will soon be talked about around the Kentucky race tracks. His owner calls him Dick Bray.

* * *

THE tenants of the swanky Beaux Arts apartments in New York had to go through the Martian scare all over again the other day. Frank Readick, who plays Smilin' Jack on the Mutual network, was confined to his Beaux Arts apartment with a cold, and rather than try to find an actor to imitate his voice on the air, the director of the program decided to broadcast from Frank's living room.

That was all right, but nobody had told the neighbors—and it happened that this particular script called for a sound-effects man's field day, with shots, screams, airplane noises, and sounds of a fist fight. Before the broadcast was over somebody had telephoned the police, and a squad car came down the street, its siren screaming.

Said one tenant: "I didn't mind the gunfire so much. But when I distinctly heard an airplane zooming around, I decided it was time to call for help."

# MOON RIVER FOR RELAXATION

WHEN it has been dark for many hours, and the nation's children have long been in bed, and when America is so deep in the quiet of night that the sun is setting even halfway across the Pacific; out over the tide-shrunken Atlantic seaboard, across the deep green Mississippi Valley and westward to the dew-pearled jagged Rockies, a gentle voice says softly, "Moon River, a lazy stream of dreams where vain desires forget themselves in the loveliness of sleep. Moon River, enchanted white ribbon twined in the hair of night, where nothing is but sleep . . ."

It's one of America's best-loved radio programs, Moon River, heard over Cincinnati's WLW at half an hour after midnight, Eastern time, every night in the week.

From the instant the deVore Sisters hum the first strains of "Caprice Viennois" and Charles Woods, the narrator, begins his initial poem, Moon River never stops flowing. When the voices are quiet, the organ, with Lee Irwin at the console surges forward.

WLW inaugurated Moon River nearly ten years ago. At first the program was conceived as a mere half-hour of organ music, but later it was decided to add the reading of a few poems—romantic, simple poems in tune with the quiet restfulness of the organ.

Four years ago, the deVore Sisters came from Indianapolis to join the WLW staff and be featured on the early-evening Vocal Varieties program. As an experiment, they were added to Moon River—and they've been on it, lending their three small, perfectly blended voices, ever since.



The lovely DeVore Sisters of WLW's "Moon River" program.

THEY really are sisters—Ruth, blonde; Marjorie, brunette; and Billie, the youngest, a red-head—and all three of them trim and beautiful. Born and raised in Indianapolis, they got their radio start there, where they acquired a commercial program only three days after they auditioned. They were all in school at the time, studying art, music and dramatics, and they thought they might be able to defray some of their school expenses with what they earned on the air. A year later they were still singing, not as students, but as stars.

As sweet in life as they are on the night air, when one of the deVores has a birthday, she sends her mother a bouquet of red roses, as many buds as there are years since her birth.

Although their voices seem to have the unique quality of filling the night air without disturbing it, the deVores would be the last to take credit for the success of Moon River. Few voices are as familiar to the nation as is Charles Woods'. It has often been said that his deep-voiced, conversational readings have changed as many American lives as the acts of Congress. And it would be hard to say how many hearts Lee Irwin's organ music has comforted—it might sound like the 1930 census figure.

After half an hour of peaceful music and poetry, Moon River comes to an end as quietly as it began. For one of the well-loved things about this program is that it makes no attempt to "sell" itself with ballyhoo or high-pressure excitement. It's for people who want to relax and let the cares of the day slip away from them; perhaps for young lovers who find that it says all the things they can't find words for. That's its purpose, and it fulfills it beautifully.


*Beauty is a flower* — **make it blossom in Your Skin!**



**THIS LOVELY NEW YORK BRIDE SAYS:**

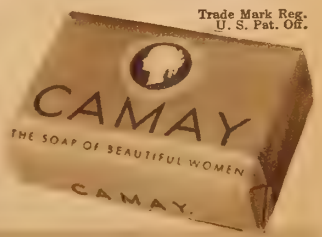
*I wouldn't know where to turn for a complexion soap if I didn't have Camay! For no other soap I've ever tried has quite the same fragrance. And its creamy lather always seems to freshen up my skin!*

*New York, N. Y.*
*April 20, 1939*

(*Signed*) VIRGINIA FRYE
(*Mrs. John H. Frye, Jr.*)

EVERY GIRL has possibilities for charm . . . a chance to win romance! Don't miss *yours!* Listen to Mrs. Frye's advice. "*Your* skin has a natural loveliness," she says, "so help bring it out with Camay!" She knows that Camay's searching cleansing is so caressingly *mild*—so wonderfully *thorough,* that it helps make any girl attractive!

You'll like Camay—for your complexion, and to make your *bath* a daily beauty treatment, too! Wouldn't you like to help keep back and shoulders as soft and smooth as your face? Then get three cakes of inexpensive Camay today! Soon you'll see why gentle Camay is such a wonderful aid to daintiness, to all-over loveliness, to truly exquisite skin!




THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

# High Summer Rates for Writers of True Stories

**Following our regular policy we are discontinuing true story manuscript contests during the summer months. A great new true story contest will begin on September 1st, 1939. But, in the meantime, we are still in the market for true stories for straight purchase, and in order to secure them are going to renew our sensational offer of last summer which worked so greatly to the financial advantage of many writers of true stories.**

We will continue to pay for regular acceptable material our regular rate, which averages about 2c per word, but, in addition, during the summer months we gladly will pay writers of true stories the special rates of 3c per word for better-than-average true stories and 4c per word for exceptionally good true stories submitted for straight purchase.

In comparing these special summer rates with the average rate of 2c per word, a few moments' figuring will show you what this offer can mean to you financially—literally making $2 grow where $1 grew formerly.

Under this offer the Editorial Staff of TRUE STORY are the sole judges as to the quality of stories submitted. But rest assured that if you send in a story of extra quality you will receive the corresponding extra rate. This is in no sense a contest—simply a straight offer to purchase true stories, with a handsome bonus for extra quality.

Here is your opportunity. The time is limited to the months of June, July and August, 1939. So strike while the iron is hot. Start today the story of an episode in your life or the life of a friend or acquaintance that you feel has the necessary heart interest to warrant the extraordinarily high special rates we are offering. Send it in when finished, and if it really has the extra quality we seek the extra sized check will be forthcoming with our sincere congratulations. Be sure your manuscript is post-marked not later than midnight, August 31, 1939.

## IMPORTANT

Submit stories direct. Do not deal through intermediaries.

If you do not already have one send for a copy of free booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories." Use the coupon provided for that purpose.

In sending true stories, be sure, in each case, to enclose first-class return postage in the same container with manuscript. We gladly return manuscripts when postage is supplied, but we cannot do so otherwise. Failure to enclose return first-class postage means that after a reasonable time the manuscript if not accepted for publication will be destroyed.

**MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.**
Dept. K, P. O. Box 629,
Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

TRUE STORY, Dept. K RM-7
P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories."

*Name*.....

*Street*.....

*Town*.....*State*.....
(Print plainly. Give name of state in full)


# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

## FIRST PRIZE
### ANOTHER ORCHID FOR RADIO

ABOUT two years ago I spent some time in a remote section of the Virginia mountains and became quite friendly with one family there. Although these were good people they spoke a language that was almost entirely their own, due to their isolation from the outside world. In fact, it was some time before I could understand their conversation perfectly.

When I returned home I decided to send them a small radio.

I happened to be passing there a few months ago and decided to call on my old friends. I was surprised to find that they were highly informed on world events and that their English was almost as good as mine.

I offer this merely as an example of what radio has done for some people who were never afforded educational advantages.

HOLLIS E. SMITH,
Vinton, Va.

## SECOND PRIZE
### WHY GILD THE LILY?

I wonder if there are not others who feel as I do about "background" music and sound effects during a dramatic production.

For instance, on a train or plane, the simulated wheels-on-track or motor noise drowns out the voices and I find myself tied up in knots as I strain to follow the thread of the drama. Likewise, in the case of "background" music, while it is meant to enhance the mood of the moment, it actually distracts and irritates. A tender scene between lovers, spoken in the romantically low tones appropriate to the occasion, is too often blurred to indistinctness by the music.

A few bars of music between scenes or snatches of dialogue, yes; this puts one in the mood for what is to follow, but please, let us have one thing at a time!

MRS. FRANK UPTON,
Chesham, N. H.

## THIRD PRIZE
### LEARN THRIFT VIA RADIO

My radio is the thriftiest piece of furniture in my home. It gives me advance notices of the local sales so I can shop timely, and from the consumer programs I have learned to shop wisely. With few exceptions, most of the cooking recipes I have tried are economical. And of course by the way of entertainment—it provides the best for just a turn of a button.

Surely my radio has saved me a lot of time and money, besides teaching me how to "housekeep" intelligently.

MRS. NEVINS CUMMINGS,
Cromwell, Conn.

### FOURTH PRIZE
#### SO, YOU DON'T LIKE DOTTY?

The Don Ameche hour used to be the family hour in our home. In the winter time, with plates of pop corn, or in the summer time, with cold drinks, we settled down for an hour's good entertainment. One program we all enjoyed.

But now? We try to rise from our chairs to shut it off but can't for the goo of Don Ameche announcing "Dotty" with drip, drips of sweetness. You could drink a cup of Chase and Sanborn coffee during the program and never need a drop of sugar.

From Charlie it might be funny, but from a man we had grown to admire —uhhhhh! It is too much.

Can't something be done about it?

THE GREEN FAMILY ROBINSON,
Elmwood, Nebraska

### FIFTH PRIZE
#### THE SERVANT PROBLEM IS SOLVED!

I wonder if any one besides the housewife realizes how radio has changed the servant problem?

In the old days you hired an immigrant girl fresh from Ellis Island. Teaching her to broil a steak properly was a long and tedious job. Her English being limited, she often misconstrued directions and the results could be as tragic as they sometimes were comical. They eventually made good and faithful servants. But I still prefer the present experienced maid. The brogue may roll off her tongue thick enough to slice, but she doesn't need constant rehearsing to take her part before a gas range. Betty Crocker is the patron saint of her kitchen and Heinz has taught her many tricks with tomato soup.

She doesn't get her Jack Benny and Benny Goodman mixed but she can and does mix a salad that makes us lick the platter clean. Radio has not only made her lot a much happier one, it has taught her many invaluable tricks of her trade.

MRS. HELENE A. SAUM,
Yankton, S. Dak.

## THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize . . . . . $10.00

Second Prize . . . . . $ 5.00

Five Prizes of . . . . . $ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than June 26th, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

### SIXTH PRIZE
#### THE MAGIC KEY GIVES US PADEREWSKI

The Magic Key—The magic tear that springs in tribute to the Great Paderewski in recognition of his courage, dignity and honor. What vitality and youth in those strong flexible fingers! What vitality and youth in his mature interpretations of ageless musical masterpieces!

Thank God that here in America we still have the freedom, the truth and the justice to recognize the highest and best in art and man, and to acknowledge it with respect, warm hearts and admiration for genius, education and true culture.

MISS EDITH L. KOERNER,
Patchogue, New York

### SEVENTH PRIZE
#### BERNARR MACFADDEN, HEALTH CRUSADER

Not only did the April issue of RADIO MIRROR carry some most interesting articles and inside information on the goings-on in radio, but it also carried a short announcement that may mean new health and regained spirits for many people now suffering from tuberculosis. Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, whom I have always admired for his crusade for better living and health, has made this chance possible. He plans to select one case of tuberculosis from each state east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio river. Those selected will be treated free by the most modern methods in healing not only the physical but also the mental ills that go hand in hand in this ravaging disease. Let us hope that other people like Mr. Macfadden will try to make this world a better and healthier place for everyone to live in.

J. CROUGHWELL,
New York City, N. Y.


FOR TODAY'S CHARMING SENTIMENTAL VOGUE...

Pond's 4 flattering SUMMER SHADES



Fashion's command this summer—"Look fragile . . . pretty-pretty . . . *feminine!*" You'll be wearing quaint, tiny-waisted frocks, sentimental bonnets. Your make-up, too, follows this romantic trend. So Pond's brings you these four exquisite summer powder shades:

*For thrilling* EVENINGS:

Rose Dawn and Rose Brunette in soft blush tones. To bring out your pink-and-white appeal. Wear with soft pastels, and for unforgettable evenings.

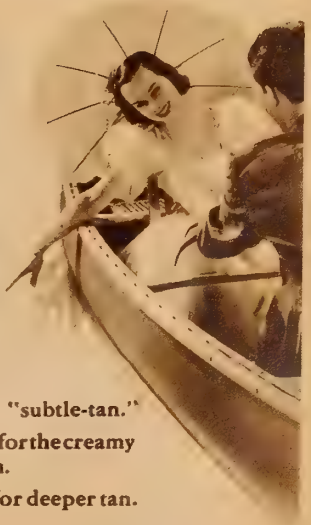
**ROSE DAWN**—brings a delicate glow to fair skin.

**ROSE BRUNETTE**—a richer tone (for blondes and brunettes).




*Under* SUMMER SUN

A brazenly brown skin won't help you make the most of the "pretty" mode—so keep your tan light and feminine, too! And flatter it with Pond's Sunlight Shades. Not dark old-fashioned "sun-tan" shades—they're soft, becoming with the new "subtle-tan."



**SUNLIGHT (LIGHT)**—for the creamy tan of a blonde skin.

**SUNLIGHT (DARK)**—for deeper tan.

SUMMER SHADES

**Rose Dawn** **Sunlight (Light)**
**Rose Brunette** **Sunlight (Dark)**

Try them today. 10¢, 20¢, 55¢. Or send for free samples of all four Summer Shades. Pond's, Dept. 8RM-PG, Clinton, Conn.

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■ "Tony and Alice are about to separate . . . Tony and Alice fight like a couple of wildcats . . . It can't last . . . It won't last. . . ." That's the way the talk has gone. But it's been hearsay only. At all times Tony and Alice have kept their own counsel, turned a deaf ear to gossip until recently. Then Tony talked, and eagerly, as if he was glad to put things straight. He told the whole story.




Illustration by Carl Pfeufer

# THE DARING MARRIAGE GAMBLE of ALICE FAYE and TONY MARTIN

A HONEYMOON house, white with green shutters, with a lovely little garden in the back, away from pedestrians' gaze, a charming house, full of memories, is for rent. For almost two years its walls have held a marriage which the bride described to an editor on her wedding day this way: "I don't know how long it will last. Unless a great many very smart people are wrong about our chances of making a go of it, you'd better get any story about us in print right away, while we're still together."

She was simply stating a fact when she said that. For never did a marriage have more dire predictions made about it, from the very start, than that of Alice Faye and Tony Martin.

People said:

"Tony and Alice are about to separate. . . ."

"Tony and Alice fight like a couple of wildcats. . . ."

"It can't last. . . . It won't last. . . ."

That's the way the talk has gone. But it's been hearsay and hearsay only. At all times, whatever their private troubles, Tony and Alice have kept their own counsel, turned a deaf ear to gossip.

Until the other day. Then Tony talked, and eagerly, as if he was glad to put things straight. He told me the truth about the marriage gamble of which that ominous "For Rent" sign on their honeymoon house is a symbol. He told me, at last, the whole story.

"Of course Alice and I fight," he said, to begin with. "What she does is of the utmost importance to me and what I do is equally important to her. I hope!

"One quarrel, almost the worst we ever had, started over a white dinner dress Alice wore. I didn't like it. But Hollywood would have had to have a dictophone in our bedroom to know about that row—or any other row. Certainly, considering people's interest in our affairs, we wouldn't be stupid enough to let go in public—whatever the provocation.

"But," Tony went on, "just to get the record straight, notwithstanding all our quarrels—those we've had and those we've been said to have—Alice and I are closer today than ever before. If we're not quite so much the impetuous lovers, we're more loving friends.

"I didn't know Alice when I married her. I only loved her. And if at first it was thrilling and exciting to be man and wife, it's other things now, deeper things really, and things I miss even more when I'm away from her—as I am now."

Yes, at last Tony could tell the story of a love that grew stronger through unhappiness, of a marriage that took shape in the private hell that the bride and groom endured.

(*Continued on page* 56)

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



**Radio's Aunt Jenny brings you a great love story, the gripping drama of one woman's fight against every wife's most dangerous rival—**

# Phantom

**Illustration by Chase Cassidy**

*In all the months I've been tellin' stories on the Columbia network, there's been a few I've specially liked, because they seemed to teach a lesson I was sure a lot of folks needed. What happened to Matthew and Jane Tolliver is one of those stories. You see, Jane had to fight the same enemy many a woman comes up against—her husband's love for a ghost. That is, you might as well call it a ghost—it's just that hard to fight. But suppose I let you read the story, just as Matthew told it to me. I hope you don't find yourself in it, but if you do—well, maybe you'll find somethin' to help you in it too.* AUNT JENNY

I MET Rosemary during the first vacation I had ever taken without my folks. We had known each other just about a week when I took her out for a ride one evening. It was one of those romantic sort of nights with the stars all out and the moonlight making everything silvery. I drove the car quite a way out in the country until we came to the end of a road at the top of a hill. It was just kind of natural for us to park the car and stroll along the road out under the stars.

Somehow, I felt that I'd been waiting for Rosemary all my life. She was my dream girl and that night in her white filmy dress she looked like an angel. Somehow, without her saying a word, I knew she wanted me to kiss her. There aren't many men, I guess, who ever had a sweeter kiss than that. It was just as though you'd kissed the soft, velvety petals of a lovely flower.

Rosemary made me feel strong. And I never had thought of my strength before. I had had no need of strength. My father, a successful man, and my mother, having me for her first consideration, had ordered my life for me. They had chosen my school and my college, planned my holidays, and subtly fostered my engagement to the girl they wanted me to marry.

Rosemary's voice came against my ear. "Matthew. That's a funny name. I will call you Matt."

"Matthew suited me well enough," I told her huskily, "before I met you. It's a stodgy name, Matthew. And I've been stodgy too. I was that good Tolliver boy. I got fine marks in school. I've been a credit to my parents. I did everything people expected of me, scarcely knowing what I wanted to do myself. Because I had to meet you, Rosemary, my darling, to discover myself."

She drew towards me. She touched my eyelids and my fingers, one by one. My arms tightened about her greedily. I wondered how, even in my new strength, I could let her go long enough to return home and straighten out many things so I might come back free, to stay.

"How," she asked, "could I do the things for you that you say? How, Matt? I'm only Rosemary Judson, the daughter of a man who keeps a little general store at Bedford Crossing. And we've only known each other a week."

I drew her close to me.

"Listen, listen, Rosemary," I told her, "and remember what I'm saying until I come back. I love you. And I may be stark mad, but I think it was a miracle brought me here for my holiday—so I could meet you. Why, now I can't even imagine life without you.

"I'm coming back, but I've got to go home and tell my parents about you—and Jane—"

"Are you engaged to Jane?" Her voice was so soft I guessed at her words really. And I wanted to lie, to put her off, but I told her about Jane as fairly and quickly as I could, to shorten the pain for both of us. I wanted no lie standing between us.

"But I'll tell them I'm going to marry you," I finished. "I'll come back, Rosemary, darling."

"Matt . . ." she sighed. "Oh, I hope you will. But . . ."

* * *

Driving home the next day I thought of Rosemary constantly. She hadn't come down to see me off. I had asked her not to. I didn't want our farewells to be the casual thing good taste would demand with the hotel porch rocking chair brigade looking on. Better by far not to see her again, to go away remembering her in the starlight.

# Desire

***Heard originally as "The Story of Matthew Tolliver's First Love," this poignant romance was one of Aunt Jenny's broadcasts, on CBS every Monday through Friday, sponsored by the makers of Spry.***




Once on my way I stopped to telephone her. But I bought a package of cigarettes instead. If she wasn't alone when my call came her answers necessarily would be cool and guarded. More than once I attempted a wire. But little words on yellow paper proved to have so little to do with the tender and tumultuous things I was feeling that one telegram blank followed another into wastebaskets.

I REACHED home to look upon long familiar things and faces and find them strange. It was I who had changed, of course. I had gone away on my vacation two weeks before a boy. I had come home a man. It isn't, after all, the years themselves that bring us maturity; it is what happens to us in the years.

I waited until coffee had been served after dinner to tell my mother and father about Rosemary. They were abstracted but polite at first when I talked about the pretty girl I had met. But before I told them I loved her I had their entire attention. Some excitement in my voice warned them of what was coming. My father's eyes grew coldly disapproving. My mother's eyes turned frightened.

"I love Rosemary," I announced, "more than I dreamed anyone ever loved. I'm sorry if I sound extravagant. But that's just how it is."

My father cleared his throat. "Such experiences — er — come to

(*Continued on page* 58)

# Brothers-



Tommy Dorsey

YOU couldn't have felt the way I did that night. Not unless you knew Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey. It was Tommy's last night at the famous Terrace room in the Hotel New Yorker. Jimmy was replacing him. A couple of publicity men decided they'd make a great thing out of it. But it all made me feel a little sad.

I guess what got me was seeing them standing there together on the bandstand with their arms around each other as the flash bulbs went off near their faces. It was twelve midnight and Tommy was turning the baton over to Jimmy. When he gave Jimmy that final, affectionate, brotherly hug the crowd hit a high F of glee, they shouted, clapped and whistled.

Tommy said, "Good luck, Lad." He's always called Jimmy, Lad. And Jimmy said, "Thanks, Mac" —that's what he calls Tommy—and then he gave the orchestra the downbeat.

Jimmy's boys sure sailed into the swing pretty that night. It was gorgeous, and the prettier they played the worse I felt. I'm a good friend of Jimmy's and I knew how he was feeling too, in spite of all the back slapping and well wishes.

The fact is, that regardless of how Tommy and Jimmy feel about each other, and in spite of that

The Dorsey boys have to take music seriously—they come from a musical family: Mary, Tommy, Jimmy, and Dorsey Sr.



# and Enemies

## The Amazing True Story of the Dorsey Brothers' Never-Ending Battle

By JACK SHER

night's general hilarity, Jimmy Dorsey has been taking a terrific beating in the band business because he happens to be Tommy Dorsey's brother.

I'm not blaming Tommy. It isn't his fault. It isn't anybody's fault, but it does seem a shame that a great band like Jimmy Dorsey's can't get the breaks it deserves.

The reason Jimmy can't get the breaks is simple. Tommy Dorsey happened to become nationally famous first. How that came about I'll get to later, but right now I want to show you some of the obstacles Jimmy is up against.



First off, Jimmy's band ought to get a sponsored radio program. Sponsors listen to the band, they say it is wonderful. Jimmy's hopes go as high as a plane on an altitude flight and then the sponsors invariably turn him down.

Why? Tommy Dorsey has a radio commercial. He sells cigarettes, lots of them. Sponsors are afraid of hiring Jimmy because they feel that the name Dorsey is already identified with cigarettes. Two Dorseys selling a product, whether it's cigarettes or soap, would confuse people listening in.

But that's by no means the only "brother trouble" Jimmy has. Tommy Dorsey's name means more than Jimmy's to people who book bands

(*Continued on page* 63)



Jimmy Dorsey

■ You who listened heard only a radio

# NOT THE Loving Kind



I SUPPOSE no girl ever set a higher standard, in her mind, than I did for the man I would some day meet, love, and marry. Physically, I had no very clear picture of him. But mentally and spiritually, I knew that he would be many things—thoughtful of others, and particularly of me; strong yet gentle; with a quiet humor we could share together; honorable and quick to sense honor or the lack of it in others. . . . Oh, I knew the kind of man I could love.

But love doesn't follow the course we plan for it—it goes its own wilful way, and drags us along. I didn't fall in love with the man I pictured in my mind, but with Grant Lodge. He was completely impossible, and I knew it. He took no thought for anyone, least of all me; he was neither strong nor gentle; he has a sense of humor, but at least once I wished he hadn't; and as for honor—well, he has his own code, and I guess he's the only one who understands it. Fantastic, bizarre, unpredictable he was—and still is—and I don't think I'll ever stop loving him.

I was a secretary in a big radio station when I met Grant. Even the way he came to us was extraordinary. The program director had happened to tune in a little country station, and there was Grant, doing a variety show all by



■ All the tension of the last weeks rose up in me and brought my hand crashing across his face.

himself—a show that was so clever, so vital and fresh that the program director fell all over himself tracking Grant down and signing him up to a contract. Our station gave him a few actors and a small orchestra to work with, put him on in the afternoon—and immediately the mail began to pour in. After that, of course, his show had to be moved to an evening hour, and some of the network stations carried it.

Grant Lodge called his program Personal Notions. It broke all radio rules, and broke them successfully. "Variety" was certainly what it was—a hodge-podge of comedy, drama, and sheer inspired nonsense. No one ever knew what was coming next, although Grant always had it all carefully planned out in advance. He insisted on writing, directing, acting in and bossing completely his own program. That was the only way he would consent to sign a contract with the studio at all. He was a regular dynamo of energy and talent—even his enemies, and within a week or so he had plenty—had to admit that.

PERSONAL NOTIONS was such a success that it was only a matter of time until some sponsor would come along and grab it, and probably put it on the network. But meanwhile, it was my boss, Mr. Newton who had the job of trying to keep Grant Lodge living up to the stations rules of what to put on the air and what not to put on it—and every time Lodge was asked to change even a comma of his script he screamed with rage.

Nearly every week there was trouble. Mr. Newton always sighed when the familiar bundle of manuscript, backed in blue paper, showed up on his desk.

"Here's our headache again," he would mutter. Then he would read the manuscript, pulling nervously at his clipped white moustache, and finally he'd ask me to get Grant Lodge on the wire. A long telephone conversation would follow, with Mr. Newton's voice going along in a controlled sort of way, though I knew he was seething inside, and Grant Lodge shouting so angrily at the other end of the wire that I could hear the receiver squeaking as Mr. Newton held it to his ear.

Usually, after arguments that kept everyone on the verge of a nervous breakdown, Mr. Newton won out; but finally, on the afternoon of a broadcast itself, the inevitable deadlock arrived. For two days Lodge had been insisting that he'd broadcast a sketch he'd written, holding the Supreme Court of the United States up to

# NOT THE Loving Kind

■ You who listened heard only a radio scandal—but for me, Grant Lodge's secretary, it was a magic key to ecstasy





■ All the tension of the last weeks rose up in me and brought my hand crashing across his face.

I SUPPOSE no girl ever set a higher standard, in her mind, than I did for the man I would some day meet, love, and marry. Physically, I had no very clear picture of him. But mentally and spiritually, I knew that he would be many things—thoughtful of others, and particularly of me; strong yet gentle; with a quiet humor we could share together; honorable and quick to sense honor or the lack of it in others. . . . Oh, I knew the kind of man I could love.

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ridicule. Mr. Newton had argued with him endlessly, and finally Lodge even refused to interrupt his rehearsal and come to the telephone.

"Marjorie," Mr. Newton said to me, "I'm going to be a coward. If I go down to the studio now and see Lodge, I'm so mad I'll probably fire him—and we can't afford to fire him. He's too good, with all his tantrums. So will you go, instead, and see if you can't get him to rewrite that Supreme Court sketch so it's fit to go on the air?"

"But I hardly know him," I pointed out. "I've only seen him a couple of times."

"I'd say that was an advantage," he replied. "The less you know him, the easier he is to deal with. Anyway, see what you can do."

WELL, I thought as I went out to the elevators and pushed the button for a car, Grant Lodge may be a genius, but he sounds more like a badly spoiled little boy to me. In the few minutes I waited there in the hall, I tried to think what to say to him. Suddenly, the solution clicked into my mind. I rushed back to the office, rummaged in the wastebasket for the discarded newspaper I'd read that morning. Yes, here it was. I tucked it under my arm and caught the next elevator.

In the big studio several floors below, they were rehearsing the whole program, just as it would go on the air.

Lodge didn't look so terrible, I thought. He was a tall, raw-boned, loosely put together young man, with a long, pale face and intense black eyes. His mouth was broad and sensitive. As he talked into the microphone one hand was always busy, tugging at the lobe of an ear, burrowing its way through his black hair, clenching itself into a fist.

His Supreme Court sketch was screamingly funny, I had to admit, particularly when you heard Grant mimicking the voices of nine aged men. But it simply couldn't go on the air that way. You can't afford, in radio, to ridicule institutions people believe in — and Grant's satire was cruel, vicious.

At last the rehearsal was over. I went up on the stage and stood quietly near Grant while he issued some last-minute instructions in a low-pitched, clipped voice. Then I tapped him on the arm. "I'm Miss Williams," I said. "From Mr. Newton's office."

His eyebrows shot up, then down, and he fixed me with a stare from those black eyes.

"You can turn right around and go back to Newton," he declared, "and tell him I'm *not* going to change that sketch." One hand began to beat into the palm of the other. "If he thinks I'm going to let a lot of cowardly old grandmas mess up one of the funniest scripts I've ever written—" He broke off. "You heard it! I saw you just now, sitting out there. You couldn't help laughing at it. Why, that script's beautiful—it's so funny it *sings!* It —And you want me to throw it out!"

"Of course it's funny," I said calmly, interrupting him. "But I know a way to keep it just as funny, and avoid all this silly fuss. Here, read this." I thrust the newspaper at him, folded to the story I wanted him to see—a review of the movie version of a best-selling non-fiction book, which told how Hollywood had simply made up a story to go with the title, and changed what had been a serious study of an important national problem into a rollicking farce-comedy.

He read it through, and then looked up in bewilderment. "I don't see what this has to do with the program," he said.

"Then you aren't as clever as you're supposed to be. Isn't there a book out now about the Supreme Court?"

"Why—yes, I think so."

WELL then—all you have to do is explain that your sketch is that book, as Hollywood would film it. It's always fair enough to kid Hollywood — nobody will mind about that. And all the rest of the script can stay as it is."

He threw the newspaper into the air with a wild whoop. "Wonderful! A double-barreled joke! You're a genius, Miss Wilson—and they always told me pretty girls didn't have any brains!"

"We'll leave my looks out of it," I said coldly. "And the name is Williams."

"I don't care if it's Schmaltz! You're still a genius!" He threw his arms around me and kissed me on the lips.

I tore myself away, boiling with anger. "You do that again," I threatened, "and I'll—"

I stopped — because he wasn't even looking at me. He'd grabbed his script and was running through it furiously. "Go away, go away," he mumbled. "I've got to make that change before broadcast time. Run along. You can send a boy down for the revised script in an hour."

A more unpleasant, disgustingly self-centered young man, I thought as I made my way out of the studio, I'd never met. My lips were still tingling from his kiss. I wished I could wipe the sensation away.

I made up my mind that the next time there was any difficulty over a script, Mr. Newton could fix it up with the conceited pig himself.

I DIDN'T have time to put that resolution into effect, though. With startling suddenness, negotiations that had been going on for several weeks came to a head, and it was announced that Grant Lodge's Personal Notions had been sold to a sponsor.

"That's the best news I've heard in weeks," Mr. Newton said. "From now on the sponsor will have the headache of handling Lodge and his scripts."

Later that day I picked up the telephone and heard a voice I recognized at once—low-pitched, nervous, quick. "Miss Williams?" it said. "You've heard the news? Well, how'd you like to go to work for me?"

I gasped. "Work—for you? But Mr. Lodge, I have a job."

"Sure, I know. But I'll pay you twice whatever you're getting. I'll need somebody to help me out on scripts."

"But I couldn't possibly—"

He went on as if I hadn't said anything at all. "I'm down at the studio now. I'll come up and we'll talk about it."

I hung up, feeling as if a tornado had just swept through my life. Then I turned around, with the apprehensive sensation that someone was watching me. I was right—Mr. Newton was standing in the open door of his office.

"Well," he said, "it sounds as if the genius were trying to hire my secretary away. Right?"

"I don't understand it all," I said. "He just called up and offered me a job. Of course I won't accept—"

"Hmm," Mr. Newton caressed his chin thoughtfully. "I don't know. Might be a good idea. I'd hate to lose you, but— You know what Lodge did? He wouldn't sign with the sponsor until they put a clause in the contract guaranteeing not to interfere with the show in any way. He's bound to get them into some sort of trouble. I'd feel a lot easier in my mind if you were there, sort of keeping an eye on things."

In the end, it was all arranged as simply as that. I felt as if things were being taken out of my hands

**admirable. But I loved him."**

entirely, as if I were nothing but a piece of property that was being shifted around to suit a lot of other people. And I didn't like it very well. But on the other hand—there was the money.

And—but just then I wouldn't admit this, even to myself—I knew that working with Grant Lodge would be an unforgettable experience. Nerve-wracking it would be, tempestuous, sometimes unbearable—but never dull.

No. I found that out soon enough—never dull.

He never gave you the slightest clue to what he was going to do next. I might not hear from him for two days, and if I called up and tried to arrange to do some work, he'd snarl and tell me not to bother him. Two hours later, he'd be apt to telephone and demand my presence at once, at a session that would last until we were both haggard.

After three weeks of working with him, I didn't have the least idea whether I liked him or hated him. I respected him for his ability, but I disliked him for his arrogance and conceit—even though, so often, I had to admit he had something to be conceited about.

He didn't seem to realize I was a woman, most of the time. He insisted on doing all his writing at his apartment, and whenever I went there he treated me almost as if I'd been another man. He'd be wearing his pajamas and dressing gown, unshaven, his hair uncombed; he'd let me light my own cigarettes and would never make a move to help me on with my coat when I left.

Yet, somehow, he seemed to depend upon me. He'd look to me for approval of what he thought was a particularly good line he'd written, and if I wasn't enthusiastic he'd tell me I was a fool—then work over it again and again until I agreed with him that it was right. Once or twice we clashed over something I was convinced should not be broadcast, but I managed to smooth such places over.

ONE day, at rehearsal, Mr. Newton dropped in and sat down beside me in the studio. "Just thought I'd see how things were going," he whispered. "Everything all right?"

"As much all right as they ever can be with Grant," I said grimly.

He chuckled a little, and lit a cigarette, although the rules forbade it. "You're a wonder, Marjorie. I never thought you'd be able to stick with him even this long."



I know now that the heart can't always follow the path you've chosen for it—and least of all in radio.

I don't know what made me say it. "He's not so bad, really," I remarked defensively.

He glanced at me keenly. "Not falling in love with him, are you?"

I started, and looked at him to see if he was serious. "Of course not! What an idea!" And I really thought I was telling the truth.

"Oh well," he said, "you're a young and pretty girl, and he's a good-looking young fellow—in a wild sort of way."

It was impossible to be irritated very long at Mr. Newton—he was too sweet and grandfatherly. I laughed, and said, "Mr. Newton, you're too romantic. Just look at him, and then tell me—how could I fall in love with him? He's—he's just not the loving kind."

Grant choosing that exact moment to burst out in a torrent of abuse against a luckless actor, Mr. Newton looked at me with amused agreement in his eyes.

Then, one night only a week or so later, the chain of events started that was to change both of our lives with such dramatic swiftness.

I'd gone to bed early, worn out from a day spent in preparing the final draft of the next day's show, and had just dropped off to sleep when I was awakened by the shrill, persistent buzzing of my apartment doorbell. Sleepily I dragged on a negligee and stumbled to the door.

It was Grant. He burst into the room talking as he came. "I just went out for a walk and all of a sudden I got a wonderful idea! Wonderful! It'll put Personal Notions on the front pages. Where's your typewriter?—we've got to get right to work!"

"Wait a minute," I said suspiciously. "What kind of an idea?"

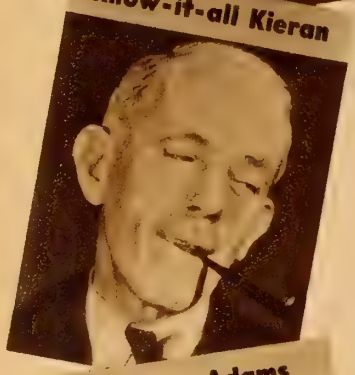
His black eyes snapping with excitement, he said, "It's wonderful, I tell you! We're going to have a surprise guest on our next show—and do you know who? The President's wife!" (*Cont. on page* 75)



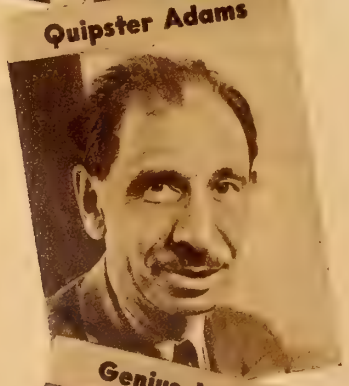
# They're



Inquisitor Fadiman



Know-it-all Kieran



Quipster Adams



Genius Levant

## "SCHOOL TEACHER"

THE "school teacher" of Information Please is Clifton Fadiman —bland, innocent-looking, with mild blue eyes, an unabridged dictionary for a brain, and an ability to turn wisecracks that makes his experts quiver in their fashionable boots. He doesn't have to think up the questions he asks on each week's program, but he probably could, without trying very hard.

"Kip" Fadiman — the nickname comes from an attack of hiccups he had shortly after he was born, and which lasted a week, during which he apparently said nothing but "kip-kip-kip"—is a modern merchant of brain-power, with a special interest in books and literature. He was born in Brooklyn thirty-four years ago, and began earning part of the Fadiman family living when he was old enough to run errands. In high school he and an elder brother edited, published and distributed a newspaper. In Columbia University he tutored less brilliant students, waited on table, worked in the college library, sold magazine subscriptions, wrote book reviews and book advertisements. He even translated two books by the German author Nietzsche into English —and graduated with honors.

After college he had a fling at teaching school, in the Ethical Culture School of New York City—and then joined the publishing firm of Simon & Schuster as a manuscript reader and talent scout. Later he became Simon & Schuster's editor-in-chief, and at present he is one of their literary consultants.

Being editor of a big publishing house would have satisfied anyone less energetic than Kip, but he branched out into reviewing books for *The New Yorker* magazine and lecturing on literature to women's clubs all over the country. Last year his mileage on these lecture tours was between 30,000 and 40,000—he didn't keep exact count. Maybe you heard him in 1933, when he was on the air for twenty-six weeks, reviewing books. And meantime he was writing articles for several national magazines.

When Dan Golenpaul, who thought up the idea for Information Please, needed a master of ceremonies he picked Fadiman partly for his wide knowledge of many subjects, but mostly for his quick—and sometimes cutting—wit. The knowledge falls down sometimes—for instance, a few weeks ago a smart reporter in one of the towns Fadiman lectured in met him at the train and fired a list of questions at

**Everybody says, "Information Please!" about those**



■ This is what you'd see at a typical Information Please broadcast. At the table at the left are seated Oscar Levant, John Kieran, guest H. V. Kaltenborn, and F. P. Adams. Right, Clifton Fadiman and Dan Golenpaul, the originator of the program.

# Human, After All

**By NORTON RUSSELL**

him, just to see if he was really an expert. Kip flunked outright on most of the queries. One of them, "What are the seven wonders of the Ancient World?" has been suggested frequently for use on Information Please, and rejected because everyone thought it was too easy. Fadiman knew only five of the seven wonders.

Kip is married, and lives just off Fifth Avenue on Ninety-fifth Street with his wife and one small son. Downtown, he has an office and a secretary, where he does all his work—for his Information Please duties are still only part of his activities. To write his book reviews, he reads an average of two dozen fat volumes a week, and writes about them. He is editing a book called "Living Philosophies," to be published soon. It is rumored, but not confirmed, that he is a story scout for one of the big moving picture companies. And he is writing a book about—cheeses.

Yes, he loves cheese—a fact revealed for the first time by his friend John Kieran, in a magazine article Kieran recently wrote about him. Cheese is his ruling passion and his hobby, and his forthcoming book is to be the last word on the subject. He has already divided all known cheeses into thirty general types, subdivided into 700 or so different varieties. In preparation for the book, he is busily tasting all 700 varieties at different ages and temperatures, and indexing his findings.

His position as one of New York's most widely read book reviewers gives him a good deal of power, which he is careful not to abuse. He and Alexander Woollcott are two people who can send a book's sales skyrocketing by giving it a word of praise, since they are both looked up to as critics by people who pride themselves on their sophistication. Kip has never been accused of "log-rolling," though—praising a friend's book simply because he liked the author. Neither does he show any favoritism toward books published by the firm for which he works as a literary consultant.

He played a typically Fadiman-ish joke on New York movie critics a few weeks ago. He called several of them up when he knew they wouldn't be in their offices, and left a message for them to call him back. Every critic gleefully jumped to the conclusion that he was about to be asked to appear on Information Please, and lost no time in grabbing the telephone. Innocently, Kip told them, "There's a picture playing now I think you ought to be sure to see. It's called 'Forty Little Mothers,' and it's at the ——— Theater."

As a matter of fact, few New York newspaper columnists or critics are ever invited to go on Information Please any longer, unless they're nationally known. Some went on in the early weeks of the show, but such hard feelings immediately sprang up among those who weren't invited that a blanket no-critic rule had to be laid down.

## KNOW-IT-ALL

Until John Kieran began answering questions on Information Please, his radio experience was limited to one brief talk about golf. It was not a success—a Scotch friend of his rebuked him the next day by saying sourly, "Gowf is something that mustna be talked aboot."

But when Dan Golenpaul was hunting experts for the program, someone told him the sports editor of the New York *Times* knew so much about practically everything that he was amazing. This wasn't an exaggeration—Kieran *does* know so much he's amazing. His specialties are sports (naturally), Latin, Shakespeare, and birds, but he's no dope when it comes to history, other

(*Continued on page* 65)

**Question Experts—the Four Musketeers of Information Please—so we answer**



# His Life

**■ Begin the first authorized life story of Walter Winchell—a shirt-sleeved crusader, and Broadway's No. 1. Family Man**

**By MILDRED LUBER**

THE Imperial Theater, on 116th Street near Lenox Avenue, didn't live up to its name. It was musty and old, the carpets in its aisles were frayed from the scuffling of many shoes, its orchestra consisted of one piano whose ancestor must have been a tin can, and everyone in the neighborhood knew by heart exactly what its four faded backdrops looked like.

But to me, a little brat all fussed up with pigtails and brightly colored ribbons tied tightly around my head, the Imperial was paradise, no less. For one of its vaudeville acts, as announced by a sign in the front, was "The Three Little Boys with the Big Voices"—whose names were Walter Winchell, George Jessel and Eddie Cantor. And I had a great crush on Walter Winchell.

At the time, he was eleven years old.

I'm no longer in love with him, but most of that early admiration is still with me, after more than twenty-five years of friendship. Walter knows everybody, but almost nobody knows him. It's a mark of distinction, around Times Square and along Fifty-Second Street, to be able to say that "Winchell and I are just like *that*," holding up two tightly-pressed-together fingers—except that usually it isn't true. I'm proud then, that not long ago, when I asked Walter for an interview, explaining I was going to write a story about him, he answered, "Sit down and write your own story—you know me so well."

That's one reason it's a pleasure and a privilege to write this story. Another is that this is the life-story of an American—a story which proves that Democracy and Americanism *can* work. To look at Walter Winchell when I first knew him, you wouldn't have said he stood much of a chance to make anything very spectacular of himself. Immigrant parents, barely the beginnings of an education, poverty—and not much on the credit side beyond a good personality and lots of energy: that summed up the eleven-year-old Winchell. Yet today, he's famous and wealthy; more important, he's a man with the ability and the willingness to fight for the American ideals which made it possible for him to get where he is. A modern crusader, Walter is—a

# is News!

crusader in shirt sleeves, with a typewriter instead of a lance.

It's good to know a man like that. Better today than ever before.

I do know things about Walter Winchell that have never been told until now—things Walter, who is as reticent about himself as he is frank about other people, would never tell, and other people don't know. Perhaps, in those long-ago days of the Imperial Theater, some intuition warned me that he would some day be famous, and unknowingly I stored up scenes and incidents in my memory, and kept in touch with him after our lives had apparently parted. Perhaps—and I think this is nearer the truth—Walter was even then such a figure of glamour and excitement to me that I just couldn't help remembering everything I knew about him.

WEST 116th Street, and its surrounding neighborhood in Harlem, was a tough sort of place in those early days of Walter's life. Today, its residents are mostly colored; then, they were "foreigners"—immigrants, Russian, Jewish, Irish, getting their first taste of this bustling new America they had heard about from over the sea; confused, bewildered, alien, and yet somehow intoxicated by this new air of freedom.

Walter was born there, in Harlem, on April 7, 1897. His father, who spelled his name Winchel (the story of how Walter added the extra *l* must come later on), was a dealer in silks, but not a very successful one. His mother, Jennie Bakst before her marriage, was a beautiful, stately woman, with raven-black hair and soulful blue eyes—one of the most charming and intelligent women I have ever known.

They had come, these two, from Russia, to build their family and their home in the great United States. How they would have smiled, unbelievingly, as they stepped on Manhattan Island for the first time, if anyone had told them their first son would become known in every corner of this vast land, would enrich its speech with words of his own manufacture, would even fight for its ideals with all the vital energy at his command!

"Winchell says. . . ." "I listened to Winchell last night. . . ." "Winchell had it two weeks ago. . . ." "If we could only get Winchell to give us a boost. . . ." "Winchell . . . Winchell . . . Winchell. . . ."

But Jacob Winchel's boy, Walter, left school—P. S. 184 on 116th Street—at the end of the sixth grade. He had to. There wasn't any more time for the luxury of studying. The Winchels had another son by this time, Algernon (only it was safer to call him Algie) and it was time for Walter to begin earning some money.

All the things that Walter Winchell's own children have—education, toys, care, balanced diet, supervision—all these are things that Walter did without. As a matter of sober fact, he never had a pair of roller skates on in his life, nor did he ever ride a bicycle. He probably didn't feel deprived—few enough of the



■ A rare picture of Walter in Gus Edwards' Song Revue—Edwards at the piano, Walter just above him, George Jessel on the rug and Georgie Price, right.



*Culver*

■ As a second-rate song and dance man, his ambition to play the Palace in New York was never realized. It wasn't until he was a columnist that they engaged him.

kids around P.S. 184 possessed such things. We little girls played a game called "Potzie." Maybe you called it "Hop-scotch" when you were a kid, if you didn't live in New York. The boys' favorite game went by the name of "Pussy-cat." It was a sort of game the feminine mind doesn't comprehend very well, and I can't even now pretend to tell you its object. All I know was that it involved putting a whittled-down slab of wood on the pavement or in the gutter, sending it spinning down the street with a tremendous whack from a broomstick, and then running and shouting like mad.

IT was a boisterous game, but it was mild compared to the fierce warfare that constantly went on between the boys on this block and the boys on the next. A boy grew up early in that neighborhood, grew strong and wiry and tough. He had to. The law of tooth and claw ruled there in Harlem, just as surely as it did in any jungle.

Walter says now that he left school because he was such a dunce. As a matter of fact, he was an honor student, as a copy of his school paper, "The Echo," reveals. I happened to see a copy of it a few days ago at a meeting of the 184 Association, a newly formed club, designed to shelter old P.S. 184 teachers and make their last years comfortable. Walter is one of its members, and so am I.

We—the Luber family—moved into the neighborhood about the time Walter left school, and our first contact with him was through his mother, that fine and lovely lady. It was with her Algie and I used to go on Saturday afternoons to the Imperial Theater, where five coppers admitted two kids, to watch Walter.

There he was dressed in blue serge knickers pulled far down below his knees, his hair cut "Buster Brown style," and with a collar fashioned after that worn by the same comic-strip character, who was as famous then as Blondie and Baby Dumpling are now. He sang "Sunbonnet Sue" to a little girl in a buckram bonnet and gingham dress—with his small arm tight around her slim waist, he rocked to and fro on the stage, very romantic. For Walter Winchell was a very handsome boy—blond, slim, with finely chiseled features. And, since boys in that part of town grow up fast emotionally as well as physically, he already was learning how to make a feminine heart thump adoringly. Not that he wasted any effort on such an infant as I was.

It hurt Jennie Winchell that he had to leave school, but she found consolation those Saturday afternoons, watching him on the stage, waving back when he caught sight of her over the footlights and smiled at her for approval. She guided and encouraged him at a time when most parents in the neighborhood would rather have had their children hawking newspapers on the streets than working in one of those depraved places, theaters. Today, Walter knows that what he has accomplished in the world, what he has made of himself, is due in large part to his mother. In fact, though he seldom mentions them, his mother and his wife are two dominating influences in Walter's life. At heart, he's a family man.

Soon Walter had struck up a friendship with two other bright young lads who had stage ambitions, and they formed a trio. George Jessel was nine years old then—another P.S. 184 boy, but not for long. I think he went to school, unwillingly, for about eight months after he moved to 116th Street. Then he quit. He knew enough. Eddie Cantor the third member, was older than the other two—thirteen. He also had more education, managing to reach the seventh grade before he left, by request.



The author, Mildred Luber, greets her childhood friend, Walter Winchell, on his return from Florida.

WALTER and George were novices compared to Eddie. Already he had determined to make the stage his life-work. He was a talented mimic, and was used oftener at the theater, under varying names, than the other two boys. George and Eddie had good singing voices, a department at which Walter had to take a back seat. But Walter's good looks made up for any musical deficiencies. He was unquestionably the Don Juan of the trio. That is one of my clearest memories of Walter—his real handsomeness and his acute interest in the opposite sex. He always seemed to think he was in love with some girl.

Things were going along fairly well, with frequent dates at the Imperial for one, two, or all three of the boys, when the Gerry Society—which was the law—stepped in. It decreed that the boys, because of their age, couldn't perform on the stage. That was a blow. Then it developed that for some reason it was perfectly all right for them to perform from the orchestra pit. To this day, no one has ever been able to explain the distinction, but it was the salvation of Walter and George. While Eddie went farther afield, to a theater in Brooklyn, they sang duets from the pit with Jack Weiner, to the accompaniment of colored slides thrown on the screen above them. (*Continued on page* 51)

# 17 Men

## ARE MY CHAPERONES

**■ And handsome ones too! But there's another side to my story—for I have one of the oddest jobs a girl ever had**

### By BEA WAIN

IT'S almost time again. In a few hours I'll say goodbye to my comfortable little four room apartment, my very nice husband and my friends, grab one small suitcase and start out once more on the most hectic experience a woman ever faced. I'll be gone more than a month, a bus will be my home, a fast moving, bouncing, dusty home, and seventeen men will be my chaperones. I'll be in a different place nearly every day: small towns, big cities, made-over barns, night clubs, college campuses.

What's this all about? I'm the singer with Larry Clinton's band and I'm about to start out on a succession of one night stands —as they're called in the band business. That means we're going on tour, to pay personal visits to all the dance places we can squeeze in, never staying more than one or two nights before moving on to the next stop.

That's the way all big bands operate. First we stay in a big city for several months, playing on the radio as many times a week as possible. Then we swing out across these United (*Continued on page* 68)

■ Bea Wain, who sings with Larry Clinton's orchestra, is one of the highest paid and most famous of girl vocalists. But she earns every cent and here she tells why.



Please see the following pages for a vivid picture story of a band on tour

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR



# ONE



■ Waiting for the bus: trumpeter Harry Williford, saxophonist Ben Williams and Mrs. Williams.

ON the preceding page, Bea Wain told you in words what being "on the road" with a dance band is like. Now, in pictures, join Hal Kemp's orchestra on its most recent tour of one night stands.

Like most bands, Hal Kemp's travels in a big bus, but in addition, he has a special truck, loaded with instruments and luggage, trundling along ahead of the bus all the time. The truck is necessary, because one of the boys in the band takes along portable dark room equipment, Hal is never without his portable phonograph and a supply of records, and a sun lamp has to go along to pep the boys up after a three-hundred-mile hop.

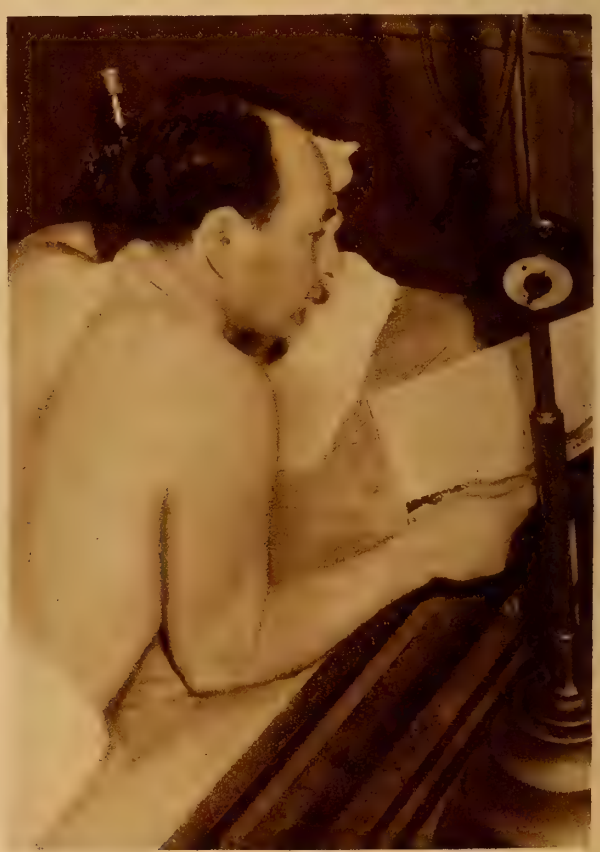
All sorts of things are likely to happen on tour. For instance, there's a hardware merchant in York, Pa., who gives a party for the gang every time they play his city. The party's held right in the store itself, and everyone in the band revels in playing with the stock of games and gadgets.

During the spring the Kemp band plays at many college proms, and it can usually count on




*Photo by Otto Hess*

■ Bob Allen helps load the truck that travels ahead of the bus, carrying instruments and bags.



■ Between shows, trumpet soloist Mickey Bloom relaxes under the sun lamp that goes along on tour. Left, Jack LeMaire and Kenneth LeBahn while away time in the bus with a game of Chinese checkers.



# NIGHT STAND!

a party at one of the fraternity houses before or after the dance. Out of the ordinary, though, was the request the band received at Washington and Lee University—to dress up in Colonial costumes to harmonize with the theme of the dance.

Sometimes the band stays overnight in a town after playing at a dance; but frequently it piles right back into the bus and sets out for the next stop, the boys getting what sleep they can.

Mrs. Kemp, the former Martha Stephenson, always tours with the band, and other musicians' wives can come along if they want to. To most of them, though, touring is an old story, and they either make only part of the trip with their husbands, or meet them somewhere along the route. Singer Judy Starr, who was still with the Kemp band at the time these pictures were taken, is married to Jack Shirra, the Kemp bass violinist.

Their weekly broadcast on CBS, *Time to Shine*, doesn't keep the Kemp band from touring. If they're close enough, they come back to New York; otherwise, they broadcast on the road.



■ Hal always takes his portable phonograph along—to be used when there's a minute of rest.



■Bob Allen and Hal in the fancy dress the band donned at Washington and Lee University.



*Photos by Mel Adams*

■Mrs. Kemp, the former Martha Stephenson, always tours with the band. Above, at the hardware store party in York, Pa. Right, Judy Starr and husband Jack Shirra take it easy during an intermission.





■ Even parents were in Western clothes—Joan Blondell helps young Norman Scott Powell eat his ice cream soda.



■ Chief Manny, with his mother and father, inspects his huge birthday cake, decorated with a jail scene. Below, he says goodbye to Capt. Vallance of the Beverly Hills Police as he sets out in the patrol wagon. Sitting on the steps are Sandra and Ronnie Burns and Joan Benny.



**The Edward G. Robinsons celebrate their son's sixth birthday with a—**

# JUNIOR

# CHIEF MANNYS HIGGINSUILLE RANCH.

THERE are two kinds of parties Hollywood really loves—costume affairs and kid parties. The gala picnic given by Edward G. Robinson of the CBS Big Town program for his son Manny's sixth birthday combined the best features of both—and was a huge success. No sissy party this, but a real Western shebang, with everybody dressed fit to kill in cowboy and cowgirl suits. Even the invitations entered into the spirit of the thing—they were subpoenas, summoning the guests to appear at "Chief Manny's Higginsville Jail." At the "Jail" which was Manny's home—they were loaded into a real Black Maria and driven to the "Ranch" a mile up the canyon in Beverly Hills.

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR



■ Nothing tastes as good as hot dogs, particularly if you're wearing a sombrero and a bandanna—at least, that's what Peter (Melvyn) Douglas' grin seems to say. Above, Manny and Wesley Ruggles, Jr.

# JAMBOREE

■ Jest a-settin' on the old buckboard wagon an' thinkin'—Joe E. Brown's daughter Kathryn, Richard Arlen Jr., and Gary Crosby, who seems to be doing a hand-stand. Right, Gary, oldest of Bing's four boys, proves by his interest in the Shetland pony that he's a chip off the old block.



*Photos by Fink*




A choral group like this one of Kay Thompson's on Tune-Up Time gets at least $14 a singer for 15-minute shows, up to $20 for hour programs, half as much again for repeat broadcasts, and $4 an hour rehearsal pay. A soloist like Barry Wood, left below, or Joan Edwards, opposite, is paid at least $40 for 15 minutes, $70 for an hour.

# How Much

## DO RADIO PERFORMERS REALLY EARN?





UNTIL the American Federation of Radio Artists threatened a general strike of all radio actors, singers and announcers, no one could have answered this question. Now that the strike's been averted and an agreement reached, there's a minimum union wage scale for all performers on network sponsored programs. It works like this. An actress like Alice Frost (left) can't be paid less than $15 for working on a fifteen-minute broadcast, $25 for one lasting 30 minutes, and $35 for an hour show—no matter how much time she's actually at the mike. She gets about half as much again if the show has a repeat broadcast, and $6 an hour rehearsal pay. Thus, an actor on a daytime serial, if he works in every instalment, can make as much as $105 a week—plus another $50 if there are re-broadcasts. All figures quoted are minimum rates—stars like Alice and others shown here may, because of their popularity, earn much more. And bit players who only work occasionally find that $15 doesn't go very far.


CBS
NBC
Soloist Joan Edwards is paid for rehearsal too—$6 an hour—and $15 to $22.50 for repeat broadcasts.
Announcers are paid at the same rate as actors. Above, Paul Douglas of the Chesterfield program.
A vocal quartet like the Merry Macs earns at least $30 on a 15-minute show, $45 for an hour one.

**■ Nothing mattered any longer. She had lost Michael, life had no meaning, unless—but did she dare try Dr. Orbo's dangerous experiment?**

# Pretty Kitty

*The Story Thus Far:*

WHAT was Kitty Kelly's real identity? All she knew was that she wakened one morning, with her memory completely gone, in the stuffy, third-class cabin of a ship bound for America. Her only companion was a grim-faced old woman named Mrs. Megram, who told her that her name was Kitty Kelly, that she was a poor Irish girl on her way to New York, and that she had been ill. Not one word of this, Kitty learned a year later, was true—for Mrs. Megram was murdered, leaving behind her a note mentioning Kitty's "rightful place in the world." And Grant Thursday, whom Kitty met on a winter skiing party, insisted that he had known her before, in Switzerland.

There was only one reason, really, for Kitty's eagerness to learn her real name. For months, Michael Conway, a young lawyer, had been begging her to marry him, but she had refused, not daring to say yes until she knew more about her past. Now Michael was becoming bored and restless, drifting away to rich, glamorous Isabel Andrews. One night, pleading work, he broke an engagement with her, and she yielded to Grant Thursday's pleas and went out with him instead. At the restaurant, they saw Michael, intoxicated and with Isabel. Afterwards, turning to Grant as her only friend, Kitty agreed to visit a psychiatrist he recommended to her, Dr. Weyman; and Dr. Weyman introduced her to Dr. Orbo, "a man who knows more about amnesia than anyone else in the world."

But Dr. Orbo, when he saw Kitty, said that they had met before—more than a year ago, in Dublin, when he had performed an experiment in artificial amnesia upon her, deliberately causing her to lose her memory.

*Part Two*

DR. ORBO did not say anything for a few minutes. He stood there, looking at her with an inscrutable smile. Then at last he made a beckoning motion of his hand.

"Will you come around to this chair, Miss Kelly, please?" he said.

There was something sinister about his voice, something Kitty did not like. Yet she felt drawn to the man. He reached out one hand, touched her chin, tilted it back, speaking half to her, half to Dr. Weyman.

"Who are you, Miss Kelly? That is a curious question, a very curious question. I wish I could answer it completely. But unfortunately I know very little about you. Very . . . little. . . ."

"You speak in riddles, Dr. Orbo!" Dr. Weyman broke in.

"Not in the least, Dr. Weyman. As a matter of fact, I have come halfway across the globe to search for this girl. If you will consult the medical journal again, you will remember that my article closed with the words 'Unfortunately it was necessary to abandon the experiment because of Miss K.'s sudden disappearance.' When I saw Miss Kelly for the last time, she was in full possession of her faculties. But in her bloodstream were two milliters of the most complex and dangerous of my compounds. That compound should have worn off in two weeks at the most."

"You mean—she disappeared from you with the seeds of amnesia at work in her?" cried Dr. Weyman.

"Exactly." For a moment Kitty fancied she saw a gleam of satisfaction in Dr. Orbo's eyes. Then they turned upon her with almost animal gentleness.

"And so, my dear Miss Kelly, you must tell me quickly—what have you been doing? Whatever became of you?"

"I—I don't know, doctor. I know only that I woke up on a ship bound for America . . . and . . . and that an old woman named Mrs. Megram

**For the first time, in dramatic fiction form, you can read the complete story of the CBS serial that has thrilled listeners from coast to coast**

# Kelly

■ Faster. She watched them, her eyes dazzled by the whirling motion, Dr. Orbo's low humming voice in her ear.



*Pinchot*

was with me. She told me I was an orphan girl from Dublin—and then she left me. I—I never heard from her again, until two days ago, when they told me she'd been murdered!"

"So—Mrs. Megram is dead!" A muscle quivered in Dr. Orbo's expressionless face.

"Yes—did you—*know* her, Dr. Orbo?"

Dr. Orbo bit his lip.

"A—little." His eyes momentarily brilliant, grew cold again. "As a matter of fact, Miss Kelly, I believe I paid your passage and Mrs. Megram's over on that boat to America. You see, you earned that money yourself—working for me. If you will pardon me—you were my human guinea pig. That same Mrs. Megram, of whom you speak, originally brought you to my laboratory."

"Mrs. Megram!" Kitty frowned. "You mean—she knew me in Dublin?"

"Certainly. Some university student had told her about my experiments in artificially induced amnesia. You were a poor girl from the St. Elizabeth's Orphanage, who wished to go to America, and she proposed you as a subject of the experiments I was making, so you could earn your passage money. You were quite willing. But Mrs. Megram did not play fair with either of us. She must have collected the three pounds I paid you each week, and when she had enough money to pay her passage as well as yours, taken ship with you—never realizing that I was right in the midst of a most unusual experiment."

He paused, studying her upturned face, as though she were some kind of scientific specimen. Kitty drew herself away a little from his touch.

"Is that—all you know about me, Dr. Orbo?" she asked.

"Absolutely all." He looked her straight in the eyes. "Except—that I am eager to continue my experiments—perhaps restore your mind."

"You're *sure* I was nothing but an orphan from St. Elizabeth's?"

"Of course." He smiled. "You told me with your own lips—the day before I began my experiments in Dublin."

"I see."

Kitty turned away, still haunted by a feeling of doubt. Perhaps it was egotism, vanity, she thought. But that skiing at New Hampshire. Grant Thursday's positive assurances that he had seen her at St. Moritz. How did they fit in with this strange doctor's story? As though sensing her thoughts, Dr. Weyman spoke.

"Miss Kelly doesn't seem like an orphanage type, Dr. Orbo," he began. "Look at her hands, her features, her beauty. . . ."

Dr. Orbo shrugged.

"I once saw a beautiful flower that had pushed its way up through the city streets," he said. "But if Miss Kelly is not convinced that I am telling the truth, she can find it out for herself in a short time—provided she undergoes my experiments. I have already worked out an antidote for her condition. We can start tomorrow, if she wishes."

"Why, of course, Dr. Orbo!" Dr. Weyman's voice was delighted. "You can use my office, too, if you wish. What do you say to that, Miss Kelly? Dr. Orbo is going to attempt to restore your memory. Can you come back tomorrow—say at four?"

"Yes, doctor. . . ."

Obediently she nodded her head, received her instructions. But inwardly her heart misgave her. Who was this man, Dr. Orbo? And could she trust his story? Was she really nothing but an orphan girl with illusions of grandeur? Was this the end? Or was there something wrong and secret about it all—something she could flee from, as though for her life?

She needed Michael so. Michael would know. Michael was hard and practical. Oh, if she could only see him for a moment, lay her head on his shoulder, talk to him again. But Michael . . . Michael was gone.

She pulled herself together, and held out her hand to Dr. Orbo in a brave gesture.

"Goodbye, Dr. Orbo. I'll be back at four tomorrow."

* * *

So she was on the brink of finding herself after all. Grant had been right, she thought, as she hurried back to the store in the golden noonday sunshine. After all these months of false clues, Grant had turned her into the right path. And yet, even the prospect of knowing who she was, seemed empty without Michael. Michael! Her high heels tapped out his name on the crowded sidewalk. Michael. If only he would call, make one little gesture, she would take him back. It did not matter what he had done.

"Please, Michael, darling"—she whispered to herself—"please. I don't care about last night. It was nothing, nothing at all. You forgot yourself, that's all . . . Michael, please . . ."

Then suddenly, as she turned the corner to Marks' main entrance, her heart gave a thump of joy. Michael was going through the revolving door.

She hurried after him, calling his name. The noonday crowds were heavy, and she lost sight momentarily of his tall figure in the gray tweed coat, the shabby slouch hat. But it did not matter now. Michael's very presence at Marks was enough. He never came here except to see her. He had come to apologize for last night.

Buffeted by the hurrying women, intent on bargains, she entered the high-ceilinged store, her face aglow with happiness. For a few moments, she stood there on tiptoe, looking for him. Yes—there he was—just beyond the Information Desk—his clean-cut profile turning toward the escalator—about to ride up to the second floor.

"Michael!" she launched herself through the crowd after him. Then her voice died in her throat. For going up in the escalator at his side was Isabel Andrews.

She was beautifully dressed—in a wine-colored velvet suit laden with red fox, and a pert little hat with a shiny bird's wing tilted over one eye. And her hand, in its wine-colored kid glove was resting lightly—but firmly—on Michael's arm.

From the floor below, Kitty could see her laughing and chatting, her white teeth gleaming in a smile. How shiny she was, how gleaming and clean. Even down here, down below, she could see Michael's eyes light up with admiration at her splendor, at the way she stood there, so tall and handsome, gliding in the escalator like a queen.

They must have met—by special arrangement. They were going shopping together—here in Marks. It did not matter to Michael any more that she, Kitty, worked in

(*Continued on page* 70)

## PRETTY KITTY KELLY

*Sponsored by Wonder Bread and Hostess Cakes on CBS*

Cast

**Kitty Kelly....ARLINE BLACKBURN**

**Michael Conway..... CLAYTON COLLYER**

**Bunny Wilson.....HELEN CHOAT**

**Slim.....ARTELLS DICKSON**

**Inspector Grady..HOWARD SMITH**

**Grant Thursday .. JOHN PICKARD**

**Dr. Orbo.....LOUIS HECTOR**

**Isabel Andrews.....LUCILLE WALL**

*Radio script by Frank Dahm*
*Fictionization by Lucille Fletcher*

■ Right, Meliza Korjus, the singing star of "The Great Waltz," chats with Master of Ceremonies, Robert Young on one of her frequent appearances on the Good News of 1939 show.

■ Below right, is Dick Powell as happy in his new program as he seems in this picture with Parkyakarkus? Below, Vivien "Scarlett O'Hara" Leigh, who may be on the air before long.



MGM

# HOLLYWOOD
## RADIO WHISPERS

By GEORGE FISHER

■ Listen to George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night over Mutual

HOLLYWOOD is whispering that Dick Powell, who took over the Al Jolson show recently, is mighty unhappy over his connection with the program. Dick is little more than a stooge, and is forced into the background by Tiny Ruffner, Parkyakarkus and Martha Raye. May I suggest that Dick be more than a mere straight man, for it's no news that he has a real flair for comedy. It's my personal opinion that all the Dick Powell show needs is Dick Powell!

In a few weeks David O. Selznick will have lined up a dozen guest appearances for his new star, Vivien Leigh. David is presenting his "Scarlett" to radio audiences to prove to them that her Southern accent is now the real McCoy.

Incidentally, columnists have been getting in sly digs at Vivien, in their accounts of her private life. It is not believed to be generally known that Miss Leigh is the mother of a six-year-old daughter, but what these columnists don't know is that Vivien is not trying to hide the fact that she has a daughter. In fact, I learned confidentially that Vivien is making arrangements to bring the child, Suzanne Leigh Holman, from England to be with her during the remainder of her stay in Hollywood.

* * *

Here's a laugh for you. Bing Crosby was requested to judge a beauty contest at the University of Alabama. Because he couldn't take time out to go to Alabama, the college sent him pictures of the contestants. Bing finally chose a picture of a blonde girl, and said he picked her because she looked like she could cook a good meal!

(*Continued on page* 86)

# THE CASE OF THE Hollywood

**■ A thrilling rendezvous with her favorite movie and radio star leads Miss Bell to a perilous adventure—and to a new use of an ordinary lunchbox**



Illustration by Mario Cooper

*The Story Thus Far:*

WILLIAM C. FOLEY, one of Hollywood's most brilliant lawyers, hired me as his secretary because he liked my voice, and I discovered later that one of the secrets of his success was that he had an uncanny ability for judging people from their voices. On my very first day as his employee, I was plunged into a maelstrom of intrigue and mystery. To begin with, I had been hired to replace his former secretary, who had been injured by a hit-and-run-driver—as I discovered when a private detective pushed his way into the office, saying that he was investigating her case. Later that day I took notes for an agreement between one of Mr. Foley's clients, Frank Padgham, and two men named Carter Wright and Woodley Page. I was to type the agreement and deliver it that night to a Beverly Hills address.

On my way to the house, that night, I was almost run down by a speeding car—and it didn't look like an accident, either. When I arrived, the house seemed deserted, but upstairs I found Bruce Eaton, the radio and movie star, bound and gagged in a closet. I set him free, and under pretense of getting a drink, he slipped out of the house, leaving me alone. As I started to follow him, I picked up a safe-deposit key from the floor —and then, through an open door at the end of the hall, I saw a dead man slumped over a desk!

While I stood gaping, every light in the house went out, and I hurried downstairs. At the front door I met Mr. Padgham, and told him what I'd seen. While he investigated, I went to a nearby drug store and called Bruce Eaton's agent, leaving a message for him to call at the office the next day. Padgham was gone when I returned, but Mr. Foley was there, and after instructing me to tell the drug clerk to call the police and report the murder, he took me home. But when we looked

# Scandal

By Erle Stanley GARDNER

Author of "The Case of the Velvet Claws" "The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.



■ I ran to a door in the partition, jerked it open. The banker raised his gun and shouted in a shaky voice, "Stop where you are, both of you."

in my brief case for the agreement, it was empty!

Morning brought the news that the dead man was Carter Wright, chauffeur to Charles Temmler, who owned the house. Mrs. Temmler herself called on Mr. Foley soon after, with a strange proposition. She wanted to retain him to recover the contents of a safety-deposit box in a bank at Las Almiras, a little country town near Los Angeles. She claimed that the key to the box had been stolen by Carter Wright before his murder, that the box belonged to her husband, and that she had to get its contents before her husband returned from a business trip and discovered the key had been stolen. Mr. Foley, of course, said he couldn't help her and sent her away.

I knew that the key in my possession was the one to the Las Almiras box—but, until I'd seen Bruce Eaton, I didn't want to tell Mr. Foley about it. Eaton called during the morning and made an appointment to meet me. I assumed he wanted to get the key away from me—but when I met him I discovered that he didn't even recognize it. What he really wanted from me was his stickpin.

PART IV.

I PICKED up this key on the floor right after you'd left," I told him, "and when you said that you'd lost something, I naturally supposed this was what it was. I know nothing about your stickpin."

He pulled the car into a parking place at the curb, took the key from me and turned it over in his fingers, looking at it from all sides. "There's a number stamped on it," he said, indicating the numeral 5, "but no name of any bank. Do you have any idea where this lock box is located?"

"Yes," I said, "I have."

"Where?"

"I don't think I have the right to tell you."

He frowned.

"You see," I went on, "I fibbed to you. I'm Claire Bell. I work for Mr. Foley. This morning . . . well, anyway, something happened which makes me think that key fits a certain lock box. I should have told Mr. Foley about it, but I didn't because of what you said over the telephone."

Gravely he handed the key back to me, slipped the car in gear, and said, "All right, let's eat."

He drove me to a little restaurant, a place I'd never known existed, where we had wonderful food and an atmosphere of delightful privacy. All during the meal, I could see that he was studying me, and I managed to get over some of my tongue- (*Continued on page* 78)

# THE CASE OF THE Hollywood Scandal

By Erle Stanley GARDNER

Author of "The Case of the Velvet Claws," "The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.

**■ A thrilling rendezvous with her favorite movie and radio star leads Miss Bell to a perilous adventure—and to a new use of an ordinary lunchbox**



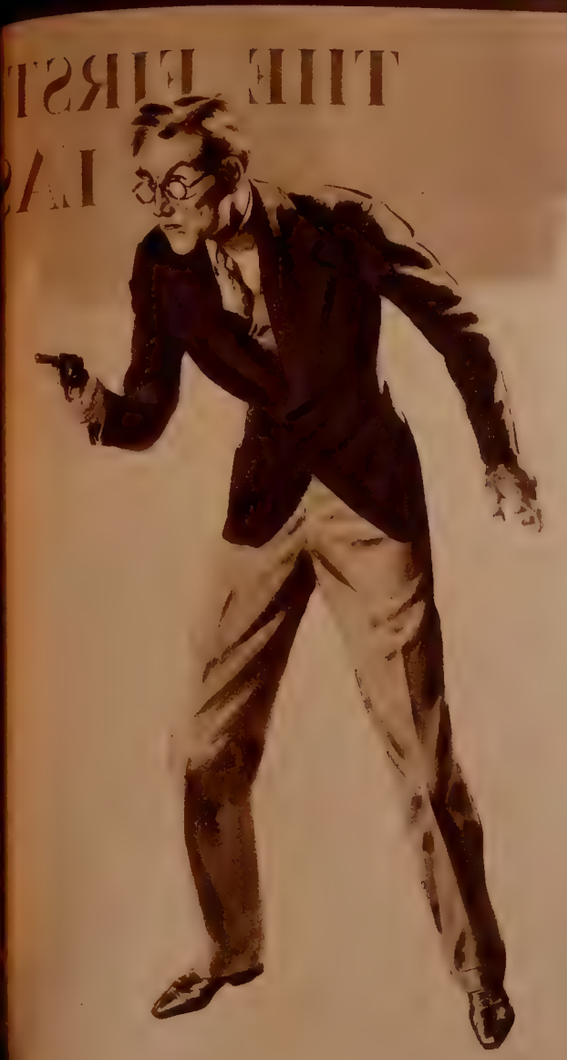
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# BRIDGE of Mercy

**■ Would you kill the woman you loved to hurry the inevitable tragic end? Read the intensely dramatic story radio dared broadcast before you reply**

**WITH PAUL MUNI AND JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON PLAYING THE LEADING ROLES, "BRIDGE OF MERCY" WAS PRESENTED OVER CBS BY THE SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, SPONSORED BY THE GULF OIL CORPORATION**

THE whole story came out in that crowded courtroom. The twelve silent men in the jury box, the impassive judge, the watchful lawyers, the white-faced prisoner, the whispering spectators—they had it served up to them piecemeal, a bit from this witness, a bit from that, until it was all there, every tragic implication complete.

And yet, surely, not quite complete. Judging from what happened afterward, there must have been something missing—some detail that was still hidden from the world, known only to one man, to John Carson, on trial for the murder of his wife, Mary.

This was the story, as they told it in the courtroom.

They might have been any couple, John and Mary Carson. Young, childless, very much in love—or seemingly so, at any rate. John was a bookkeeper for Greenleaf and Sons, the sort of young fellow you see every noon-hour in the financial



Illustration by Joseph Tesar

district of any big city: lean and broad-shouldered, alert, ambitious, a little dismayed at the destiny that kept him bent over a desk in a tall office building, juggling figures that were so great they made those in his own bank-account seem laughable by comparison.

Mary sensed this dismay, soon after they were married, and it was largely her doing that John began working in the kitchen nights, after the supper dishes were cleared away, spreading books and charts out on the big table, poring over them until the hands of the cheap alarm clock stood at midnight.

Mary would wait up for him, saying nothing, bent over a dress she was making, looking up now and then at his silent, absorbed figure. She had deep, luminous eyes, all the more startling because they were set in a face that was a trifle too pale, a trifle too small and thin. All her soul was in those eyes as she looked up at John, all her admiration and pride in him. Once he turned and caught her looking at him like that, and a lump came into his throat at the love he saw there.

John was popular at his office, and before his marriage he'd run around with the other young fellows—bowling at nights, playing badminton at a gymnasium

■ A shadow passed across Mary's eyes. "Darling," she said, "you won't do anything foolish—try to follow me?"



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Illustration by Joseph Tesar



on Saturdays. Now he was too busy, and outside of office hours about the only time he saw his old cronies was when one of them would drop in to have dinner with him and Mary.

George Derwent was there one evening, but he left early. "You know how it is," he said apologetically, "the gang's waiting for me—going to do some bowling."

Mary must have thought she saw a wistful look in John's eyes, because she said quickly, "Don't you want to go too, John?"

HE put his arm around her and grinned. "Nope. No time for that sort of thing."

"You see, George," Mary said defensively, "John's doing some special work at home now, and—"

"Don't you get enough of that in the office?" George asked with a laugh.

"Oh well, it's not exactly work," John said. "More of a hobby, I guess. You know how some fellows play golf. . . ."

Those deep eyes of Mary's flashed indignantly. "It is *not* a hobby!" she said. "It's much more than that!"

John, still deprecating, said, "Well, it sounds sort of foolish, I guess. But I'm taking a correspondence course."

"It's a home course in engineering," Mary added.

"Engineering!" George said, completely nonplused.

"Sure." John waved one hand vaguely. "You know—dams, power projects, bridges. . . . A—a path to the moon, and beyond—just name your order, and I'll build it!"

His tone invited George to laugh, and George took the cue.

"All the same," John said when George had left, "I sort of wish we hadn't told him about the course. They'll never quit kidding me."

"Darling!" Mary scolded him. "Don't be self-conscious about ambition! It's what makes great men different from other men!"

John, beginning to lay out his books on the kitchen table, laughed. "Great men! One bookkeeper telling another bookkeeper he's going to build bridges—"

"And you will, too!" She was looking up at him, and yet her eyes seemed to be fixed somewhere beyond him. "You'll build a big bridge . . . maybe not to the moon . . . but a short cut for people who work hard all day long—for tired people—people who want to do things, get places—"

There was something about her intent, absorbed gaze, and her strange words, that frightened him a little.

The next year, though, John forgot his correspondence course, and the books began gathering dust in one corner of the hall closet. That was the summer Mary went to a doctor. It had been such a little pain at first, she hadn't paid any attention to it. But it grew. It grew.

There was Mary's first doctor, and then another one. And x-ray pictures. And an operation.

But the pain stayed, and went on growing, after the operation.

The doctor had to tell John the truth at last.

Your wife is suffering from a form of malignant growth known as sarcoma," he said. "The operation came too late—the condition was too far gone to be checked."

John said, as if he were forcing the words out of his heart: "But isn't there anything we can do?— Another operation—a specialist?"

"I'm sorry—there's nothing anyone can do. Except wait."

"But Doctor — the pain — She's in such terrible pain, all the time—"

"I'm leaving you a prescription for some capsules to be given as directed. They will help."

At first, of course, they did help. But as week followed week, the effects of each capsule wore off faster and faster, they had to be taken at shorter intervals, the pain was greater between times.

The doctor said she might live for months—depending upon the progress of the disease and her ability to withstand pain.

Coming into the room one night, after the doctor had gone, John took Mary's hand, trying to lie to her—saying with his lips words both of them knew were not true. "The doctor says you're doing fine—in a little while now, the worst will be over, and—"

Mary smiled sleepily. "I know," she agreed, "and soon I'll have no more pain . . ." Her eyes closed.

"Mary!" John cried. "What's the matter?" A horrible premonition drew his eyes to the bedside table. The box of capsules—it had been full this morning. Now it was nearly empty.

It was instinct that sent him running to the telephone, calling frantically to the hospital.

Unwittingly, she was dragged back to life. The white-suited ambulance surgeon, laboring over the quiet form on the bed, had no time to spare for the haggard man who paced the living room floor.

Toward dawn, he left. Mary was conscious now, and her husband was with her.

"Oh, darling, why did you let them bring me back?"

"I was a coward."

"I'm such a burden to you . . . And this pain . . . *John!*"

"What, Mary?"

"John, I've *got* to know! How long? How long did the doctor say?"

It was too late now for pretenses, he knew. "A month—two months—"

"As long as that?" she said wearily. "John—you said that—some day, when you build your bridge—I'd be the first to cross it. Remember?"

"Yes," he said, "I remember."

"I need that bridge — now! Will you build it for me?"

"Build you a bridge?" he said in bewilderment. "I don't—Mary!"

"I'd cross it so gladly," she pleaded. "And I'll wait for you—on the other side. Please—a short cut."

YOU don't know what you're asking of me!"

She nodded, wisely. "I do know. But darling, it would be so easy, so quick, if you would only stay with me and see that I—I got safely across. Tomorrow, we'll need more capsules—if you'd only help me—"

"No, no! I can't—I love you—" But in the midst of what he was saying he saw the pain creep back upon her, tearing and clawing, and he fell silent. "You're right," he said at last, "you can't wait *too* long."

That was the story they told in the courtroom. They told, too, how on the day before Mary Carson's death John was nervous and distracted in the office, seeming to forget where he was or what he was doing. The corner druggist told how John had come in that evening, to buy a package of cigarettes, some toothpaste—and, as if in afterthought, a renewal of Dr. Morton's prescription. Other people told of meeting him on his way home, calling him by name, receiving no answer.

All these bits of the story they told, but one bit they left for imagination to fill: the half hour that passed after John went into his wife's bedroom and closed the door behind him.

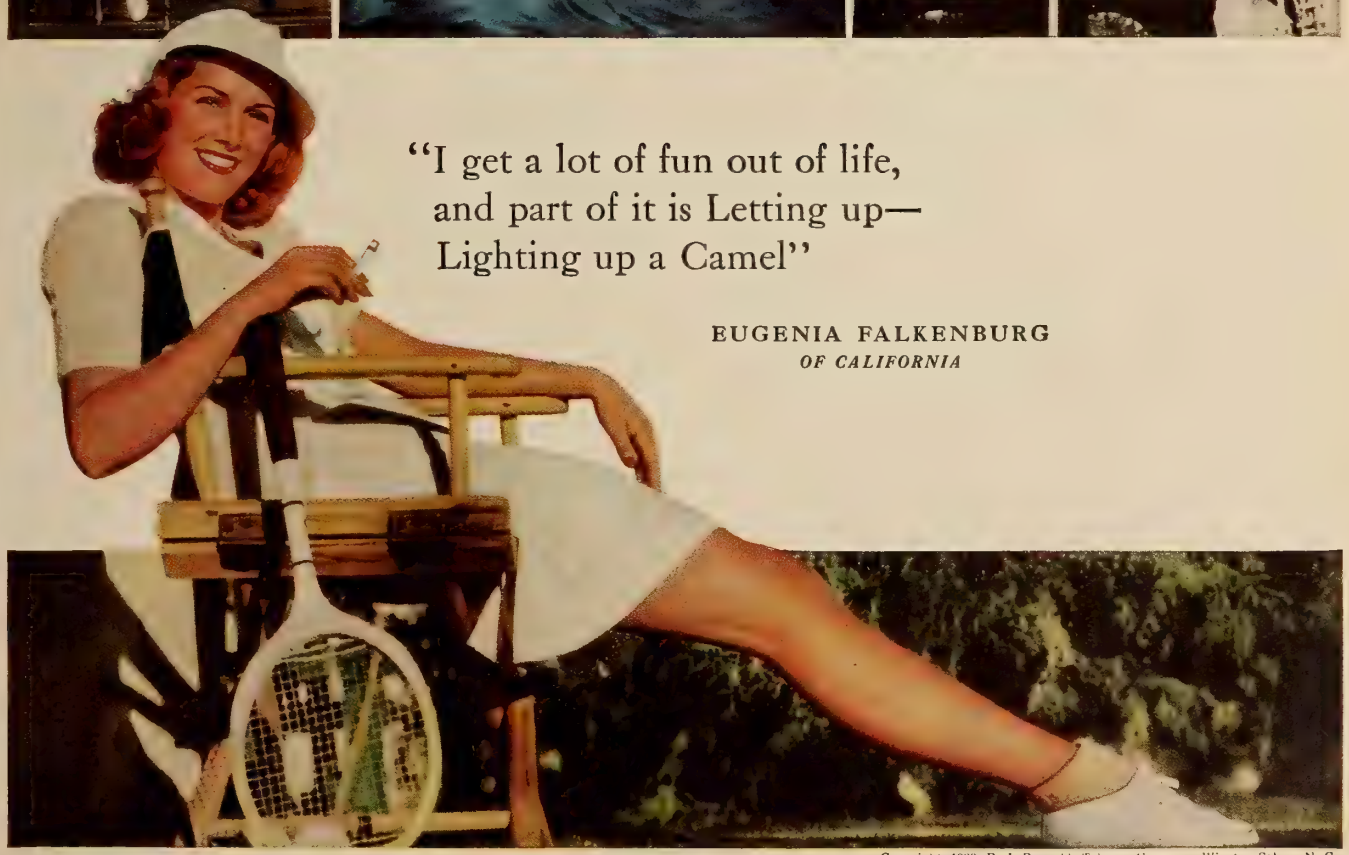
(*Continued on page 67*)



Presenting the broadcast stars of "Bridge of Mercy"—Paul Muni and Josephine Hutchinson who created the dramatic roles of John and Mary Carson on CBS.

Miss Eugenia Falkenburg of California is a typical American girl in her zest for living. She rides...swims...plays excellent golf. And she ranks among the first ten women tennis players in her state.





"I get a lot of fun out of life, and part of it is Letting up—Lighting up a Camel"

EUGENIA FALKENBURG
*OF CALIFORNIA*

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Miss Eugenia Falkenburg is typical of the active younger women who find unfailing pleasure in smoking Camels. "That Camel mildness is something very special. And each Camel tastes as good as the last," she says, "full of ripe flavor and delicate taste! With Camels, I feel as though I'm not—well, you know—*just smoking*. To me, 'Let up—light up a Camel' means—um-m-m, here's smoking pleasure at its best!" There's no reason why you should miss the fun of smoking Camels. So change to Camels yourself—for a new sense of well-being and new cigarette enjoyment.

*Costlier Tobaccos*—Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic. Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE in America




FOR SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST

CAMEL...

*THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS*

# Will they always be as happy?



Will he always look at her with adoration in his eye . . . devotion in his heart? Or will he gradually grow indifferent as so many husbands do . . . kissing her as a duty, if at all? The answer lies almost entirely with her . . .

### *You may have it*

There is nothing so hard to live with as a case of halitosis (bad breath). And because of modern habits, everyone probably offends at some time or other, *without knowing it.* That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

Don't let this offensive condition chill your romance. Don't let it frighten away your friends. Don't take chances. Protect yourself.

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine Antiseptic, the most delightful refreshing mouth wash you can use. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine here is what happens.

### *Four Benefits*

1. **Fermentation of tiny food particles (a major cause of breath odors) is quickly halted.**
2. **Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.**
3. **Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.**
4. **The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.**

### *Don't Offend Others*

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, avoid questionable imitations. Use only Listerine Antiseptic. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

***FOR* HALITOSIS (*Bad Breath*) *USE* LISTERINE**



**P. S.—IF YOU HAVE ANY EVIDENCE OF DANDRUFF USE LISTERINE • ITS RESULTS ARE AMAZING!**

# FACING the MUSIC

BY KEN ALDEN





It's a cockeyed household Skinnay Ennis and John Scott Trotter run. Above, left to right, Skinnay, Johnny, their cook, and guest Claude Thornhill. Right, CBS Songstress, Doris Rhodes.

CHOICE dance-spot plumb of the summer season goes to promising Glenn Miller. The lad gets the Glen Island Casino engagement with MBS and CBS wires. Miller edged out Bert Lown for the spot that in former years cradled the Dorsey Brothers, Casa Loma, Ozzie Nelson, and Larry Clinton.

* * *

Larry Clinton grabs another commercial spot on NBC starting July 3 at 7:30 p.m., EST.

* * *

Horace Heidt scrapped the title "Brigadiers" after he lost his radio commercial and now calls his group "Musical Knights."

* * *

Will Bob Crosby experience the same woes that stymied Benny Goodman when stellar musicians left the King of Swing to form their own orchestras? Rumor row insists Bob Zurke leaves the Bobcats this month.

* * *

Those fourteen, handsomely turned out gentlemen who strolled so proudly up and down Fifth Avenue on Easter Sunday in New York were the members of Gray Gordon's orchestra. The band was organized on Easter five years ago. Since then, promenading on this holiday, has become a ritual. However, it was not until ten months ago that the band achieved any sort of recognition.

* * *

When Enric Madriguera reopens the swank Pierre Hotel roof in New York on May 4, his sweet music, paced by the fetching theme "Adios" won't be the only attraction for the diners. The lofty rooftop affords an excellent view of The World's Fair.

*All the bandsmen and vocalists have suddenly gone patriotic warbling "God Bless America" which Kate Smith introduced. . . . A new record firm should be on the market soon, guided by Eli Oberstein, formerly of Victor, and will wax 35 and 75 cent platters . . . Henry Busse has a brand new band. His former group have organized cooperatively . . . Keep your ears tuned to 19-year-old Bernice Byres, Harry James' warbler. She used to sing with Emil Coleman . . . Fats Waller and Duke Ellington are touring Europe . . . Joe Marsala has enlarged his orchestra from seven*

(Continued on page 74)

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | **8:00 A.M.** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Peerless Trio** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Organ Recital** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Four Showmen** |
| | | | **8:45** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Animal News** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **From the Organ Loft** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Turn Back the Clock** |
| | | | **9:15** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Red: **Tom Teriss** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Aubade for Strings** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Melody Moments** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| | | 9:00 | CBS: **Church of the Air** |
| | | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **String Quartet** |
| | | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Highlights of the Bible** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| | | 9:30 | CBS: **Wings Over Jordan** |
| | | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Russian Melodies** |
| | | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Music and Youth** |
| | | | **11:00** |
| 10:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **News and Rhythm** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | 9:05 | 10:05 | NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen** |
| | | | **11:15** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Vernon Crane's Story Book** |
| | | | **11:30** |
| 8:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **MAJOR BOWES FAMILY** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Southernaires** |
| | | | **12:00 Noon** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Music for Moderns** |
| | | | **12:30 P.M.** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table** |
| | | | **1:00** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **Church of the Air** |
| | | | **1:30** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Sunday Drivers** |
| | | | **2:00** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Americans All** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Blue: **Magic Key of RCA** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's** |
| | | | **2:30** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Words Without Music** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Ranger's Serenade** |
| | | | **2:45** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Kidoodlers** |
| | | | **3:00** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: **CBS Symphony** |
| | | | **3:30** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Blue: **Festival of Music** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Name the Place** |
| | | | **4:00** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **National Vespers** |
| | | | **4:15** |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Hendrick W. Van Loon** |
| | | | **4:30** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **The World is Yours** |
| | | | **5:30** |
| 8:00 | 3:30 | 4:30 | CBS: **BEN BERNIE** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Joseph Henry Jackson** |
| | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **The Spelling Bee** |
| | | | **5:45** |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ray Perkins** |
| | | | **6:00** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **SILVER THEATER** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour** |
| | | | **6:30** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **Gateway to Hollywood** |
| | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Red: **Grouch Club** |
| | | | **7:00** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **People's Platform** |
| 7:30 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **JACK BENNY** |
| | | | **7:30** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Screen Guild** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Blue: **Radio Guild** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon** |
| | | | **8:00** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **Dance Hour** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **NBC Symphony** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **DON AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **FORD SYMPHONY** (Ends May 28) |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **HOLLYWOOD PLAYHOUSE** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| 7:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **Walter Winchell** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music** |
| | | | **9:45** |
| 7:15 | 7:45 | 8:45 | NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Knickerbocker Playhouse** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Circle** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | MBS: **Goodwill Hour** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Cheerio** |
| | | | **11:00** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Dance Orchestra** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: **Dance Orchestra** |

# SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS




■ Charlie goes over the day's script with Bergen and Dorothy

**Tune-In Bulletin for May 28, June 4, 11, 18 and 25!**

MAY 28: Howard Barlow and the CBS Symphony Orchestra play the world premiere of two prize-winning piano concertos, CBS at 3:00. . . . Helen Hayes stars in the Silver Theater, CBS at 6:00. . . . Alec Templeton is guest on the Ford Hour, CBS at 9:00. . . . Second broadcast of a new dramatic show, Knickerbocker Playhouse, on CBS at 10:00.

June 4: A new program—News and Rhythm, on CBS at 11:00 this morning, with a rebroadcast reaching the coast at 10:30 A.M. . . . On CBS at 9:00, your last chance this season to hear the Ford Hour—Igor Gorin is the guest star.

June 11: This is the last day the King and Queen of England will spend in the U.S. . . . On CBS, you can listen to the International Polo matches.

June 18: Again the CBS microphones are on hand to report the polo matches.

June 25: Your last chance to hear Jack Benny, NBC-Red at 7:00. . . . Ben Bernie, CBS at 5:30, does his last show of the season today too. . . . Likewise the Musical Steelmakers, Mutual at 6:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Chase and Sanborn Show, on NBC's Red network from 8:00 to 9:00, Eastern Daylight Time.

In spite of the fine work of Don Ameche, Dorothy Lamour, Donald Dickson, and Robert Armbruster's orchestra, this is Charlie McCarthy's program, so we might as well face the fact. You can't be around the red-headed little imp without falling under his spell—principally because Edgar Bergen, his boss, never allows him to "go dead." At rehearsal, at odd moments when Bergen's attention is apparently elsewhere, Charlie is always alive—whispering in Bergen's ear, laughing at someone else's jokes, or talking to someone in the audience.

The Chase and Sanborn show is prepared in separate units, and never is performed all the way through, from beginning to end, until the actual broadcast. Edgar Bergen has a business office in Hollywood, and there he writes Charlie's lines. Don Ameche gets his dramatic script a few days before the broadcast and looks it over—but if it suits the guest star for the week, it's usually okay with Don. Because he's so versatile, selection of the guest spot is usually done more with the guest star in mind than him.

There's a rehearsal Saturday night, and another about noon on Sunday, so Producer Cal Kuhl can get the different units timed. Bergen's valet always attends both rehearsals, beaming with delight at the privilege, because tickets to the performance are at such a premium he could never see it otherwise. The valet is one of the few people ever allowed to touch Charlie—Bergen and his secretary, Mary Hanrahan, are the other two.

At the broadcast, in NBC's Studio A in Hollywood, Charlie sits on a high leather-and-chromium chair, built on rollers. He heckles Ameche during Don's opening talk, before the program goes on the air, and when the orchestra tunes up often turns and yells, "If you don't know how to play, now's a fine time to learn." But the high point of unbroadcast McCarthy wit came when Claudette Colbert was on the program. Charlie was talking to her, at rehearsal, when Bergen noticed that one of the tacks which hold his pants to the wooden body needed adjusting. He turned Charlie over his knee to fix the costume, and Charlie, frightfully embarrassed, whispered, "My God, Bergen, not in front of Claudette."



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**H. V. KALTENBORN—the dean of radio news analysts, heard on his own program, sponsored by Pure Oil, on CBS tonight at 10:30—a citizen of the world, a student of international affairs—never reads from a script, but talks directly from scribbled notes—came to nation-wide prominence during last Fall's European crisis.**

INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:15 |
| | | 8:15 | CBS **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS, **Girl Interne** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 1:30 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Time for Thought** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Girl Alone** |
| | | | 5:00 |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:15 |
| 4:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: **Howie Wing** |
| | | | 6:30 |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **Bob Trout** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Lum and Abner** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **EDDIE CANTOR** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 6:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **Cavalcade of America** |
| 8:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **AL PEARCE** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **Howard and Shelton** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **LUX THEATER** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Guy Lombardo** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **True or False** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Contented Hour** |

# MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ The Amos 'n' Andy staff—Bill Hay, Amos, Madaline Lee, Andy.

**Tune-In Bulletin for May 29, June 5, 12, 19 and 26!**

MAY 29: Gray Gordon and his Tic Toc Rhythm open tonight at Enna Jettick Park, Auburn, New York—on NBC.

June 5: Aunt Caroline Ellis, a new dramatic serial, opens today on NBC—but the time hadn't been set when Inside Radio went to press. . . . On NBC-Red, tonight at 9:00, Phil Spitalny's girl orchestra and Dorothy Thompson do their last program before taking a summer holiday.

June 12: Eddie Cantor's last program of the season—CBS at 7:30.

June 19: Fred Waring and his gang start their new five-times-a-week program on NBC-Red tonight—Monday through Friday at 7:00.

June 26: For its usual fine dramatic program, don't forget the Lux Theater tonight at 9:00 on CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Amos 'n' Andy, on CBS from 7:00 to 7:15, Eastern Daylight Time, with a rebroadcast that reaches the mid-west at 9:00 Standard Time, the mountain area at 8:00 Standard Time, and the Pacific Coast at 7:00 Standard Time, sponsored by Campbell's Soup.

In startling contrast to the three-ring circus of modern radio, here's a program that's written, produced and acted in by two men—and two men only. The only other voice ever heard in an Amos 'n' Andy episode is that of Madaline Lee, who plays Genevieve Blue, Andy's secretary, on irregular occasions. Bill Hay, of course, makes the opening and closing announcements, but he never takes part in the actual story. Gaylord Carter, the organist, isn't even in the studio with Amos 'n' Andy during the broadcast, but in Studio Four on another floor of the CBS Building.

While broadcasting, Amos 'n' Andy work at a small table on the far side of a room about 24 by 15 feet, decorated in gray with green drapes, and talk into a microphone suspended between them. Bill Hay, with a microphone of his own, is in a corner nearer the engineer's booth. Madaline Lee, when she's on the show, also works at her own microphone.

Freeman Gosden (Amos) and Charles Correll (Andy) start writing just after lunch, in a practical-appearing business office near their homes. There Gosden walks the floor as he discusses the evening's episode with Correll, who does the typing because he once took a course in it and thus can do it faster. Presently, as they talk, the lines begin to sound right, and Correll starts putting them down. The dialogue is usually written in about two hours.

Unless Miss Blue is in the script, the boys don't bother with rehearsal, and they aren't required to have their script okayed by the network before broadcasting, so they just stroll over to the studio a few minutes before three o'clock, when they go on the air. No further preparation is needed, after having worked together so long—their network debut was made on August 19, 1929. The characters they have played in the Amos 'n' Andy programs now number about 125, and any one of them may come to life again tomorrow to compete for the public's favor with The Kingfish, Henry Van Porter, Brother Crawford, Lightnin', and all the other well-loved people of Amos 'n' Andy's Harlem. No matter who the characters are, Correll and Gosden supply the voices.

The bound volumes of their collected scripts (the only copies in existence) make a pile no pole vaulter could clear.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**VIVIAN SMOLEN—who plays Margie in the CBS serial, Doc Barclay's Daughters, this afternoon at 2:00—is a native New Yorker—started her career as an actress at the age of 13—has never acted for any other medium but radio—her greatest hobby is music—she likes all kinds from swing to symphony—plays piano but hates to practice.**

# Complete Programs from May 26th to June 27th

**Eastern Daylight Time**

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 3:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Do You Remember?** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:15 |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| 1:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 9:45 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 5:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most out of Life** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
| | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Girl Alone** |
| | | | 5:00 |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:15 |
| 4:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: **Howie Wing** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Jimmie Fidler** |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **HELEN MENKEN** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| 7:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **BIG TOWN** |
| 6:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **The Inside Story** |
| 7:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 8:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **DICK POWELL** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **INFORMATION PLEASE** |
| | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **For Men Only** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **We, the People** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Melody and Madness** |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: **Benny Goodman** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **MARY AND BOB** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **FIBBER McGEE** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Hal Kemp** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **If I Had the Chance** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Bob Hope** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn** |

# TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Producer Cecil Underwood, Molly, writer Don Quinn, and Fibber.

**Tune-In Bulletin for May 30, June 6, 13, 20 and 27!**

MAY 30: Memorial Day, and a holiday . . . One of the year's big sports events—the Indianapolis Speedway automobile race, on NBC and CBS. . . . At 6:00 this afternoon, King George speaks on all networks from the British Columbia luncheon, Victoria, B. C.

June 6: Les Brown's orchestra opens at Enna Jettick Park—listen over NBC.

June 13: Helen Menken stars in another episode of Second Husband on CBS at 7:30.

June 20: They say swing is on the downgrade—but you won't think so if you listen to the applause Benny Goodman gets on his CBS program, tonight at 9:30.

June 27: Listen on NBC-Blue at 9:30 to a dramatic true story, told by Mary and Bob for True Story Magazine.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Fibber McGee and Molly, on NBC's Red network from 9:30 to 10:00, Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by Johnson's Wax.

Here's a program that's run on schedule, like a train. It's probably one of the best organized broadcasts on the networks. First and foremost among the rules that are always followed is this: after the Tuesday broadcast, every one connected with the program must take a two-day rest—and when Fibber says rest, he means rest. Nothing is done about the following Tuesday's show until Friday morning. Then Jim and Marian Jordan, better known as Fibber McGee and Molly, get together with writer Don Quinn and agency producer Cecil Underwood to talk the next script into shape. They work in a business office—always—because they're convinced that the business-like and efficient atmosphere helps them to get the work done in two hours.

By Saturday morning, Quinn has the first draft of the script ready, and Fibber reads it, after which Quinn goes ahead to write the final, working script. He does this Sunday night, working all night and finishing Monday morning. Monday morning the cast—except the musical portion of it—gathers at the NBC Hollywood studios and rehearses for two hours, after which Quinn makes any changes that have been decided on. Tuesday morning the whole cast, including Billy Mills' orchestra, Donald Novis and the Four Notes, rehearse about four times, concluding with a complete run-through about three o'clock. At five-thirty, Pacific time, they go on the air. And this program of preparation never varies by much more than an hour from week to week.

One thing you'd notice right away about the Fibber and Molly program is the absence of flashy and super-informal clothes on its cast. Conservatism is the keynote—maybe because Fibber and Molly haven't been in Hollywood very long. The whole atmosphere of their broadcast is simple, friendly, homey—in fact, it justifies that often-misused phrase, "One big happy family."

Introducing you to the supporting cast—Bill Thompson is the creator of Nick De Populas, Horatio K. Boomer, the Old Timer, and many other dialect characters. Six-foot Harlow Wilcox is the announcer. Harold Peary, of the big voice and husky laugh, does characters in the comedy skits not taken care of by Thompson. And Isabel Randolph plays Horatio K. Boomer's heart-interest, Mrs. Uppington. She joined the McGees about a year ago and immediately became a hit.

Now that Molly's back on the show, the Jordans and their two children have moved to their ranch in San Fernando Valley, right next door to those of their old Chicago friends, Don Ameche and Norris (Abner) Goff.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**PATSY KELLY—Bob Hope's stooge on the Pepsodent program, NBC-Red at 10:00 tonight—you've seen her many a time on the screen, particularly in comedies with the late Thelma Todd—started her career as a dancer in New York—Ruby Keeler brought her to Frank Fay's attention and he put her in a vaudeville show—then she was in musical comedy before moving to Hollywood—isn't much different off-stage than she is on, always apt to break into a fit of clowning—she'll buy anything that looks like a bargain—her father was a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary—and she was born in Brooklyn.**

*(For Wednesday's Highlights, please turn page)*

# My "fair" friend told me . . .



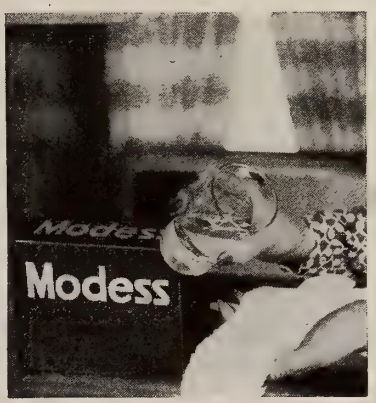



**"Say—Isn't this** a gorgeous day for sightseeing!" the woman from Arizona called from her trailer window . . . "Not for me!" I grumbled. "I just ran over to tell you that I can't tramp around any Fair Grounds with you today. My last day, too—and so many things yet to see!" . . . She asked a sympathetic question, and before I knew it I was telling her my troubles and ranting about the woes of womankind. "My dear," she smiled, "you come right in here. I've got just what you need!"

**So in I went**—and thank heaven I did. Otherwise, I might never have learned about Modess. And to my way of thinking, that's one of the most important things I learned during my visit to the Fair.




**My, but she was a grand person!** She said she used to suffer from chafing at "certain times" herself . . . until she discovered Modess. "You see," she said, "there are two types of napkins —*fluff-type* and *layer-type*. Modess is *fluff-type*." Then she cut a Modess pad in two so that I could see the fluffy, downy-soft filler.




**"And Modess is safer, too** . . . as well as softer," she said. Then guess what she did! She got a glass of water, took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad . . . and dropped water on it! Yes, actually. And not one drop went through! "My goodness," I said, "I never knew *that* before—and it's certainly something worth knowing."



**Well—she just insisted** on giving me some Modess. And that was what saved my last day at the Fair. We walked miles . . . how I *did* appreciate the comfort and safety of Modess!

Next day, before we left, I went to the store to buy my trailer-friend a new package of Modess . . . and was I surprised and pleased! I found that this soft, "fluff-type" napkin cost no more than those layer-type pads I'd been in the habit of buying!

# Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

**(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)**

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | **8:00 A.M.** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | **8:15** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Do You Remember?** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | | | **9:05** |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | **9:15** |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | **9:45** |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | **10:15** |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Doc Schneider's Texans** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | **10:45** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | **11:00** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | **11:15** |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | **11:30** |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | **11:45** |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | **12:00 Noon** |
| 1:30 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| | | | **12:15 P.M.** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | **12:30** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| | | | **12:45** |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | **1:00** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | **1:15** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over** |
| | | | **1:30** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | | | **1:45** |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| | | | **2:00** |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | **2:15** |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | **2:30** |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | **2:45** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker** |
| | | | **3:00** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | **3:15** |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | **3:30** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | **3:45** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | **4:00** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | **4:15** |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | **4:30** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | **4:45** |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Girl Alone** |
| | | | **5:00** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | **5:30** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow** |
| | | | **5:45** |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | **6:00** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | **6:15** |
| 4:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: **Howie Wing** |
| | | | **6:30** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **Bob Trout** |
| | | | **6:45** |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | **7:00** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| | | | **7:15** |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Lum and Abner** |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| | | | **7:30** |
| 6:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Ask-It-Basket** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 6:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| | | | **8:00** |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **Gang Busters** |
| | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **Hobby Lobby** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Tommy Dorsey** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **TEXACO STAR THEATER** |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **TOWN HALL TONIGHT** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **99 Men and a Girl** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE** |
| | | | **10-30** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Edgar A. Guest** |

# WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Vocalists Baker and Langford, and Texaco's director Bacher.

**Tune-In Bulletin for May 31, June 7, 14, and 21!**

MAY 31: Three distinguished gentlemen are celebrating birthdays today—Fred Allen, Don Ameche and Ben Bernie. . . . Kay Kyser's musical quiz program on NBC-Red tonight at 10:00 comes from Catalina Island, where Kay's doing a dance date.

June 7: The King and Queen of England arrive in the United States today—you'll hear the ceremonies during the morning on all networks.

June 14: June must be the month for famous people to have birthdays—today is Major Bowes'.

June 21: A tuneful musical comedy is It Happened in Hollywood, on CBS at 11:00 this morning.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Texaco Star Theater, on CBS from 9:00 to 10:00, Eastern Daylight Time—a cavalcade of entertainment, a big and cosmopolitan show that in itself is a course in radio production. An awfully big chunk of work goes into every short Wednesday-night hour of the Star Theater.

Bright and early on Thursday morning, before the echoes of the previous night's program have ceased humming in the ears of the people who heard it, the next show is under way with a musical conference in the living room of Bill Bacher's Beverly Hills home. Bacher is the dynamic radio director who in earlier days made a success of Show Boat and Hollywood Hotel; now his personality blends all the elements of the Star Theater into a smoothly running unit.

At the music conference are orchestra conductor David Broekman, his arrangers, and soloists Frances Langford and Kenny Baker. Together they select next Wednesday's music, and Broekman runs over the numbers on Bacher's piano for Frances' and Kenny's benefit. Then permission to use the music has to be obtained through CBS' New York office.

Thursday night the wheels of activity speed up as the comedy writers and comedians get together. The writers are Hal Block, Leo Townsend, Bob Ross and Roswell Rogers, with Harry Kronman as the "over-all" writer who combines the various spots the others turn out. Besides them, this conference is attended by Ken Murray, Bacher, Ned Sparks, Jimmy Wallington and Louis A. Witten, vice-president of the advertising agency which presents the show. Witten's job is to watch the written material and see that no controversial or offensive topics creep into it.

On Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, there are conferences, writing sessions, and music rehearsals galore, quite literally ranging all over Greater Los Angeles, from Bacher's home to Louis Witten's office, to meetings at the Brown Derby, Sardi's, Victor Hugo's and the stages of the two CBS theaters, the Vine Street and the Music Box.

Rehearsal goes on all day Tuesday, in both the Vine Street and Music Box theaters, from nine in the morning until midnight. Then there's a brief respite for a light supper, and the crowd all goes to Louis Witten's office for the all-important "cutting session," which frequently lasts until three in the morning. This is the time that the show is subjected to a microscopic examination, and everything is balanced, tightened, and cut when necessary. After a few hours of sleep, the cast shows up at the Vine Street Theater at eleven next morning, for more rehearsal. And this rehearsal goes on until four o'clock, only an hour before the program hits the air.

All that work, by so many people, just so you may have an hour of amusement! If you aren't impressed, you should be.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**MARTHA MEARS—the feminine half of the romantic team on It Happened in Hollywood, heard at 11:00 this morning, and every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, on CBS—she's blue-eyed, a singer by profession, and making her acting debut on this program—though she sings on it too—got her start on St. Louis stations after graduating from the University of Missouri—Gus Edwards happened to hear her, signed her to a contract, brought her to New York—a personal appearance tour took her to Hollywood, where she was singing at the Cafe Lamaze when chosen for this sprightly musical-comedy program.**

*(For Thursday's Highlights, please turn page)*

# TO BLUE-EYED GIRLS LIKE *Vera Zorina*

STARRING IN THE BROADWAY SUCCESS
"I MARRIED AN ANGEL"



## Marvelous Matched Makeup brings new allure!

## Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!




**MARY:** What! Choose my *powder* by the color of my *eyes*, Claire?

**CLAIRE:** Yes, and your rouge and lipstick, too, Mary! Really, until you try Marvelous Matched Makeup, you don't know how flattering a harmonized makeup can be!




**MARY:** It's *wonderful* on *you*, Claire! But *your* eyes are *blue! Mine* are *brown!*

**CLAIRE:** Mary, whether your eyes are brown, blue, gray or hazel, the Marvelous people have just the shades for you! They tested girls and women of every age and coloring—




**MARY:** And they found *eye* color is the guide to proper cosmetic shades, Claire?

**CLAIRE:** Exactly! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes. *It's the color of your eyes!*




**CLAIRE:** And Mary, Marvelous Matched Makeup is everything you've ever dreamed of! You'll *adore* the powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!




**CLAIRE:** And wait till you try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, Mary! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, natural glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly* —gives your lips lovely, *long-lasting* color!




**MARY:** Marvelous gives a thrilling new beauty *instantly!* You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too)—but for *perfect color harmony*, get them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!
*(65¢ in Canada)*




# MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

**By Richard Hudnut**

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

MF-739

**RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City.**

**My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐**
Please send me my Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous trial sizes. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Do You Remember?** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:15 |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| 1:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10-45 |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 9:45 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Time for Thought** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| 9:30 | 12:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Sunbrite Smile Parade** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Blue: **Rhythm Auction** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Girl Alone** |
| | | | 5:00 |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | CBS: **March of Games** |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:15 |
| 4:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: **Howie Wing** |
| | | | 6:30 |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **Bob Trout** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 7:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Joe E. Brown** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **KATE SMITH HOUR** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **RUDY VALLEE** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **MAJOR BOWES** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **GOOD NEWS OF 1939** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Walter O'Keefe** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL** |

# THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Andre Kostelanetz rehearses his 45-piece Tune-Up Time Band.

**Tune-In Bulletin for June 1, 8, 15 and 22!**

JUNE 1: For sports fans, NBC tonight broadcasts the Max-Baer-Lou Nova fight from the Yankee Stadium.

June 8: President and Mrs. Roosevelt greet the King and Queen of England today in Washington—and all the networks will be there to listen in. . . . Ted Husing describes the National Open Golf Championship matches at the Philadelphia Country Club this afternoon—on CBS.

June 15: King George makes his last radio address on this continent today, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, at 12:30 P. M., on all networks . . . and there'll be another broadcast tonight at 6:00 when the royal couple leave for England.

June 22: There's a new serial you're likely to enjoy, on NBC-Red at 5:00 this afternoon, Eastern time—it's called Midstream.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Tune-Up Time, on CBS from 10:00 to 10:45, Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by Ethyl Gasoline.

Two of radio's most original minds help make Tune-Up Time a delightful program. They belong to Andre Kostelanetz and Walter O'Keefe—Andre for the music, Walter for the comedy. Maybe we should add two more minds to that pair—Joe Quillan and Izzie Elinson, Walter's gag-writers—but the comedy has such a definitely O'Keefe flavor it's safe to give him most of the credit.

There's no orchestra director quite like Andre Kostelanetz. Because he knows so much about the science of sound, he spends about half his rehearsal time in the control room, listening while his first violinist conducts the orchestra, and ordering microphones to be shifted around, a foot this way, a foot that. For one week's program, he rehearses only five hours—doesn't have to rehearse any longer because the orchestra is so well trained. He's always thinking up new musical effects. One, which he says isn't original with him but was new to Your Studio Snooper, is a device for making a good piano sound cheap and tinny. Try it yourself some time—place a light metal chain across the strings of a grand piano, and then play it. You'll think you're in a waterfront saloon.

Walter O'Keefe created the character of Kaktus Kostelanetz, bad man of the West. He simply wrote some lines for Andre into the comedy sketch one day, and Andre read them in his very funny Russian accent, which is genuine. Now Kaktus is on every program, and Andre loves his new job of being a comedian. He's a very shy, modest little man, and when he reads his lines beams and blushes behind his twinkling spectacles like a high school boy reciting "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight."

The acting company for Walter's comedy spots consists of Jack O'Keefe, his younger brother; Paul Stewart, who does the dead-pan, flat-voiced dialogues with Walter; Teddy Bergman, who does dialects; and Mary Kelly, who takes rowdy or tough feminine parts. Other actors are called in when they're needed, but these four are more or less permanent.

Kay Thompson, leader of the Rhythm Singers, usually appears at rehearsal wearing a colored bandanna handkerchief over her blonde hair—because she's just had it washed and will have it dressed before the program that night. One member of the Rhythm Singers is Marian Thompson, Kay's sister—making Tune-Up Time quite a family affair, with Walter O'Keefe's brother also present.

In the middle of the stage, right beside the conductor's stand, all during rehearsal, sits Kostelanetz' secretary, timing every musical number.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**FULTON LEWIS, JR.—the Washington news commentator who is heard over the Mutual network tonight at 7:00, Eastern time—he's the man who won a single-handed campaign to get the press gallery of the House thrown open to radio reporters as well as their writing brethren—he himself is a former newspaperman—born in the District of Columbia—was the reporter who started the investigation of air-mail contract irregularities early in President Roosevelt's administration—in the last election he predicted Roosevelt would win in all states except Maine and Vermont—is married, with two children.**

*(For Friday's Highlights, please turn page)*

## His Life Is News!

(*Continued from page 24*)

I remember one Saturday matinee, Walter, alone, was singing "I Dream of You in the Gloaming." On the screen was a picture showing a calf-eyed doodle with a high collar, leaning on a fence and gazing across a meadow. His loved one hung in a sunburst medallion in the corner. Sighs and titters from the love-struck couples in the rear of the house punctuated the sentimental song.

Then the inexperienced man in the projection-booth (it was late in the afternoon, and the regular operator was out to supper) disarranged the slides, and instead of the amorous youth whom Walter was so earnestly trying to portray in song, there appeared a street kid on his haunches peering through a knothole at a ball game. Cat-calls, whistles, and general bedlam broke loose, while the pianist banged away feverishly, with plenty of trills, hoping to attract the attention of the projectionist; and Walter nearly tore his tonsils trying to make himself heard. The flat-nosed, cauliflower-eared theater bouncer finally had to stalk out on the stage to quiet the hullabaloo.

Incidently, although he will not appear in this story again, that pianist was Phil Baker—who has made something of a name for himself since then, too.

THE boys, particularly George and Walter, began having sweetheart-trouble about this time. There was nothing boyish about their reactions to life, remember—all that had been knocked out of them by environment. The trouble was, they always seemed to get stuck on the same girl. Eddie was more content. Then, and later, he dreamed of nobody but his school sweetheart, Ida Tobias.

Two years of intermittent activity in the Imperial—and then George, Walter, and Eddie all got jobs in an all-children's act called "The Song Revue" conceived and produced by Gus Edwards. Others in the show were Lila Lee, Eddie Buzzell, and Georgie Price.

Walter and George both fell in love with the same girl again, while they were in "The Song Revue." Her name was Irene, and she must have been an accomplished flirt, even at that early age, because she kept them both dangling. Finally, in desperation, Walter retailed the first bit of Winchell gossip—and the only one he has ever known wasn't true when he told it. He informed Gus Edwards that George was hanging around Irene. The trick worked. From then on, George was kept out of the running, and the field was open for Walter.

It's my sad duty, however, to report that Walter did not last very long as a member of the troupe. For he was sprouting into an early adolescence which was accompanied by fuzz on the cheeks and a voice that was louder than it was good. Even the genial Mr. Edwards had to admit, before long, that a fog-horn voice was out of place in a kiddie show.

Luckily, the transition from boy to man didn't last long. Another few months, and "Mrs. Winchell's boy Walter" was ready to start out as a vaudeville performer, on his own.

The next six years of Walter Winchell's life would be impossible today.

(*Continued on page 53*)


# *HOW TO LAUGH AT SNOOPERS*



***SNOOPERS*** live in every neighborhood. They just love to snoop and snoop! And my, how their tongues do waggle and waggle—if they eye your wash-line and see tattle-tale gray!



***WHAT TO DO?*** Listen to this: Tattle-tale gray means left-over dirt. It means your soap is so weak-kneed it doesn't wash clean. So run to the grocer's as fast as you can and change to the soap that gets out ALL the dirt. Change to Fels-Naptha Soap!



***THEN TURN ON THE SMILES*** and grin all over—every time you catch a snooper peeking at your wash. For Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and dirt-loosening *naptha* whisk out tattle-tale gray like magic. They get clothes so dewy-fresh and white you'll be proud to have *everybody* snoop at them!

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

## *BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!*

**TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY** every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | **8:00 A.M.** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | **8:15** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | **9:05** |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | **9:15** |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | **9:45** |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | **10:15** |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | **10:45** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | **11:00** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | **11:15** |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | **11:30** |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | **11:45** |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | **12:00 Noon** |
| 1:30 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| | | | **12:15 P.M.** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 8:15 | 10-15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | **12:30** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romances of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Time for Thought** |
| | | | **12:45** |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | **1:00** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | **1:15** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
| | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk It Over** |
| | | | **1:30** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | | | **1:45** |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| | | | **2:00** |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | **2:15** |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | **2:30** |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | **2:45** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker** |
| | | | **3:00** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | **3:15** |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | **3:30** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | **3:45** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | **4:00** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | **4:15** |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | **4:30** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | **4:45** |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Girl Alone** |
| | | | **5:00** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | **5:30** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow** |
| | | | **5:45** |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | **6:00** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | **6:15** |
| 4:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | CBS: **Howie Wing** |
| | | | **6:30** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **Bob Trout** |
| | | | **6:45** |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | **7:00** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| | | | **7:15** |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Lum and Abner** |
| 6:45 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Red: **Jimmie Fidler** |
| | | | **7:30** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 6:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| | | | **8:00** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER** |
| | 6:00 | 7:00 | MBS: **Guess Where** |
| | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **BURNS AND ALLEN** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **CAMPBELL PLAYHOUSE** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Plantation Party** |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Waltz Time** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Death Valley Days** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Grand Central Station** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Lady Esther Serenade** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Bob Ripley** |

# FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Guess Where's cast—Hulick, Booth and Cantor—study the globe.

**Tune-In Bulletin for May 26, June 2, 9, 16 and 23!**

MAY 26: At the Randall's Island Stadium in New York City, the I. C. 4 A. (Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association of America) is holding its annual national track meet, and NBC describes it to you.

June 2: Eddy Duchin's orchestra opens tonight at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York, with broadcasts over Mutual.

June 9: Ted Husing describes some more of the National Open golf matches, this afternoon on CBS.

June 16: That popular serial, Your Family and Mine, is on CBS now—at 2:30 in the afternoon, Eastern Daylight Time.

June 23: Horace Heidt's band returns tonight to its old stamping grounds, the Biltmore Hotel—you'll hear it on CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Guess Where, on the Mutual network, from 8:00 to 8:30, Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.

As you can see from its title, this is a quiz program, but it's a different kind of quiz program. To answer its questions all you have to know is your geography.

Budd Hulick, once of the Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd team, now a radio performer on his own, is the master of ceremonies, who asks the questions. Shirley Booth and Charles Cantor play Mr. and Mrs. Stowaway, who are cast in little skits which contain clues to the city or country where they are supposed to be. At the climax of the skit a member of the audience is asked to name the location. If he succeeds, he gets a cash prize of ten dollars. If he fails, the skit goes on, adding another clue, and he gets nine dollars for the correct answer. If he needs still one more clue, he only gets eight. If he still fails, he gets five dollars anyway. No matter what happens, he gets a package of the sponsor's cigarettes.

Guess Where is broadcast from Mutual's playhouse on the roof of the New Amsterday Theater in New York—an intimate little theater where, in the days of Ziegfeld's glory, some of the world's most famous entertainers used to play in the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolics. Now it is considered an acoustically perfect studio for broadcasting—so good that other networks rent it from Mutual and use it for their own programs.

The show is carefully rehearsed, which makes it unique among quiz programs. On Friday morning, the cast and orchestra go over their skits and musical numbers, and at one o'clock they hold a preview, with an audience, just as if it were a regular broadcast. Tickets to the preview are given away free to any one who writes to the Mutual Broadcasting Company, and in the few weeks the show has been on the air a group of about two hundred people have formed the habit of coming regularly, every Friday—almost like a club. In fact, when Charles O'Connor, the announcer, steps out to make his curtain-talk, his greeting is "Hello, Club members." The only difference between the preview and the night show is that no cash prizes are awarded—only packages of cigarettes.

Although you aren't told so on the air, the orchestra-leader for Guess Where is Johnny Green, who also directs a larger band for the Johnny Presents programs on the other two networks. Johnny the Page-Boy is present, too. Shirley Booth, who plays Mrs. Stowaway, has a leading role in Katharine Hepburn's stage play, "The Philadelphia Story," and has to scoot like blazes every Friday night to get to the theater in time for the curtain. Charlie Cantor you've heard of before—he's a member of Fred Allen's Mighty Allen Art Players.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**MARY MASON—who, as sixteen-year-old Nancy Chandler, causes plenty of excitement in the CBS serial, The Life and Love of Dr. Susan, on the air at 2:15 this afternoon—she comes from California, where she played in moving pictures until the lure of New York became so great that she just packed up her clothes and came East—was in summer stock for a while, then landed a part in a Broadway show—just now, besides her radio work, she has a leading role in the Broadway comedy hit, "The Primrose Path"—playing the daughter of another well known radio actress, Betty Garde.**

*(For Saturday's Highlights, please turn page)*

(*Continued from page* 51)

With a talented and pretty girl as his partner, he toured the country, singing, hoofing, wise-cracking. The reason that couldn't be done today is just this: It wasn't a very good act, and the second-rate vaudeville house has about gone out of existence.

It was always Walter's ambition, as it was the ambition of every vaudeville trouper, to play the Palace in New York. He'd have done his act there for nothing, just to give the booking agents a chance to see it, but the Palace wouldn't even have him as a gift. Many years later he did play the Palace, but not as an actor. He was a writer then, and the salary he got was the highest ever paid any newspaper man by a vaudeville theater. . . .

For six years, though, Walter stuck to the stage, and finally worked himself up to the point where he was earning from seventy-five to a hundred dollars a week—the weeks that he worked. His act was called "Spooneyville" then, I remember.

He knew, though, that he wasn't a top-notch performer and probably never would be—he had an engaging personality, he could put across a joke, he was nimble on his feet; but his voice, even now that it had settled down into a serviceable tenor was nothing to make Al Jolson lose any sleep at nights. And even more important, he didn't really care for the stage. Oh, it was all right—it was a way to earn that all-important living. But it wasn't what Walter Winchell wanted to do for the rest of his life.

WHAT *did* he want to do for the rest of his life? He didn't know.

So, in a way, it was a relief when, shortly after his twentieth birthday, he enlisted in the Navy. There's nothing very remarkable about those wartime months, except one thing—considering his later career. His duties, serving under Rear Admiral Marbury Johnson in New York, were the carrying of confidential Naval messages.

The war was over, and still Walter didn't know what his future was to be. Following the path of least resistance, he returned to vaudeville—still as Walter Winchel. The change in his name, oddly enough, seems to mark a change in his fortunes as well. In Chicago, in 1919, a theater electrician mistook a flourish for a letter, and added the second *l* to Walter's name as he spelled it out in lights on the marquee. Walter liked the looks of the new name, and decided to keep it—and it was only a month or so after this that something important happened.

Walter was playing Washington, D.C.—and President Wilson was in the audience. Something clicked in Walter's brain. Instead of sticking to the act, the way he played it night after night, he injected a spontaneous, ad lib comment. I can't tell you what he said. I wasn't there, and Walter has forgotten. But President Wilson threw back his head and laughed.

If he'd really liked the stage, that incident would probably have cemented him to the life of a vaudeville trouper forever. Instead, it gave him the push he needed to tear him loose.

He could do things with his head! He didn't have to rely on his voice or his dancing feet! He could—why, he could probably write!

He knew no one who wrote for a living, no one who could help him to

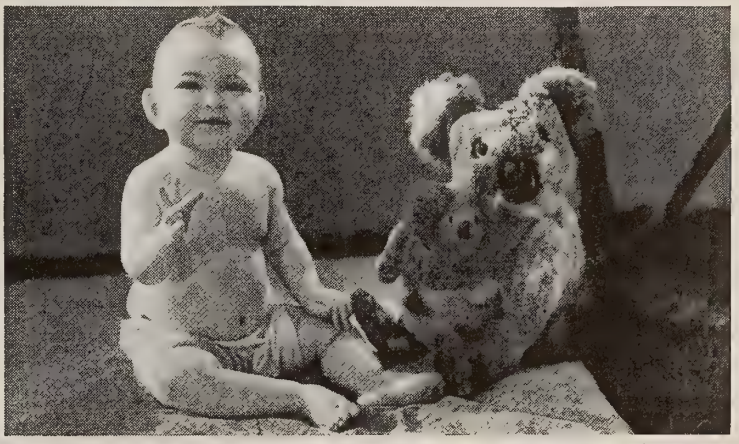
(*Continued on page* 55)




**"It's all very queer,** Mrs. Koala. I thought your baby was going to be the hardest worker in your family—hitching up trees like a house a-fire to gather bark for dinner. And now all he does is sit and whimper! What ails him?"



**"H'm-m. So he's chafed** and all over prickly heat . . .Yes, scuffing up and down tree trunks all day in this weather must have its seamy side. Dear—dear—we ought to fix it *some* way, so a fellow can earn his daily bark!"



**"But how simple!...** Johnson's Baby Powder, of course! Come out of your mother's pocket, pal, and buck up! That soft, smooth, downy powder will cool you off and take you a-sailing over all life's rough spots!"




**"I knew you'd like it!** Johnson's is made of extra-fine talc—and no orris-root, either. And it's such an inexpensive way to keep a baby cheered up!"

**JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER**

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | Eastern Daylight Time |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Cloutier's Orch.**<br>NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | 8:15 | |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Dick Leibert**<br>NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | 8:30 | |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-tete** |
| | | 8:45 | |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Jack and Loretta** |
| | | 9:00 | |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | 9:05 | |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Red: **Texas Robertson** |
| | | 9:15 | |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Eton Boys** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Red: **Cloutier's Orch.** |
| | | 9:25 | |
| | | 8:25 | CBS: **News** |
| | | 9:45 | |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **The Crackerjacks** |
| | | 10:00 | |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Hill Billy Champions** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Ranch Boys** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Wise Man** |
| | | 10:15 | |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Amanda Snow** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **No School Today** |
| | | 10:30 | |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Barry McKinley** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Florence Hale** |
| | | 10:45 | |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **The Child Grows Up** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Armchair Quartet** |
| | | 11:00 | |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Symphony Concert** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Music Internationale** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **Music Styled for You** |
| | | 11:30 | |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Our Barn** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Federated Music Clubs** |
| | | 12:00 Noon | |
| 8:00 | 10:01 | 1:00 | NBC-Blue: **Education Forum** |
| | | 12:30 P.M. | |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Let's Pretend** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Call to Youth** |
| | | 1:15 | |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Calling Stamp Collectors** |
| | | 1:30 | |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Little Variety Show** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Campus Notes** |
| | | 2:00 | |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Men Against Death** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Blue: **Seeger Ellis** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Kinney Orch.** |
| | | 2:30 | |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Matinee in Rhythm** |
| | | 3:00 | |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies** |
| | | 3:30 | |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Blue: **Al Roth Orch.** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **KSTP Presents** |
| | | 4:00 | |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Southwestern Stars** |
| | | 5:00 | |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Blue: **Erskine Hawkins Orch.** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Youth Meets Government** |
| | | 5:30 | |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | CBS: **What Price America?** |
| | | 5:45 | |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Three Cheers** |
| | | 6:00 | |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Red: **Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten** |
| | | 6:05 | |
| 2:05 | 4:05 | 5:05 | CBS: **Dance Orchestra** |
| 2:05 | 4:05 | 5:05 | NBC-Blue: **El Chico Revue** |
| | | 6:30 | |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **All Hands on Deck** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Blue: **Renfrew of the Mounted** |
| | | 7:00 | |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Americans at Work** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy** |
| | | 7:30 | |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **County Seat** |
| | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Blue: **Uncle Jim's Question Bee** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Red: **Lives of Great Men** |
| | | 8:00 | |
| 7:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **JOHNNY PRESENTS** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Tommy Riggs** |
| | | 8:30 | |
| 8:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **PROFESSOR QUIZ** |
| 8:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Avalon Time** |
| | | 9:00 | |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **Phil Baker** |
| 7:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **National Barn Dance** |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Vox Pop** |
| | | 9:30 | |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Hall of Fun** |
| | | 10:00 | |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Arch Oboler's Plays** |
| | | 10:30 | |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Dance Music** |

# SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Saturday Night Serenade's stars—Haenschen, Eastman, Perry.

**Tune-In Bulletin for May 27, June 3, 10, 17 and 24!**

MAY 27: Two programs say goodby for the summer—Kate Smith's commentating quarter-hour at noon on CBS, and Tommy Riggs' Quaker Party, on NBC-Red tonight at 8:00. . . . It's the last day of the I. C. 4 A. track meet on NBC. . . . Bernie Cummings and his orchestra open at the Cavalier Hotel, Virginia Beach—listen on NBC.

June 3: Horse-racing this afternoon—4:15 on CBS, the Belmont Stakes. . . . Henry Busse's orchestra opens at the Cavalier Hotel—still with an NBC wire.

June 10: Last day of the National Open golf tournament, Ted Husing announcing on CBS. . . . Charlie Barnet and his orchestra open at the Hi-ho Casino, Brooklyn, playing over Mutual.

June 17: Hal Kemp's orchestra starts a two-night engagement at the Cavalier Hotel—enough to squeeze in an NBC broadcast or two. . . . This afternoon CBS gives us another track meet—the annual Princeton Invitation Meet.

June 24: The busy Mr. Husing announces the Professional Golfers Association tournament, on CBS. . . . Harry Owens and his orchestra go into the Broadmoor Hotel, Colorado Springs, broadcasting on CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Saturday Night Serenade, on CBS from 9:30 to 10:00, Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by Pet Milk.

One of radio's long-run programs, the Saturday Night Serenade has been on the air since October 3, 1936, without changing either its sponsor, its cast, or its theme song—an untitled original composed by its orchestra director, Gus Haenschen.

It's not one of the big, glamorous programs—doesn't try to be. In radio trade slang, it is known as a "mother spot," and the music you hear on it is called "bread-and-butter music," which means that it's good, solid, substantial melody, intended to please, never to startle.

On every single program since the series started, Mary Eastman has sung a lullaby—new or old, but always a lullaby—and she and Bill Perry have sung a sentimental duet. The sponsors long ago worked out the formula to appeal to mothers, and they see no reason for changing. Every month the executives of the company which cans Pet Milk come to New York, select all the music, and completely map out every program for the coming four weeks. Then they go back to their factory in the Mid-West. That they know their radio business is amply proved by the long-continued success of the program.

The Serenade comes from the stage of CBS Playhouse No. 1—the same house tenanted the night before by Andre Kostelanetz and Walter O'Keefe. In back of the singers and orchestra is a huge sign telling how many pairs of triplets are being fed Pet Milk—it's one of the company's policies to see that all triplets born in this country get Pet. But lately so many triplets have been born that the sign has to be changed every couple of weeks. Right now it lists 92 sets.

The choral group on the program—six girls and eight men—is led by Emil Cote, a French-Canadian who used to work in a Detroit automobile factory. As a hobby, he organized choruses, but they were so good the hobby became his profession.

The person you'd never expect to find on this program of quiet, melodic music is Carl Kress, the guitar player in the band. He owns the Onyx Club, which, you may remember, was the cradle of "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round," and has since become a top-ranking swing establishment. He never hears any swing on the Saturday Night Serenade.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**BOB TROUT—the jovial announcer on the Professor Quiz program, CBS at 8:30 tonight—and crack special events man for the Columbia network for the past six years—born on a farm in Wake County, N. C., thirty-one years ago—made his radio debut when he was twenty-three over WJSV in Washington, D. C.—became well known as President Roosevelt's announcer—now his other duties keep him from the Presidential assignment most of the time—has his own commentating program on CBS four days a week—likes to cook and specializes in Southern dishes—hopes some day to own a radio station.**

(*Continued from page 53*)

write for a living. But he had a hunch. He bought a second-hand typewriter and picked out a one-sheet newspaper called "Newsense"—the first Winchell word-coinage.

Tacked up on the call-boards of dingy, drafty vaudeville theaters, the little typewritten sheet soon became something for traveling players to look forward to. Performers learned that in it they could find news about friends who were hundreds of miles away—or perhaps an item of news they themselves had given Walter a week before.

EACH embryonic edition of "Newsense" was better than the one before. Walter slaved over every issue, loving the work, even though it didn't bring him a cent of money. He learned two important things in those days. First that the ingredient in his blood which had always puzzled him was undoubtedly printer's ink. Second, that brickbats are more lively than bouquets.

By 1922 you could hear the death-rattle in vaudeville's throat, if you had sharp ears—and no one has ever accused Walter Winchell of being hard of hearing. During a long-drawn-out period when, as a vaudeville artist, he had called on booker after booker who gave him chilly welcomes, he paid a visit, as editor of "Newsense," to the editor of the "Vaudeville News," a house-organ for the Keith-Albee circuit.

The editor of "Newsense" asked the editor of the "Vaudeville News" for a job. And the latter, having seen and been amused by "Newsense," actually hired him!

"I can pay you twenty-five dollars a week," said the editor.

Twenty-five a week!—to a man who earned four times that amount (when he earned anything). Walter didn't bat an eye.

"That'll be fine," he said. "When do I start?"

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*Next month—the amazing story of how an ex-vaudeville performer revolutionized American journalism . . . Walter Winchell's romance . . . and the truth about the daily life of a really colorful and unique personality.*

## THE WINNERS!

CONGRATULATIONS—to the following winners in the Sammy Kaye-Radio Mirror theme song contest—and thanks to everyone who entered the hunt for words to this beautiful melody. It's been fun!

**FIRST PRIZE OF $50**

Margaret Wolf,
911 Croghan Street,
Fremont, Ohio

**SECOND PRIZE OF $25**

Marian Millar,
P. O. Box 143,
Shrewsbury, New Jersey

**FIVE PRIZES OF $5 EACH**

Jon Whetsel,
W. 2609 Euclid Ave.,
Spokane, Washington

Ruth Catherine Lange,
905 Prairie Ave.,
Des Plaines, Ill.

Don G. Connor,
106 Holly Street,
Muscatine, Iowa

Birneisis Young,
238 N. Pleasant Street,
Oberlin, Ohio

Elynor Staples,
73 Crescent Street,
Rockland, Maine




# Have time for FUN this summer



## Tastier meals with less work this easy way




● Don't be a kitchen slave these glorious summer days. Stop having to worry, "Oh, I *must* get home to get dinner!" Keep a supply of Franco-American on hand and you can have a tasty spaghetti meal on the table in next to no time. *{See suggestion below.}*

Franco-American Spaghetti makes a splendid main dish, too. Children love it for lunch. It's full of nourishment, full of flavor with a zestful cheese-and-tomato sauce containing *eleven* different ingredients. Be *sure* to get Franco-American—a can costs only ten cents. Order some today.

**NO HOT OVEN NEEDED FOR THIS ★ QUICK, EASY DINNER ★**

**BEEF and MUSHROOMS with SPAGHETTI**

Season ¾ lb. chopped beef with ¾ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in hot frying pan and brown meat. Add 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup and 1 can Franco-American Spaghetti, mixing well. Cover and cook over low flame till heated through. Serve with lettuce and tomato salad; fresh berries and cookies for dessert.

# Franco-American SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

*Send for* FREE *Recipe Book*

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 437
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____


## Honeymoon House For Rent

(*Continued from page* 11)

For Tony was in New York when I talked to him, making a personal appearance which needed the combined efforts of a great many police to control the crowds at the stage door and a great many ticket takers to handle the admissions flowing into the box office, assuring a handsome profit over Tony's handsome salary.

Tony was happy again. The months of hell were over. Tony and Alice could smile, they could talk to each other long distance and laugh, at each other, the world, the phone bill. Tony had proved what every man who has a bride at his side must prove, that he is a success in his own eyes and in hers.

He hadn't been able to prove that before. Not while he was in Hollywood. Hollywood didn't give Tony the shining kind of success it gave Alice. He was popular on the Burns and Allen radio show. And in a succession of second-rate pictures he acquitted himself with romantic competence. But he was discouraged never to have an opportunity to contribute his efforts to a picture that might stand for something. And he was hurt that many who pretended to be his friends were quick to say, "Tony's a nice enough chap. But he's not in Alice's class. It's only a matter of time until the break between them."

DISCUSSING all this, he said, "It got me down. Took my confidence away. I reached the place where I hated the night I went on the air. I couldn't stand before the mike and sing a song without wondering why in God's name they bothered to have me there and pay me what they did, when, I was convinced, a fifty dollar a week man would do just as good a job."

And, as a matter of fact, Tony and Alice themselves had had doubts, right from the beginning, about their marriage. All the head shaking and gloomy prophecies finally got in at them, as it was intended they should. Both were considered better box office if they remained single. And the one thousand, two hundred and fifty news correspondents from all over the globe who are stationed in Hollywood and who find themselves in daily need of stories were quick to pick up the scent of disapproval which this romance occasioned and to raise the cry. If you've never lived through anything half as insidious as this—and you likely never have—try it some time.

I think Tony and Alice survived only because life for both of them has been a school of stern reality. Neither had led sheltered lives. Both were poor. They'd had to fight to make their ways. Consequently they came not to expect too much of men and women—and to learn how to hide their hurt when a thrust goes home.

Thus, when she said at her wedding breakfast, "I don't know how long our marriage will last," Alice spoke defiantly, the way the Irish will when they're hurt and more than a little frightened.

Tony heard her in silence. And when she had finished he slipped his hand through her arm and talked easily of a trip to New York she would be making alone within the next week or two, trying to forestall the rumors that trip soon enough precipitated.

They've reacted differently to centuries of persecution, the Irish and the Jews. The Irish are aggressive and ready to fight. The Jews are more patiently and quietly on their guard.

Hollywood's like other moneyed suburbs. Its citizens, relieved of practical considerations, vie with one another as witty and exciting gossips. The favorite game there is that of hunter and quarry. Perpetually Hollywood is on the chase of someone.

Following the Tony Martins' much discussed and much criticized marriage it was natural they should become the quarry. Discussion and conjecture regarding what they did and what they didn't do became the sport of the town. And, indirectly, the talk of the world. For Hollywood gossip soon becomes the basis for newspaper and magazine stories.

After a time, as Alice became increasingly important, there were those unwilling to gossip at her expense for fear of seeming jealous. There were those who didn't know when they might need her favor. And there were others, undoubtedly, who quit out of growing respect for her hard won achievement.

Tony, however, without the sanctuary of such success, wasn't let off.

"He's not in her class," the talk went. "Their marriage hasn't a chance. Won't be long now. I happen to know!"

I've often wondered if Tony and Alice knew that one of the worst offenders in this respect was the wife of an executive who, fancying Tony as a romantic escort on nights her husband was busy, was piqued when he was persistently firm in discouraging her overtures.

Such a state of affairs would be enough to wreck a marriage that started out far more propitiously than Tony's and Alice's. But in their case it had the opposite effect.

Through it all Tony had Alice beside him. Long nights, he tells me, they lay awake talking, downing the strange fears which beset human beings at such times, reaching surely for each other's hand, making plans, discarding them for better.

SOMETHING had to be done. They both knew that. Their love, so precious to them both, was threatening to destroy itself. But, though they were determined to stand together and fight, they didn't know what to do.

It was Tony's agent, finally, who solved the problem.

"Get out of Hollywood," he told Tony. "It's your only chance. Don't you care what it costs you! Go on a personal appearance tour! Find out for yourself where you stand with the public! I, for one, am sold you'll wind up with more confidence in yourself than you ever had before."

It cost Tony exactly ten thousand dollars to free himself. He had to leave Twentieth Century-Fox and the Burns and Allen program. But it has proved the wisest money he ever spent.

Theaters where he has appeared want him for return engagements. It looks as if he could keep going round

the twenty-six week circuit indefinitely. Two motion picture companies, impressed by the Standing Room Only signs which theaters have had to get out and dust off when banners with his name have flown from their marques, have offered him contracts. And in radio, as this story goes to press, a sponsor was negotiating for Tony's services to sing and direct an important summer show.

So far, you see, the gamble has been a success. Tony, away from Alice, has found that he, too, is important in the entertainment world—that he can stand on his own feet and be a big success.

He doesn't know when he will return to Hollywood, or, if he does go back for some special movie role or a series of broadcasts, how long he will stay. Alice, of course, must remain there. But it is with hope in their hearts and minds that they go on with their gamble, believing the only way they can insure their future together is to put an end to their previous pattern of living—the pattern of living which got them both down.

And since, for a while, they must continue to gamble, the lovely Beverly Hills house in which they took such pride has been put on the market, for rent. It's a large place, not at all the sort of house in which a woman would choose to live alone. Too, I imagine, Alice would rather not live in it, without Tony.

EVEN now, by appointment, strangers with speculative eyes are considering it. The big living room which Tony and Alice furnished around the grand piano . . . the upstairs front room with the big double bed which they shared with blissful neglect of new-fangled notions . . . the kitchen where they cooked bacon and eggs when the servants were out, preferring this to strutting their stuff at the restaurants that are jammed on Thursday evenings with radio and screen celebrities.

"Honeymoon House For Rent." It has a sinister ring. Yet its real meaning is hopeful. Only a fool would predict that Tony and Alice will live happily forever after, that the most difficult years of their married life are behind them. It's impossible to tell anything about two such intense individuals five minutes beforehand. But this far one can go: their marriage has a sounder basis today than it ever had before. They've suffered and fought to preserve it, and the things for which we suffer and fight have a way of becoming increasingly dear.

As Tony said: "When adversity comes your love grows up to meet it, I guess, if it's great enough. And if it isn't, it's just too bad . . ."

Separated now while Tony sings his way back to confidence and happiness, he and Alice talk to each other every night on the telephone. In modern fashion, they divide the cost. Whenever it's possible, they plan to fly to some half-way city and spend the week-end together—and those week-ends will be the sweeter because they must be planned for and hoped for so long before they occur.

I think it is appropriate that their honeymoon house is for rent. Their honeymoon unquestionably is over. Not so their marriage. In fact it may very well be that their marriage has truly just begun.


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● Now is the time to be *extra* careful about "B.O." Avoid the risk of offending! Lifebuoy in the daily bath is not only marvelously refreshing these hot days — it stops "B.O.", assures personal freshness. Lifebuoy contains an exclusive ingredient not found in any other popular toilet soap. *Try it!*


## Phantom Desire

(*Continued from page* 13)

young men," he granted. "And I don't doubt you will relegate it to its proper place—the way countless sensible men have done before you and will continue to do after you."

"Your father doesn't mean to be harsh," my mother told me "but he doesn't want you to make a mistake that will ruin your life . . . "

"If you could see her!" I tried to make my mother understand.

"I'M sure she's very pretty," she said. But Matthew—you're young and innocent, even if you are a man. This kind of—of love—you feel for Rosemary is sudden, and most romantic.

"The love Jane gives you and that you give Jane is built on understanding and faith. It will bring you comfort and happiness that will endure."

"I can't marry Jane," I said. "It wouldn't be fair to her."

"Now, yes," she interrupted.

I shook my head. "It always will be."

"Can you tell Jane that?" Her voice grew colder. "She's in the garden. I just heard the gate click. I asked her to come. She doesn't know you're home. I wanted to surprise her."

I was almost glad to go to Jane. She was an old and dear friend. I hated to hurt her. But at her hands I expected more understanding. I regretted I had mentioned Rosemary to my parents. By their ugly thoughts and suspicions they had marred the beauty we had found together.

Jane came towards me in a little rush and her eyes were shining.

"Matthew dear, what a surprise."

"Hello there!" I tried not to sound cold or formal.

"You're worried," she said, quick to sense a difference. "You—you haven't even kissed me."

I put my arms around her shoulders. Jane was tall and straight and proud, one of those clean and brushed looking girls. "I'm not worried exactly. It's just that I've been thinking."

"So have I," she told me. "And you know, Matthew, I'm almost glad you went away. Otherwise I might never have realized . . . "

It seemed too good to be true. She also had discovered our engagement was a mistake.

But when we reached the swing she explained what she meant and it was very different.

"I've been having very solemn thoughts. I warn you," she laughed. "I've been thinking what it means to get married. How it isn't just a social affair, with presents and a new house. But how it is the beginning of a new life we'll share, you and I . . . "

"Jane," I interrupted, "Jane, wait . . . "

"No," she said, "I want you to know the thoughts I had. All of them. Marriage means sharing. And there's no real sharing if thoughts aren't shared too.

"Oh Matthew, I do love you. I'm glad I won't be Jane Simmons any more. Just to be your wife, and to love you always . . . "

I couldn't tell her then. There were weeks before our marriage. Not all the moments in them would be like this. We would have little disagreements, little indifferent spells, and I planned to use one of these for my wedge. It would be easier that way.

But the weeks that followed were otherwise than I had anticipated. Jane and I had practically no time alone. There were preparations and there were parties. And through it all I played the part of a prospective bridegroom, feeling like a dog, and waiting for the opportunity to put an end to it.

Several times I began to tell Jane what had happened to me but my phrasing was unfortunate, I'm afraid, for always she misunderstood and gave my words a meaning that made it too difficult to stop her.

MY parents never mentioned Rosemary again. And I didn't either. I wouldn't expose her to the attitude they had shown in her direction. And they, undoubtedly, were glad enough to go along on the assumption that it had been the light attachment they had thought it.

My father was as generous as he always had been and always would be to a son who was obedient. The check he gave me, which I put away so I might return it when the time came, was lavish. And he made every provision for me to take hold and progress in his factory.

Not an hour passed that I didn't think of Rosemary. I could see her in

her father's store . . . making little pilgrimages to our hillside . . . swimming in the pool at the hotel—as she had been when I first saw her—her grave face smiling under her white cap. I remembered the flutter of her fingertips against my cheeks. I remembered the sweetness of her kiss. Again the magic of that starlight night and the magic of her loveliness sent the blood beating in my brain when I needed all my faculties about me . . . that I might arrange things so I could get back to her.

At last I could wait no longer to tell Jane. It was the morning of our wedding day. Having been loathe to hurt her and something of a coward I was, I knew, about to hurt her far more than if I had spoken before.

I found her in the garden.

"MATTHEW," she called, "the groom isn't supposed to see his bride on their wedding-day until they meet at the altar. But I think that's nonsense too. I'm glad you came."

"Jane," I blurted, "what do you suppose would happen if we didn't go through with it? If all the people who have been invited were cheated of their show?"

"I don't know." She looked mystified. "Are you—afraid of the big wedding? I'll run away with you to a justice of the peace, if you are."

"I don't mind the show, I guess!" I prayed for enough courage to bear down and see it through.

"Afterwards," she said softly "it will be nice to remember, of course. Only grooms never do remember their weddings. I tell you what, so you will remember, I'll give you a sprig of this rosemary . . ."

*"Rosemary!"* I snatched that name from her lips.

"Yes, rosemary. You can wear it in your buttonhole. Rosemary's for remembrance, didn't you know . . . Matthew! Matthew! What *is* it?"

"I can't," I told her and I felt broken inside. "I can't do it, Jane."

"You . . . you can't marry me, Matthew?"

"It would be wrong," I insisted. "It would be a horrible mistake. I couldn't make you happy, Jane . . ."

"You couldn't make me happy?" she sounded relieved. "Why Matthew, you're all I want!"

"But if you knew it was a mistake, Jane." Now I was like a terrier who has caught his game and won't let go.

I scarcely heard her. "If . . . if you didn't want to, Matthew . . . I'd understand. I'd let you go."

"But you'd get over it!" I wouldn't look at her. I didn't want to see her eyes. "You're beautiful and so good. Your life wouldn't be spoiled."

"My life? There wouldn't be any life left." I was conscious that her hands moved up to her throat, as if she would iron away that choke that had strangled her words. Then she spoke louder. "If you're going . . . go quickly. Go quickly, please, Matthew . . . now!"

Then I saw her eyes and the pain that was in them wiped out everything else, even for that moment my image of Rosemary.

"Jane, don't!" I begged her. "Please don't! I didn't mean it. I've got buck fever, I guess. All grooms get it. All grooms get it, Jane. Please forgive me."

She came into my arms. And now she wasn't proud. She was hurt and numb, and it was my fault.

"Hold me tight," she asked me. "Don't let me go!"

* * *

Years passed and they were long. I worked ten, twelve, and fourteen hours a day. The factory prospered as it never had before. My father was approving and my mother was proud. Jane wore a fine coat and worried about my health. Our two children went to the best private school.

At least one hundred times I got it all straightened out in my head. Rosemary belonged to my youth. She was a pretty dream to remember gratefully, nothing more. I was, I told myself, among the fortunate men of the world. I had a charming wife, a lovely home, two fine healthy children, a prospering factory. No sane man could ask for more.

Sometimes I would think I had put the interlude with Rosemary behind me, finally and successfully. Until the pink cosmose in Jane's garden reminded me of her mouth. Or the air of a summer night had the soft texture another night had known so long ago. Then it would be back again, that old feeling, in an engulfing wave. And I would have bitter thoughts when my shaving mirror showed gray hair at my temples and be afraid I was going to die without ever having lived.

AT such times I doubtless was more abstracted with Jane and the children too. One night she taxed me about this.

"Matthew," she said, "put your book down, please. I want to talk to you about . . . the children and I need something from you, Matthew."

*"What!"* I tried to joke—there was such import in her voice. "Is that





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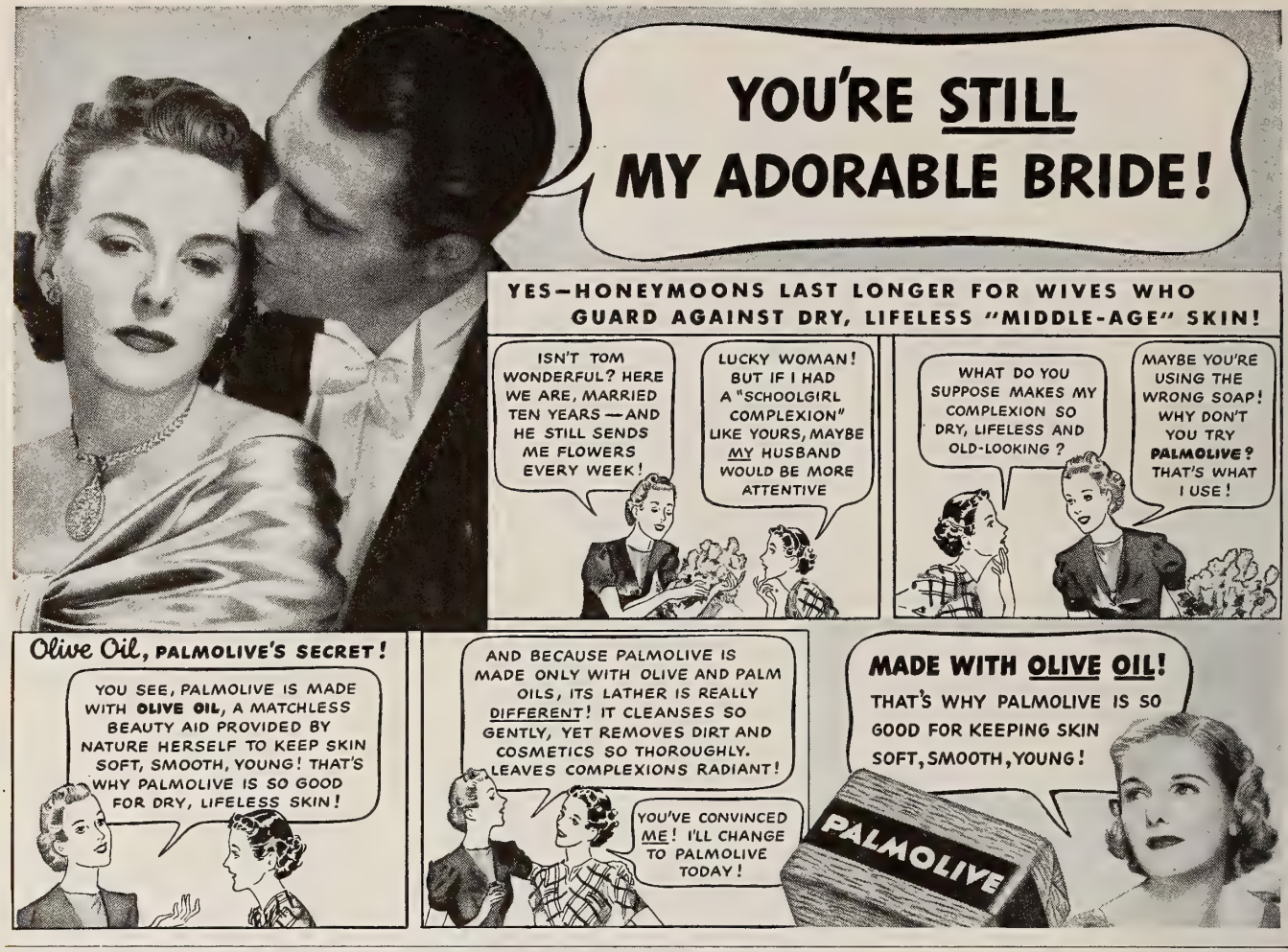
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Use Pond's before powder and overnight to help supply this important vitamin for your skin. Same jars, labels, prices.

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*Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart*

Smart young society favorite, always seen in fashionable places. She goes hatless throughout the active outdoor season—winters in Palm Beach.




check I gave you last week gone so soon?"

But she wouldn't be put off. She at last had found her courage to bring things into the light, whatever the consequences.

"You've given us too many checks," she said gently, "and too little else. At first I thought I must not interfere with your absorption in your business. I reasoned I had been wrong when I thought you wanted to be a writer more than anything else—that you really were a business man at heart, like your father. Now I know I was wrong. You really hate that factory, for all the success your slaving has brought it, don't you? It's been an escape . . ."

"JANE!" I was horrified. "What has happened to make you feel . . ."

"Nothing! Nothing has happened!" And the bitterness in her usually calm voice frightened me. "That's just the trouble, Matthew. One day follows another. At the end of it we're a little older. Empty days and empty years . . .

"The children feel it too. At night they rush to meet you and you kiss them dutifully and turn away—just the same as you kiss me and turn away . . ."

"I'm not demonstrative, you know," I protested.

She shook her head hopelessly. "Let's not parry words. Let's be honest now, while we still have time. Let's change whatever it is that's wrong, Matthew—whatever it costs one or both of us.

"Tell me, why can't I reach you . . . why?" Her voice broke. "Tell me, of what were you dreaming just now when you were pretending to read that book?"

"A silly dream!" I laughed, rather effectively I thought.

"It wasn't so silly though," Jane insisted quietly, "for it brought a look to your face I've yearned to bring there. Who was it you were thinking about? Tell me, please Matthew."

"You're being ridiculous!" I insisted. "All right, have it . . . it was a puppy love affair. Just youth and moonlight. I thought I'd forgotten."

She shook her head. "But you never have. I know. Was her name, by chance, Rosemary?"

"How did you know?" I demanded, entirely off guard now.

"You've called her in your sleep. So many times. I want you to go find her, Matthew. And if she lives up to your dream and she's free and you live up to her dream too—I'll, I'll set you free."

"Jane!" I said, "You must be crazy!"

"I don't think so," she answered quietly. "I don't want to lose you, Matthew. But I'd rather have nothing and know I had nothing than keep on as I have been going—afraid—and pretending to myself all the time that things were different.

"It is Rosemary you want, isn't it *honestly?*"

"I've always wanted her," I admitted slowly. "But, Jane . . ."

She stood up and moved towards the door. "Go to her tomorrow. For her sake and your sake—and mine. If you don't mind I won't get up for breakfast. I—I haven't been sleeping well lately. Goodbye."

Bedford Crossing was so very much the same that I forgot the years that had run through the glass. The same cars were parked along the tree-arched street. Salvia grew in the same little stone-rimmed gardens. The same penny candy lay under the glass case. Chocolate babies. Orange marshmallow bananas. Licorice shoe laces.

I forgot my graying temples and the slight paunch that was beginning to show at my waist. I tried to think of home but Jane and the children had no reality. And had Rosemary come in wearing the same white organdy frock I wouldn't have been surprised.

I was restless with the excitement that had been increasing within me ever since I had left home. I actually had difficulty controlling my voice when I spoke to the old man who ran the store.

"I haven't been to Bedford Crossing for years," I said. "But it looks just the same."

He nodded.

"Didn't you have a daughter?" I asked.

"Two daughters," he agreed, "and a son."

"Is Rosemary still here?" It seemed an eternity before he answered.

"Rosemary? Sure enough. I'm expecting her any minute."

IMPATIENTLY I walked over to the door.

"There's nobody coming now," I said, "but a middle-aged woman and a child."

The old man peered over my shoulder. "That's Rosemary! Guess she's put on a lot of weight since you seen her. Always stuffing."

I tried to say "That couldn't be Rosemary," but I made only a strangled sound.

"Look at her, will you?" her father

went on. "Can't stop eating long enough to walk down the street. Kid's just like her, only sickly. Husband went off and left them."

They were closer now. "Luly," the middle-aged woman said, "quit dragging on me, walk up, can't you?" And it was a querulous voice I never had heard before.

"Here's an old friend come to see you," her father called.

The lining hung from her coat. She peered at me near-sightedly.

I WAS passing through Bedford Crossing," I managed to get the words out somehow. "And I thought I'd stop to say hello."

"Face is kind of familiar," she agreed.

"My name's Tolliver," I explained. "Matthew Tolliver. It's been a long time since we met. I don't expect . . ."

"Well my lands!" Her pudgy hands, unwashed, with their garish red nail polish chipped and peeling, reached for my coat lapels. "I wouldn't of known you. Imagine you coming to see me. And me looking a sight. I got up late this morning and didn't have a minute to fix myself. I'd have dolled up if I'd known."

"That's quite all right," I said, stepping backwards. I didn't want her hands on me. "I can only stay a minute."

"You look prosperous," she offered. "Guess you've done pretty well for yourself."

"Better than I knew," I told her soberly.

"What? Oh well, you're lucky. I often thought about you. You kept saying you were coming back, but you never did. All the fellers that stayed at the hotel gave the village girls a line like that."

I had to get out of the place. "Goodbye," I said, "I must go . . ."

"Land sakes," her voice trailed out of the door after me. "Why rush . . ."

I went to the hotel. I had to be able to close a door and be alone. I had to convince myself the woman I had left in that store was Rosemary. I had to face the fact that it was because of her I had withheld myself from my wife and my children.

I threw myself on the bed. I felt ill and heartsick. It grew dark outside the windows and I must have slept, because when I looked again the sky was streaked with the cold gray of dawn.

Another day passed the same way. Then I checked out and started for home. I had to go slowly. My movements were uncertain, the way they were after I ran a high fever when I had pneumonia. Mentally I felt as if I had recovered from a severe fever too. I was able to think clearly at last, something I hadn't done for years.

I remember there was a big bowl of white gladioli on our hall table when I let myself in. And I heard Jane talking to someone in the living-room. I recognized the voice as Jim's. He was a lawyer and our friend.

Jane told him: "I'm afraid there's no doubt about it, Jim, there must be a divorce. And since it's going to be a painful operation I'd like to get it over quickly. Please."

It was Jim who saw me first. "Matthew!" he said. "You've come just in time. Jane's been trying to tell me some nonsense about a divorce and . . . Well, I guess the best thing I can do is leave you two alone."

"I don't blame you for insisting upon a divorce," I told Jane when we were alone. "And I'll—I'll make it as easy as possible. It will be best for me to go away again, I suppose. But before I leave I have to tell you . . ."

"What, Matthew?" Her voice was strained.

"I have to tell you," I continued, "that I've wasted years. That I've been too much of a fool to know what I had. That I've been so blind, Jane, I couldn't even see your beauty or your sweet, dear dignity."

"I don't understand," she said. "It isn't necessary, Matthew, for you to make pretty speeches, to—to ease things."

"I'm not making pretty speeches," I told her. "I'm trying to tell you I love you . . ."

SAY it again!" Her voice lifted.

"I love you," I repeated. "More than I've known. More, no doubt, than you'll ever know."

She came towards me. And as my arms closed about her I knew peace at last.

"Matthew, Matthew!" She was half crying. "Why didn't you say you loved me the very instant you came in? We've wasted minutes . . ."

"You're tied to a fool for life!" I warned.

"That's so short a time when you're happy," she told me. As if I didn't know that now.

*Coming in future issues of* RADIO MIRROR*—more in this series of real life stories told by radio's Aunt Jenny —warm, human dramas about people everybody knows and problems that are part of everyone's life.*


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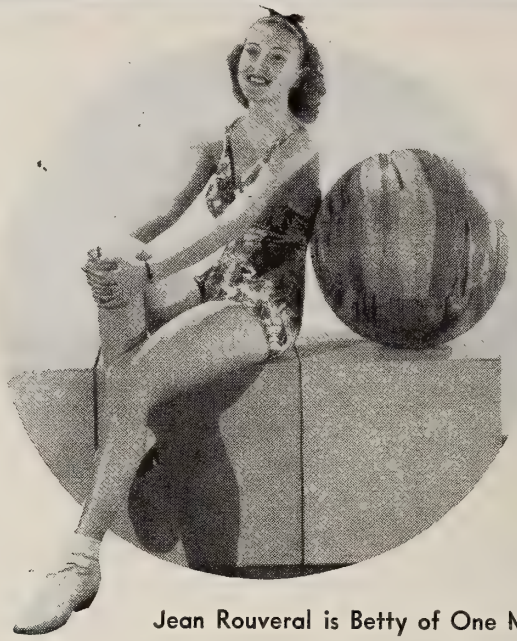
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# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Jean Rouveral is Betty of One Man's Family.

IF you are numbered among the army of interested listeners to the serial, One Man's Family, heard every Wednesday at 8:00 o'clock on the NBC Red network, you will be familiar with Jean Rouveral, who plays Betty Carter on the program.

Jean was born in St. Louis, Missouri. At the age of eight, she made her stage debut, appearing with Leo Carrillo in the play, "Magnolia."

Taking time out for her schooling and dramatic study, Miss Rouveral returned to the stage when she was seventeen, to play in "Growing Pains." Later she was signed by Paramount, and played ingenue leads until she gave up pictures to go to college. Soon after she appeared in "Private Worlds" and in a series of films and stage plays.

Miss Rouveral is a former school mate of Page Gilman, who plays the role of Jack on the program. Both she and Gilman attended Stanford, which is Jack's fictional alma mater in the serial.

* * *

**Mrs. L. N. Otterbein, Canton, Ohio**— Here are short biographies on the three personalities you requested:

Virginia Clark, who plays Virginia Clark in The Romance of Helen Trent was born in Peoria, Illinois, October 29. When she was three, she and her family moved to Little Rock, Arkansas. She attended the Rightsell Grammar School, Lockhart's Private School and the First Methodist Church School. Miss Clark left Little Rock to go to the University of Alabama, where she majored in dramatics. She made her debut on a small station in 1931 and was an instant success; weighs 125 pounds, has brown eyes and is five feet four and one half.

Joan Blaine, who plays the lead role in Valiant Lady was born in Fort Dodge, Iowa, April 22. She attended the Northwestern University, where she studied law, and Columbia University, New York City, mainly on scholarships she won. She made her radio debut at Medford Hillside, Boston, in 1930 and came to the Columbia Broadcasting System in 1931 with David Ross. Joan weighs 115 pounds, is five feet six inches and has dark brown hair and eyes.

Anne Seymour, star of The Life of Mary Marlin was born in New York on September 11, 1909. She had her first radio audition at WLW, Cincinnati and spent several months there. Then moved to Chicago to take leads in Grand Hotel drama series. Likes athletics, particularly horseback riding . . . drives a high power roadster . . . is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 135 pounds and has brown hair and eyes.

FAN CLUB SECTION

If you're interested in joining an **Artie Shaw** Fan Club, drop a line to Lester E. Balcom, 294 Summer Street, Malden, Mass. He'll be glad to send you details.

A fan club has recently been organized for **Florence George.** Get in touch with Betty Church, Pres., R.F.D. No. 1, Box 96, Saylesville, R. I., for further information.

The **Glenn Miller** Fan Club is making a drive for members. Anyone wishing to join should write to Miss Anna Flynn, 22 Fisher Street, Natick, Mass.

I have no record of an **Annette King** Fan Club. If one has been organized, I'll be happy to hear from our readers.

For details regarding an **Enoch Light** Fan Club, get in touch with Joseph Wright of 47 Sheffield Avenue, Buffalo, New York.

We've been requested to make the following announcement: "The Club's name is **Fred Waring** Fanatics. Members receive membership card, photograph of the Pennsylvanians, and a club paper called "Fraternity Whispers" on a bi-monthly basis. Dues are fifty cents a year (seventy-five cents in foreign countries.) If you're interested, write to Ruth Stanford of 508 18th Street, Union City, N. J.

## Brothers—and Enemies

(*Continued from page* 15)

into night spots. Tommy gets first choice of any place he wants to play and Jimmy has to tag along behind him. If Tommy draws big crowds, Jimmy suffers by comparison. It isn't fair, because Tommy, getting first choice, can go into a place at the height of the season when business is best.

FOR example, last summer Tommy hit a famous country club in August, which happens to be the best month to draw crowds. Tommy packed the place every night. Jimmy, coming into the same place in October, didn't do as well. It was the end of the season, and Benny Goodman playing in his underwear couldn't have done any better. Nevertheless, people said Jimmy's band wasn't as good as Tommy's.

That's bad, but what is even worse for Jimmy is to have Tommy do bad business in a dance place or theater. If Tommy doesn't draw well the managers won't even hire Jimmy! "If Tommy can't get the business," they moan, "think how bad Jimmy will be." You can't beat that.

Jimmy has to work three times as hard for the money he gets as Tommy does, and he doesn't get nearly as much. Tommy, because he has a radio commercial, can hang around New York if he wants to. He just picks himself out a nice hotel spot like the Pennsylvania Roof and settles down. He not only gets a bigger name every time he does a radio commercial, but he also gets a six-time-a-week radio wire out of the hotel.

You probably wonder how Tommy feels knowing that his success stands in the way of his brother's future. He isn't any too happy about it, but there isn't anything he can do about it, either. The music business is the most keenly competitive in the world. If he boosts Jimmy, he may find himself being "Jimmy Dorsey's brother, Tommy." He's too smart a business man to do that.

Then, too, there has always been a rivalry between the two brothers. They've fought each other all their lives. It has been a natural, healthy, brotherly fight, and Tommy can't help feel just a little bit proud of the fact that his older brother has never quite gained the fame he has.

Jimmy and Tommy were fated to be musicians. There was a Dorsey band before they were born. It was led by Tom Dorsey, Sr., who could play any instrument invented. He played music almost constantly and when he wasn't playing it, he was teaching it.

When they were old enough to sit up, Tommy and Jimmy were given a music sheet instead of a picture magazine. When they were old enough to be slinging a baseball around in the backyard of their home in Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, they were, instead, slamming music around on a pair of saxophones. They could sight read at nine, at eleven, they might not have known who won the French and Indian war but they knew what an embrochure was and they knew chord construction and harmony.

Like most kids, they tried to outdo each other. In spite of their father's efforts to make them a team, they were individualists before they were out of knee pants. Pretty soon the Dorsey kids could play just about every instrument, but Jimmy was sticking closest to the clarinet and sax, while Tommy couldn't be torn away from the trombone.

Jimmy, a year and a half older than Tom, got the first job in a band called the Scranton Sirens. He wasn't in the band twenty-four hours before he said to the leader, "I got a kid brother who plays a swell trombone and you ought to hire him." The leader didn't want a trombone player, but Jimmy threatened to quit unless Tommy was hired.

Tommy got the job, but the leader soon found out he had made a terrible mistake. The boys played beautifully together, but they fought like wild animals.

THE leader of the Scranton Sirens made the mistake of siding in with Jimmy. He made some crack about Tommy being a bad influence in the band. "Listen, you," Jimmy said, "you can't say that about my brother." He then laced into the leader and before long they were both out of the band.

To write what happened to Jimmy and Tommy after they left the Scranton Sirens to the time they organized


*Glamorous*

# ART MODEL TRIUMPHS

**over summer-dulled hair—reveals its glowing beauty this new way**



Miss Alice Anderson

—so gracefully formed, she models daringly smart swim-suits, says:

*"I not only model swim-suits, but I also like to swim. Anyone who knows what swimming does to hair, can imagine my joy when I discovered Drene Shampoo! It takes away that dull, stiff look—so I can have my hair sparkling with all its natural beauty and smoothly dressed in a jiffy for sudden studio calls!"*

IT'S thrillingly easy now to keep your hair looking soft, clean and invitingly fresh through summer. Despite swirling dust, dirt and excess perspiration that mats down hair . . . You'll be thrilled to see how a single




washing with Drene Shampoo sweeps away that drab summer-dulled look! And most amazing—reveals the glamorous natural luster and brilliance hidden in your hair!

For Drene does *more* than merely wash away dirt. It actually removes that ugly dulling film (bathtub ring) that all soaps leave on hair. *And,* Drene leaves no dulling film or greasy, dust-catching film itself, because it's not a soap—not an oil! Yet foams into abundant rich, mild lather that cleans away dirt, perspiration, even loose dandruff flakes . . . Leaves hair radiantly free of dulling film—so lemon or vinegar after-rinses are unnecessary!

No soap shampoo can give Drene's revolutionary results! Drene is the only shampoo licensed to use its new, patented *safe* cleansing ingredient—so refuse substitutes! Approved by Good Housekeeping. Made by Procter & Gamble, Drene is America's largest-selling shampoo! Try it—have your hair glorious this summer! *Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.*

**ONE SHAMPOO DOES NOT GIVE BEST RESULTS WITH ALL TYPES OF HAIR**

That's why there are

**NOW 2 KINDS OF drene**




**SPECIAL DRENE FOR DRY HAIR**
*(for hair wild, fluffy after washing —helps leave it soft, manageable)*
**REGULAR DRENE—for oily hair**

At drug, department, 10¢ stores; at better beauty shops—*insist* on Drene.




LOLA LANE
star in
"Four Daughters"

Any famous movie personality knows that beautiful eyes are one of her greatest assets. On the screen or off, she'd never risk a garish, too-made-up look. So of course she uses Maybelline—the modern, flattering eye make-up in good taste.

*"You never see me without correct eye make-up!" Says Lovely LOLA LANE*

You can have eyes like stars this same easy way. A soft blending of Maybelline Eye Shadow over your eyelids does things for your eyes—makes them look larger, wider-set, more luminous. The Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil is perfectly pointed to form graceful, expressive brows. Maybelline Mascara darkens your lashes to long sweeping loveliness, instantly. No trouble to apply. It's harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. And it stays on perfectly—keeps the lashes soft and lustrous.

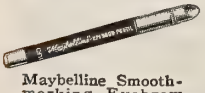
If you want your eyes to be noticed and admired, insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades, Black, Brown, Blue.



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Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous harmonizing shades.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

the first Dorsey Brothers band would be writing a history of modern jazz. Jimmy always got the jobs, then he always got Tommy, then together they always got Trouble. Mama Dorsey has it summed up about right. "Sure," she says, "My boys are such fine friends—its their music that don't get along."

There isn't a swing musician alive who can't tell you a story of a Tommy Dorsey-Jimmy Dorsey fight. They played in pit orchestras for musicial comedies and fought so much the performers on the stage almost went crazy. Managers of night clubs all over the country would raise their hands in horror when they heard a band with Jimmy and Tommy in it was going to play their club.

Tommy came to New York but Jimmy was right behind him. They got a band together and went to work playing for the Boswell Sisters over NBC. Connie Boswell won't soon forget the first record she made with the Dorsey Brothers. They started at eleven at night, and at six in the morning everybody was too hysterical to make the record. The Dorseys had fought for seven hours solid because Tommy didn't like a certain passage Jimmy was playing, and then Jimmy didn't like the way Tommy played.

SOMEHOW, the Dorsey brothers kept their band together. There were periods of months when they didn't talk to each other. The band caught on like wildfire.

But any musician will tell you why that band couldn't last. Tommy and Jimmy are worlds apart. Tommy is the more dynamic of the two. He's a natural born leader. He was always the front for the band, the fellow who not only played the trombone but led with the baton as well. He was the shrewder in business, so he handled the business end.

All you have to do is look at Tommy next to Jimmy to see how different they are. Tommy has a lean, sharp face and piercing blue eyes, he's nervous and quick in movement and his tongue is sharp. Jimmy has a smooth, round face and friendly blue eyes, he's always ready for a laugh and is just a little shy.

Off the bandstand, Jimmy and Tommy were pals. On the bandstand they became mortal enemies. Tommy's sharp tongue and quick temper got under Jimmy's skin, and Jimmy tried, the best way he could, to lash back at his brother.

On Decoration Day, May 30th, the Dorsey's band was playing the Glen Island Casino, one of the top dance spots in the country. Early in the evening, the band started off on a number fatefully entitled, "I'll Never Say Never Again, Again." Jimmy had argued with Tommy before about the number, because he felt Tommy had been playing it too fast. Tommy thought it wasn't fast enough. When Tommy got up to play his trombone solo, he lit into it fireman style, playing even twice as fast as usual.

Jimmy put his hands on his hips and shook his head slowly from side to side. Tommy lowered his trombone, his face flaming red. "What's the matter Lad, don't you like it?" he said.

"No," Jimmy said, "I don't like it."

"You can go to the devil," Tommy said, and with this he tucked his horn under his arm and walked off.

Jimmy and the boys shrugged their shoulders. This wasn't the first time the quick-tempered Tommy had walked off the stand in the middle of a number.

The band stayed at the Glen Island Casino all that summer. Every night Jimmy expected Tommy back, but he never did come back.

One day, when the engagement was almost over, a fellow from another band came out to see Jimmy and said: "Mac's organizing another band. He wants to know if he can come out and sit in with you just to avoid legal difficulties until his band formally gets under way?"

"Sure," Jimmy said. That was all.

Next night Tommy came out to Glen Island. He slipped into the band, picked up his trombone and began playing. Jimmy came over after the number and the boys fell on each other's shoulders. Tommy said, "You know how it is, Lad, I want a band of my own."

"Sure," Jimmy said, "and if you need any help, just let me know."

"Same goes for you," Tommy said.

But once Tommy's band got under way, the Dorsey brothers' competitive spirit became even fiercer.

FOR a while, it looked as if Jimmy had the jump on Tommy. He had the seasoned men of the original Dorsey Brothers band. Tommy had to get new men and build from the ground up.

Then Bing Crosby, long a pal of Jimmy's, asked him to come to the coast and join the new Crosby commercial. Jimmy took the job. In a way, it was the wrong move. The Jimmy Dorsey band was always secondary to Bing. Not because the Bouncing Bing wanted it that way, but because the sponsors were building Crosby.

Tommy stayed in the East. Anyone who knows the band business will tell you that New York is the best place in the world to build a band. All the big bands are made in New York. Swing came in, and Tommy was right in New York to grab a coast to coast wire and cash in on it. Jimmy had just left the Crosby commercial, and was committed to six months on the road. Six months at a crucial time when swing is breaking can mean a lot.

When Jimmy Dorsey finally arrived in New York, he was just—"Tom Dorsey's brother."

Up until the last month, it's been that way. With Jimmy taking a fearful kicking around. But in the last month the Jimmy Dorsey band has been coming along with terrific drive.

The men who have stuck with Jimmy so long and so faithfully are at last getting a chance to prove what they can do over a network wire.

It is once again Dorsey vs. Dorsey, on almost an equal basis, and those in the band business know that the two fighting Irishman are getting a tremendous bang out of trying to top each other's music.

What the beaming, round-faced Mama Dorsey said to Papa Dorsey the night she saw Tommy and Jimmy on the bandstand with their arms around each other is turning out to be prophetic:

"Sure, and look at our boys," she said in her heavy Irish brogue, "it's proud I am of them. But," she added, "you'd better get 'em apart before they go to fightin'."

## They're Human, After All

(*Continued from page 21*)

branches of literature, and the home life of the American Indian.

Gray-haired, with an honest, homely Irish face, and very affable, Kieran is also a genuinely modest man. Becoming a radio star hasn't made his head swell a fraction of an inch. He first joined the staff of experts in the early days of the program simply because he was asked to, and thought it would be fun. Later, when Canada Dry decided to sponsor the show, Golenpaul went to Kieran and told him the good news, adding, "Of course, I'll be able to pay you fellows more money from now on, too." Kieran shook his head doubtfully. "I don't care so much about that," he said, "but I'll tell you what I would like. Couldn't I get a few more extra tickets to the broadcast? All my friends keep asking me for them, and I never have enough to go around."

KIERAN comes by his wide knowledge naturally. He's been surrounded by books as long as he can remember. His father was the late James M. Kieran, president of Hunter College in New York City. His mother, a Hunter graduate, was a school teacher; and John himself taught for a while in a rural school in Dutchess County, New York. After that he went into construction work for two years, joining the staff of the *Times* in 1915. The war interrupted his newspaper work and he served overseas for two years—but it didn't interrupt his reading. He carried a miniature library along with him.

Ever since the war he's been a working newspaper man—on the *Times*, the *Tribune*, the *American*, and then back to the *Times* in 1927. He started the first signed daily column that paper ever had.

About the only type of question you can be quite sure Kieran won't answer is one dealing with modern books. He never reads them—at least not until they've stopped being best-sellers, and until everyone else has read them and he's convinced they're something extraordinary. He constantly reads and re-reads the classics, because, he says, "If a book isn't worth reading over and over, it isn't worth reading at all."

Kieran married a *Times* telephone girl after he returned from the war, and now they have three children and live in Riverdale, in the same section where John used to go walking and studying bird-life. He goes to his office—a corner of the *Times*' big city-room—every afternoon and besides keeping close track of everything that goes into the sports section of the paper, writes his own column. Shortly after he began going on the air each week in Information Please, a crisis arose in the *Times* office. People who were convinced that Kieran knew the answer to every question under the sun began telephoning him at his office. On Wednesdays, the day after the program, as many as two hundred calls would come in. So the *Times* hired a man with a husky, forbidding voice to answer his telephone and keep all questioners away, in order to give John time to get some work done.

John plays the piano, but not as well as Oscar Levant. He never took a music lesson in his life, and teaches himself to play a piece he likes by buying a player-piano roll of it, putting it on the player attachment of his piano, and memorizing the keys that go down as he plays the roll at slow speed. For a man with a memory like his, it's no trick at all.

### COLUMNIST-CAMPAIGNER

Ask a New Yorker to identify Franklin Pierce Adams and the chances are he'll look at you with a blank and glassy stare. Ask him to identify "F. P. A." and he'll exclaim joyously, "Oh, the columnist!" At least, that's what would have happened until just recently. Now that F.P.A. is on Information Please every week, and is called Mr. Adams on the air, his last name is beginning to have some meaning of its own.

F.P.A. has been a New York institution ever since 1904, when he started his first column on the old *Evening Mail*. It was called "Always in Good Humor" then; in 1922, when he moved to the *World*, he changed its name to "The Conning Tower." Right now "The Conning Tower" is appearing in the New York *Post*.

F.P.A. is a columnist, but not the Winchell kind. In fact, "The Conning Tower" has never been popular outside of New York. Nearly every paper that has ever had it has tried to syndicate it, without success. It





**"Lovely skin wins hearts, so be careful about Cosmetic Skin—use Lux Toilet Soap as I do."**

CLEVER girls take Madeleine Carroll's advice. Foolish to risk Cosmetic Skin: dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics all you wish, but use Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather to remove them *thoroughly*. That's what lovely screen stars do! This gentle white soap helps keep skin *smooth*, appealing.

**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**




"YES! CLEANLINESS IS JUST THE NOUN, THAT BEST DESCRIBES YOUR FLAVOR-TOWN"



"Spic and span," people say when they first visit Flavor-Town (Canajoharie, N. Y.). "What flavor and quality," you'll say when you try a package of Beech-Nut Gum. Six varieties. Refreshing and restful.

Beech-Nut




One of America's GOOD habits

GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR?
We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. If you're driving, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

is short on gossip, long on a subtle kind of humor that's funniest to people who, like F.P.A. himself, are book-worms and experts on Shakespeare and operas by Gilbert and Sullivan.

He loves to carry on campaigns in his column, too. For instance, he has crusaded against such annoyances as dry sweeping and people who won't put house numbers where they're visible from the street, but insist on hiding them behind honeysuckle bushes or under the eaves. He also hates people who split infinitives or mispronounce words.

A lot of famous people owe at least part of their start to F.P.A. It was he who first encouraged Dorothy Parker, George S. Kaufman, Deems Taylor, Morrie Ryskind and many others, by publishing their work in his column. Rube Goldberg, O. O. McIntyre, and Grantland Rice were all his co-workers on the staff of the *Evening Mail* when he first came to New York.

Adams wasn't always a newspaper man, though. Born in Chicago in 1881, he grew up there and went for a little more than a year to the University of Michigan. He quit college to sell insurance, a profession he stuck to for three years before he landed a job as a cub reporter on the Chicago *Journal*. While he was on the *Journal* he was a constant contributor to the column written in the *Tribune* by Bert Leston Taylor, called "A Line of Type or Two"—a column very much like the one F.P.A. writes today. His contributions were accepted and published so often that they finally led to his job in New York, on the *Mail*.

DURING the war, F.P.A. served overseas, and worked on the *Stars and Stripes*, the American Expeditionary Force newspaper which had Alexander Woollcott as one of its star reporters. Nowadays, he lives with his second wife and four children in Westport, Connecticut, and drives a battered old car which he stoutly refuses to trade in for a new one.

Adams was a member of the "board of experts" on the historic first Information Please program, last May. He thinks appearing on it is so much fun that it would probably take something pretty disastrous to make him miss a broadcast now. When Dan Golenpaul first tried to tell him about the kind of program he was planning, Adams couldn't make head or tail of the scheme. "Look," Golenpaul finally said, "suppose I ask you a question. Maybe then you'll get the idea. Who was the Merchant of Venice?"

"Antonio," said Adams—and suddenly brightened. "Ah-hah!" he chortled in triumph. "You expected me to say Shylock. Why, I could play this game all night long. You ought to make *me* pay *you* for the privilege of being on the show."

## BROADWAY GENIUS

The only strictly Broadway personality, and the nearest to a real genius, on the Information Please board of experts is Oscar Levant. He isn't a newspaper man, like F.P.A. or Kieran, nor an editor, like Fadiman, but a musician to his fingertips—the cleverest fingertips you ever heard on piano keys.

Born in Pittsburgh, Oscar was a musician from his earliest childhood. He didn't have a great deal of the kind of education most children get, but when he was just a boy went abroad and studied under the famous composer Schoenberg. Back in the United States, he was pianist with Ben Bernie, and went to Hollywood in the early talkie days to do the background music for a picture called "Street Girl"—you may remember it. Until lately, he's been under contract to write and arrange music for Selznick International Pictures.

The only instrument he plays is the piano, but he can play it so well that he can rip off the most complicated pieces with no more effort than if he were playing "Chopsticks." He composes a lot of music, both popular and symphonic. "Lady Play Your Mandolin" was by him, and so are two recent numbers, "Last Night a Miracle Happened" and "The Sleeper Awakes."

GEORGE GERSHWIN was one of Oscar's intimate friends, and at the last big Gershwin concert in New York before the composer's death, Oscar played the piano score of the "Concerto in F."

Right now he is conducting the orchestra for the huge spectacle-play, "The American Way," in which Fredric March is starring. Oscar's never seen the show, though—he and his musicians play in a little room seven floors above the stage, their music coming to the auditorium over a public address system. All their music cues come to them over a complicated set of stop-and-go lights.

Except where music is concerned, Oscar isn't an "intellectual" like the others on Information Please. He's pure Broadway, and along that fabulous street he has a great reputation as a wit. One of his sayings is apt to travel from Fortieth Street to Fifty-second in the space of an afternoon and end up in Winchell's column the next morning.

He's the most sloppily dressed of the four Information Please musketeers. Where Fadiman runs to neat, conservative business suits, F.P.A. to rough tweeds, and Kieran to a sweater under his suit coat, Oscar favors a missing vest, carelessly knotted tie, and baggy coat and trousers. Often he doesn't seem to be paying any attention to what is going on around him in the studio during a broadcast, and even puts his head down on the table in front of him for a short nap—from which he looks up suddenly to identify a secondary theme in a seldom-played symphony or concerto.

The other three regulars on the program are all family men, married and with children, but Oscar is a bachelor and lives in a midtown hotel, near his beloved Times Square. His best friend wouldn't call him handsome, but just the same he is usually accompanied to the broadcast by a beautiful girl—and not very often does he bring the same girl twice.

Oscar is very much of a movie fan, although because of his work in "The American Way" he has to do most of his movie-going at matinees. As you know if you've listened to the program when he was on it—every other Tuesday, that is—he seldom misses a question about the movies, although he usually has to go through a long mental process to get the answer: "It played in the Music Hall—Irene Dunne—a dog—Cary Grant—RKO produced it—I've got it!—'The Awful Truth.'"

## Bridge of Mercy

(*Continued from page* 40)

"Mary, are you awake?"

"Yes, John."

"Your—your bridge, Mary—"

"You've decided? Oh, I'm so glad." She was smiling—really smiling, in relief and happiness. "Only—" A shadow passed across her eyes. "Darling—will you be all right?"

"I'll be all right," he assured her.

"You won't do anything foolish? Try to follow me?"

"No—I won't. I promise."

She wouldn't look at anything but his face, wouldn't look at his busy hands as they unwrapped the parcel, filled a glass with water. She never did look at anything again but his face, not until the very end.

In the courtroom, the prosecuting attorney said, "Gentlemen of the jury, Mary Carson might have lived for some time still. The defense claims she wished—*against all human instinct*—to die. But I say there is not a scrap of evidence to support that theory—that this man murdered his sick and helpless wife, by administering to her a lethal dose of sedative capsules!"

THE attorney for the defense said, "Gentlemen of the jury, consider these truths. Mary Carson was so hopelessly ill, so racked with intolerable pain that she attempted suicide. And if—*if*, I say!—John Carson, this loyal and compassionate husband, did help this poor tortured soul to that long sleep she so desperately desired, then it is not you, but a higher Judge, who has the right to say he was wrong!"

Through all the arguments, John Carson sat motionless in his chair, detached, uninterested, a spectator. He had refused to testify for himself, refused to ask for the sympathy and pity so many would have freely given him. Even when the jury was out he sat there, sunk in lethargy—almost, you would have said, bored.

The jury filed back into the box.

The perfunctory questions: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict? . . . Hand it to the Clerk of the Court, please."

The Clerk began to read, "We, the jury, find the defendant, John Carson, not—"

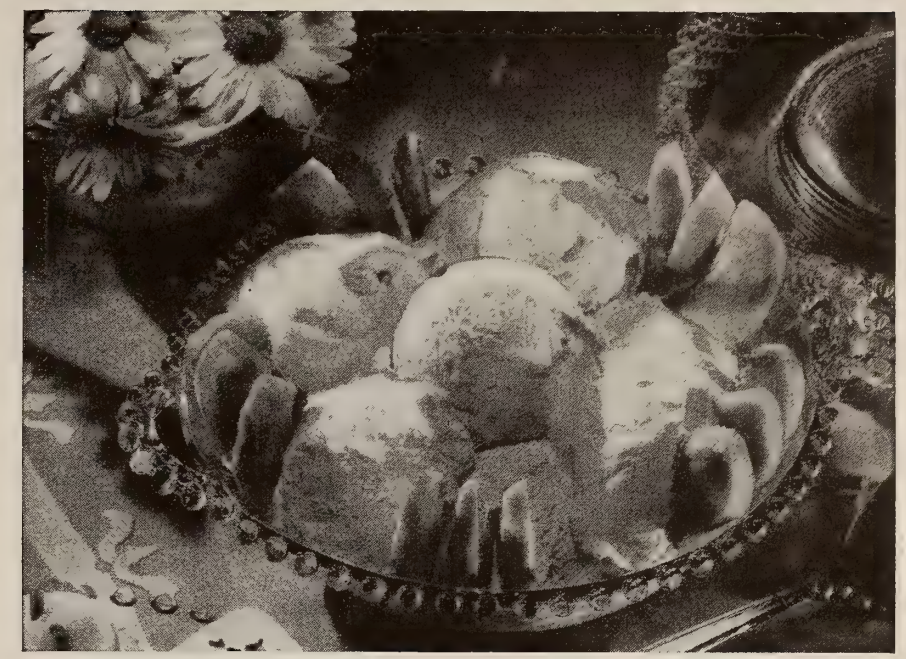
"No!" John shouted, leaping upright, incredulity and horror in his eyes. "You can't free me—I'm guilty! I *did* murder my wife!"

Above the excited hum in the crowded room the judge's gavel rapped sharply. John's attorney was plucking at his sleeve, trying to drag him back into his chair. John shook him off.

"No! I *will* talk! Let me tell you what it means to be tied, hand and foot, week after week, month after month, to a dying woman! Long, dull days in a sickly house—sleepless nights—the incessant care of a helpless burden that stands on the threshold of death and refuses to cross! Refuses, until you eat your soul away hunting for a means to free yourself!"

He glared wildly at the judge, at the jury, at his own lawyer, sweeping the room furiously with his gaze. "Suicide!" his voice rang out in the sudden silence. "It wasn't suicide! It never was suicide! It was murder. It was murder the first time—I failed because I was in too much of a hurry


# Neatest Trick of the Month!



**PEACH ICE CREAM—FULL OF *FRESH FLAVOR!***

***(For automatic refrigerator)***

⅔ cup (½ can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup water
1 cup crushed, fresh peaches
¼ cup confectioners (4X) sugar
1 cup whipping cream

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and water. Add peaches, sweetened with sugar. Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency. Fold into chilled mixture. Freeze in freezing unit of refrigerator until half frozen. Scrape from freezing tray and beat until smooth but not melted. Replace in freezing unit until frozen. Serves 6. (With this recipe you can make *two batches* of ice cream from *one can* of Eagle Brand.)

• You'll say this is the finest—most deliciously *fresh-flavored* ice cream you ever ate! But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.

**BEAUTIFUL SILVERWARE PREMIUMS! SEE LEAFLET ON CAN.**

**FREE! "MAGIC RECIPES"** 68 recipes just as astonishing as the one above! Pies! Cookies! Candies! Ice Creams! Sauces! Salad Dressings! Puddings! All made by sheer magic! Address The Borden Company, Dept. MWG-79, 350 Madison Ave., New York.

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Look through all the advertisements in this issue of Radio Mirror. Pick out the one you like or dislike most. Then write us a letter telling why. You need not praise the ad, but your letter must be frank, contain original suggestions or criticisms. Or, if you prefer, write us about the product itself; whether you like it or dislike it and why. For instance, how do you use the product, because of its great economy or measure of convenience, or some outstanding fact. Fancy composition is not important. 50 words is plenty for your letter. Macfadden Women's Group* will pay $2.00 for each letter accepted. Address letter to:

**Advertising Clinic, Macfadden Women's Group,**
**122 East 42nd Street, New York City**

*Macfadden Women's Group consists of five magazines: True Romances, True Experiences, True Love & Romance, Movie Mirror and Radio Mirror. These five publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.



Make this
AFTER-SHOWER-FRESHNESS
L-A-S-T with a daily shower of
MAVIS
Talcum

like the fragrance of flowers

So often you've felt *hotter* after your shower? Make yourself alluring this easy, delightful way—After toweling, shower your entire body with Mavis Talcum! Priceless!—this lasting exhilaration—this hour-after-hour coolness. The Mavis daily ritual helps keep you enchanting. In 25¢, 50¢, $1 and convenient 10¢ sizes.




THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TALCUM

—I called the ambulance too soon. The second time I did not fail! That's the truth, gentlemen—I gave her the capsules, deliberately! *I* killed her!"

It was strange—strange and wonderful—how little fear he felt when he walked down the chilly corridor toward the big door that would so soon swing open and admit him to—what? To darkness? To a bridge of light, with someone waiting for him at the other end?

The heavily shod feet of the prison officials clop-clopped beside his own light steps. Behind him, the prison chaplain's voice was solemn: "Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. . . ."

OF course, John thought, it was so much harder for everyone else—the other prisoners in Condemned Row, the officials, the man who threw the switch, even the reporters—so much harder for them than for him. All he had to do now was put one foot before the other, let himself be led toward whatever goal had been prepared for him, sit in that massive ugly chair, wait for them to turn on the current.

The straps were in place. He looked about, at the circle of white strained faces. Something struck him a terrific blow, and his senses clouded—

"John!" It was Mary's voice.

"Mary—where are you? I can't see you—"

Her voice was far away, yet all around him. "Here, John. Don't be afraid, darling."

Not seeing her, though, he was afraid—afraid she might not understand. "Mary," he said urgently, "I had to lie, about you being a burden. Forgive me—something stronger than I made me do it!"

"But I made you do it, John. Don't you know that? You had to die—to be punished on earth."

"Oh yes," he said, and thought he nodded in understanding. "Oh yes, I see that now. Others, seeing me go free, might kill through hate—might hide behind the cloak of mercy. . . . But why can't I see you? You said you'd wait for me."

"I am waiting, dear. I can't go any farther now—nor you—it's our punishment."

He accepted that, too, as if he had known it must come. He only asked, "How long, Mary, how long?"

"I don't know," she said, and already he felt a lightening of the bonds that held his spirit to the earth. "Perhaps until we have learned that pain and suffering must be borne as a cross is borne . . . to the Appointed Place. . . . I'll be waiting for you, darling," she said, "at the end of the bridge."

*(Based on the original script, "Quality of Mercy," first presented on the Don Lee Network.)*

## 17 Men Are My Chaperones

(*Continued from page* 25)

States to see everybody in person who tunes us in. And ladies, there are lots of people between New York and New Orleans.

First I wanted to tell you all about these one night stands because they're the most exciting thing in this business of making music. Especially for a woman. It's a thrill—how can it help but be?—to see America first in the company of seventeen men. And the darndest things happen. They're bound to when you travel two thousand miles in a few weeks. Then I knew I had to write this article for all you girls who think you'd like to sing in an orchestra.

Anything you do has its good and bad sides, and being a singer in a band isn't an exception. I don't have to tell you about the good side of my job. You know about it already—the excitement and glamour, the thrill of doing work I like to do, the fun of meeting lots of interesting people and seeing lots of interesting places.

I love my job, of course, or I wouldn't be in it. Naturally, its disadvantages don't outweigh its advantages—not for me, anyway. But they might for some people. They might for you. You should know about them, at least; take a peek with me into this very different world of being on "the road"; and then it will be easier for you to decide if you ever get a chance to sing with a band.

A tour is exciting the first time you make it. After that—well, one tour is pretty much like another: a lot of hard work.

Let me take you on a typical tour.

On the road we travel in a huge bus. It is our home. On these trips it is every man for himself, so I travel light. In the bus I wear a sweater and skirt. I carry three such outfits and a couple of formal evening dresses. The reason I travel light, is because in order to get in and out of places fast, I have to carry my own luggage. The young fellow who takes care of the instruments and the musicians' luggage has enough on his hands. My wardrobe is complete in one suitcase.

Here's an average day. I can construct it for you in advance, because I know about how it will be. Yesterday, let's say, we left Lexington, Kentucky, about noon. It was a hot, dusty trip to Mobile, Alabama. We got into Mobile about eight o'clock at night. I piled out of the bus with the other musicians and dashed for the nearest restaurant. I gulped a quick meal, and then rushed to a dressing room in the dance hall where we were to play. I unpacked my suitcase, and as usual felt like bawling when I saw my gowns. Somehow I managed to get one of them smoothed out well enough to wear, and putting on my make-up hurried to the bandstand to work.

SIX hours later, at three o'clock in the morning, three of the fellows in the band saw that I arrived at the hotel safely, where I went to bed dead tired and slept until noon. Now, in a few hours, I'll be in the bus again and rolling down the highway towards Birmingham, Alabama.

I have quite a bad cold, but I expected that before I started. I've never yet been on a trip when everybody in the orchestra didn't catch cold. It isn't so much the change of climate that gives us colds, it's the drafty theater and dance hall dressing rooms.

The actual traveling, though, is lots of fun. There's always new country to see, and this Southern tour in the springtime is particularly lovely. We have good times in the bus, too. We play cards, sing, tell stories and sleep—in fact, we do a great deal of sleep-

ing. We have our standing jokes, too. One that always strikes me very funny is this: When the bus driver wants to make a sharp turn, or swing out in front of another car, he yells, "How's it in back?" Nobody thinks of looking in back of the bus to see; we all just yell, "Okay in back." Then, a second or two later, we follow that up with another yell, *"Crash!"* One of these days we're going to get hit, I'm sure, and then it won't seem so funny.

OUR bus weighs about sixteen tons, so when we come to a bridge that has a capacity of less than that we make all the two-hundred-pound men in the band get out and walk across. You ought to hear them moan. When things get dull we make up quartets and try to see who can sing the worst harmony. The bus driver generally puts a stop to this. But we razz him plenty too, because he never seems to know the right roads to take and always has to ask somebody in the band.

I remember one particularly long hop we made while we were touring the New England states. We had to get to a town in New Hampshire in a hurry, so we planned to travel all day without stopping. Just before the bus pulled out, I sneaked away and bought a dozen candy bars, two dozen sandwiches and a basket of fruit.

I waited until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when all the boys had reached a proper pitch of starvation, and then, loading all my stuff on my arms, I began peddling it up and down the aisle. The boys set up a howl of delight and began diving in their pockets for money. It was a lot of fun and I made a pretty penny. Sandwiches sold for fifty cents, fruit was a quarter and candy bars twenty cents apiece. They all wailed that I was profiteering on human misery, but they really enjoyed the joke just as much as I did.

That trip didn't turn out so well, however, as we ran into blizzards. Once we were stuck in a farmer's yard all day long, while trying to turn around, and almost froze to death in the bus. This made us behind schedule so instead of sleeping nights we had to keep driving. We all took turns keeping the driver awake. By the time we got back to Boston, which was our last stop, we were all literally knocked out. When we finally got into New York I slept for two days. My husband, Andre Baruch, said I didn't even turn over once during the entire two days.

Playing a different town every night, you soon find out that every place has a personality of its own. Each one is a little different from the last. Generally, people are very nice to us, but in a crowd of two thousand, which is our average draw, there are bound to be a few who do their best to make the band's girl singer miserable. One of these is the fellow who, quite drunk, stands as close to the microphone as he can and blows his breath in my face. If he can't annoy me this way, he may begin making insulting remarks. Then, and only then, I send out my S.O.S.

The boys in our band average about 185 pounds apiece, and can take care of any twenty men. One of the players, a big fellow named Joe is my personal bodyguard. If a customer gets impossible to handle, I simply step away from the microphone and say, "Joe, how's your wife?" Joe slips out from behind his instrument and gently sees that whoever is annoying me is given a quiet, bum's rush.

Sometimes we have some pretty ticklish situations, since some of the mill towns we play in draw very tough customers.

But there again, there's another side to the picture. When we play at college dances it is wonderful. The college youngsters treat us wonderfully well, they invite us to frat houses for dinner, show us around the town, and do everything to make us comfortable. And in most of the small towns we play in people are just as nice.

Nice people bring up a particularly difficult problem. I've yet to play in a place where at least ten young men haven't asked me to dance with them. And I've had to refuse, every time. Almost always, I've refused when I'd rather have accepted. But if I dance with one, I would have to dance with everyone who asked me, and I wouldn't have any time left to sing. That being the case, Larry Clinton would soon be looking for another vocalist.

ON a tour, I've figured out that I sign about a thousand autographs a night. Now, of course I love to sign autographs—it flatters me to know that anyone thinks my handwriting is worth keeping. But it does rub me the wrong way when, as often happens, a card is shoved roughly under my nose and a gruff voice barks, "Sign here!" Silly to let it bother me, perhaps, but when your nerves are on edge from traveling and lack of sleep, little things do get under your skin.

This may sound funny, but often I get very lonely. Being one girl among seventeen men has its drawbacks. The men generally pal around together in




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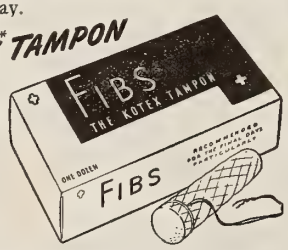



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little groups and have quite a bit of fun. I have no girl friends to talk to, and when I'm not in the bus I often have to spend three or four hours just sitting by myself in a hotel room. I'm married, and I miss my husband. On long trips I often don't see him for a month and a half.

More than anything else, these one-night stands are a test of stamina—mental, spiritual and physical. I'm just about the healthiest person in the world, and very strong, but after fifteen days on the road you'd never know it. The disheartening thing is that about this time it begins to tell on my voice. Very often I feel that my voice is a disappointment to the people who hear me—they've heard me sing so much better over the air. They don't realize that I've been climbing on and off a bus, traveling as much as five hundred miles a day, and that I'm very tired.

SINGING at home, in New York, the tears often run down my cheeks because the meaning of the song touches me. Out on the road, the tears sometimes come just the same—but because I feel so badly about the way I'm sounding, and I'm worn out and discouraged.

I don't want to sound like a cry-baby, or as if I think I'm the only one who takes bumps on the road. The boys in the band are often a haggard looking bunch too. But we all do our best to keep up the general spirit. When they see I'm feeling low they go out of their way to dig up all the funny stories they know and act as crazy as they can just to make me feel better.

I've heard of certain bands that become so exhausted on the road that they quarrel and fight among each other. Another girl vocalist once told me that the orchestra leader she worked for had to keep walking up and down the bus on one six-hundred-mile stretch just to keep the men from getting into a brawl. When I hear stories like that I realize that I work with a pretty swell bunch, because no matter how tired we are, we all manage to get along swell.

Well, that's life on the road. I've tried to paint it truthfully, as it really is, leaving out nothing, in the hope that what I wrote would be of some help to the many, many girls who are seeking a career as a band singer. I wanted you to realize that you must take into consideration more than the mere fact that you may be able to sing well. You must ask yourselves, honestly, if you would be able to put up with the trials and hardships of one nighters, which are an inseparable part of the business. You must be sure that you have a good set of nerves and the spiritual as well as physical stamina to endure the grind.

If you are sure you can "take it" I'd be the last person in the world to discourage you. I've had a lot of fun, and I wouldn't trade jobs with anyone in the world. But, even so—sometimes I long for a nice, fat commercial program on the air, a little spare time to spend with a husband, and a home that doesn't move every twenty-four hours.

## Pretty Kitty Kelly

(*Continued from page* 34)

Marks. Nothing mattered to Michael any more but Isabel Andrews.

She wanted to walk, she must get away, out into the air. Somewhere—it did not matter where—so long as she was away from here.

"Oh—I say! If it isn't the very person I've been looking for!"

The voice of Grant Thursday broke upon her ears. She had almost stumbled against him, on his way in through the revolving doors. His arm, warm and protecting in its woolly overcoat, was half way around her shoulder.

"Kitty! How did it come out? What did the doctor say?"

"The doctor?" She looked at him for a moment in bewilderment. "Oh—yes. He said he's going to restore my memory."

"Weyman is?" His gray eyes were solicitous.

"No. A man named Dr. Orbo. He—he remem . . ."

"Not Orbo!" Grant's face changed. "But good heavens! That's the very man I've been looking for all week!"

"*You* know him?"

"I should say I do!" Grant laughed shortly. "Or rather I don't. Most elusive chap I've ever met. I haven't seen him yet. But I've been trying to do business with him for the last six months."

"Do business with him! But—he's a doctor. A brain specialist!"

"As a profession, yes. But on the side he's a business man. And as screwy a one as you've ever met. But it doesn't matter. Tell me what he said about your memory."

He smiled down upon her from his height, all tenderness, all interest. But she had scarcely begun her story when he took her gently by the arm.

"Come along. We can talk better outside. I've got my car on 49th Street, and we can go for a little spin in the country."

Half curious, half miserable, she allowed herself to be drawn away. It did not matter. Bunny would take care of Miss Dornford, make up some excuse at the store.

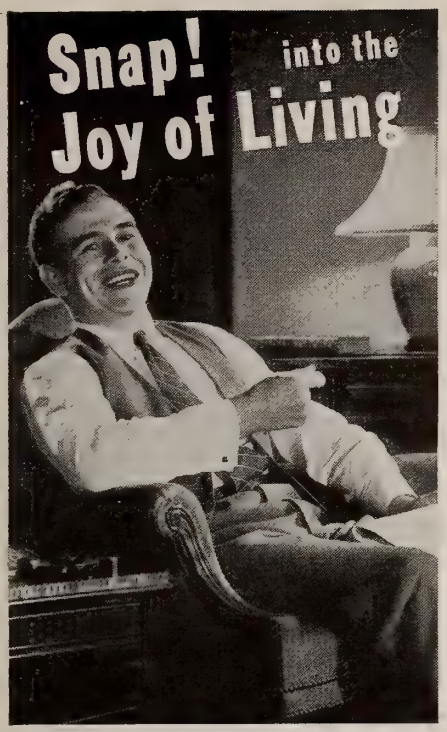
They went out into the bright sunshine. Grant chatted gaily, drawing her out about the doctor, the details of her visit. He stopped once, to buy her a bunch of violets from a street vendor, pinned them on her coat. Then they were at the car, a long low shining affair of maroon and chromium, with a foreign trade-mark scrawled in silver across the radiator.

"It does a hundred and twenty at the slightest provocation," Grant announced, as she slid in, sinking into the low-slung depths of the leather cushions.

IN fifteen minutes they were out of the city, and gliding along a wide parkway.

It seemed somehow so natural. As though she had done it all before. The car. The comfort. The handsome man at her side. Perhaps, perhaps it *was* real. Perhaps the man at her side was . . .

"And so he said you were an orphan from Dublin!" Grant chuckled softly. "Well, Kitty, I'm afraid the poor old benighted codger is going to get the surprise of his life, when he treats you tomorrow, and finds out




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about St. Moritz and you and me."

"Oh, Grant, he won't be able to bring back my memory in a *day!*"

"If he brings it back in an hour, that won't be too soon for me. Kitty—dearest . . ." He slipped his foot off the accelerator, let the great car slow down, as he took her hand into his own. "Kitty, I might as well tell you. I can't wait any longer. I love you. And I want . . . so very much . . . to marry you . . ."

She sat there in silence, lulled into a kind of peace by the motion of the car, the beauty of the blue sky.

"Funny thing about me," he went on, "I've always been a woman-hater. Never fell for a girl in my life. But you—you're different. When I saw you there two years ago, in Switzerland, I *knew* you were the one woman in the world for me. I painted a picture in my mind, instantaneously, of the kind of life we could have together. You know—books, firelight, music, travel. I'd take you to Bali, Kitty—Honolulu—Paris. I'd take you to places you've never been before. Show you Oriental temples—Javanese dancers—the Champs Elysees—Tibetan lamas. I've been everywhere, Kitty. I'm rich. If this deal with Orbo comes through, I'll be richer than . . ."

"Orbo!" The name recalled her to reality. She sat up, and drew away her hand. "Grant! What *is* this deal with Dr. Orbo you're talking about?"

He only smiled at her, and stepped on the accelerator. The car leaped forward with a sudden throb.

"It's nothing. Something you wouldn't be interested in," he said. "You're a great one for changing the subject, Miss Kitty Kelly. But mark my words. I'm coming around to see you tomorrow night—after Dr. Orbo's first treatment—and *make* you make up your mind."

* * *

AS far as Dr. Orbo's business affairs were concerned, she could make Grant divulge nothing more. But the thought of Dr. Orbo's mysterious outside activities troubled her, and when she went to Dr. Weyman's office the following afternoon at four, she took Bunny along. It made her feel a little less strange.

Dr. Orbo was alone in the big office. He greeted them both in his usual expressionless fashion. To Bunny, he was polite, but obviously cold and suspicious. And as soon as Kitty's blood pressure and heart beat had been taken, he asked her to leave the room.

"I will call for you when Miss Kelly's treatment is over," he told her, locking the door after her. The austere office seemed still and sinister without her, without Dr. Weyman, without anybody but the huge frame of Dr. Orbo moving about, darkening the room by slowly pulling down the blinds. She trembled.

He motioned her to a chair, with one of his slow, inscrutable smiles.

"I am going to hypnotize you first, Miss Kelly," he said softly. "There is nothing to fear. Modern hypnosis is merely a question of concentration. You see these two lights opposite each other on Dr. Weyman's desk? Yes? Well—in just a moment I am going to start them revolving. I want you to stare at them intently. Just watch the lights. Are you ready?"

The lights began to go round. Faster. Faster. She watched them, her eyes dazzled by the whirling motion,





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Dr. Orbo's low humming voice in her ear.

"Watch the lights . . . watch the lights . . . just a moment more. . . . Now . . . now. Close your eyes . . . You're growing tired . . . very tired . . . you are sleeping . . . sleep . . . sleep . . . sleep . . ."

Deeper and deeper, as though he were descending into the shaft of a mine, his voice sank down into her mind. And she was conscious only of that piercing whine of the discs, the blur of light and darkness before her. Then suddenly, out of the confusion, the deep compelling voice came once more.

"Can you hear me, Kitty?" it asked. Yes, she could hear it. But there was something horrible about the voice now, something cruel and familiar. "Do you recognize me?" it said. No. She did not know whose voice it was, only that it was somebody she had hated a long time ago. Then something smooth and thin was being thrust into her hand. "Here is a pencil," the humming voice was saying. "And a pad. Now—write. Write your name. Your full name. Kathleen Kelly. Write . . . your . . . full . . . name . . ."

Then, out of the shrill whine of her brain, it came. As though she had suddenly stumbled to a window, and seen it all. She was sitting in a great mediaeval hall, surrounded by knights in shining armor. Firelight was flickering upon her from a huge stone fireplace. She was sitting in a velvet arm-chair, and someone was thrusting a piece of paper and a fountain pen into her hand. Someone was saying:

"Write! Write your full name. Sign this. Write . . . Kathleen Kelly."

It was long ago. And yet it was now. She could feel the anger rising in her veins, as she leaped from the velvet chair, and tossed the piece of paper into the flames. No! No! So now, she must toss away this pad and pencil and refuse to sign.

"I won't! I won't sign it! I shan't. You are thieves, do you hear? Thieves and wicked men!" Her voice sounded far away and mechanical. "Oh, I see it all now! I see it all . . ."

"Write." The low humming voice persisted. "Will you write your name? I *command* you, do you hear, you stubborn little . . ."

"No! No!" Her mechanical voice rose in a scream. "I've told you that before, and though you torture me from now until the Day of Judgment, I'll never sign it! Never! Never!" She could feel his voice rising, rising from the dark part of her mind, his repulsive face coming closer, his breath upon her face, but she must refuse. She must . . . must . . . must.

Then, with a sudden jerk, it was all over. She was sitting there, in the afternoon sunlight, with Bunny shaking her shoulder. And Dr. Orbo was rubbing his hands, over by the window.

"A most *profitable* experiment, Miss Kelly," he was saying calmly.

* * *

AS soon as she and Bunny were alone, she realized that she could remember nothing of what had happened. As though by magic, the things she had done and said, under the influence of hypnosis, had been erased from her memory as effectively as her past. She could recall only the darkened room, the whirling lights, the shrill whine of the discs.

"What were you screaming about in there?" Bunny kept asking her. "I could hear you screaming like he was killing you."

But try as she might, she could remember no unpleasant things that had occurred, no visions, not even the memory of his voice. All that was left of the experience was a kind of vague horror, a sense of old memories churning about in the depths of her mind.

She was weak too. On the walk to the apartment from the subway, she could scarcely stand up. When they finally reached the little flat, she lay down on the bed, exhausted.

"I don't like the idea of it at all!" Bunny insisted. "I don't think that old Frankenstein did you a bit of good."

"Sure, Bunny—but that's the way hypnotism always affects people, I guess," she protested feebly. But she was frightened herself. What had Dr. Orbo done to her during those brief moments? For ten, fifteen minutes, she had been completely in his power. She had lost all sense of herself. Tomorrow, she must do it again. And the day after that. Supposing, after a few days, she forgot about this life completely — entered into an altogether different self? Forgot Bunny, the store, Mrs. Megram, Michael?

She was too miserable to eat, too tired even to talk to Bunny. Instead she lay huddled under an afghan, going hot and cold by degrees, her head throbbing with pain. And it was thus that Grant Thursday found her, when he called at eight o'clock.

BUT Kitty — dearest — what's come over you?" He leaned over the bed, felt her burning forehead. "Maybe we ought to get the doctor?"

"No, no!" She sat up, her eyes feverish, her red-gold hair awry. "I'll be all right. It's—just my head, that's all. I need sleep."

"You need fresh air, that's what you need. A change. Get your mind off this morbid stuff. What about a little spin in my car?"

"No, Grant." She looked up into his anxious face, bent so tenderly over her. "Thanks just the same. But I—couldn't. Just—let me alone. I'll be all right."

"Let me bring you and Bunny in some dinner then?"

"No, thanks. I couldn't eat a thing. But—maybe you could take Bunny out for a bite. She's starved."

"I wouldn't dream of leaving you, Kitty!" Bunny protested, shaking her blonde head. But Grant, eager to please Kitty in any way he could, seized her hands, and pulled her to her feet. "Come on, Bunny! I know the best place for ravioli in the city!" he promised. "Ravioli up to here!" He drew a line gaily across his chest, did a few dance steps, whispered something in her ear. Bunny giggled. Then she came over to Kitty's bed, patted her shoulder.

"We'll be back in half an hour, darling," she promised. "Grant and I are going to get you something that will *really* cheer you up!" Her eyes bright with conspiracy, she did a little step to the closet, put on a saucy black hat.

"Goodbye now," she called. She and Grant waved from the doorway. Then they were gone in a flurry of whispers and low chuckles.

She was alone at last. How long it had been since she had really been alone. The silence soothed her. Per-



# HAS ANY FATHER THE RIGHT TO DICTATE?

How long should a parent attempt to dominate his daughter's life?

When should a daughter, for the sake of her future happiness, insist on making and abiding by her own decisions?

Parents often fail to realize that the domination necessary in childhood becomes dangerous if continued in later years.

Young people, in the enthusiasm of new-found knowledge, sometimes claim the right of self-determination before experience has taught them wisdom to choose correctly.

It is a subject of importance in every home where there are children. It is a subject where all too few parents and young people see eye to eye and the tragic case of Myra Blank is a dramatic true-life example of the dangers that follow too much parental influence.

Myra was certainly old enough to choose her own mate when she told Gar Harrison she loved him. Yet this dictator father determined to keep them apart. And so—but read for yourself the almost inhuman lengths to which he went, the mistake that Myra made in her resentment and how disaster blighted all their lives. "I Was a Dictator Father" is not only a grippingly interesting story but one that carries a message that every maturing child and every parent of a maturing child should read. Read it complete in the new July issue of True Story Magazine, at the nearest news stand, today!

**True Story**

haps if she lay very still she could think things through. If only the pain in her head would cease for a minute . . .

What was that? Was it her imagination, or had a key clicked in the lock of the outside door? Had the handle turned with a soft stealthy movement? She sat up, tense, scarcely breathing, listening, as the door outside was slowly pushed open.

"Bunny?" she called in a thin, frightened voice. There was no answer. "Grant?" Then, heavy footsteps moved across the living-room. A huge figure stood in the doorway.

Dr. Orbo!

She held her breath in terror, looking into his eyes, his glittering blue eyes that were without movement, without expression of any kind, like the eyes of a glass doll. Then he smiled at her, his teeth yellow and crooked in his wide mouth.

"I have frightened you, Miss Kelly?"

"Oh—no, doctor. I—I just heard the—the door open. I—I thought it was . . . Bunny Wilson. I—were you—looking for me, doctor?"

"Yes." He did not take his eyes off her face. There was something terrible about the fixed expression of his eyes, something she could not resist. "I have come to take you to the hospital."

He was mad. She knew that now. She must fence with him, keep him waiting there, until Grant and Bunny returned. She tried to smile.

"Tonight, doctor?"

"Tonight."

OH—but—that's so *soon*, Dr. Orbo."

If only his eyes would stop staring at her like that, she could think. But his eyes held her as though she were in a vise. She could feel herself weakening, losing her grip, swaying a little on the bed. He took a quick step forward, caught her hands in his crushing palms, brought his face down toward her, closer, closer. His low voice sounded in her ears.

"No . . . Miss Kelly . . . no. Don't look away. Watch me carefully. Watch me . . . carefully. . . . You are going to the hospital . . . tonight . . . tonight . . . do you hear . . . look at me, Miss Kelly. . . . No! No! . . . Look at me. . . . Now . . . get up from the bed. . . . Walk to the closet. . . . Find your hat and coat. . . . Put them on . . . now . . . follow me . . . come! I *command* you to come!"

Evil, dark, and yet terribly powerful, his voice sank into the depths of her brain. A giddy feeling enveloped her for a moment, and when she struggled out of it, her body was like some weightless substance, powerless. It moved, not of her own volition, but as though driven along by some force outside herself. She could feel herself floating toward him, floating toward the door, past all the familiar things of the room. She wanted to clutch them, hold on to a chair or a table, stop for a minute. But her body moved on . . . after him . . .

Then, powerful arms seized her, and she was thrust into an automobile that sped away into the night.

*What strange purpose has Dr. Orbo in spiriting Kitty away? And what of Grant Thursday—is the strange connection between him and Orbo something that will vitally affect Kitty's life? Follow the tangled thread of Kitty's adventures to its climax in next month's* RADIO MIRROR.





## How do they do it?

*Here's the Hollywood Secret*

Screen stars must be *always* active. They can't afford to have "calendar days." Production can't be held up—the show must go on. One scene, a sheer and clinging evening gown; the next, a modern swim suit!




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# Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 43*)

*to fifteen pieces . . . CBS songstress Doris Rhodes takes credit for the overwhelming success of "Deep Purple." It's been her theme song for months . . . If you see a notice in town that John Philip Sousa, 3rd, is coming with his band, don't get confused. The descendent of the great martial musician is a born rug-cutter.*

## BANDOM'S BACHELOR BUDDIES

HIGH above Hollywood in a lofty cottage, built right up against a hillside, with a commanding view of the dizzy neon-lighted film capital, live two young men, one stout and soulful, the other wafer-thin, wiry, and wise about women.

Few of the opposite sex penetrate this three-storied retreat which is the home of John Scott Trotter, Bing Crosby's musical mate, and Skinnay Ennis, who directs the orchestra on the Bob Hope show. Yet these two "Hollywood hermits" are bandom's most eligible bachelors.

As far apart as sweet and swing, Trotter and Ennis have been roomies ever since they collectively tickled the ivories and beat the drums in Hal Kemp's band as undergraduates at North Carolina University. Trotter weighs 260 pounds, Skinnay 100 pounds less. Trotter shuns athletics, Skinnay is a slave to golf. Trotter's secret ambition is to play in Carnegie Hall. Skinnay openly admits his ultimate goal is day-long loafing. John drives a conservative black Buick. Skinnay sports a streamlined Lincoln Zephyr. Trotter can eat a two-pound chicken at one sitting. Skinnay likes to nibble on fried shrimp. The bigger man is the careful arranger, plotting the budget, seeing that things work out smoothly. The thinner partner shuns budgets and bankbooks.

Yet these two men of music have several things in common—their natural love for music and their aversion to marriage.

It was only natural that when Fate placed both of them on the West Coast that they should share this five-room, Spanish-designed cottage on swank Maravilla Drive.

Ever since the eventful night back in North Carolina that Skinnay Ennis hurriedly substituted for an ailing Saxie Dowell to sing the vocals with the newly formed Hal Kemp's Collegians, the nervous, lithe drummer had been an integral part of the Kemp organization.

When he nervously chanted the lyrics in breathless tempo, the unorthodox style unconsciously developed Kemp's creation of staccato brass.

For twelve years Skinnay would quietly sideswipe the traps and skip down to the microphone. His romantic warbling magnetized the dancers.

Then the boy from Salisbury, N. C., got the baton-bug. He wanted his own band. Unlike most musicians who desire to leave their leaders for wider fields, Skinnay spoke right up to Hal—and Hal approved.

A trial engagement at the Victor Hugo Cafe in Hollywood resulted. Bob Hope sauntered in one night, liked the band, liked the singer and was instrumental in getting Skinnay hired for the Pepsodent show. From then on Skinnay was in the money.

Big, bountiful John Scott Trotter faithfully turned out orchestrations for Hal Kemp all through the latter's climb to the top.

In 1934 Trotter decided to take a rest and went to Hollywood. There he met Johnny Burke, a songwriter who was instrumental in bringing him to Bing Crosby's attention, and when Jimmy Dorsey left the Kraft Music Hall to go on tour, Bing waved aside the California candidates for the job, giving it to Johnny.

Immediately after the Thursday night program, Trotter leaves for Palm Springs and can be found from Friday to Monday, in the Racquet Club pool, steamroom or Finnish baths. If he has any arranging work to do while at the resort, Johnny orders a portable organ set up beside the pool.

Johnny's schedule leaves little room for romance.

On the other hand Skinnay has almost too many dates. But one evaporates into another like a medley of hit tunes, and if pressed the morning after, it's a safe bet the ex-drummer won't remember if his date was blonde or brunette.

But there's one woman who has meant a lot to both bachelors. She's far from pretty and she doesn't hail from cafe society. Her name is Prunella and she's darker than the Steinway piano in the living room, yet Skinnay and John are devoted to her.

"She may not be beautiful," laughed Skinnay one night when he entertained Bing and Dixie Crosby, "but wait till you taste her fried chicken and hot biscuits!"

When the boys originally came to Hollywood they lived at a large hotel. Trotter complained it was too noisy. Skinnay had trouble ducking the feminine autograph hunters in the lobby.

The cottage constructed precariously above Maravilla Drive was the result. One of these days a pair of feminine hearts will probably share this inner, inner sanctum with the two bachelors, though both men vigorously deny it. Prunella, a staunch champion for nuptial ties, is optimistic. She worries about only one thing:

"Land's sake. Where in de world will dey put de nursery?"

**Ken Alden,**
**Facing the Music,**
**RADIO MIRROR,**
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## *Can They Persuade*

# *Deanna Durbin*

## *NOT To Marry?*

**There is no doubt that she is in love — very much so with young Vaughn Paul of Universal Studios and he with her.**

**So! What about her career? What about the investment that Universal already has in her? What about the scripts that have been written for her which would be badly damaged if she married? According to the oldsters, this is not the time for them to marry.**

**But can they persuade Deanna Durbin not to marry? Behind those serene and confident eyes of hers, what goes on? She holds the trump card. She can dictate terms and she knows it. What will she do?**

**The intimate story of Deanna Durbin's first romance appears in Movie Mirror for July. It is exciting, it is poignant, it is touching. It's what every girl wants to know—the unfinished love story of Hollywood's bravest Juliet. By all means do not fail to read it.**

**In addition to "Can They Persuade Deanna Durbin Not to Marry?" the July issue of Movie Mirror, the magazine that brings Hollywood into your home each month, contains a wealth of motion picture news, views, intimate information and gossip that will delight the hearts of all who read it—truly a splendid issue—and only 10c.**

**movie MIRROR**

## Not the Loving Kind

(*Continued from page* 19)

"The President's—you mean the President of the *United States?*"

"Yep. Of course, it won't really be her, just an actress imitating her. We'll write a top-notch script for it, and have her giving the real low-down on life in the White House—what she really thinks about the Rumanian ambassador, and whether or not the President talks in his sleep—"

"I think," I said slowly, "I think you are stark, staring crazy. You can't fool people like that and expect to get away with it."

"Oh," he said carelessly, "of course people listening in will realize it's all a gag. But after the build-up I'll give her—great good fortune to have a distinguished guest in the studio tonight, and all that sort of stuff—when they realize it's all a joke, it'll be that much funnier."

If I hadn't been so tired, perhaps I could have handled the situation better. As it was, I lost all my carefully guarded tact. "I've never heard of anything so idiotic in my life!" I stormed. "You come in here, waking me up, all excited over a scheme that would get you in the hottest water you ever heard of if you went through with it. It's in the worst possible taste—for all I know it's against the law!"

I SUPPOSE you think you know more about putting on a show than I do?" he asked, his mouth setting in a hard line.

"Sometimes I do!" I snapped back. "Now, for instance!"

"You're like all the rest of them!" he shouted. "Can't bear to see anything new done on the air. Every time I get an original idea you start undermining it, toning it down, making it just the same as everything else in radio! I thought when I hired you I was getting somebody that would help me—not an undercover censor! But this time you're not going to get away with it—I'm going to do the stunt anyway!"

"Grant! You're not! You wouldn't—you'll just be ruining yourself! Don't you see what would happen? The President's wife is terribly popular with a lot of people—they don't want to hear her made fun of. And even those who don't agree with her politically won't like this sort of thing. Your sponsor can't afford to make enemies!"

"You can let me be the judge of that." He seized his hat furiously and turned to go—but at the door he paused, struck by a sudden thought. "I suppose," he asked nastily, "the next step is for you to go running to the network, telling them what I'm planning to do? After all, they're your real bosses, aren't they?"

My head jerked back as if he'd struck me. After that, I knew, even if it was for his own good, I could never tell the network or anyone else about his plans. "No," I said, "you needn't worry about that. If you want to kill the show, I won't stop you."

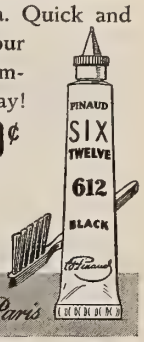
After he'd gone, I looked around the room. My room, the tiny apartment I had worked so hard to furnish and make nice. Once, this room and my job had been my whole life. I had been so self-sufficient, so sure of myself. And now—now nothing mat-




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tered, nothing except the sudden discovery that I was in love with a man who was completely unworthy of love.

There was nothing kind or gentle about him, nothing thoughtful, very little that was even admirable. But I loved him. And, for my own sake, he must never know.

The next day was a nightmare. A dozen times I put on my hat and coat, ready to go down to the studio, watch rehearsal and try to guide Grant away from the terrible mistake he was making. A dozen times I stopped at the door, went back. He didn't call me—he didn't want me.

I cooked my own dinner and ate it in the apartment. Seven o'clock came—seven-thirty—eight. I snapped on the radio, tuned it to the proper station.

I don't know whether or not you heard that program. I hope not—it makes me happy whenever I hear of someone who didn't. For perhaps ten minutes it went along according to schedule—then came the interruption. Grant had staged it cleverly—too cleverly. A sudden whispered bustle around the mike, then Grant's voice, eagerly announcing that a distinguished visitor was in the studio, had just consented to an informal interview—ladies and gentlemen, the wife of the President of the United States!

Then came a voice that imitated its famous original so perfectly I would have sworn it was genuine, talking easily, graciously, to Grant—and saying the most outrageous things. Criticizing foreign governments—making malicious fun of Cabinet members and Senators—even caricaturing the President himself.

Luckily, it didn't last long. Four minutes, about, and then the program went on, along the lines that were already familiar to me. I leaned back in my chair. Perhaps, after all, it was not so bad. The sponsor *had* given Grant a free hand—and this was certainly the country of free speech. I tried to comfort myself with these thoughts.

The program was nearly over. I leaned forward to turn the machine off. My hand paused, just as it touched the knob. Grant was speaking, saying words that had not been in the script, saying them in a loud, positive, angry voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen—it has come to our attention that we have unintentionally misled you on this program. The voice you heard, attributed to the President's wife, was in reality that of an actress. It never occurred to us here in the studio that anyone could possibly take our little joke seriously—"

A burst of music came up almost frantically behind his words, drowning the rest of them out. I seized my hat and coat and ran for the door.

The studio, when I arrived twenty minutes later, was a scene of chaos. The audience had been cleared out, but pages and members of the cast and orchestra were standing in corners, looking apprehensive. I saw several officials of the studio, conferring with each other. From backstage I heard a jumble of voices. I looked around wildly, spied Mr. Newton, and rushed up to him. "What's happened?" I cried. "What's the trouble?"

He relieved my feelings by smiling, but it was a worried smile. "He's kicked over the apple cart this time," he told me. "Seems he didn't expect anyone to take that imitation seriously—and everybody did. The switchboard's flooded with calls from people yelling bloody murder—they want to get hold of the President's wife and give her a piece of their mind. And of course everybody's afraid Washington will crack down on us—take away our license, or something."

"You mean—people actually believe the President's wife said those things?"

"It was a darn good imitation."

"But I heard Grant tell them it was a joke."

"By that time everybody was probably talking so fast they weren't even listening to the program. . . . It would have been bad enough if everybody knew the voice was an imitation. As it is—" He shook his head.

"Where's Grant?" I asked.

"In his dressing room, talking to reporters and some of our men."

I turned and went back stage. The door to Grant's dressing room stood open; I heard his voice, defiant, angry:

"But it was only a joke! How was I to know everybody listening in would really think that a woman in her position would say such things on the air? Why, the idea's preposterous!"

"Heavens!" I thought. "He's getting in deeper than ever! The only way he can save himself now is to apologize!"

I began worming my way through the closely packed bodies of the men in the tiny room. At last I was at Grant's side. "We can prepare that telegram to Washington now, Mr. Lodge," I said in a loud voice. I turned to the others. "I am Mr. Lodge's secretary. If you will just excuse us—we have some important business to attend to—"

It took me some time, but at last I got them cleared out and shut the door behind them. I faced Grant.

He looked at me. And he began to laugh. He threw back his head and roared. It wasn't real laughter, though; it began by being forced, and


## YOUR FAITH

A nonsectarian, pocket-size magazine packed with interest for those who recognize the need of some Power higher than themselves to stabilize their lives and bring encouragement and hope. It is filled with human interest stories and articles which show the vital experiences people have had with religion. Discussions of creeds and doctrines are avoided. It does not preach. Striking cases of remarkable answers to prayer, rewarded faith, and rebuilt lives make their own appeal, and conclusions are left to the reader's individual idea of God and His dealing with man.

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then went on until it passed out of his control and became a rushing torrent of merriment that he couldn't stop.

Something snapped inside me. All the tension of the last few weeks, all the mixed-up emotions I had felt and tried not to feel, rose up in me and lifted my right arm and brought my hand crashing across his face, right across that wide open, laughing mouth.

Grant stopped laughing, with a quick indrawn gasp of breath. His hand went across his mouth, pressing tight against it, and above it his black eyes looked into mine.

"Thanks," he said. "I needed that."

I began to tremble. I reached behind me for a chair, turning my face away so he wouldn't see the sudden weakness in it. But his strong hands were on my shoulders, turning me back toward him, and his lips were on mine.

He released me, gently. "It just occurred to me," he said in a wondering voice, "that I love you. Here I am, in an awful mess, and all I can think of is that I love you."

"I know," I said shakily. "Maybe—maybe we're both crazy. That's all I can think of, too."

"Funny," he said, still holding me close. "I never realized how much I depended on you—needed you—until you walked in here and cleared that bunch of wolves out. I've been kidding myself, all this time, into thinking you were just a secretary to me. Somebody to kick around and show off to. I'm the world's number-one show-off, you know."

"Yes, darling," I said. "I know."

I NEVER realized that, either, until tonight. I ought to have known what trouble that stunt would cause—I *did* know it—but it was my idea and I was stuck with it. Just because it was *my* idea—if anybody else had suggested it I'd have known right away it was crazy."

I laid my fingers across his mouth. He'd been so proud, I hated to see him humbling himself, even while I knew it spelt happiness for me.

"Never mind," I said. "Don't apologize to me. Apologize to the reporters, and to the President's wife, and get the network to let you go on the air, right away, so you can tell the people who listened in tonight you're sorry. Just admit you made a mistake, and let it go at that."

He nodded and stepped backwards, straightening himself up. "That's the thing to do," he said. "Let's do it, and get it over with."

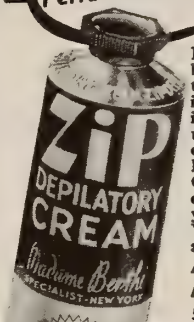
Well, that's about all there is to tell. The papers played up the story for a day, and for a while it looked as if the sponsor would take the program off the air. But Grant's contrite attitude convinced people he hadn't meant any harm, and a new excitement came along in the papers, and people forgot. Then the sponsor decided to keep the show on after all.

Grant and I are married now. And because a man doesn't change overnight, he still shows off in front of me; he still gets ideas and lets himself be intoxicated by them. But whenever that happens I look at him, and smile a little. He tries to avoid my eyes, but at last he can hide from them no longer, and he smiles too.

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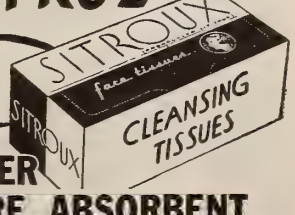
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## The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(*Continued from page 37*)

tied awkwardness and chat with him.

I scarcely believed Bruce Eaton when he said, "I'm going to quit pictures and radio."

It was a simple announcement, evidently marking a decision which he had reached after those seconds of silent deliberation.

"You're *quitting!*"

He nodded.

"But," I said, "you can't. Why, good Lord, your public wouldn't let you. You couldn't afford to, you're right at the peak of your earning capacity. You're box office, you're . . . you're . . . you're everything."

He said, "Only a few actors have it in themselves to rise superior to misfortune. Very few have what it takes to fight their way through a slump. They start drinking, brooding, bumming. Their fortunes change too fast. Take me, for instance. I was prominent in football. I had a few parts in a college football picture, doubling for the star at long range, having close-ups taken and dressing room scenes in between halves. Then I started practicing architecture. It was a long, hard, uphill struggle. Some director, looking over old prints, thought I was the type he needed for a minor part. He looked me up. . . . That was five years ago."

DURING the last three years," he said, "I've drawn a fabulous salary, in pictures and on the air. My living expenses have increased accordingly. They have to. I'm in the public eye. I can't afford to remain as I was. My private life must be glamorous. I must be photographed in public places with other stars. There must be hints of romance, carefully built up by the press department of my studio. I must look the part, act the part, dress the part. I associate with the best people everywhere. . . . And within a few short years I'll probably be back, poorer than when I started—not financially, because I'm taking care of that, but my contacts will be gone. My friendships will have evaporated into thin air. I'll retire somewhere to an orange ranch. People will occasionally point me out as a curiosity, as 'that man Eaton, who had sense enough to salt something away. He used to be quite a star.' See what I'm getting at? I'll be all finished while I'm still young."

I knew there was impatience in my voice. "You've started now," I said. "You can't beat the game by quitting."

His eyes softened. "I wasn't thinking of myself," he said. "I was using my own case as an illustration. To be frank, I was thinking of Woodley Page."

"What about Woodley Page?"

"He's one star in fifty," he said. "A man who has built up a permanent public following, a man whom the audiences like."

"And what have you to do with Woodley Page?"

"Let's put it the other way," he said. "What has Woodley Page to do with me? Woodley Page gave me my start. Page was the man who persuaded the director to look me up, and now Woodley Page is at the turning point of his own career. And an old scandal is about to drag him into the slime of the public cesspool which is aired on the front pages of our newspapers every day. People will read about it with eager avidity. Every man, woman, and child in the United States will know of it. There's a sadistic something which makes the public delight in tearing down actors whom it has built up."

"And what has this to do with you?" I asked.

"I," he said, slowly, "can prevent it," and then added, after a moment, "at the cost of my own career. But my career is probably at its zenith. Tomorrow, next week, or next month may start the decline. You know how it will be—that is, if you know anything about pictures. And the radio is about the same."

I tried to hold his eyes with mine. "Yes," I told him, "I know something about pictures.

"We hear a great deal of talk about how little good pictures do, how silly some of the stories are." I said. "The sophisticated critics make a great show of looking down on the hokum of the movies, but the fact remains that you're filling a crying public need. All over the country, there are millions of girls who feel as I do, and there are young men who feel the same way, only they haven't the courage to come out and admit it.

"You *can't* quit pictures, Bruce Eaton. It would be like killing my ideals."

"There'll be someone to take my place," he said, smiling wistfully.

And before I realized what I was saying, I blurted out, "No one can ever take your place—not with *me,*" and then hid behind the confusion of my flaming cheeks.

His hand came across the table to rest on mine.

"Miss Bell," he said, in a voice vibrant with sincerity, "I want to thank you for giving me faith in myself at a time when I need it—but, I'm afraid there's no alternative as far as my career's concerned. It's either Woodley Page's career or mine."

"What can *you* do?" I asked.

I CAN stand between him and what's coming," he said. "I can take the blame."

I took the key of the safety deposit box from my purse. "Does that," I asked, holding it between my thumb and forefinger, "have anything to do with it?"

He said, thoughtfully, "I think that *may* have a great deal to do with it. It goes back many years, when Woodley Page was a star, and when a young woman, whose name I won't mention, was numbered among the first five at the box office. It was at a time when Hollywood hadn't acquired the moral stamina it has now. People were dealing with something new, and particularly people who didn't know how to take success. They couldn't understand the skyrocket sweep of surging power which jerked an actor up from oblivion to the dizzy heights. This actress became involved in a situation from which Woodley Page, who was young, and romantic, and indiscreet, tried to extricate her. Letters and messages changed hands. Woodley Page went on to success. The actress made several attempts to come back and couldn't do it. She was finally defeated, not by others, but by herself.

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She died in obscurity, but those letters remained to her dying day as her cherished possessions."

"Where are those letters now?" I asked.

"As nearly as I can find out," he said, "Charles Temmler obtained possession of those letters and wanted to sell them. His chauffeur stole them and approached the studio which has Woodley Page under contract. The studio delegated Frank Padgham to handle the matter. Padgham reached an agreement with Wright; Foley was the lawyer who drew that agreement. Temmler discovered the theft, and naturally resented it. He employed a private investigator named Thompson Garr to steal the letters from Carter Wright. I found out that Garr was planning to get possession of the agreement before Carter Wright had signed it. He thought there would be a clue in that agreement to the location of the letters. He didn't realize that Carter Wright was far too smart for that."

"So what?" I asked, breathlessly.

"So I went to the house to protect the interests of Woodley Page. I entered the house. Apparently, no one was home. I started wandering, investigating. I got as far as the upstairs bedroom when someone who had been hidden behind the door cracked me on the head. We struggled. I got another crack and lost consciousness. When I came to, I was tied, gagged, and in the closet. You found me there."

I pushed the key across the tablecloth. "The lock box," I said, "is in the bank in Las Almiras, and arrangements have been made with the man in charge of that bank to write into a blank power of attorney the name of any person who presents this key."

For a moment, Bruce Eaton didn't reach for the key. His eyes, instead, were on my face. "What a fine, true-blue girl you are," he said, and I didn't need to be as expert as William C. Foley to catch a note in his voice which sent blood surging into my veins.

IT was hot after we'd swept out of Los Angeles and started to skim over the Pomona boulevard. By the time we turned off the main boulevard, the sun, beating down from the intense blue of a California sky, dried moisture from our systems as fast as we could take it in.

"When we get there, I want you to keep entirely in the background," Bruce Eaton said, as we whizzed down out of low, rolling hills and hit the straightaway which led to Las Almiras.

"That's out, definitely," I told him. "*You* can't afford to figure in this. I'm going inside. I'm going to have the banker put *my* name on that power of attorney. You're to wait outside in the car. If anything goes wrong, *you* must be in the clear. You have too much to lose. After all, you know, this key came from a house where a man had been murdered. Lord knows who dropped it! Carter Wright didn't, because it wasn't in the room where his body was found."

"Yes," Bruce Eaton said, "Carter Wright would have kept the key with him. Whoever murdered him took the key—and then found it necessary to tap me over the head and tie and gag me. While he was bending over trussing me up, the key slipped out of his pocket. . . . The police will reason

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that out. Whoever murdered Carter Wright took the key. Therefore, whoever has the key murdered Carter Wright."

"And we have the key," I said.

He interrupted me by sliding the car to a stop in a wide place in the road near a group of one-storied, wooden structures. Just opposite the front wheel, a curbed cement sidewalk which Las Almiras boasted—directly in front of The First National Bank.

Bruce Eaton jumped out from behind the steering wheel and dashed into the bank.

Las Almiras is a little place in the midst of an agricultural district. The city itself consists mostly of two large stores selling general merchandise, a restaurant, a gasoline station, garage, and The First National Bank. As far as life was concerned, the streets were virtually devoid of motion. Two or three parked automobiles, a man sitting dejectedly on a corner whittling a stick, and a sleeping dog seemed to constitute the sole evidence of civic activity.

I reached the screen door of the bank and pulled it open. The interior, I saw, was arranged upon the lines of a conventional bank. The counter was surmounted by a heavy mesh screen in which arch-shaped openings were cut for tellers. The sole teller was in the vault with Bruce Eaton.

HE glanced up when he heard the screen door slam, and nodded to me. He was a young man with bulging brows and thick-lensed spectacles which distorted his mild, watery blue eyes. "I'll be with you in just a moment," he called.

Apparently, he managed the bank all by himself. I saw a lacquered metal lunch box and a thermos bottle just inside the grilled window. Near them was a package of cigarettes and an ash tray.

I heard the banker say to Bruce Eaton, "This young woman isn't with you, is she?" And Bruce Eaton, looking at me with calm, disinterested appraisal, said, "No, I've never seen her before."

That put me in a spot. I couldn't say anything without undoing all of the good I'd tried to do. I was furious to think of how I'd been jockied into such a position; yet there was nothing I could do about it.

At any rate, I could keep a lookout, making certain that Bruce Eaton had an avenue of escape open if anything went wrong.

Apparently, the banker hadn't recognized him. I could see that he was nearsighted as he bent over the paper he was filling out. Then Bruce Eaton handed him a driving license, showed him a wallet containing a passport. I realized then that "Bruce Eaton" was only a stage name. I remembered having read somewhere that his real name had been considered far too unromantic by the studio publicity department. Of course, his driving license and passport would be under his real name.

The banker inserted a key into the upper lock on the safety deposit box. Bruce Eaton inserted the key I had given him in the lower lock. I gripped the counter, fascinated, wondering if the key would work. Had I been right in assuming. . . .

The key turned and I could hear the lock click smoothly back. The banker turned away from Bruce Eaton. His figure, partially concealing the interior of the vault as he came toward me, prevented me from seeing just what Bruce Eaton was doing.

"Good afternoon," he said. "I'm sorry I had to keep you waiting. You see, I'm all alone here in the bank afternoons. What was it you wanted?"

I blurted out the first idea which came to my mind. "I want to cash a check."

"A check on *this* bank?" he asked courteously.

"No," I said, "I'm afraid it will have to be drawn on my Los Angeles bank."

"How much is the check?"

"I can get along with five dollars," I told him, smiling my best smile. "You see, I left my purse in the rest room at Pomona. I want to telephone back about the purse and get enough gas to carry me on through to San Diego."

"You have your checkbook with you?" he asked.

I started to produce it, and then suddenly realized that it was in my purse, and my purse was hanging just below the level of the counter. Having made that crack about losing my purse, I certainly couldn't let him see it now.

"No," I said, "my checkbook was in my purse. I'd have to fill in a blank check."

He blinked owlishly at me through the thick lenses of his spectacles.

BACK in the vault, I heard Bruce Eaton slam shut the door of the safety deposit box, and breathed a sigh of relief. Everything would be all right if I could only hold this banker in conversation for a few more seconds. I pushed my leg against my purse, clamping it tight against the counter and then trying to ease it down to the floor. But the purse was of smooth leather; it slid out and dropped with a bang. The banker looked puzzled. I said, hurriedly, "Of course, I can put up my wrist watch as collateral," and started to take it off. As I partially turned, I looked out through the plate glass window, and saw a car slide in close to the curb and stop. On the upper right-hand corner of the windshield was a huge spotlight with a red circle of glass, the telltale insignia of a police car. There were five men in it; one of them, wearing a huge black sombrero, looked like a sheriff.

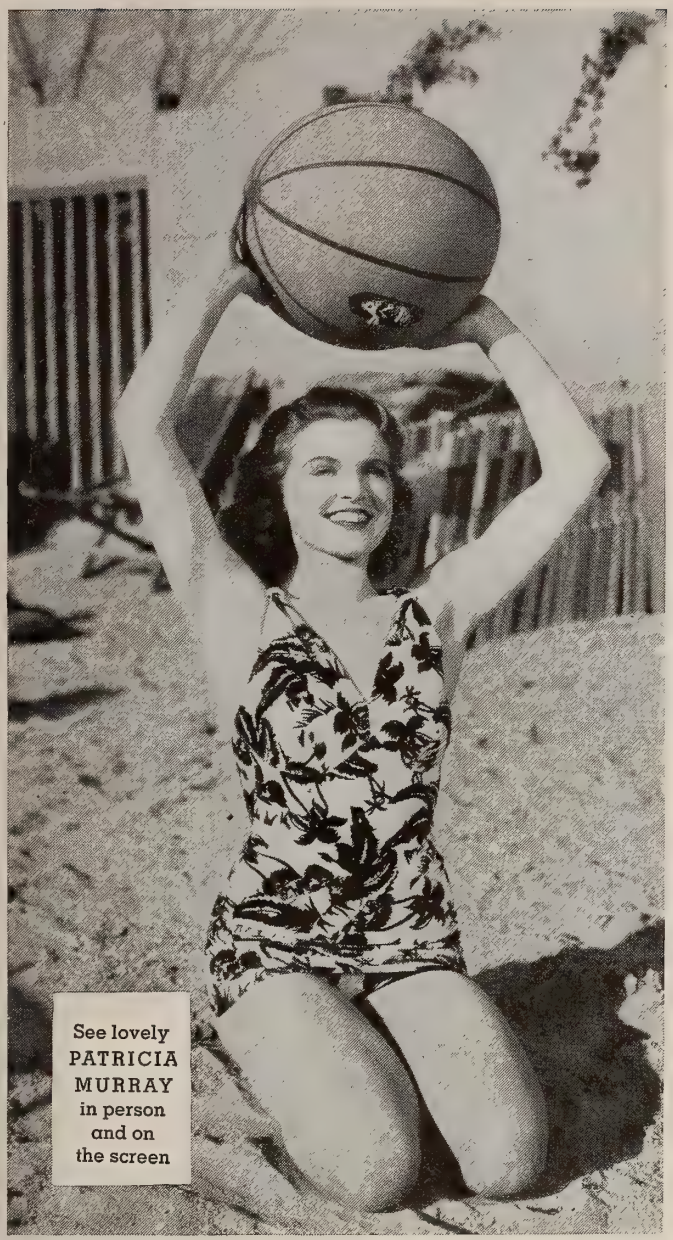
They opened the car door, and debouched to the sidewalk.

I tried coughing. It didn't seem to catch Bruce Eaton's attention. The

(*Continued on page* 83)


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JED PROUTY FRANK ALBERTSON

MAUCH TWINS (Billy and Bobby)

MARILYN KNOWLDEN BETTY ROSS CLARKE

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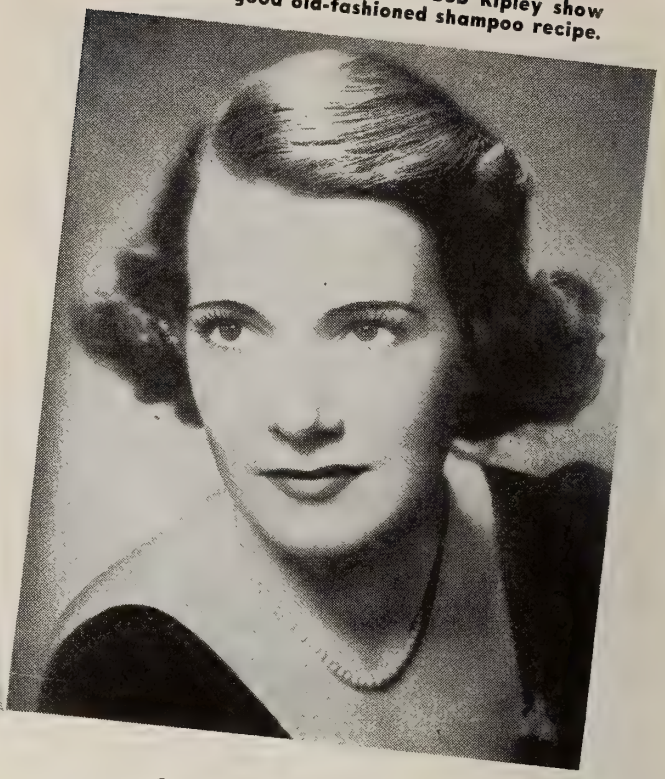
RADIO MIRROR MAGAZINE



■ Kay Lorraine, the Hit Parade vocalist, always keeps her hair full of light and luster.



■ Linda Lee, singer on the Bob Ripley show knows a good old-fashioned shampoo recipe.



# Blondes Beware!

## Yours is a special beauty—but you also have a special problem

By
**Dr. GRACE GREGORY**

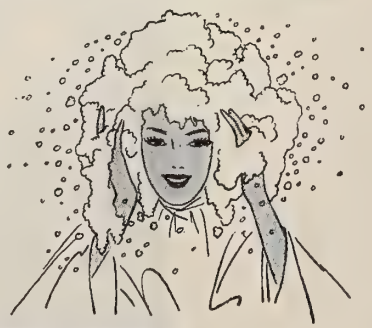
IT REALLY requires a lot of thought and effort to take care of your looks when you are a blonde," says dainty Kay Lorraine of the Hit Parade. "You have to take continual care of your hair, or it gets drab and dull. If you use a shampoo, it must be the right one. If you use the wrong kind, it can wreck you. The wrong kind of a beauty treatment cannot do a brunette so much harm. But it can utterly destroy a blonde. That is why I shampoo my hair myself, at home."

Miss Lorraine, whose lovely contralto voice seems particularly fitted for radio, is as exquisite as one of her own songs. She is petite, and natural in her make-up and in her manner. Her beautiful blonde hair is full of lights and lusters, like the hair of a healthy child, and is arranged in a smart coiffure.

"What is your secret of hair beauty?" I asked Kay. "Brushing," said Kay. That was our grandmothers' formula. "How many strokes a night?" I asked. "Fifty at least" said Kay, "And be sure you hold your head down, brushing upward from the back and through to the roots."

"What about shampoos?" "A blonde should shampoo at least once a week. If she brushes her fifty strokes a day, frequent shampoos will not make her hair seem dry. The brushing brings out the natural oil that keeps the hair live-looking."

Another of radio's favorite blondes is lovely Linda Lee. She too has a contralto voice that comes over the air with exquisite tonal quality. You may hear her in the Ripley Show Friday nights. Outside of the fact that both are contraltos, and both altogether charming, she and Miss Lorraine have few other points in common. Linda is a dark blonde. Her hair is chestnut, with golden glints in it. She has the delicate skin of the true blonde, and with it all the special beauty problems that brunettes escape.



RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

Linda agrees with Kay about the brushing, although she does not count her strokes. She just brushes until her arm aches. She too is an advocate of the weekly shampoo, which she takes at home. But dark blondes do not have to worry about their hair turning to a drab intermediate color. It is already on the dark side. All they have to consider is keeping the glints and high lights. Miss Lee does this with the old-fashioned method our grandmothers found so helpful: lemon juice. She squeezes the juice of two lemons to each pint of water and rinses her hair with it after each shampoo. "It cuts out all the oil and soap," she says, "and leaves my hair feeling clean and refreshed."

I noticed that both these famous blondes make a fine art of make-up. The light blonde uses a light eyebrow pencil; just enough to make evident her delicately arched brows. (So many blondes go to one extreme or the other. They are practically eyebrowless, or they startle you with obviously artificial dark eyebrows.) The dark blonde uses a darker pencil, of course. The same with lipstick. And both have given thought to selecting exactly the right shade of powder. The result is that you never think of make-up in connection with Miss Lee or Miss Lorraine. They simply look natural, each in her individual way. And that is the supreme art of beauty.

(Continued from page 80)

banker said, "Just a moment, Miss," and then pushed his head out through the arch in the window to stare down at my purse lying on the floor. "Isn't *that* your purse?" he asked.

I called out, sharply, "Bruce, look! Hurry!"

He was still in the vault, apparently checking up on a bundle of letters he was holding in his hand. From where he was standing, it was impossible to see the car containing the officers.

"Bruce! Hurry!" I cried.

The banker said suspiciously, "What's all this? What's all this?" and jumped back in alarm. I could see now that he thought it was a stick-up, with me to hold his attention at the teller's window while Bruce Eaton was back in the vault. His face was white with alarm. His bleached blue eyes, magnified and distorted by the thick lenses of his spectacles, seemed as large as warped dinner plates. I saw him fumble at the handle of a drawer, and knew he was looking for a gun.

A frantic glance out through the plate glass window showed me the officers were starting purposefully toward the bank. I thought only of getting Bruce Eaton out of there and finding some place to hide those letters he had taken from the safety deposit box. He was alarmed now and coming toward me, but still didn't appreciate the danger of the situation. The banker was pulling a gun from the drawer. The officers were rounding the corner.

I ran to a door in the partition, jerked it open. The banker raised his gun and shouted in a shaky voice, "Stop where you are, both of you."

I COLLIDED with Bruce Eaton, snatched the letters from his hands and yelled, "Run! Officers!" The banker pulled the trigger on a revolver which he'd dragged from the drawer, and which looked as large as a cannon. The reverberating roar of a report filled the room. When my ear drums started functioning again, I could hear the tinkle of falling glass.

The cashier dropped his gun. Evidently the jar of the recoil had jerked it out of his hand. He half stooped as though to pick it up, then, apparently overcome by panic, ran through the door in the partition, half crouching, screaming, "Help! Police!"

The officers were approaching the door of the bank. The running banker burst through the swinging screen door to collide with them. I heard someone say, "Stick 'em up," and then a drawling voice, evidently that of the sheriff, "Wait a minute. This is Frank Stout, the cashier here. What's the trouble, Frank?"

The banker's lunch box was on the table in front of me. I had to think fast, and, at that, had no choice in the matter. I jerked open the cover, dropped the little bundle of letters inside, and slammed the cover back into position. The officers poured through the screen door into the bank, and I raised my eyes to confront a bristling row of artillery.

"The jig's up," the sheriff said.

*"Whoever has the key murdered Carter Wright." If the police jump to that conclusion, things look bad for Claire Bell and Bruce Eaton. But the surprising climax of this thrilling mystery story comes in next month's* RADIO MIRROR*—the August issue.*


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# Healthy Babies—



**■ It's a wise mother who knows the new and better way of feeding her child**

**By Mrs. MARGARET SIMPSON**

I LISTENED in on the conversation of a couple of "career girls" a few days ago. They were young, smartly dressed, with the alertness of expression that spells success present and to come, and I expected of course that they would be talking shop, comparing notes on the great field of radio in which one is a popular singer the other an up and coming young script writer. Instead, they were talking about their homes and their husbands and their babies.

"How do you do it?" I asked them. "Most women think marriage and motherhood are a full time job, yet here you are blithely writing and singing, rehearsing and broadcasting, as though you had nothing else to do. Don't babies have to be fed on schedule these days? Don't they have to have strained fruit juices and vegetables?"

"Of course they do," said the singer.

"Well, then, how do you manage to stay out of the kitchen long enough to do your other work? Or take time enough from your careers to feed your babies on schedule?"

"Oh, that's easy," the script writer answered. "When feeding time comes we just open a can."

"You see," the singer explained, "when my baby was ready for strained foods some of my friends advised me to give her canned strained fruit juices and vegetables. She's eight months old now and with the addition of milk she's practically lived on canned strained food."

"My baby was brought up on them, too," the writer took up the story, "and now that he's nearly four and needs more solid food he's also getting that in cans—chopped vegetables and meats that are just right for his age and his digestive requirements."

"And we keep right on schedule, too," the singer chimed in. "Why, I've never once been late for rehearsal or a broadcast because of baby's feeding schedule, and she's never had to wait for a meal because of my job."

The script writer nodded in agreement. "But best of all is the way our babies thrive on these canned strained and chopped foods," she said. "You should see them!" she added proudly.

I did go to see them, as a matter of fact, and a happier pair of youngsters it would be impossible to find.

So much of the health and happiness of babies and young children depend on the proper meals, served right on schedule, that these modern foods are a boon not only to career mothers but to every mother everywhere who demands the best for her little one. As one young mother told me:

"I expected, when my baby was born, to give up all my outside activities for the first few months at least. I knew that baby's feeding schedule would necessitate so much extra work in straining fruit juices and cooking and sieving cereals and vegetables that I would have no time for anything else.

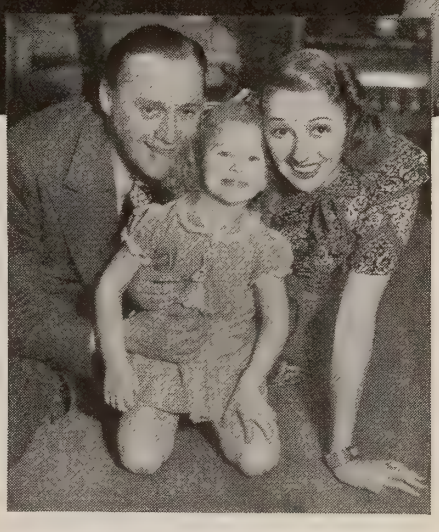
"Then a terrible thing happened. I found that in spite of my best efforts I just couldn't keep to the feeding schedule my doctor ordered. Meals took so long to prepare that by the time they were ready it was long past baby's feeding time and she was cross with hunger. But that wasn't the worst. After I'd gone through all the work of cooking and sieving and straining, following directions to the letter, my baby simply refused to eat—and somehow I couldn't blame her because her food did seem to lack flavor—so of course she didn't gain properly.

"In a panic I went over to see my

# and Happy Careers!



▪ **The Happy Crosbys—left to right, Gary, Bing, Dixie holding baby Lindsay, and the twins, Philip and Dennis.**



▪ **A family romp before bedtime—the proud parents, Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, with baby Joan Naomi.**

next door neighbor who has two little boys and she gave me the best advice I've ever heard. She suggested that I switch to canned strained foods. I did. Baby's meals are ready right on schedule and she's so crazy about them that she gobbles up every bite. She's beginning to have canned chopped foods now, but she's still gaining steadily and I've never seen a healthier, happier baby, or one who was so little trouble."

Aside from the assurance that feeding schedules can be maintained without interruption, these modern canned foods afford another tremendous advantage in that they are high in a nutritive content. The nutritive qualities of fruits, vegetables and cereals depend upon a number of factors: the selection of highest-quality seeds for planting, the soil and climatic conditions under which the crops are grown, cultivation during the growing period and harvesting when—and only when—they have reached the exact degree of ripeness at which they will yield the greatest in nutritive values and immediate cooking so that no valuable minerals will be lost through prolonged exposure of the fresh produce to sun and air.

## *Fathers and Sons—*

What a wealth of sentiment and tradition there is in that phrase . . . Proud fathers reliving their own youth in the accomplishments of their children . . . Devoted fathers striving and planning so that their little ones may enjoy the best that life has to offer . . . Wise fathers creating a foundation of health and knowledge that will enable their sons and daughters to cope with the problems that the coming years will bring . . . To these fathers on whose love and selfless interest our welfare depends the National Committee for the Promotion of Father's Day extends its gratitude and its praise. Won't you join it in honoring not only your father but fathers all over the country by sharing in the nation-wide celebration of Father's Day on June 18th?

Even under the excellent marketing system existing today it is sometimes impossible to purchase fresh fruits and vegetables that meet all these standards, but all such elements of chance have been eliminated for you by the manufacturers of canned strained and chopped foods. Years of painstaking re-research have enabled them to control every phase of the preparation of these fine products. Crops are grown under ideal conditions and harvested at the peak of their perfection. Immediately after harvesting the fruits, vegetables and grains are cooked until they are sufficiently soft for any coarse fibres to be removed—and this, by the means of modern laboratory equipment, is a much more thorough process than can be achieved in even the most up-to-date kitchen — then sealed into cans for a final cooking which ensures that the contents of each can is cooked evenly throughout.

Considering all the factors that enter into the preparation of these modern canned foods you might expect their cost to be excessive, but quite the contrary is true. The cost per can is only a few cents, and you will find that each can contains sufficient food for two or three meals.

# BACKACHE-
## Leg Pains May Be Danger Sign

### Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

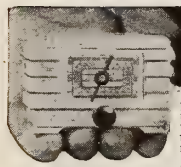
If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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## Hollywood Radio Whispers

(*Continued from page* 35)

Everyone believes that Rudy Vallee and Tony Martin are carrying a mad for each other. It can't be so. Recently, in New York, Rudy had Tony as dinner guest and they were often seen out together. Then, too, Rudy paid Tony a swell compliment with the line: "A perfect evening is on a lake, drifting in a boat with a beautiful girl, and one of Tony's records on the phonograph!"

* * *

It was very funny indeed to watch Bing Crosby and Bob Hope clowning at a nightclub the other night. Bing and Bob got up and clowned a rhumba dance together. Later, Hope announced that "Miss Crosby had won a bottle of champagne for her trouble."

* * *

Spencer Tracy and Pat O'Brien are Hollywood's rivals for fame as priests on the screen. They'll carry the feud to the radio this fall, when both will appear in opposition plays in the priestly roles.

* * *

Instigated by Amos and Andy, an impromptu show was staged at the outdoor grill of the El Mirador Hotel the other evening with Richard Dix, Cary Grant, Ruby Keeler, and Groucho Marx contributing to the entertainment.

* * *

Frances Langford's rendition of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" was so well received on a recent Texaco Show that she immediately made a record of it, for Decca.

* * *

Franchot Tone and Burgess Meredith are both up for separate dramatic programs to replace Bob Hope for the summer. When the sponsor listened to the programs, he liked Meredith's dramatic show better than Tone's, but frankly remarked that Tone would be a better draw than Meredith. The sponsor suggested that they hire Tone to do Meredith's program. When Franchot was approached he turned it down, and the reason, if you please, is because Franchot and Meredith are room-mates and Tone would not do anything to hurt Meredith's chances for a radio program.

* * *

Fibber McGee and Molly are considering new film offers. Their first attempt at pictures was a failure.

* * *

Joan Crawford was supposed to both sing and ice skate in "Ice Follies," but for some reason her songs and skating scenes were deleted from the picture after the first preview. To prove to American audiences that she CAN sing, Joan recorded four songs for Victor and, after hearing them, all I can say is that she is a swell actress!

* * *

Robert Young, as newly-elected Honorary Mayor of Tarzana, has appointed Virginia Bruce as honorary Chief of Police. Pinning the "official badge" on her coat the other night, Bob declared: "Virginia will probably have the Tarzana jail filled in two days!"

* * *

Hollywood is whispering that Louis Hayward, now working in "The Man With The Iron Mask," will replace Charles Boyer on the Woodbury show. Louis is married to Ida Lupino and gained prominence for his portrayal of the "Duke of West Point."

* * *

Frank Morgan, as you know, has been going around lately without his mustache—much to the consternation of news photographers and autograph hounds. They have failed to recognize him. Frank cut off the facial adornments to play his role in the "Wizard of Oz," but he is now growing a bigger and better mustache "like a toothbrush bristle," says Frank.

* * *

That black eye that Patsy Kelly has been sporting is not what you might think. Patsy came by it honestly in a scene on the Fox lot, during the closing day of shooting "The Gorilla."

* * *

Matty Malneck's orchestra, currently the swing-sensation of Hollywood nightlife, is set to replace the orchestra on the Pall Mall program.




The publisher of Radio Mirror and Editor in Chief of Macfadden Publications—Bernarr Macfadden (left) and Fulton Oursler, broadcasting on the 20th Anniversary of the True Story Magazine.

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# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

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A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

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Solving that
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Romance Mystery

■

**CTOR'S FOLLY**
e Man's Desperate
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BY RADIO'S AUNT JENNY

■

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SEE PAGE 22

■

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*selects a two-toned style with half-moon pockets and briskly pleated skirt! Unusually smart! Style 812*
*Ida Lupino*

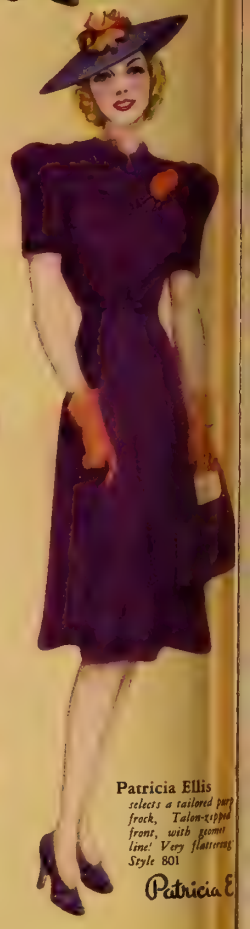


**Binnie Barnes,**
*Hollywood's best-dressed, chooses this Paris-style elegant matalasse' frock with gold belt trim! Very ... Style 800*
*Binnie Barnes*

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**June Lang**
*is resplendent in her cardigan and bias striped skirt. Perfect for school or town! Style 803*
*June Lang*



**Patricia Ellis**
*selects a tailored party frock, Talon-zipped front, with geometric line! Very flattering Style 801*
*Patricia Ellis*



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*Hooded robe in terry cloth with cord belt, multi-colored stripes on sleeves and hem.*

# Her striking beach coat arrested his glance but what kept him looking was her smile!

*Your smile is a treasure that's yours alone. Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!*



## Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage promotes firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A BOLDLY STRIPED beach robe can do loads for a girl. But where is her charm without a lovely smile?

For how soon the spell of style is broken if her smile is dull and dingy. No one can be more pathetic than the girl who concentrates on lovely clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Learn a lesson from her, yourself, but turn it to good account! Remember, you can't neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, and hope to save your charm.

### Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, don't ignore it—*see your dentist at once!* It may mean nothing serious. Very often, he'll tell you that modern soft, creamy foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of the vigorous chewing workouts they need for health.

"More exercise" may be his advice and, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage." For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums... lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer, healthier gums—a winning smile!




# IPANA TOOTH PASTE




NO stay-at-home week-ends, no calendar days—if you use *Tampax* for sanitary protection. Even in a modern swim suit there is nothing to "show" —no line or edge of belt or napkin. Tampax is *worn internally,* acting gently as an absorbent and allowing you to golf, ride, bathe, swim—in comfort, without chafing, without the formation of odor!

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure, long-fibered surgical cotton. Firmly cross-stitched, it cannot come apart and fail in protection. Each sealed in patented applicator—neat, quick, dainty. Your hands do not even touch the Tampax. Quite unlike any other product, because it flattens out to a thin shape in use. No disposal difficulties. Comfortable and efficient, the Tampax way is the civilized way for women.

At drug stores and notion counters. Average month's supply, 35¢. Introductory package, 20¢. As much as 25% may be saved by purchasing economy package of 40.

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New Brunswick, N. J. MWG-89

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

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AUGUST, 1939 VOL. 12 No. 4

# Radio and Television Mirror



**ERNEST V. HEYN**
**Executive Editor**

BELLE LANDESMAN,
ASSISTANT EDITOR

**FRED R. SAMMIS**
**Editor**


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COVER—Myrna Loy by Carlo Garrone
(Courtesy of MGM)


RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR, published monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. General Offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and advertising offices: Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd Street, New York. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Chicago office: 333 North Michigan Avenue. C. H. Shattuck, Mgr. San Francisco office: 1658 Russ Building. Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 14, 1933, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price in United States, Canada and Newfoundland $1.00 a year. 10c a copy. In U. S. Territories, Possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, $1.50 a year; all other countries $2.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. Unaccepted letters for the "What Do You Want to Say?" department will not be returned, and we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. All submissions become the property of the magazine. (Member of Macfadden Women's Group.)


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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

## FIRST PRIZE

### SHE HEARS WITH HER EYES

HOW would you like to sit in front of a radio and see the rapt attention of the rest of the family, when a program comes in that appeals to them, watch the expressions on their faces—see them laugh and applaud—and *never hear a sound?*

I am stone deaf so I cannot hear the programs, but I get a great kick out of them anyway. I watch the family's reactions to a program, ask them what it is appeals to them most, and then I hunt up some reference to it so that I also can feel I've taken part as one of the audience.

Radio Mirror fills a wonderful need to a person who cannot hear. It keeps one a jump ahead of the times. Criticisms and information, little items about the stars and things connected with radio are a wonderful entertainment for a deaf person.

How do I *hear* the radio? By reading Radio Mirror! What the ears miss, the eyes grasp.

MRS. MABEL G. PETTY,
Paynton, Sask., Canada.

## SECOND PRIZE

### NEVER A DULL MOMENT

Thanks to radio and our determination to exploit all its features, we are one happy young couple with a little baby who are adequately entertained on a limited budget.

If you have a baby, you will know that it puts quite a strain on the budget to have a "baby tender" in for many evenings. Instead we have built up a group of favorite programs, and from time to time we make "new discoveries." For the quiz and question programs we have our own private competition, and it's heaps of fun. Every morning I turn eagerly to the newspaper radio column and check the entertainment for our heavy date, and believe me, there is never a dull moment in our household!

MRS. A. M. HOFFMAN,
San Francisco, Calif.

## THIRD PRIZE

### GOD BLESS AMERICA!

"God Bless America, Land That I Love!"—what glorious words. It gives us a thrill every Thursday to hear the rich voice of Kate Smith sing this stirring song which was especially written for her by Irving Berlin.

Folks who enjoy every freedom such as we do, are bound to forget and take things too much for granted.

The Kate Smith hour does more than its bit in making us truly America-conscious, and with deepest reverence we join Kate in singing "God Bless America, My Home, Sweet Home!"

CAROLYN BLANCHARD,
San Diego, Calif.

(*Continued on page 4*)


# More women use Mum than any other deodorant



**MORE WIVES**—because Mum is always so easy to use.



**MORE SCREEN STARS**—for they must always have charm.



**MORE BUSINESS GIRLS**—they know Mum doesn't harm fabrics.



**MORE NURSES**—on duty or off, they want safe, sure care!



**MORE SCHOOL GIRLS**—to prevent odor quickly, safely.




## Be attractive! Be popular! Make sure of your charm, with MUM

RICH GIRL, poor girl—*every* girl should remember this: You can't be attractive to others unless you're always fresh and sweet—nice to be near!

It's so easy to offend unknowingly—to think your bath can make you safe. But no bath—however perfect—can *prevent* underarm odor. A bath removes only perspiration that is *past.* Mum prevents underarm odor—works in *advance* to keep you sweet. Hours after your bath has faded, Mum keeps you fresh.

You'll like Mum! For Mum is speedy, safe, utterly dependable in guarding your daintiness and charm!

**MUM SAVES TIME!** 30 seconds to smooth in Mum under this arm—under that—and you're through, all ready to go!

**MUM SAVES CLOTHES!** The seals of the American Institute of Laundering and of Good Housekeeping Bureau tell you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving Mum doesn't irritate your skin.

**MUM SAVES CHARM!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops the objectionable *odor.* Get Mum at any drugstore today and join the millions of lovely women who have found Mum a "must" for popularity and charm.

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM!
*Avoid embarrassing odors from this source, too. Mum is gentle, safe . . . fastidious women everywhere make a habit of Mum this second way.*

**MUM** *takes the odor out of perspiration*

# High Summer Rates for Writers of True Stories

**Following our regular policy we are discontinuing true story manuscript contests during the summer months. A great new true story contest will begin on September 1st, 1939. But, in the meantime, we are still in the market for true stories for straight purchase, and in order to secure them are going to renew our sensational offer of last summer which worked so greatly to the financial advantage of many writers of true stories.**

We will continue to pay for regular acceptable material our regular rate, which averages about 2c per word, but, in addition, during the summer months we gladly will pay writers of true stories the special rates of 3c per word for better-than-average true stories and 4c per word for exceptionally good true stories submitted for straight purchase.

In comparing these special summer rates with the average rate of 2c per word, a few moments' figuring will show you what this offer can mean to you financially—literally making $2 grow where $1 grew formerly.

Under this offer the Editorial Staff of TRUE STORY are the sole judges as to the quality of stories submitted. But rest assured that if you send in a story of extra quality you will receive the corresponding extra rate. This is in no sense a contest—simply a straight offer to purchase true stories, with a handsome bonus for extra quality.

Here is your opportunity. The time is limited to the months of June, July and August, 1939. So strike while the iron is hot. Start today the story of an episode in your life or the life of a friend or acquaintance that you feel has the necessary heart interest to warrant the extraordinarily high special rates we are offering. Send it in when finished, and if it really has the extra quality we seek the extra sized check will be forthcoming with our sincere congratulations. Be sure your manuscript is post-marked not later than midnight, August 31, 1939.

## IMPORTANT

Submit stories direct. Do not deal through intermediaries.

If you do not already have one send for a copy of free booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories." Use the coupon provided for that purpose.

In sending true stories, be sure, in each case, to enclose first-class return postage in the same container with manuscript. We gladly return manuscripts when postage is supplied, but we cannot do so otherwise. Failure to enclose return first-class postage means that after a reasonable time the manuscript if not accepted for publication will be destroyed.

**MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.**
**Dept. K, P. O. Box 629,**
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**New York, N. Y.**

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Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories."

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(Print plainly. Give name of state in full)

## What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page* 3)

### FOURTH PRIZE

GET YOUR DICTIONARIES OUT, FOLKS!

I am becoming allergic to Bing Crosby as an M.C.!

Whether it is his script writer, or the receiving of an honorary degree from his "alma mater" in Spokane, which was the cause of the change in his style, I do not know, but I have noticed that now instead of his former spontaneous style of announcing, he appears to have "swallowed the dictionary and choked on the cover."

Don't misunderstand me—I do not feel that it is necessary for him to use language as "earthy" as Bob's, but I have heard it said that while eschewing mediocrity of expression through platitudinous phraseology, it behooves one to beware of ponderosity and to be mindful that pedantry, being indicatory of an inherent magalomania, frustrates its own aim and results merely in obnubilation.

S. BEATRICE NORMAN,
Montreal, Canada.

### FIFTH PRIZE

"TOWN MEETING" RINGS THE BELL

During the recent tense situation in Europe, the reams of propaganda that filled columns of news type and blared from loudspeakers made it almost impossible to think in coherent manner causes and result of what actually did happen.

I, therefore, want to express my sincere thanks to the producers of Town Meeting of the Air for setting me to rights on "Can Europe Avoid War?" The compact questions that did not allow too much to be said, and the clear, concise thinking of the speakers, who put forth their opinions, was a tonic to those of us who knew not what to think.

This was the first time I had listened to the Town Meeting, but if such sound logic continues, it won't be the last.

DOROTHY PANFIL,
Milwaukee. Wisc.

(*Continued on page* 77)

## THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

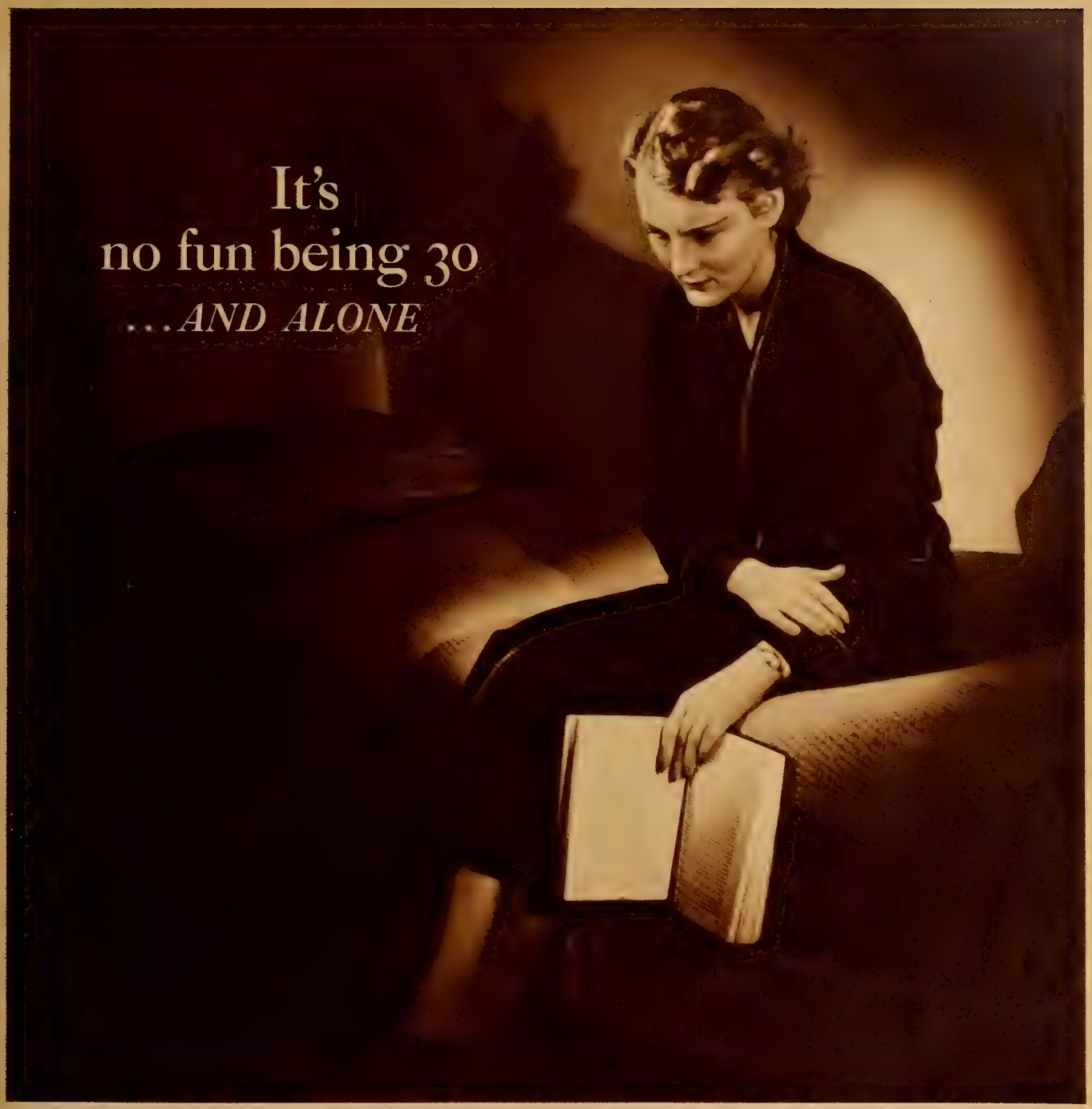
— — PRIZES — —

First Prize .....$10.00

Second Prize .....$ 5.00

Five Prizes of.....$ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than July 26th, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.




"I AM one of those women who, as the saying is 'missed the boat'... women who dream of a husband, a home, and children—*and never get them.*

There is never a morning as I start out for work but that I wish I could remain at home to look after a family. There is never a twilight but that my loneliness comes out of the dusk to sadden me as I open the door of my empty flat.

It wasn't always like this. Men used to find me attractive. Two wanted to marry me. Then some unexplainable change took place in me. I met new men of course, but somehow their interest was only momentary. I could not fathom the reason for their indifference then, nor can I now. To this day I do not know what is wrong with me. I wish to heaven I did. It's no fun being thirty—and alone."



***"Is anyone immune?"***

An unusual case, you say? Nothing of the sort. Countless women and men are probably in exactly the same situation right now—and ignorant of the reason for it.

After all, nothing repels others and kills a romance so quickly as halitosis (bad breath). The insidious thing about this offensive condition is that you yourself seldom realize when you have it. At this very moment you may be guilty.

***"Why risk offending?"***



But why risk offending when halitosis usually yields so readily and quickly to Listerine Antiseptic?

You simply rinse the mouth or gargle with it every night and morning, and between times before social or business engagements.

Listerine Antiseptic freshens and invigorates the entire mouth; halts fermentation of tiny food particles, a major cause of breath odors, then gets rid of the odors themselves. Your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, more agreeable to others.



***"It's my passport to popularity"***

If you want people to like you, if you want to get along in business, use Listerine night and morning and between times when you want to be sure you're at your best. This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant may be the passport to popularity that you lack.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*




# NONSPI CREAM *Does Both!*

**Because of an entirely new ingredient never before used in a deodorant!**

Whether you prefer cream deodorants for steady use, or for those occasions when a liquid is inconvenient, you will welcome Nonspi Cream for its outstanding advantages:

**1.** Checks *both* perspiration and odor —from 1 to 3 days.

**2.** Feels and looks like velvety vanishing cream. Goes on easily—dries almost instantly. Not greasy.

**3.** May be used directly after shaving.

**4.** Has a reaction approximating that of the normal skin—so cannot injure either skin or clothing.

**5.** Works on new principle—"adsorbs" odors.

Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. *Also in liquid form*





# WHAT'S NEW FROM



One of the reasons for the continued popularity of Big Town is Claire Trevor. Above, dining with her husband, Clark Andrews.

THERE'S something important on the cover of RADIO MIRROR this month—something besides the picture of Myrna Loy, that is. Maybe you didn't notice it at first glance, but to the words "Radio Mirror" have been added two more—"and Television." That means that from now on RADIO MIRROR will cover the new field of television as well. Whenever there's any news about television, you'll find it in this magazine—pictures and stories about the stars who will grow up with this exciting new medium of entertainment, trips backstage like the one on page 22 of this issue, and all the other things you will want to know about a glamorous baby that is growing by leaps and bounds. This doesn't mean that we'll neglect sound radio—in fact, for a long time to come we'll print much less about television than we do about radio, for the simple reason that everyone has a radio set and few people, as yet, have television sets. But if your curiosity about television just won't let you alone—RADIO MIRROR will try to satisfy it every month.

* * *

It's an open secret in Hollywood that the reason Basil Rathbone left The Circle program, Sunday nights on NBC, was that Groucho Marx, by his frequent off-script remarks, kept Basil on the hot-spot of nervousness. Basil just couldn't handle a barrage of gags that weren't in the script and never had been—they threw him off his stride and made him lose his place in his own script and leave out lines he should have said. So he politely asked for his freedom from the program. A week later he showed up on the Kraft Music Hall, where Bob Burns and Bing Crosby proceeded to ad lib so freely that poor Basil once more got mixed up and read the same line twice before he found his place again. To—need I add?—Bing's and Bob's extreme hilarity.

* * *

If the Circle goes off the air for the summer, the airline people are going to be sorry. Since the program went on the air, Lawrence Tibbett has flown from New York to Hollywood every Friday that he was on the show, and back again on Monday, with the result that by the end of June he'll have flown through the air with the greatest of ease some 50,000 miles, or more than two times around the earth.

* * *

One of those friendly rivalries goes on between Hal Kemp and Skinnay Ennis. Skinnay, you know, banged drums in Hal's band for twelve years before he got his own orchestra. Playing on the Bob Hope show on NBC at ten o'clock Tuesday nights, for a few weeks this spring he was on the air at the same hour as Hal's Time to Shine program on CBS. Last fall, just after Skinnay's program made its debut and before Hal's went off the air for the winter, Hal graciously wired Skinnay, "My Time is Your Time." And this spring, before Skinnay left the air, he wired Hal: "You'll Get Along Without Me Very Well!"

* * *

The average monthly number of proposals received by Michael Raffetto, who plays Paul in One Man's Family, is about one hundred. But now that writer Carlton Morse has Paul talking about getting married in the script, Michael, who is a bachelor in good standing, gets about twice as many proposals. The proposers most frequently use the argument that they're wealthy, and can support Michael in the style to which he's accustomed, and he won't have to do a lick of work.

(*Continued on page 77*)

# COAST TO COAST By DAN SENSENEY

## MUSICAL EXPERT

WHEN listeners to one of station WLW's musical programs sit back in their chairs, giving all their attention to the symphony or chamber-music coming over their loudspeakers, they can be sure that the studio's musical commentator is doing exactly the same thing.

Michael Hinn, although he's been on the staff of Cincinnati's WLW only since the first of the year, is already its musical expert, with a large following among those who enjoy symphonic programs. On the Mutual network, he's been heard in the WLW program, The Nation's School of the Air, where he did the commentaries on the I Like Music hour every Friday—a job which he will resume next fall when the School of the Air begins broadcasting again. Locally, he's on WSAI'S Music You Want When You Want It, and various symphonic programs broadcast over both stations.

Michael is a tall, blond, neat chap, twenty-eight years old and with a quiet, sincere voice. He really loves music, and gives it his rapt attention between commentaries. Born in Virginia, Minnesota, he went to the University of Wisconsin at Madison,




Michael Hinn helps make WLW's musical programs enjoyable.

where he worked his way through with such jobs as waiting on table, mowing lawns, and firing furnaces. Since his early teens he'd wanted to be an actor, and he took the leading roles in several of the University dramatic club plays.

Once out of college, he wanted to head for Broadway, but the chance to act came closer home—over WHA, in Madison. There he took more and more important air roles, until finally, at the end of the year, he went to a bigger station in St. Paul. Then he moved to Grand Forks, North Dakota, where he was a station manager, and from there to WWNC, Asheville, North Carolina. He likes Asheville because it was here he got his first chance, outside of college, to act on a stage, in the Asheville Summer Theater.

WHEN Michael Hinn isn't on the air, he's in it. His chief outdoor recreation is flying, and his greatest ambition is to own a plane. Every weekend he makes an airplane trip —to Asheville, or to some other part of North Carolina, where his father, a construction engineer, is just now busy building bridges.

Coast-to-coast listeners are bound to hear Michael now and then during the summer, talking about the music on programs which are fed to the Mutual network by WLW or its sister station, WSAI.


*Lovely Skin is a "Must"* — **for Girls who win Romance!**



**READ CHARMING MRS. GREGORY'S BEAUTY ADVICE:**

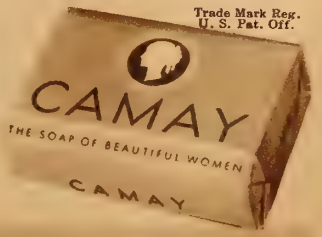
*I'm sure nothing does more for a girl's looks than fresh, smooth skin. And that's where Camay comes in! It's one soap that seems to help keep my skin just the way I like it . . . fresh and smooth!*

*Richmond, Va.*
*January 25, 1939*

*(Signed)* FRANCES GREGORY
*(Mrs. O. C. Gregory, Jr.)*

IN WINNING the right man the right kind of soap *can* help! For to stay really lovely, complexions must have proper care! "A *gentle* care," so many lovely brides will tell you. "That's why we use Camay regularly every day!"

*You'll* like Camay's rich, creamy lather—the *thorough* way it cleanses—its mild, soothing touch! Use Camay every day for your complexion —*and* for your *bath of beauty* to help keep back and shoulders lovely. Like thousands of girls, you'll find Camay's luxurious lather an easy aid to all-over loveliness—to daintiness—to fresh good looks! You'll be delighted, too—as *they* are—that Camay costs so little! Get three cakes today! Use it *regularly*.




THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

# FACING the MUSIC

BY KEN ALDEN





■ Left, congratulations, Eddy Duchin! You scored a victory for "sweet" music by winning first place in Radio Mirror's 1939 popularity poll. Above, Nan Wynn, Hal Kemp's new soloist on his Time to Shine program over CBS, on Tuesday nights.

EDDY DUCHIN, whose long, strong fingers switched from filling prescriptions in a Massachusetts drug store to tinkling the ivories, bringing their owner fame and fortune, won first place in the 1939 Facing the Music popularity poll of RADIO MIRROR magazine.

The contest, which found hundreds of readers balloting for over seventy-five different orchestras, began on July 7, 1938, and scored a triumphant victory for "sweet" music, when the ex-pharmacist out-distanced Benny Goodman, last year's winner, by a sizable margin.

Out of the first ten bands in the voting, seven are classified as sweet bands.

Three bands broke into the first ten this year—Artie Shaw, who came from obscurity to the top brackets of swingdom in less than a year and almost saw his meteoric rise cut short by the shadow of Death—Freddie Martin, who has too long been neglected by admirers of smooth music—and Rudy Vallee, backed by a loyal bunch of rooters.

HERE are the final standings of the leading contenders:

| 1939 | 1938 |
|---|---|
| Eddy Duchin | Benny Goodman |
| Benny Goodman | Guy Lombardo |
| Horace Heidt | Eddy Duchin |
| Sammy Kaye | Horace Heidt |
| Guy Lombardo | Sammy Kaye |
| Kay Kyser | Tommy Dorsey |
| Tommy Dorsey | Shep Fields |
| Art Shaw | Kay Kyser |
| Freddie Martin | Jan Garber |
| Rudy Vallee | Casa Loma |

A trio of bands that loomed large in public favor with RADIO MIRROR readers a year ago, faded away. Shep Fields finished seventh in 1938. This year he polled fewer than a dozen votes. Jan Garber copped ninth place in the first poll, finished at the tail-end in the second annual balloting. Casa Loma was rated the tenth most popular band in 1938, but couldn't get in the money in 1939.

Note must be taken that eight of the winners are blessed with regular coast-to-coast commercial programs. Only Kaye and Martin are sponsorless.

How will they stack up in 1940? Will the tried-and-true veterans be able to stem the tide of newcomers? Time will tell. But keep your ears tuned to such potential champions as Glenn Miller, Charlie Barnet, Gray Gordon, Van (*Continued on page 72*)

*Lady Esther asks*

# "Where's the girl who wants to be LUCKY in LOVE?"



**If *you* do—why let the wrong shade of powder hold you back? Find the one shade of my powder that is *Lucky For You!***

ARE YOU a "powder-guesser"?—a girl who merely *thinks* the powder she is using is *really right*—the lucky powder for her? Can you be sure the shade you use today doesn't actually age you—or dim the freshness of your skin? It's so very difficult to *know*. For powder shades are always deceiving, and unless you compare them *right on your own skin* you may never find the one shade that makes you a *lovelier* and a *luckier* you.

I know that this is hard to believe. Yet I have seen hundreds of girls innocently sacrifice their own good looks. Innocently, they were using a powder shade that made their skin look coarse... made them look older... that spoiled their beauty when eyes looked *close*.

Don't risk it—please! Find among my ten thrilling new shades of powder the one shade that can bring you luck—the one shade that will flatter you *most*.




**Your Lucky Shade.** So I urge you, compare, compare, COMPARE! Send for all ten of my samples, which I'm glad to send you *free*. Try *all* ten of my shades. Don't skip even one! For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one really *right* shade for your skin!

The minute you find it, your eyes will know! Other women will tell you that you look fresher and younger... and men will say to themselves, "She's lovely."

**A True Beauty Powder.** When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner you will be free of powder worries until midnight!

So write me today for the ten shades of my powder...free. Find your lucky shade—and let it flatter your beauty *always*—help you win more luck in life and love.



*"I'm glad that I found my lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder. It brought me luck in love."*

(You can paste this on a (45) penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

**FREE!** Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

*(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)*

■ **Presenting the strange case of the Kay Kyser-Ginny Simms romance—a love mystery that has even their friends baffled. Can you solve it?**

# This must



■ Kay says, "If it's not Ginny, it certainly is no other woman!"

HOW good a detective are you? When a woman says "No," does she mean "Yes?" When one of America's most famous and popular bandleaders is seen everywhere and anytime with his girl vocalist, do you put two and two together and get an answer? When said bandleader begins consulting said vocalist about the color of his band's uniform, do you list it as more evidence?

In other words, given the evidence, can you find the solution of what a mystery writer would certainly call "The Strange Case of the Kay Kyser-Ginny Simms Romance?"

It is such an exciting, intriguing mystery, we'd better give you the clues right away so you can work out your own solution to this baffling tangle. A tangle which irritates half the music world—the half that can't bear not to know what's going on; and delights the other half—the half which gets pleasure in seeing two people having such a swell time out of life.

Clue No. 1 comes from one of their own song sheets: "This Must Be Love Because They Look So Swell."

And by "they," we mean the principals in this Strange Case.

The first principal has lovely, lustrous chestnut hair framing a heart-like face, made still more appealing and excitingly alluring by huge, shining violet-blue eyes. It has, what's more, as neat and trim a pair of ankles as ever swayed before a microphone. Ankles which add that final touch to a slim, graceful figure. Complete, delectable femininity.

The second principal is just about the highest paid of all the country's orchestra leaders—and, therefore, I guess, close to the most successful. A faintly serious young man who is romantic not because he is dark and handsome but because he has a

# Be Love

By JERRY MASON



■ Ginny says, "I'd much rather be with Kay than anyone else."

gentle southern drawl, a rare touch for comedy, a crazy kick-up-your-heels-and-enjoy-life attitude that matches so subtly the clear quiet of those violet-blue eyes.

Have you the case well in hand, love sleuths?

Then let's go back a bit. Detectives and writers of exciting romance stories always do. Somewhere there is the solution to this puzzle. You now have the principals. Next comes the yet-to-be-solved problem itself.

The question is: What goes on here between Kay Kyser and his beautiful vocalist, Ginny Simms? And something certainly goes on. Or why would the rumors spread every day? Those interesting rumors which say—

"Kay and Ginny are secretly married," "Kay never goes any place unless Ginny is with him," "They've been in love ever since 1933," "If they're not married now, it certainly won't be long."

Why, as a matter of record, would Kay say—

"If it isn't Ginny, it is certainly no other woman!" And why would Ginny say ". . . I'd much rather be with Kay than anyone else"?

Then, right in the next breath, they say, with white-hot insistence, "Married? No!"

Now, now—wait a minute. Before you make up your mind and pronounce our two principals man and wife, or even say to yourself "Sure, they're in love," listen to the story we have to tell.

IT was October, 1933. The late afternoon sun was shooting red-gold rays through the streets of Santa Monica. No one noticed the slim figure carrying a music case, hurrying as she neared the entrance of an office building. Pretty faces are no novelty in California.

As she stepped off the elevator, she sighed a little, clutched her music case more tightly, and opened the door with the gold lettering: "Earl Bailey—Manager of Kay Kyser."

She looked around the small office. Mr. Bailey, who had arranged the appointment, wasn't there. But sitting close to a piano was a quiet-looking young man—sandy-haired and wearing glasses. She walked over to him:

"Pardon me—but I was to meet Mr. Bailey and Mr. Kyser here. Do you happen to know where they are?"

The young man stood up and smiled. "I'm Kay Kyser—and I guess you're Virginia Simms."

She breathed another little sigh—of relief, this time—and nodded.

"Well, Miss Simms, I'll be glad to listen to you sing. Mr. Bailey thought you had promise. Go ahead—sing me a song. I'll tell you what I think."

The girl, looking like a college freshman, sat down at the piano. She ran her long, tapering fingers over the keys once—gently. Then she began to sing. As she sang, all the freshness and sincerity of her young voice filled the room. If she had looked around, she'd have seen the man who had greeted her sitting there with a half-smile on his lips. He murmured to himself as she soared up to a high note and held it. But the girl didn't turn around. She had closed her eyes. Her song was coming from her heart. Her mind had, without will, gone back to the years which had passed and finally brought her to this.

She could see now the hot, baked plains of Texas near San Antonio where she was born. She could remember those baby years with nothing but the Texas sun and the carefree days and weeks and months of growing up. Then there was the great excitement of moving to California, and the trip to their new home in (*Continued on page* 54)

# Should we send



**Dorothy Thompson, famous journalist**

**the women of America to answer the**

**By JUDY ASHLEY**

WOULD you send the man you love to war?

Your instinctive answer—every woman's answer—is probably a quick "No!" For there's no longer anything fine about war. Everyone knows it for what it is—a cruel, muddled, futile business, with nothing but defeat at the end of it for victor as well as vanquished.

Yet the time when we can avoid war by realizing its futility seems to have passed. More and more, the world is drifting toward another conflict; more and more the people of America are wondering if they will be able to avoid being drawn into a fight they do not want.

I wish the problem were simple enough so that I could say, "No. Let the rest of the world tear itself to bits. The United States should stay out of it, and if it doesn't stay out, no one I love will go to war with my consent and blessing. I will do all in my power to keep my husband, my brother, my son from entering any war except one caused by actual invasion of this country."

I wish the problem were that simple. But because I feared it was not, I went to Dorothy Thompson for her views on it. Not only because she is a foremost student of world affairs, a journalist and radio commentator who is an acknowledged authority in her field, but because she is a woman, a wife and a mother. To a woman's hatred of war, she could add the expert's knowledge. I knew she would talk about war not only with her heart, but with her head as well. I hoped she could answer for me and for the readers of RADIO MIRROR, the question that every day is growing more pressing: *How can we find peace?*

We talked in the quiet restfulness of Miss Thompson's drawing room, high above New York's Central Park. War seemed very remote there, and it was hard to realize that the gray-haired, young-faced, trimly dressed woman across from me was the same who only a few weeks before had made headlines all over the nation by bursting into open, derisive laughter at a Nazi rally. She said:

"Peace has always, unfortunately, been maintained in the world on somebody's terms—on the terms of one nation or some group of nations. Wars don't happen when power is out of balance. A nation, if it is convinced that its power, combined with that of its allies, is measurably weaker than the power of its opponents, won't declare war or provoke it. That's only common sense. Would a group of three men, for instance, deliberately go out to pick a fight with a group of ten men? Certainly not. The three men

# our men to war?

## and radio commentator, challenges modern world's most vital question

**Illustration by John J. Floherty, Jr.**



would try to get more help on their side, or they would try to cut down the number of their opponents. Or they would give in.

AT PRESENT, the only nations that think they have anything to gain from war are Germany, Italy and Japan," Miss Thompson continued.

"A very good way of getting Hitler to start a European war tomorrow is to convince him that he will win it. If he is promised by the American Congress that we will certainly stay out of it, he is more likely to try it. For he might figure that with Japan and Italy, his forces would balance and perhaps exceed the strength of France and England and whatever allies they could bring in with them. He would think that perhaps he could win that war—and there's a good chance he'd be right. But as long as he is afraid that the United States would step in, he's more likely to proceed with caution.

"I don't say that it's impossible for a country to stay neutral in the midst of a war. The United States *could* remain neutral. Holland was neutral all through the World War. But in order to stay neutral, you've got to be willing to take it on the chin, again and again. You have to take a kicking around, and say nothing, just as Holland did in the World War. War in Europe, with the United States neutral, would mean a long series of 'international incidents'—our ships torpedoed on the high seas, our citizens abroad exposed to danger, our property confiscated or destroyed. Holland went all through that in the World War, and still refused to take sides. If the United States would go through it, it could remain neutral too. But I am afraid the United States would not take those indignities very long. I do believe that eventually, inevitably, it would be drawn into any war involving the leading nations and fought on two oceans.

"That is why talk of 'isolation' and 'minding our own business' is both dangerous and futile. There is no such thing as isolation in the world! The notion that we could bottle up all our ships in case of war, and relinquish all our trade, is simply silly. And it is our business, just as much as it is any other country's, to keep the world free of terror and despotism. I hate war, and I'm under no illusions—another war, even if the side on which we happened to be fighting won, wouldn't prove anything or settle anything. The only way to assure lasting peace and decency between nations is by a real world organization with police powers.

"A sovereign state is the (*Continued on page* 66)

# Debutantes—

## YOU CAN HAVE THEM!

FASHIONABLE finishing schools, a debut in some gilded ballroom with all the town's eligible bachelors on the guest-list; the Junior League teas, cocktail parties, dinner, the theater, the Rainbow Room afterwards, "a marriage has been arranged." . . . Everything done for her, the well-worn path mapped out in advance, made easy by wealth and tradition—easy, and somewhat dull. That's the story of every society debutante.

Every one? Well, yes, of *nearly* every one—but not of Pamela Bruce, who, like her Irish great-grandfather, was a fighter and a free spirit, hating the shackles of "You must" and "You must not"—counting love and life both useless without freedom.

Glamour Girl No. 1, the papers called her—Pamela Bruce, the fabulously wealthy, the stunningly beautiful, the supremely photogenic, the incredibly wilful. In a word, the debutante of the year. And—though this was never printed, only whispered—the girl who had committed the terrible social mistake of waiting three years past the usual age before making her formal debut. She must be eccentric, too.

"And," said Pamela wildly to her mother and father, "I don't care if I *never* make my debut. I don't *want* one."

"Pamela," said Mrs. Bruce, without losing her temper. Mrs. Bruce never lost her temper; it was one of her rules of life. "Pamela, we will not argue about it. For three years I've let you talk me into putting it off. This time I am determined."

The shaded lights of the vast Bruce library struck fiery glints from Pam's red hair. "I see," she remarked. "In other words—one more year and I'll be practically an old maid."

Her father put his whole family philosophy into a few words: "Now, Pam, think what this means to your mother."

"Think what it means to me! Look, Mother"—she whirled to face them both—"all these traditions—the whole social set-up—I suppose they're important for people who want them. But I don't. I want something else out of life—freedom! The freedom that comes with not being tied down to a famous family and a famous fortune. Debutantes! You can have them! I'd like—I'd like to take a crack at being just me!"

Marshall Bruce's mouth, trained to shut itself tightly on its owner's inner thoughts, relaxed a little.

"And you think money stands in the way of this freedom you're after?"

"I *know* it does," Pam said passionately. "Oh, please, Mother—forget this debut business. Let me just go out on my own, and hunt for a job. Not as Pamela Bruce, but as"—she hesitated, groping for a name—"as Paula Barton, a girl no-



She had to admit that Eddie didn't look like a department store floorwalker.

MYRNA LOY CREATED THE ROLE OF PAMELA WHEN THIS STORY, BY GROVER

**■ She refused to buy a husband! Read the radio story that starred Myrna Loy as the year's most daring debutante, who caused a society scandal**



She was the debutante of the year, fabulously wealthy, stunningly beautiful — and also incredibly wilful.

Illustration by J. HENRY

**JONES AND TRUE BOARDMAN, WAS BROADCAST ON CBS' SILVER THEATER SHOW**

body ever heard of before. And then leave me alone. If I starve—that's up to me. But—"

"Pamela," said her mother, in her let's-have-no-more-of-this-nonsense tone of voice, "you're being romantic and absurd. Now, we'll have the party here on the nineteenth. I've already selected the orchestra, the decorations and your dress. It's going to be white, and very long, sweeping the floor, in fact—"

Pamela's slim body, so tense and vibrant a moment before, suddenly drooped in exhaustion and weariness. "You've got this all so perfectly in hand, Mother," she said. "I'm sure you don't need me. Good night." The door closed behind her.

The Bruce coming-out party took place, as scheduled, on the nineteenth of the month. It turned out to be not only the most elaborate party of the season, but the biggest social scandal.

Because right in the middle of it, at half past eleven to be exact, its guest of honor, the debutante herself, walked out on the guests.

"I couldn't help it, Dad," Pamela confessed the next morning. Locked into her room, she wouldn't even see her mother. "I meant to go through with it—but I'd been standing there for what seemed like years, shaking hands with people I didn't know and didn't want to know—my feet hurt and my arm hurt—and I just got so sick and tired of the whole silly business that—that I had to get out. And so I did. And today I'm leaving this house."

"Your mother's very upset," Marshall Bruce said, but he couldn't hide the smile of pride in his eyes.

"I know, and I'm sorry. I guess it'll be better if I don't see her right

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"I know, and I'm sorry. I guess it'll be better if I don't see her right

away. You understand, don't you, Dad? I want to be independent, and really *live!* Get myself a job—"

"Yes," her father said, nodding. "I understand perfectly. And, Pam—" His deep-set eyes twinkled. "I say, go to it!"

MARTINE'S STORE—Ladies' Ready-to-wear—was no great shakes. It was a barn of a building just off Union Square, and not one of Pam's former acquaintances would have thought of going there to buy clothes. But the salary was fourteen dollars a week—just about enough to live on, with care. And she didn't much want to see any of her former acquaintances.

Every morning at a quarter to nine she stood in line at the time-clock, slipped the card marked Paula Barton into the machine, and pulled the lever. Every night at six, after hours of taking cheap dresses off hangers and putting them back on, helping perspiring fat ladies in substantial prints and praying that the seams wouldn't burst, keeping a weather eye open to distinguish between prospective customers and those who were "just looking"—every night she went back to her furnished bedroom with aching feet and tired body. Only this time it was a joyous ache, a free and glorious tiredness.

But, early in her second week, she had her first really difficult customer, and went down to defeat. The customer, a pear-shaped woman with unconvincing blonde hair and angry protruding eyes like blue China Easter eggs, tried on dress after dress, complaining bitterly all the time. Not until she had made a selection of her own was she satisfied—and even then she had to have Pam's approval as well.

"Don't you agree that this looks much better on me than that blue atrocity you tried to sell me?" she asked, twisting back and forth in front of the mirror.

Pam hedged. "I'm glad you like it, Madam."

"Young woman, I asked you a question. Do you still like the blue dress better?"

"Well," Pam said frankly, "I do think the blue is in better taste. Horizontal stripes are all wrong for your figure."

After that, things got bad, with the woman flushing a mottled pink and screeching like a peacock, drowning out Pam's apologies and explanations. Tall young Mr. Adams, the floorwalker for the section, soon answered her cries. "This stupid salesgirl of yours has dared to insult me," she babbled. "She said this dress —the only decent one you have in stock—was in bad taste!"

The floorwalker's lean face was solemn. "Would you like another salesgirl?" he inquired.

"Certainly not! I want this one fired. She said my figure was—"

"Please, Mr. Adams," Pam begged, "she misunderstood. I didn't mean to insult her!"

"You needn't lie, young woman. I've seen your kind before."

"If she told you that dress was in bad taste," the floorwalker said abruptly, "she was right. It looks like a tent on you. And our salesgirls are here to help the customers, Madam, not to be shouted at. If you don't like the service here, you'd better go some place else."

"Mr. Adams!" said an authoritative voice from behind them. Somebody in the crowd that had collected whispered in awe: "Mr. Martine! The boss!"

"Well," said Eddie Adams, ex-floorwalker, to Paula Barton, ex-salesgirl, an hour later, "so there's a good job gone."

"Two good jobs," said Pam.

"And I was in the money, too," mourned Eddie, over his automat sandwich. "Two hundred and eighty-six dollars and forty-five cents. That's what I had in the bank. Another month would have made it three hundred."

"I'm sorry," Pam said. "But another store is bound to need a floorwalker."

Eddie glared at her. "A floorwalker! Say—you don't think I'd take a job like that again, do you? Do I look like a floorwalker?"

She had to admit, looking at him across the slab of imitation marble, that he didn't. A thin, nervous face, flat-cheeked, square-jawed; a sensitive mouth; blue-gray eyes that were curiously innocent and defenseless, for all his wise way of talking. He went on:

"I took that job because I had to. Chemistry—that's my job. Had two years of petroleum engineering at Columbia Extension, but when Dad had to quit work, I gave it up. Dad's a chemist too—a good one. And if the two of us only had a laboratory of our own, to work it out, we've got a way to absorb carbon monoxide fumes from automobile exhausts—it's been tried before, but our method is really practical—"

He broke off, eyeing her suspiciously. "Why should I be telling you all this?" he inquired of himself.

"But I think it's swell, Mr. Adams."

"Nix—call me Eddie. People that've been fired together ought to use first names. What's yours?"

"—Paula."

"Okay. Hurry and finish eating and we'll start looking for jobs."

Pamela was looking in her purse for another nickel. He stopped her, sternly. "This lunch is on me. How many more nickels you want?"

"Just one," she said meekly. "I want some ice cream on my pie."

He snatched the proffered money back. "No you don't. That pie's got cheese on it, hasn't it? That's enough."

She looked up at him, startled. After a barely perceptible pause she said: "I see. Apparently you're an expert on practical economics as well as chemistry."

"You mean I'm tight?" he said without rancour. "Sure I am. I've got to be—and so-ve you. Here! Let me see your purse."

BEFORE she could stop him, he had snatched it and was methodically going through its contents. "Two dollars and eighty-seven cents," he announced. "And no job. When's your rent paid to?"

"That's none of your business."

"Can't be long, anyway," he shrugged her temper off. "That settles it. You're coming home with me. We've got a back bedroom we can't rent because the window won't open. You can sleep there."

Afterwards, Pam was never quite sure how she came to be part of the Adams household. She certainly hadn't intended to—well, not *really* intended to. Yet in a week, there she was, living in the back room, having her meals with the family, calling Mr. and Mrs. Adams "Dad" and "Mother."

The relationship went farther than mere words, too. As much as Eddie, she soon found herself worrying over Dad's health—over the long half-illness that had sapped his strength so he could no longer hold down a job; and over the dubious, confusing reports that were all the doctor gave about him. With Eddie, she longed for a laboratory of his own, where he and his father could work out their process for eliminating carbon monoxide fumes. A far-off, rosy dream, that seemed, for most of Eddie's savings were gone in the weeks that passed before either of them found another job.

Then things were better, with Eddie working in an oil refinery in Jersey, and Pam in a Times Square hat



Pam sank down wearily on the steps of the high-shouldered brownstone walk-up where the Adamses lived.

shop. At least, there was enough to pay for food and rent and the doctor's frequent visits. Winter faded into spring and spring into summer, and suddenly it was July.

July the fifth. It should have been just another hot summer day, but to Pam, sinking down on the steps of the high-shouldered brownstone walk-up where the Adamses lived, it was a little more than that. It was her birthday. Of course, Eddie didn't know—she hadn't told him because he'd be sure to want to buy her something, and he couldn't afford it. But . . . it would be nice . . . rather . . . if he did know.

THE life of the crowded street flowed past her as she sat there on the front steps. The long climb up three flights to the apartment loomed before her like Mt. Everest. She was tired—and because she was tired, and it was her birthday, and in a way a mile-stone, she found herself thinking thoughts that she had resolutely barred from her mind. Eddie. Darling. If she could only say that to him—if he would only let her. But Eddie's mind was not on her. It was too firmly set on a bank-account. She smiled, wryly. Funny. Once the possession of money had kept her from what she wanted. Now it was its lack.

All at once, Eddie was standing beside her, grinning down into her upturned face, one hand dangling a little paper-wrapped box before her eyes.

"Hey! Wake up—and happy birthday!"

"Eddie! You didn't! How—how did you know?"

"You let it slip, once, and forgot. Go on, open it!"

It was a slim little bracelet, gold set with garnets. "Not rubies, or diamonds, like you ought to have," Eddie said. "But it's real, anyhow. Fake jewelry doesn't go with you."

And after dinner, Eddie insisted, they were going out to celebrate. "I don't care if it costs five bucks," he said. "We're going to split the town wide open!"

Perhaps they didn't quite do that, but they went to a Broadway show, sitting high up in gallery seats, and afterwards they took the bus and then a ferry to the Palisades, where they rode on the roller-coasters and merry-go-rounds.

IT was afterwards, as they walked through the dark, deserted streets from the bus stop to the apartment, that the spell broke. All the laughter was gone now. Eddie was silent, trudging along with his hands in his pockets his eyes on the sidewalk.

"Eddie," she said timidly, "what's the matter? You just—sort of froze up—all of a sudden."

"Nothin'," he said, with an irritated shake of his head.

"Is it—is it because I spent so much money?"

"Don't be a dope." He whirled on her. "Do you think I'd care if you spent a million—if I had it? You think I'm tight. Sure I am—I've got to be. Being tight's the one outside chance I've got to win—the one—" He broke off, hopelessly. "Let's not talk about it."

He was looking at the sidewalk once more, so he did not see the brooding pity in her face.

"Let's do talk about it, Eddie," she said quietly.

"For what? Where will it get us?" He was savage now. "There's nothing I can say that you haven't guessed. I've got so much bottled up inside me I could talk until doomsday and still not tell you anything you don't know."

"But suppose—suppose I want to hear it anyway?"

"Suppose you do. What does it all add up to? We love each other. So that's great. But we can't afford to get married. All I can offer you—all that's left over after I've taken care of the folks—is a little furnished room somewhere. And you—" his voice tightened, and he turned away his head—"you deserve a lot more than that."

This, she thought, wasn't the way she had expected to hear a man say he loved her. No pretty speeches, no moonlight. Only tense, bitter words, spoken late at night on a grimy New York street. But not the less sweet, for all that. One hand rose and pressed itself against her cheek in involuntary, secret delight. He did love her, and that was the important thing. Surely, beside that, his anger and pride about money couldn't matter much—she would soothe them, wipe them away as if they had never been there.

"I won't mind, darling," she said. "I'll still be working, remember. We'll make out somehow, and take care of the folks too."

"And there's another (*Continued on page* 70)

# I Married

**Now I can tell it—the story of my secret life with a radio idol I loved so much that I became his unacknowledged wife**

I.

AMONG all my memories—along with the days of fear and heartache—I still have that one day of happiness. I'll always have that to look back on: the brief twenty-four hours of my wedding day.

Blindingly hot, it was. The sun seemed to have actual weight as it struck you, yet the desert air was so light and heady that you didn't have any feeling of oppression. In the judge's little office, where we stood before a plain flat-topped desk for an altar, there was even a little breeze. The flat leaves of a palm-tree scraped together, outside the window, with a dry sort of noise.

I looked up at Greg's face, as we waited for the judge to begin, and smiled. In a few minutes now, he'd be my husband. The world wouldn't know it; once this day was over neither of us could acknowledge the other, perhaps for months. But at the moment, that didn't matter. Greg—handsome, talented, so-serious Greg—would be my husband; *I* would know it, and that would be enough.

And then, almost before I had time to realize it, the ceremony was over. Just a few words, mumbled by the white-haired judge whose name I didn't even know: "Do you, Thomas Boerland, now take Katharine Moore to be your lawful wedded wife? . . . Do you, Katharine Moore, now take Thomas Boerland to be your lawful wedded husband? . . ."

Of course, I had known Greg would use his real name, not the one he had taken when he first became a professional singer—but just the same, it fell with a slight shock on my ears. As if, somehow, I were not marrying him at all, but another man.

Then Greg was slipping the plain little gold ring on my finger, fumbling a little, endearingly, in his nervousness; taking me in his arms, kissing me on the lips. We were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Boerland—



Almost before I could realize it, the ceremony was over—we were Mr. and Mrs. Greg Dean.

# Outside the Law



which didn't mean a thing to anyone except us. That we were also Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Dean didn't mean a great deal, either—now. But some day it would, my heart sang—some day it would.

"That's his wife," people would some day whisper when we went into the stage door of a broadcasting studio or a concert hall. "They were married when he was still almost unknown, and kept it secret for a while because they didn't want to spoil his chances in the movies. It was just after he got his contract with Imperial." And magazine writers would come to me—some day—and I'd tell them the story of our wedding and how it happened—how I'd met Greg in a Hollywood radio studio, while he was singing on a local program, and I was just breaking into the business as an actress, taking small parts in dramatic shows, reading commercials—doing anything they'd hire me to do. How we started going around together, and how almost from the first I knew I loved him.

THERE was one thing I wouldn't tell them, though, because it still hurt me, just a little, to think about it. I didn't blame Greg—I knew that one disastrous experience with marriage, when he was little more than a boy, must have made him wary. I knew, too, that a young man with his way to make in the entertainment business travels faster if he travels alone. But I wouldn't tell these people in the future that the secret marriage had been my idea—my solution for what had seemed an unsolvable dilemma. I wouldn't tell them that marriage, even a secret marriage, hadn't occurred to Greg until I suggested it. I understood, but they might not. It was the secret Greg and I would share in that far-off, beautiful day when fame should have come to him, and we could stand together before the whole world, just as we had stood together at the flat-topped desk in the judge's office.

If I had known that day was never to come! . . .

We said goodby to the judge, and went down the stone stairway, with its golden-oak hand rail, and out

# I Married Outside the Law

**Now I can tell it—the story of my secret life with a radio idol I loved so much that I became his unacknowledged wife**

I.

AMONG all my memories—along with the days of fear and heartache—I still have that one day of happiness. I'll always have that to look back on: the brief twenty-four hours of my wedding day.

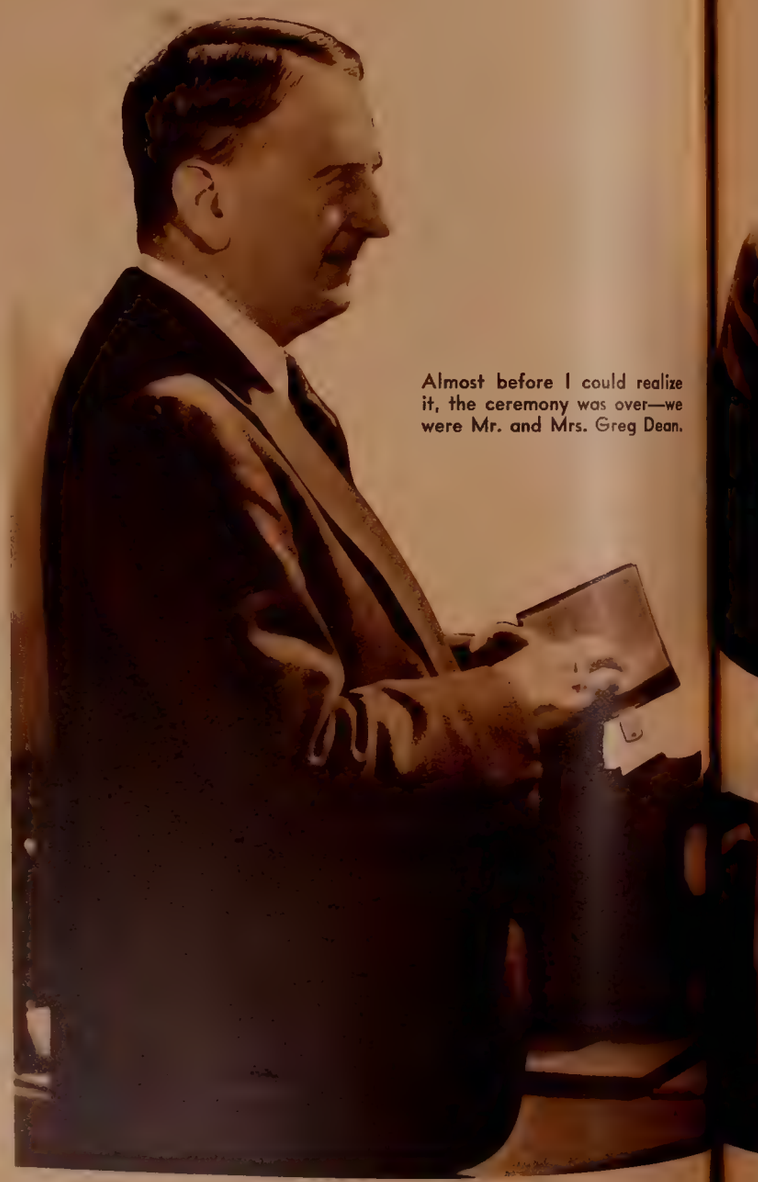
Blindingly hot, it was. The sun seemed to have actual weight as it struck you, yet the desert air was so light and heady that you didn't have any feeling of oppression. In the judge's little office, where we stood before a plain flat-topped desk for an altar, there was even a little breeze. The flat leaves of a palm-tree scraped together, outside the window, with a dry sort of noise.

I looked up at Greg's face, as we waited for the judge to begin, and smiled. In a few minutes now, he'd be my husband. The world wouldn't know it; once this day was over neither of us could acknowledge the other, perhaps for months. But at the moment, that didn't matter. Greg—handsome, talented, so-serious Greg—would be my husband; *I* would know it, and that would be enough.

And then, almost before I had time to realize it, the ceremony was over. Just a few words, mumbled by the white-haired judge whose name I didn't even know: "Do you, Thomas Boerland, now take Katharine Moore to be your lawful wedded wife? . . . Do you, Katharine Moore, now take Thomas Boerland to be your lawful wedded husband? . . ."

Of course, I had known Greg would use his real name, not the one he had taken when he first became a professional singer—but just the same, it fell with a slight shock on my ears. As if, somehow, I were not marrying him at all, but another man.

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of the court house into the bright, dusty street. All around the little town was desert, a waste of sand, cactus, Joshua trees, with only the narrow ribbon of concrete connecting us with Hollywood, which we had left that morning. Now it was late afternoon. Greg's dark-blue sports roadster, its gleaming surface a little dulled with the dust of our journey, stood at the curb.

"Well," Greg said uncertainly, "where now?"

FOR we didn't have much time for a honeymoon. The whole escapade had been undertaken, necessarily, on the spur of the moment. Greg was busy on the Imperial lot, acting in his first picture, and we both had radio shows, so once we had made up our minds to get married, the next problem had been when. We hadn't dared stay in California for the ceremony, for fear the news would get out, and the trip across the state line to Nevada took almost a day. But, the night before, Greg had called up with the good news that his shooting schedule on the lot was giving him two whole days off, while neither of us had a broadcast for the same length of time—so we'd hastily made plans, packed a few clothes—and here we were!

I tried to think back over the road we had traveled that morning, to remember if we had passed any places that looked pleasant enough to spend the night in, but without much success. In every direction there was nothing but desert.

"Maybe we ought to drive straight back to Hollywood," I suggested, but without really meaning it.

"Oh, no," Greg said seriously. "That wouldn't be very safe. We might be seen if we went somewhere there—I mean—"

We looked away from each other, both of us blushing.

At last we simply got in the car and drove back toward the west. The sun glared straight into our eyes, and all at once depression settled on me. I felt hot and dusty. The wedding was over, so abruptly; we didn't know where we were going; and we felt constrained and embarrassed. And I wondered, for the first time, if we had done right in marrying so secretly and furtively. Perhaps it would have been better to wait—

The sun sank, and the clear, pale desert twilight came, while we whizzed along the road. Seven o'clock, eight o'clock—

Greg looked at me doubtfully. "We're getting to Lone Rock. Would you like to stop there? It's not such a bad place."

I nodded, and soon we were driving down the main street of the town. There seemed to be only one hotel, and it wasn't very inviting. Then, at the edge of town, I caught sight of a neat little auto camp, tiny bungalows grouped about a graveled court. Greg wrinkled his nose when I suggested taking a look at it.

"An auto camp!" he said. "For a honeymoon?"

Nevertheless, he stopped, and when we had inspected the bungalow they showed us, he had to admit it was better than a hotel, with its clean floors, bright curtains at the windows, and adjoining shower.

The camp attendant went away and closed the door behind him. Greg looked at me, then away, lit a cigarette and strolled to the window. "We'd better go somewhere and eat," he said vaguely.

Then, suddenly, he crushed the cigarette out, turned swiftly, and took me in his arms.

"Darling!" he whispered against my hair.

All my momentary depression faded away, and I gave myself to his embrace, gladly. I felt, once more, secure and safe in his love, and I said to myself that I had only been suffering from the nervousness of any young bride.

Yet that same feeling, a sort of submerged sense of disaster piling up around me, was to come again, and again, and much too often. I had never believed in premonitions; I can't entirely believe in them even now, but the fact remains that from the very beginning I knew there was something wrong about our marriage, something I could not—or would not—analyze.

It was still with me two weeks later, when I had to take my wedding ring out of my purse and look at it, to convince myself that our elopement hadn't been all a dream. Nothing was changed. I still lived in my little one-room apartment, on the Los Angeles side of Hollywood; I still went to the broadcasting studio almost every day; I still saw Greg there frequently, and sometimes went out with him to dinner. But we both realized we couldn't be seen together too often. Hollywood (*Continued on page* 62)



I turned away from him, hating to let him read the anguish in my face—even though soon I would have to confide in him.




Drawing By Rennold Lueder

# I'VE FOUND THE PERFECT *Backseat Driver*

WHEN I am on the road radio is my boon companion, trustworthy guide, respected counselor and ever jolly entertainer. At last I've found the perfect backseat driver—one that never talks back, argues about the right road to take, or criticizes the way I shift gears.

Radio plays an important part of my life when I am home, or in residence at any spot for a period. But there the rounds of daily calls, business and social visits, movies and theaters prevent me from being with it as much as I like. Traveling, however, particularly by trailer, it is the most important factor in my daily rounds.

As I usually start shortly after daylight I leave my trailer bedside radio on when I go to sleep. The soft strains of the early morning music awaken me not too abruptly. I do my morning stretching exercises to the rhythm of the gymnastic leaders. Cooking breakfast, the weather reports are being flashed in and aid me in planning the route for the day. At approximately the same time, of course the news reports keep me informed of world affairs and take the place of the daily newspaper which is then rarely available. I usually spend eight or nine hours a day driving, quite often alone. At intervals I turn on the car-radio and get news, music, lectures, whatever my mood requires, or whatever I feel I need to supplement my thoughts. Incidentally I find myself paying attention to the cooking recipes and household hints—something which I wouldn't think of doing at home. Over a charcoal fire in the evening I frequently try out with some success new ways of preparing a dish I've just listened to. The advice on cleaning is particularly useful in the trailer for there are so many different things to keep in condition. And I often waft myself to sleep at night listening to Stokowski or Damrosch or the lighter music of Rudy Vallee, Ben Bernie or Wayne King. The late evening news is a source of great satisfaction, for although I'm usually able to pick up newspapers enroute, the daily stint of driving and the evening's chores often tire my eyes so much I feel little like reading.

Yearly I travel about 50,000 miles by airplane, boat, train, car and lately largely by trailer. When I'm working on some particular story I naturally have to go to my destination by the quickest possible route. There is no latitude for deviations. But much of the time I am engaged in making surveys and studies of particular countries and sections thereof. Here is where my radio is of great aid. When I'm planning my day's trip if I find the weather is particularly bad in one section, I (*Continued on page* 60)



**■ The famous fugitive from Fifth Avenue salutes man's best companion on the open road — his radio set, which never talks back, disagrees, or finds fault, and even saves lives**

**By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.**



During rehearsals, performers wear sun glasses, but for the actual performance they must come off. Here's Fred Waring doing his master of ceremonies' job before the powerful rays of the great television lights.

Lillian Eggers, New York model, stumbled into her television job.



# Before Your

By JACK SHER

LIGHT the set!"

"Places everybody!"

The three heavy television cameras moved noiselessly into position. The pretty girl announcer stood under the glaring lights moving nervously. The Fred Waring choral singers, just to her right, scrambled to get into position.

"Quiet!" A voice boomed through the studio.

It was echoed by assistants, and everyone on the set held his breath and kept his eyes glued on the nervous girl announcer.

High in a dark room, just above the television studio sets, the director watched the girl's image on a series of three screens directly in front of him. Then he began giving instructions to the three television cameramen below, speaking his commands through a public address system. It was almost eight o'clock. Everything was ready.

"All right, let's go!"

The girl announcer opened her mouth and at the same instant people sitting in front of their television sets within a fifty-mile radius of the Empire State building, saw and heard the girl on the screen. The first official television program was under way.

As soon as the girl was through speaking those in front of their television sets saw the entire Fred Waring Company, sixty in all, suddenly flash on their screen. The boys and girls kept things moving briskly, doing ten minutes of singing, dancing and comedy. Then, as



Mary McCormick, NBC's girl announcer, is making up for her appearance before the television camera. Below: They call her the "Image Girl." Charlotte Manson has been the constant subject for NBC's experimental television tests.

# very Eyes



**■ A miracle becomes a daily occurrence—and here is your free pass to the first backstage tour of a regular television broadcast**

the Waring gang wound up with a spectacular finale, the scene shifted and the title of a play, "The Unexpected," appeared on the screen. As the title faded away, those watching their screens were looking at a stage setting similar to one you might see on a Broadway stage. The actors, Earl Larrimore, Marjorie Clarke and David More, took their parts well, in this amusing one-act comedy drama. As soon as it was over, there was a breather for those in the studio, but on the screen appeared the face of Lowell Thomas, as television gave its audience the first movie made especially for television, called "Teletopics." As soon as it was over, the action centered in the studio again, with Marcy Wescott, Broadway musical comedy star, singing popular tunes of the day. Dick Rodgers, famous composer, accompanied her at the piano.

After Marcy, the girl television announcer came on and announced that the next scenes would be televised from the World's Fair, and suddenly, the beaming face of Ed Herlihy, NBC's inquiring reporter, came on the screen. He was in front of a big building on the Fair grounds, and beside him were several people who were picked at random to answer his questions and be televised. He kept the questions popping at a lively rate and most of the people interviewed showed up well on the screen. It was one of the highlights of the program. As soon as it was over, three excellent jugglers were televised from the studio. Then, the star of the show, Donald Duck, in a full-length cartoon, wound up the show.

Yes, after all the talk, promises and build-up, television is here as a regular, reliable entertainment medium—ready to take its place along with radio and the movies.

So now, LET'S GO TO A REHEARSAL:

The modern, air-cooled television studio at NBC is like a Hollywood sound stage in miniature. Here, actors and actresses scurry around the brilliantly lit sets in make-up; cameramen, berets and all, "dolly" and "Pan" and "truck" to get the shots the director wants. Sets are pulled up and down in a twinkling as assistant directors shout out instructions.

Being in (*Continued on page* 58)

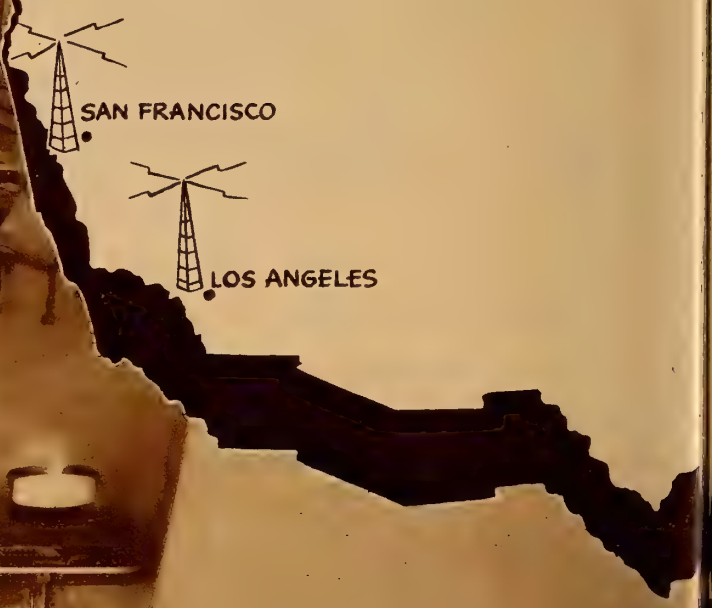
# THE CURTAIN *Magic*

■ In its excitement, color and bustle, an NBC television studio is like a Hollywood sound stage. Left, rehearsals go on while stagehands set the scenery. Note the batteries of bright lights, the wall being moved into position, and the microphone at the end of its long pole, or "boom." In the picture at left below, the stage is set and the scene is being televised.





Three cameras are used alternately, to give more variety to shows.






■ Left, the director's room, where the action in the studio is watched on three screens, one for each camera. During rehearsal, the director talks to the actors over a microphone and public-address system—he never sees them in the flesh, as the studio is on the floor below. Television requires a big technical crew—four men in this room besides the director, who is second from the right. Inset, it has often been said that blondes can't be televised, but this picture of Jean Muir, taken directly from a television screen, proves once and for all that they can. The girl announcer on NBC's first regular sight broadcast was also a decided blonde.

# RISES ON A *World*

■ Right, one of NBC's programs presents an actual staged prizefight: sporting events will undoubtedly be frequent attractions in sight-sound radio. The Philco portable transmitter, below right, is even now touring the country, picking up outdoor happenings. Some outdoor scenes may be filmed, developed at once, and put on the air as moving pictures.




In Florida, the portable television camera catches a golfer as he tees off.

■ Above, a map of the United States shows you where television programs may be seen, to the best of our reporter's knowledge, either now or by the end of 1939. At each city marked an experimental station is already in operation, or the construction of one has been licensed. No licenses for commercial stations have been given, as yet, but if you live within fifty miles of any of these cities, a television receiver in your home will be able to receive the programs sent out. Right, Fred Waring and his orchestra supplied television with its first regularly scheduled variety show. Inset, NBC's new television inquiring reporter, former announcer Ed Herlihy.

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR





# THE CURTAIN RISES ON A *Magic World*

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# LANNY ROSS TELLS *What's Wrong*




■ Kay Lorraine and Lanny show the phoney-elegant way NOT to hold your partner's hand.




■ If you want your partner to enjoy that dance, don't keep up a constant flow of chatter.




■ Some men may like to have you dance as close as this, but, says Lanny, most of them don't.




■ Fishnet dresses are pretty but a man doesn't think so when they catch on his studs.

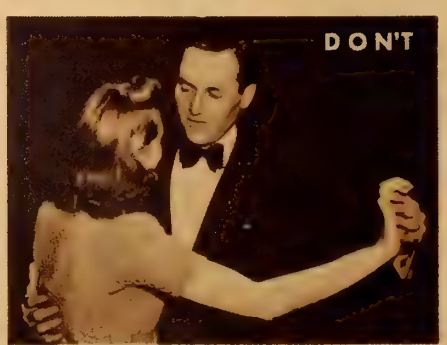



■ Picture hats are pretty too, but Lanny swears they're a menace on the dance-floor.




■ How to make yourself unpopular—wave hellos to other men over your escort's shoulder.




■ Too many girls hinder instead of help their partners. Left, Kay is leaning on Lanny's chest; right, she's hanging on to his arm, making him carry her around. Above, the Hit Parade couple demonstrate an-another bad way to hold hands.



# with Women's Dancing

## DO

WOMEN, you are wonderful! No matter how mad we men may get at you, you're still wonderful. Even if you are always late, even if you do wear the darndest hats, and even if you can't learn that fifty dollars will only buy fifty dollars' worth of clothes.

But—and I'll bet I've got the entire male population to back me up—there's one time and place you're not nearly so perfect as you think. It's time you were told. We've been too polite and too scared until now to speak up. I'm still scared, but here goes anyway. . . .

No matter what you may think, lots of times it's you, the woman, who is responsible for these slips and stumbles that make dancing a punishment instead of a paradise. When that happens, do you blame yourself? Never. You blame the unlucky male whose arms are around you and whose toes are under yours.

Yet the chances are, every time you dance you are liable unconsciously to commit at least one of these faults I'm going to tell you about and which can so easily make you and your partner wish you'd gone to a movie instead.

Remember, it's not just me talking to you—it's every man who ever had a French heel come down hard on his instep and was then glared at by his graceful feminine partner who was undoubtedly saying to herself, "If only men would learn how to dance!"

Yes, the chances are fifty-fifty it was just as much your fault as it was his.

For instance:

Take the girl who tries to lead. I don't think I know a single man who won't gripe about this to other men—when he's sure he's not being overheard, of course! Maybe the girl does dance so well that she could lead better than the man. But she'll be a more popular girl if she forgets that (*Continued on page* 61)

■ The perfect dance posture—as posed by Lanny Ross and Kay Lorraine, singing stars of the CBS Saturday night Hit Parade.



*Photos by John Shutz, CBS.*

# His Life is News!

**Broadway Oracle, family man, recluse, night life king—read the truth about that amazing bundle of contrasts—Walter Winchell**

**By MILDRED LUBER**



*The story thus far:*

AMERICA'S most famous reporter was born on April 7, 1897, on West 116th Street in Harlem, New York City—the son of an immigrant couple who spelled their name Winchel. He grew up there, in that rather tough neighborhood, and when he was still just a boy began singing in the Imperial Theater, the corner nickelodeon, with Eddie Cantor and George Jessel. His boyish good looks, combined with a fair singing voice and an ability to dance, led him directly to professional vaudeville as he grew up, and except for an interval during the war when he was in the U. S. Navy, he was on the stage until 1922. Then he changed professions entirely, taking a twenty-five-dollar-a-week job on the "Vaudeville News," a house-organ for the Keith-Albee vaudeville circuit.

PART II

FROM the retired vaudeville performer who was working for twenty-five dollars a week on the "Vaudeville News" to today's Walter Winchell is a long jump. Not in years, necessarily. Measured that way, it's only a decade and a half, more or less. But in his way of living, in his bank-account, and most important, in his attitudes toward the world and toward himself, the Walter of 1939 has jumped so far that he's a different man entirely.

Today he is a strange mixture of recluse and bon-vivant; of family man and night-owl; of the historian of trivialities and the serious crusader. With, you must remember, the recluse, the family man, and the crusader uppermost at all times. He has a town apartment and a country home, neither of which is often entered by his acquaintances—he has few friends, in the intimate meaning of the word. He has a wife and two children, all of whom he adores. The key to that adoration, and its proof, lie in his constantly growing interest in governmental and international affairs.

In the old days, just after he'd first become a reporter, he didn't know much about what went on in Paris, Berlin, London, Washington; and cared less. The Broadway and cafe-society scene was what sincerely interested him. His column of jokes called "Merciless Truths," and another column of racy trade gossip called "Broadway Hearsay," which he began writing soon after he joined the "Vaudeville News" accurately defined the boundaries of his enthusiasms.

Other men give their girls flowers or boxes of candy. The Walter of today might do that too. But when he was courting June Aster, his first present to her was a free full-page advertisement in the "Vaudeville News" for the dancing team of Hill and Aster, of which she was a part. The gift is significant: it hints at two things—that Walter couldn't afford flowers or candy then, and that to his Broadwayish way of thinking, a free ad was a pretty fine present after all. June must have thought so too. At any rate, a year after the ad appeared, she became Mrs. Walter Winchell.

In the last few years, success has been achieved, and Walter has had time to grow—to find out what really interests him, and what is really worth fighting for. But in those early days, he had to concentrate, as so many of us must, on earning a living. Getting



It took Hyman Fink to get this rare shot of Walter, Mrs. Winchell and their daughter, Walda.

ahead. Finding tools with which to work, and learning to use them.

Four years on the "Vaudeville News" were his apprenticeship. It wasn't an easy apprenticeship, either. Much good shoe-leather was worn out on the daily rounds—along Forty-second Street, up Broadway to Forty-third, east and west of Broadway, up to Forty-fourth, east and west. . . . There were so many agents' and brokers' offices to be visited, each with its crumb of news to be carefully picked up, pocketed, carried away, made into a paragraph or a sentence. He didn't know it, but he was laying the foundation of that vast acquaintance which was to go on giving him news items for the next fifteen years.

WALTER finally became a columnist for a real New York newspaper but not because there was any tremendous demand for his talents as a writer. He did have a rare talent, however, for which Fulton Oursler, supervising editor of the New York *Graphic*, was willing to pay—a higher price, incidentally, than he had anticipated. Oursler hired him as a tipster, for it was evident that Winchell had more inside dope on Broadway's glamorous figures than anyone else in town. Oursler wanted Winchell to bring all his hot news tips to the city desk as leads for front page stories. Winchell agreed to go to work for the *Graphic* but he expected payment—not in more money but in the right to have his own column, under his own name. Oursler capitulated. It would be worth a column if he could just get those tips.

Walter might never have stopped working for the Vaudeville News and begun being a journalistic force if it hadn't been for Norman Frescott, then star of a very successful vaudeville act and until recently known to you as the Frescott who was master of ceremonies on the popular program, Uncle Jim's Question Bee. Wouldn't Winchell, Frescott (*Continued on page* 74)

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Other men give their girls flowers or boxes of candy. The Walter of today might do that too. But when he was courting June Aster, his first present to her was a free full-page advertisement in the "Vaudeville News" for the dancing team of Hill and Aster, of which she was a part. The gift is significant: it hints at two things—that Walter couldn't afford flowers or candy then, and that to his Broadwayish way of thinking, a free ad was a pretty fine present after all. June must have thought so too. At any rate, a year after the ad appeared, she became Mrs. Walter Winchell.

In the last few years, success has been achieved, and Walter has had time to grow—to find out what really interests him, and what is really worth fighting for. But in those early days, he had to concentrate, as so many of us must, on earning a living. Getting ahead. Finding tools with which to work, and learning to use them.

Four years on the "Vaudeville News" were his apprenticeship. It wasn't an easy apprenticeship, either. Much good shoe-leather was worn out on the daily rounds—along Forty-second Street, up Broadway to Forty-third, east and west of Broadway, up to Forty-fourth, east and west. . . . There were so many agents' and brokers' offices to be visited, each with its crumb of news to be carefully picked up, pocketed, carried away, made into a paragraph or a sentence. He didn't know it, but he was laying the foundation of that vast acquaintance which was to go on giving him news items for the next fifteen years.

WALTER finally became a columnist for a real New York newspaper but not because there was any tremendous demand for his talents as a writer. He did have a rare talent, however, for which Fulton Oursler, supervising editor of the New York *Graphic*, was willing to pay—a higher price, incidentally, than he had anticipated. Oursler hired him as a tipster, for it was evident that Winchell had more inside dope on Broadway's glamorous figures than anyone else in town. Oursler wanted Winchell to bring all his hot news tips to the city desk as leads for front page stories. Winchell agreed to go to work for the *Graphic* but he expected payment—not in more money but in the right to have his own column, under his own name. Oursler capitulated. It would be worth a column if he could just get those tips.

Walter might never have stopped working for the Vaudeville News and begun being a journalistic force if it hadn't been for Norman Frescott, then star of a very successful vaudeville act and until recently known to you as the Frescott who was master of ceremonies on the popular program, Uncle Jim's Question Bee. Wouldn't Winchell, Frescott (*Continued on page 74*)

■ **Such blessed relief to learn finally the truth about her past and yet—should Kitty accept her lawful birthright and lose the man of her heart?**

# Pretty Kitty



The whine was coming closer. It was filling her ears. What was happening?

*The story thus far:*

WHAT was Kitty Kelly's real identity? All she knew was that she had wakened one morning in a third-class cabin of a ship bound for America. Her memory was gone, and her grim-faced companion, Mrs. Megram, told her she was a poor Irish girl, just recovering from a grave illness. But there was more to the story, she learned a year later, when Mrs. Megram was murdered, leaving behind her a note speaking mysteriously of Kitty's "rightful place in the world." Meanwhile, she had fallen in love with Michael Conway, a young lawyer, but she refused to marry him until the mystery of her past had been cleared up. Michael, growing restless under the uncertainty of his position with Kitty, one night broke a dinner engagement with her on the excuse of business. Disappointed, she yielded to the pleas of Grant Thursday, a rich playboy, and went to dinner with him, where she saw Michael, intoxicated, with Isabel Andrews, the wealthy daughter of the man Michael had said he was dining with. Believing that her only chance of getting Michael back lay in regaining her memory, Kitty agreed to see a psychiatrist, Dr. Orbo—and discovered when she met him that he was the man who had originally caused her to lose her memory, back in Ireland.

Yet she did not entirely trust the sinister-looking Orbo, although he made an appointment to see her next day and begin treating her to restore her memory. She trusted him still less after the treatment, when he hypnotized her and attempted to make her write her name, Kathleen Kelly. Some in-

**A fictionization by Lucille**

# Kelly



"Kitty!" His voice broke in a sob of relief. "My darling—I've found you!"

*Photos by Pinchot*

stinct, even through the fog of hypnosis, warned her not to do so. That night, dispirited, she stayed alone in the apartment, her roommate, Bunny, and Grant Thursday going out together; and while they were gone Orbo came in, saying he was going to take her to a hospital. She tried to resist, but his hypnotic power drained all strength away from her, and the last thing she remembered was being put into an automobile which sped away through the night.

PART III

WHEN she came to herself, she was lying on a tumbled bed in a small dark room. The shades were pulled down. A single lamp burned on a wash-stand nearby, casting weird shadows. Outside she could hear the wind and rain beating against the window-pane, the low rumble of distant thunder.

Where was she? A hospital? For a moment her cloudy mind recalled Dr. Orbo's words. "I have come to take you to a hospital," he had said. Was this it? Perhaps—perhaps he *had* been playing fair and square.

Then, as her brain cleared, she sat up and looked about her. If this was a hospital, it was the strangest one she had ever seen. The lamp was an old-fashioned kerosene one. The walls were stained and yellow. Even the linen on the bed was soiled, the gray blanket torn and gritty.

And it was all so terribly still.

There was not a footstep to be heard here, no distant human sounds at all. She pushed back the covers and stood up. She was still completely dressed, except for her shoes. Her stocking feet padding softly over the bare floor, she ran to the window, and looked out.

It was raining wildly, but by staring hard, she made out at last that there were woods all around, deep, thick woods. There were no lights visible, not even the headlights of a car. Nothing but trees and darkness and rain.

How had she come here? She passed her hand over her eyes, trying to think. But she could remember nothing of a journey—nothing except Dr. Orbo's glittering eyes leading her on. Had they come by train or car or boat? And what had happened? Why had he brought her here? Why had he left her in this wretched room alone?

She gave a little sob of terror. She must escape—and quickly. He might return at any moment. She ran to the door, yanked vainly at the knob. The door was locked.

He had trapped her here—like a creature in a cage. But for what reason? What had she done? Who was he, this madman, who could erase one's memory, and bring it back again? And what did he want of her? Oh, it did not matter. She must get away. She must beat at the door, lean out the window, scream with all the power in her body. Someone, perhaps, would be passing by.

**Fletcher of the dramatic CBS serial by Frank Dahm, sponsored by Wonder Bread**

Someone might hear her. . . .

She went back to the window, raised the sash, and screamed with all her force.

"Help! Help! Murder!" They were the only words she could think of.

It was no use. She slumped down to her knees, against the window-sill, and bowed her head. No one had heard.

BUT someone had heard. Someone inside the house. Footsteps were coming down the hall. A key was turning in the lock. Someone was entering the room. Dr. Orbo, she thought. She did not look up, until a woman's voice sounded in her ears.

"Okay, dopey," it said. "You can come now. They're waitin' for you."

The woman in the doorway was middle-aged, dressed in a crumpled nurse's uniform.

"Who's waiting for me?" Kitty did not move. "And where am I? Who are you? I want to get out of here!"

The woman grinned.

"Oh you *do*, do you?" she mocked.

She advanced into the room, still smiling that knowing smile. Kitty tried to fend her off. But she was powerful. In a moment, she had reached the bed, grabbed Kitty's arm in a cruel grip and twisted it back, farther and farther, until Kitty screamed with pain.

"Okay, dearie! Here we go!"

She dragged Kitty out of the room, and down a long hall. They went down a creaking wooden staircase, into a long hallway that smelled of chloroform, into an old-fashioned huge kitchen.

Two men were sitting before an oilcloth-covered table, reading papers by the light of a kerosene lamp. They looked up as she entered. One of them was Dr. Orbo. The other was sallow-faced, with close-set eyes and bristly black hair.

Dr. Orbo was looking at her with dark satisfaction.

"Well, Isaac Hamish—" he turned, smiling to the man beside him. "This is she—at last! Are you satisfied?"

The other man shrugged.

"Not yet. She is of no use to us now. You know that. Remember. My bargain called for something else. . . ."

"Of course." Dr. Orbo nodded. "Well, Mr. Hamish, that will not be difficult. She is weak now. Look. She can scarcely stand. Mrs. Daggett—assist Miss Kelly to a chair!"

"Come on, dearie!" The woman jerked her arm. But she would not sit down. What were they going to do now? Who was this man, Hamish? What was his "bargain?"

She burst out at them.

"Please, Dr. Orbo! There must be some mistake! I—I have done nothing. Nothing. My name is Kitty Kelly. I—I'm a poor orphan girl from Dublin. Please. I—I'll do anything for you—but please let me go away."

Dr. Orbo spoke soothingly.

"Of course, Miss Kelly. You are going home in a little while. There is no cause for alarm. This is merely a part of my treatment. What one might call the Second Stage. Sit down, my dear. Now—put your mind at rest. Lie back against the chair . . . rest . . . rest. Now, Mrs. Daggett—if you please. Bring in the revolving light machine."

"Light machine!" Kitty sat up with a shudder. "Please, Dr. Orbo. You can't. You can't hypnotize me again! I won't. I won't let you!"

**Honeymoons Need Not End! For proof, we give you Jon Hall and Frances Langford. In next month's issue, read their story for the secret of lasting wedded happiness**

She turned to the sallow man at Orbo's side. "Mr. Hamish! I—I promise you. I'll do anything you say. But please! Dr. Orbo doesn't understand. I don't want anything. I'm just Kitty Kelly, a poor girl from an orphan asylum in Dublin who . . ."

"Orbo—come and take care of her," Hamish said. "This sort of thing disgusts me. I thought you were going to get it over with at once."

"So I am!" Dr. Orbo stood up, his shadow enormous, menacing in the dimly lit room. His sauve scientific manner was quite gone now. Pitilessly he held her on the chair, forcing her head up, toward the machine. "Start the lights now, Mrs. Daggett!" he barked. Mrs. Daggett obeyed.

Kitty tried to look away, but he held her firmly, his fingers pressing into her eye-sockets, forcing open the lids. He was forcing her to stare at the lights. But she must not see them. She must hold herself taut. Yet the dizziness was coming over her, the familiar faintness. She was going down . . . down . . . down . . .

Suddenly in the midst of her whirling descent, there was the sharp sound of a bell ringing through the house. A peremptory ring. Dr. Orbo's fingers trembled against her eyes.

"What's that?" he hissed at Hamish.

"Andrews, I suppose." Hamish shrugged.

"Andrews!" Dr. Orbo's voice was hoarse. "What's he coming here for now?"

"To sign the stock certificate. I told him to meet me here tonight."

"He's too early!" Dr. Orbo paused. The bell jangled again. He snapped at Mrs. Daggett.

"Tell him to wait. Keep him out of here, until I call you, do you hear?"

"Sure." Mrs. Daggett disappeared. Dr. Orbo's fingers pressed up Kitty's aching eyelids again, more cruelly.

"Now, Miss Kelly . . . once more . . ." he began. "Once more." But Kitty would not give in. Andrews! But it could not be *the* Mr. Andrews? Not Isabel Andrews' father? Not Michael's new boss? What was he doing here—in this desolate house? This house of murder?

It did not matter. He was a stranger—someone outside the circle. Else they would let him into the kitchen. She drew in a deep breath, stiffened, let out a blood-curdling shriek.

"Help! Help, Mr. Andrews . . ." Dr. Orbo clapped his hand over her mouth. But the scream had its effect. There were quick footsteps down the hall, then Mr. Andrews' voice sounded anxiously from the doorway.

"What's happening here?" she heard him say. "Why—Miss Kelly! What are *you* doing—? He stepped into the room, his overcoat over his arm. She caught a momentary glimpse of his heavy-set figure, his white mustache. Then Isaac Hamish was standing in the middle of the room, with a revolver in his hand.

"Stay where you are, Andrews!" he warned. "There is nothing to see in this room."

"But—Miss Kelly—? What are you doing to her?" Mr. Andrews protested.

"There is no Miss Kelly in here!"

(*Continued on page* 53)



# MADELEINE CARROLL

★ If all secretaries were as beautiful as Madeleine Carroll, who jots down the minutes for The Circle, Sunday nights on NBC, mighty few letters would ever get written. This is Madeleine's first weekly assignment, after a long time of being radio's busiest guest star.

Paramount

# RADIO'S WAY TO A *Perfect Figure*

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

**It's miraculous—but no miracle! You can have one too by following the orders of this exclusive picture-story**

SUMMER'S here, and there's no sense in denying it. No sense, either, in denying the fact that you won't enjoy the warm weather unless your figure is in trim to look well in those sheer dresses and revealing bathing suits.

So, to help you out on the job of removing extra poundage, RADIO MIRROR asked Wallace, the Mutual network's Get-Thin-to-Music Man, and Sunda Love, star of the CBS serial, Stepmother, to pose for these pictures, graphically showing how you can reduce in your own home.

For more of these exercises, tune in Wallace's daily program, broadcast at 11:30 A.M., E.D.S.T., over Mutual.

Since he went on the air, Wallace has melted off at least a million pounds of excess fat from feminine figures with these exercises. He guarantees that if you follow them religiously they'll flatten your stomach, smooth your hips, chisel your chinline, clear your complexion, put a glint in your eye and lend a spring to your walk.

But, says Wallace, it won't be any miracle. The only miracle will be in getting yourself to do these exercises EVERY DAY.

Ready to start? . . . It is seven o'clock in the morning. You're sleepy? You want just five minutes more of snoozing? (*Continued on page* 57)



Wallace and Sunda Love demonstrate exercise number one, for achieving that chiseled chinline.



Four, for tummy tires: lie flat on the floor, arms at your sides and toes pointing down, and . . .

. . . bring your legs up and over into the air until your toes are touching the floor behind you.





Two, for thighs and limbs: step high, keeping toes pointed down.



Three, for a romantic waistline: extend your arms shoulder high . . .



. . . then swing continuously from right to left and back again.



. . . keeping the left leg on the floor, raise the right leg straight up. Next, right leg down, left leg up.



Five, for a modeled torso: flat on the floor again, with palms flat, raise both legs without crooking your knees . . .

Six, for general well-being: start on all fours, with your chin well up. Next, kick backward and upward . . .



. . . like a mule. But see to it that your knee is straight at the end of each kick. Now try it with the other leg.



# THE CASE OF THE Hollywood

*Conclusion:*



BRUCE EATON stepped forward and said, "I'll take the entire responsibility for this. This young woman has nothing to do with it."

The bank cashier said, "Don't let them fool you. It's a holdup. They put on the act together, and . . ."

One of the city officers interrupted, "Good Lord, that's Bruce Eaton, the actor!"

"Actor nothing," the bank cashier protested. "They tried to hold me up. That man's no more Bruce Eaton than I am. He's a stick-up artist. If they hadn't jerked the gun out of my hand, I'd have had them. This man walked into the bank, and while I was waiting on him, this woman came in and stood at the counter. I asked him if she was with him, and he said he'd never seen her before. Then when you gentlemen drove up in your car, she started yelling at him, and ran around behind the counter. I figured she was handing him a gun. I knew right then it was a stick-up and yelled at them to stop. She kept right on coming, and . . . "

The sheriff's cold eyes fastened mine in cynical appraisal. "How about it?" he asked.

I said, indignantly, "I was simply trying to get the man's autograph. You can imagine *my* surprise! I dropped in here to try and cash a check, I noticed someone was back in the vault with the cashier. Then, I suddenly realized it was Bruce Eaton. Do you think I'd pass up an opportunity like *that*? Naturally, I wanted his autograph."

The officers exchanged dubious glances. I could see that the cashier's excitability, and his hysterical talk of gun-play, were putting him in a spot.

Bruce Eaton said, calmly, "Well, it's been rather an exciting experience, Miss . . . What's your name?"

"Miss Bell," I said, "Claire Bell."

"It's been quite an experience," he said, smiling. "I've had autograph hunters pursue me before, but never under *quite* such unusual circumstances. Perhaps if you're going my way, you'd care to accept a lift back to Los Angeles?"

"I'd be delighted," I told him.

Bruce Eaton calmly started for the door, cupping his palm under my elbow.

The city officer said, "Just a minute, please," and then to the cashier, "What was he *doing* in the bank?"

"He wanted to get some things out of a lock-box," the cashier said.

"Did he have the key to the lock-box?"

"Yes, of course."

The officers exchanged glances. There was a sudden, significant tenseness about their attitude. "What," the city detective asked, "was the number of the lock-box?"

"Number five," the cashier said.

The sheriff gave a low whistle. The city detective said, "I'm very sorry, Mr. Eaton, but we came down here to investigate that lock-box. If you had the key to it, perhaps you know why."

"I'm sure I know nothing whatever about your reasons for coming here," Bruce Eaton said, with dignity.

"Did you open the box?"

"Yes."

"Do you have the key to it?"

"Yes."

"Let's see it."

"I see no reason for giving it to you."

There was a harsh note in the

■ **With a dramatic meeting in a lonely country bank, Miss Bell comes to**

# Scandal

## By Erle Stanley GARDNER

Author of "The Case of the Velvet Claws" "The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.

"You lie!" she screamed, and jerking herself free, made a sudden wild rush for the door.



Illustration by Mario Cooper

detective's voice. "Now listen," he said, "I'm asking you nice. *I want the key to that box.*"

The sheriff said, "Wait a minute. We don't need to bother about the key. We're more interested in the contents. What did you take out of the box, Eaton?"

"Don't answer questions, Mr. Eaton," I warned. "Sit absolutely tight. This is outrageous!"

The city officer said, ominously, "You keep out of this, sister, or you'll wish you had," and then to Eaton, "You answer questions, and cooperate, or we'll search you."

I was hoping frantically that Bruce Eaton would get the significance of my quick wink. He did. "Go ahead and search me," he said, "you have sufficient force to do it, but I won't submit to the indignity of answering questions about matters which are simply none of your business."

The hardboiled city officers closed in on Bruce Eaton. They held his arms, went through his pockets swiftly. "Here's the key to the lock-box," one of the officers said.

The officer in charge nodded to the bank cashier. "We'll open it up, and take a look."

As one in a daze, the cashier produced the bank's key. I heard the double click of locks opening, and then the officer exclaimed, "It's empty. There ain't a thing in here."

The officer looked at me with uncordial eyes. "You," he said, "have taken in a lot of territory in this thing, sister."

I said, scornfully, "Get a matron and you can search *me*."

The officer looked me over. It was a warm day, and I was wearing light clothes. "I guess," he said, "you haven't *very* much concealed on you. Take a look in her purse, Bill."

The screen door of the bank swung open and shut, as Mr. Foley, looking cool and calmly competent, entered the bank. "Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said. "I'm sorry to disturb your little party, but I think it's about time for you to get down to brass tacks and catch the murderers, don't you?"

The city detective was the nearest to Mr. Foley. He said, "Who in blazes do you think *you* are?"

Foley ignored the question. "You came down to set a trap," he said. "Because of a little premature gunplay on the part of an hysterical bank cashier, you were talked into springing your trap before you'd even set it."

The officer said, "You're full of advice, brother. Suppose you tell us how it happens you know so much about it, and we'll just take a look at your driving license, and any other means of identification . . . "

"I'm not going to argue with you," Foley interrupted. "Two people are coming in this bank. If they find it full of officers, you're never going to get anything on them. Unless you can get some additional evidence, you can't pin a thing on them. Get your men scattered about, filling out deposit slips, standing up at the windows. Make this look like a busy bank, and you'll catch your murderer."

The officer seemed dubious.

I looked out through the window, and saw the detective, who had called on me in Mr. Foley's office, and Mrs. Temmler, just getting out of an automobile.

I knew that seconds were precious, and had a sudden inspiration.

"All right," I said. "I'll confess everything, (*Continued on page* 67)

**the end of her mystery—and to the beginning of an unexpected romance**

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■ **With a dramatic meeting in a lonely country bank, Miss Bell comes to the end of her mystery—and to the beginning of an unexpected romance**

# DOCTOR'S Folly



***"Doctor's Folly" was heard originally as one of the Aunt Jenny broadcasts, on CBS every Monday through Friday, sponsored by the manufacturers of Spry.***

THIS story can be explained in only one way. For two years Robert McClean was not himself. All his life he had lived for his family and for his great work as a physician and surgeon. And there never was a better man. Then an operation that meant much to him went wrong. And on top of that, when he was upset and in an emotional state, he met Sue Barclay. For two years, after that, he was not the same man. You might say he was insane, with an emotional insanity, or that he was desperately groping after something his soul needed. Something that was in the palm of his hand all the time.

Robert and Louise McClean got along after a fashion, during those two years, while their daughter, Virginia, was away at college. He was home very little and she kept things peaceful and never complained about the change that had come over him, even though she turned into a gray ghost of the proud and spirited woman she had been.

But when Virginia reached home things grew worse. From the time Virginia was born she had been her father's idol, but now she could do nothing to please him. Once he had taken pride in her popularity. Now he did what he could to check it. He wove morbid fancies about her absences from home at night, and flew into a rage with Louise when she protested against his suspicions. Of course, all his criticisms rose from the consciousness of his own guilt, but he would not admit this even to himself.

One morning at breakfast his nagging flared into an open quarrel. Virginia had come down, happy and glowing in her youth, anticipating a golf tournament that afternoon which she hoped to win.

"I'm counting on having you on the sidelines, cheering," she told her father in a voice that fairly sang.

**■ An Aunt Jenny story—of a husband and his last desperate search for ecstasy, though he knew it meant tragedy for those he loved**



For a minute her eyes took in Sue Barclay's tinted hair, her cheap mouth.

Robert McClean said sourly, "I've no time for golf tournaments. You seem to forget I have a practice to take care of." He took another sip of coffee and set the cup down with a hand that trembled slightly. His hands had never been quite steady since the failure of that operation, two years before.

"And right now," he went on, "I've something more important than golf to talk to you about. Virginia, I don't like the way you're running around—here, there, everywhere! Night after night you leave your mother alone. Simply wasting your time with a lot of irresponsible, useless people."

She just stood staring at him, hurt and hopeless.

"Robert, please," Louise interrupted. "You don't know what you're saying—you can't mean it."

He fixed her with an angry stare. "I know very well what I'm saying, and I mean every word of it. What's more, I want Virginia's promise that she won't go out again in the evening until she has my permission."

"But, Dad," she protested, "tonight I'm going to dinner with Dick Emerson and his mother and father. We're celebrating Dick's first big architectural commission and his parents' twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. . . ."

"You heard what I said," he told her coldly.

"Mother!" Virginia was frantic. "Mother! You ask him. . . . It's—it's so very important tonight!"

Louise McClean somehow managed a smile. "You're in love with Dick, aren't you, dear?" she asked gently.

"Terribly!"

*"Terribly!"* He mocked her scornfully. "Louise, I will not have you putting such ideas into the child's head. What does she, at her age, know about such things? Dick Emerson—how does he expect to be an architect if he spends every night dancing until three or four o'clock?"

VIRGINIA stepped to her father's side. "I hate to disobey you, Dad, but I'm going to that dinner party tonight. I can't submit to any more of your unfairness. It's been much too long now since you've even tried to see my point of view, or Mother's."

He rose from the breakfast table. "Very well. I can't lock you in your room—particularly since your mother chooses to let you twist her around your little finger. But from now on I shall stay at my club."

"Robert!" Louise called after him. "What's come over you? You must be ill!"

He paid no attention, not knowing how right she was. But he was to learn how ill he was, to his sorrow, within the next twelve hours.

He went from his house to his office, and then to Sue Barclay. After such scenes, and they were increasing in intensity and number, he never could get to her fast enough. He honestly believed she was the only person in the world who understood him. With her, he found peace. When he had lost that important operation, for instance, Louise had told him he must put that unavoidable failure behind him, together with all his miraculous successes, and go on to other successes. But Sue had babied him, encouraged him to talk about his failure. And when he had told her how the very sight of certain surgical instruments terrified him, she had silenced him with long kisses.

# DOCTOR'S Folly

**■ An Aunt Jenny story—of a husband and his last desperate search for ecstasy, though he knew it meant tragedy for those he loved**



*"Doctor's Folly" was heard originally as one of the Aunt Jenny broadcasts, on CBS every Monday through Friday, sponsored by the manufacturers of Spry.*

THIS story can be explained in only one way. For two years Robert McClean was not himself. All his life he had lived for his family and for his great work as a physician and surgeon. And there never was a better man. Then an operation that meant much to him went wrong. And on top of that, when he was upset and in an emotional state, he met Sue Barclay. For two years, after that, he was not the same man. You might say he was insane, with an emotional insanity, or that he was desperately groping after something his soul needed. Something that was in the palm of his hand all the time.

Robert and Louise McClean got along after a fashion, during those two years, while their daughter, Virginia, was away at college. He was home very little and she kept things peaceful and never complained about the change that had come over him, even though she turned into a gray ghost of the proud and spirited woman she had been.

But when Virginia reached home things grew worse. From the time Virginia was born she had been her father's idol, but now she could do nothing to please him. Once he had taken pride in her popularity. Now he did what he could to check it. He wove morbid fancies about her absences from home at night, and flew into a rage with Louise when she protested against his suspicions. Of course, all his criticisms rose from the consciousness of his own guilt, but he would not admit this even to himself.

One morning at breakfast his nagging flared into an open quarrel. Virginia had come down, happy and glowing in her youth, anticipating a golf tournament that afternoon which she hoped to win.

"I'm counting on having you on the sidelines, cheering," she told her father in a voice that fairly sang.





For a minute her eyes took in Sue Barclay's tinted hair, her cheap mouth.

Robert McClean said sourly, "I've no time for golf tournaments. You seem to forget I have a practice to take care of." He took another sip of coffee and set the cup down with a hand that trembled slightly. His hands had never been quite steady since the failure of that operation, two years before.

"And right now," he went on, "I've something more important than golf to talk to you about. Virginia, I don't like the way you're running around—here, there, everywhere! Night after night you leave your mother alone. Simply wasting your time with a lot of irresponsible, useless people."

She just stood staring at him, hurt and hopeless.

"Robert, please," Louise interrupted. "You don't know what you're saying—you can't mean it."

He fixed her with an angry stare. "I know very well what I'm saying, and I mean every word of it. What's more, I want Virginia's promise that she won't go out again in the evening until she has my permission."

"But, Dad," she protested, "tonight I'm going to dinner with Dick Emerson and his mother and father. We're celebrating Dick's first big architectural commission and his parents' twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. . . ."

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It was the same when he turned more and more of his practice over to his cousin, Arthur Johnson. Louise looked pained, reproachful. But Sue rejoiced because he would have more leisure to spend with her.

He had told Arthur Johnson about Sue. He had had to talk to someone. She was his life. She filled his thoughts. Lately, however, he had begun to regret his confidences. Today, for instance, Arthur was none too pleasant about taking over for him when he learned it wasn't Virginia's golf tournament that took him away. And he had distinctly muttered something about Louise being a fine woman who deserved better than she was getting.

WITH Sue, he soon forgot about Virginia and her tournament. Even though he had bought her her first clubs, small size, when she was a little girl; even though in other years he had spent his weekends on the links with her, helping her improve her stroke, beaming at the compliments that came her way—still, with Sue, he forgot her.

All through the championship match Virginia hoped her father was there, moving along the green with the gallery. She couldn't believe he meant the bitter things he had said to her that morning. By the time the match was over she had persuaded herself she would find him waiting for her.

She won brilliantly. But Dick Emerson was waiting alone, except for an enthusiastic group—his friends and hers—who surrounded both of them.

Virginia tried not to show her disappointment. She was gay with the others. But Dick, loving her the way he did, saw past her surface laughter. And after she had changed into evening clothes, in the clubhouse, and they got into his car for the drive to the Sunset Club, his one idea was to cheer her somehow.

"Virginia," he said, "it doesn't mean anything that your dad wasn't there. Doctors can't always get away when they want to. You know that, sweet."

She shook her head. "It isn't just because father wasn't there this afternoon, Dick." She had to fight to keep her voice steady. "It's that he's—he's changed so. I don't know why. I hardly know him any more. And I worry about Mother, too. She tries to pretend everything is all right, but she looks as if she were dead inside."

But by the time they reached the Sunset Club, with its lights, its music, its congratulations from friends, she was beginning to feel better. Dick summoned the headwaiter to their table to ask him to have the orchestra play the wedding march when Mr. and Mrs. Emerson arrived.

And then it happened.

Dick saw Virginia look across the room, saw her eyes widen in horror. She was looking at her father, seating Sue Barclay at a flower-laden table. And their manner toward each other left her no room for hope or for doubt.

"Virginia!" Dick said. "Where are you going, darling? What are you going to do?"

His questions were unnecessary. He knew. Where she was going and what she was going to do were plain enough. A moment later she was standing beside her father. Sue Barclay saw her first, and stared until Robert McClean turned around.

"This is why you wouldn't let me go out at night!" Virginia's voice was not much more than a whisper. "You pretended you wanted to protect me. And all the time it was only because—you were afraid I might see you! Like this!"



Tune in Aunt Jenny who tells her real life stories on CBS.

For a minute her eyes, dead as stones, took in Sue Barclay's tinted hair, her cheap mouth. Then she turned to her father again.

"Oh, Dad," she cried, "how could you? I'm so ashamed. For myself. For mother. And most of all for you!"

"Well, I'm glad you found out," her father said, and now she realized, as he slurred his words, that he had been drinking. "I'm glad you came here to spy on me. Now you can go home and tell your Mother it's all over—tell her to send her lawyer to see me. Tell her she can . . ."

But Virginia's sobs as she ran toward the door cut him short.

Dick Emerson ran after her. For a long time he had known how things were with Doctor McClean. And for a long time he had dreaded the day when Virginia must know, too.

He tried to keep her from taking the wheel. But she was far beyond reason.

"I'm going to drive," she told him. "I have to, Dick—fast!"

There was nothing he could do but climb in beside her. Many times he begged her to go slower.

"Turn down the wind-shield, *please!*" was her answer once. "I want air on my face!"

She couldn't get enough air. It was as if she hoped that the evening rushing at her would make her clean again.

"The turn, Virginia. The turn!" Dick shouted to her finally. "Virginia darling, you can't make it at this speed! You just can't. Slow down, slow down, for God's sake!"

This time his answer was the screech of the brakes, applied too late. For the tires screamed on the skid, and as they went over there was a horrible splintering crash.

By some miracle Dick wasn't hurt. But all the time they waited in the glare of other cars for the ambulance, and all the way to the hospital, Virginia never moved.

They sent for Mrs. McClean. She and Dick waited together for Arthur Johnson to come out of the examination room. It was very quiet there in the corridor. Sometimes a nurse passed them quickly, a door opened and closed again, or a buzzer sounded.

"Dick . . ." At last Mrs. McClean spoke. "What happened—to make Virginia so reckless? It wasn't like her. She—she must have had a great shock."

"We met her father. . . ." Dick said.

"With Mrs. Barclay?"

He nodded, grateful to her for sparing him.

Arthur Johnson came from the examination room. "The X-rays show a compound fracture near the base of the skull," he said. "There must be an operation at once. But I can't do it. The basilar artery is almost severed. It's a delicate job—a hair's breadth slip would be fatal."

"But someone can do it!" Virginia's mother cried.

Arthur said, "Her father. You must go for him."

"At Mrs. Barclay's," Louise mur-

(*Continued on page* 65)



Burns and Benny in a pause that relaxes. Jack is helping George celebrate his new fall contract when you'll hear Burns and Allen broadcast for a new sponsor. Below, Matty Malneck, whose dance music has set Hollywood on its ear, talks it over with Marjorie Weaver and rival Rudy Vallee.



Even with two babies at home, the Dick Powells manage to enjoy a night out. Skinnay Ennis, right, joins their table.

# HOLLYWOOD RADIO WHISPERS

**By GEORGE FISHER**

■ Listen to George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday at 9:00 P. M. over Mutual.

RECENTLY I had a confidential talk with an official of one of the movie firms, and here's what he told me. So many unfavorable reactions have been registered against one of their comediennes by Women's Clubs, Church groups and other alliances, that it is not expected that the studio will renew her option when it expires soon. This may mean that her film career in Hollywood is at an end, but it is certain that she'll continue on her radio program.

* * *

It's not surprising to me that the Texaco Show has never had a particularly good popularity rating: After all, Ken Murray is only a little better than average comedian, and the dramatic skits suffer from lack of sufficient preparation. Frances Langford is not at all happy with her position on the show, for she has lost a lot of popularity while being associated with Texaco.

* * *

The Bob Hope show is a brilliantly written affair, but suffers by keeping the audience always in high pitch.

* * *

Paramount, which has been wondering what was going to happen with its next picture with Jack Benny, can go ahead with the release of "Man About Town," anyway. When it was sneak-previewed here in Hollywood, it got a terrific hand, and showed without any doubt that the audience approved of the comedian, the patrons apparently forgiving him his recent trespasses.

Betty Jane Rhodes, Hollywood's Television Girl, created a sensation when she sang on a recent Guild Show.

* * *

Matty Malneck's superb swing crew has taken Hollywood by storm, and plays nightly at Cafe Lamaze, with a CBS wire. Malneck plans to open on Broadway's 52nd Street in the fall.

* * *

Orson Welles was approached half a dozen times to make pictures, and each time his requests remained the same. He wanted to make pictures, to direct, produce and write his film scripts. Genius Welles might be allowed to do this on the stage, but Hollywood has never been a town that will (*Continued on page* 73)

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:00 A.M. | |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Peerless Trio** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Organ Recital** |
| | | 8:30 | |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Four Showmen** |
| | | 8:45 | |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Animal News** |
| | | 9:00 | |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **From the Organ Loft** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Turn Back the Clock** |
| | | 9:15 | |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Red: **Tom Teriss** |
| | | 9:30 | |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Aubade for Strings** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Crawford Caravan** |
| | | 10:00 | |
| | | 9:00 | CBS: **Church of the Air** |
| | | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Highlights of the Bible** |
| | | 10:30 | |
| | | 9:30 | CBS: **Wings Over Jordan** |
| | | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Russian Melodies** |
| | | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Children's Hour** |
| | | 11:00 | |
| 10:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **News and Rhythm** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | 9:05 | 10:05 | NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen** |
| | | 11:15 | |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Vernon Crane's Story Book** |
| | | 11:30 | |
| 8:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **MAJOR BOWES FAMILY** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Southernaires** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Romance Melodies** |
| | | 12:00 Noon | |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Walter Logan Music** |
| | | 12:30 P.M. | |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table** |
| | | 1:00 | |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **Church of the Air** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Blue: **Waterloo Junction** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Red: **Music for Moderns** |
| | | 1:30 | |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Sunday Drivers** |
| | | 2:00 | |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Democracy in Action** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's** |
| | | 2:30 | |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **It Goes Like This** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Barry McKinley** |
| | | 2:45 | |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Kidoodlers** |
| | | 3:00 | |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: **CBS Symphony** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Sunday Drivers** |
| | | 3:30 | |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Blue: **Festival of Music** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Name the Place** |
| | | 4:00 | |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: **Words Without Music** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **National Vespers** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Rangers Serenade** |
| | | 4:30 | |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **The World is Yours** |
| | | 5:30 | |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Joseph Henry Jackson** |
| | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **The Spelling Bee** |
| | | 5:45 | |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ray Perkins** |
| | | 6:00 | |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour** |
| | | 6:30 | |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **Gateway to Hollywood** |
| | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Red: **Grouch Club** |
| | | 7:00 | |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **People's Platform** |
| 7:30 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **The Aldrich Family** |
| | | 7:30 | |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Musical Playhouse** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Blue: **Radio Guild** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon** |
| | | 8:00 | |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **Dance Hour** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **NBC Symphony** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **DON AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN** |
| | | 9:00 | |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **Ford Show** |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **HOLLYWOOD PLAY-HOUSE** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round** |
| | | 9:30 | |
| 7:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **Edwin C. Hill** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music** |
| | | 9:45 | |
| 7:15 | 7:45 | 8:45 | NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich** |
| | | 10:00 | |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Knickerbocker Playhouse** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Circle** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | MBS: **Goodwill Hour** |
| | | 10:30 | |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Cheerio** |
| | | 11:00 | |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Dance Orchestra** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: **Dance Orchestra** |

# SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS




■ Jesse Lasky (right) rehearses two aspiring actors.

**Tune-In Bulletin for July 2, 9, 16 and 23!**

JULY 2: Ezra Stone and the Aldrich Family replace Jack Benny on NBC-Red at 7:00. . . . Edwin C. Hill replaces Walter Winchell on NBC-Blue at 9:30.

July 9. A new and welcome addition to the list of drama programs is Knickerbocker Playhouse, on CBS tonight at 10:00.

July 16: On CBS at 9:00, there's a pleasant summer show, sponsored by Ford and starring James Melton and Francia White.

July 23: More hot-weather music—on CBS at 7:30, the Gulf show, with Jane Froman, Jan Peerce, and Erno Rapee's orchestra.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Gateway to Hollywood, on CBS from 6:30 to 7:00 P.M., Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by Doublemint Gum, in conjunction with RKO Pictures.

Everybody was dubious when Jesse L. Lasky first presented the idea for this program. It sounded too much like one of those talent contests which end up in disappointment and heartbreak for the contestants and a black eye for the sponsors. But now, near the end of its second thirteen-week period, everybody agrees that Gateway to Hollywood has been very much worth while.

In its first thirteen-week series, two young people gained long-term contracts with RKO and featured roles in a new picture, "Career," six others were given contracts for film work, and the remaining ten contestants were sent back home at the program's expense, none the worse for their adventure. A similar good record is expected by the time the second series ends.

Much of the credit for this success belongs to Lasky and the way he went about getting talented youngsters for the program. Three veterans of the films, Bryant Washburn, Jack Mulhall and Herbert Rawlinson, were sent around the country to scout little-theater groups, interview promising acting talent, and record voices.

Each week, in Hollywood, Lasky and Charles Vanda, who directs the programs, select a boy and a girl by looking at the pictures and listening to the voice recordings sent to them by their scouts.

The contestants arrive in Hollywood, and meet Vanda and Lasky. The girls live at the pleasant Studio Club, the boys at the Hollywood Athletic Club.

A week of rehearsal follows, without the screen guest-star, always a top-notch celebrity, who doesn't rehearse until Friday. On Friday night Vanda moves the entire cast from the KNX studios, where they've been working, to the stage of the CBS Vine Street Theater, where the actual broadcast will be given Sunday; and here the show is pulled together Friday night and Sunday. Saturday is always a day off for rest and brushing up on individual roles. Frequently, the girls visit the RKO studios on Saturday, and there they are loaned attractive dresses from the studio wardrobe to wear in their broadcast appearances.

Rowena Cook of New York City and Ralph Bowman of Lincoln, Nebraska, were the lucky winners of the first Gateway to Hollywood talent quest, taking the names of Alice Eden and John Archer. In the second quest, now drawing to a close, the winners will be given the names of Virginia Vale and Robert Stanton, and will be featured in RKO's "Three Sons." They have a slightly tougher row to hoe than the first pair, for they must be able to sing as well as act.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**RAY PERKINS—who sends you Letters Home from the World's Fair, on NBC-Blue this afternoon at 5:45. He's a man of many abilities—pianist, song-writer, singer, comedian, master of ceremonies. Born in Boston, he went to Columbia University, was in the U. S. Army from 1917 to 1919, and is now a commissioned major in the reserve corps. He broke into radio back in 1925 on a New York station.**

INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 1:30 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Time for Thought** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Blue: **Your Farm Reporter** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: **When a Girl Marries** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| | | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Billy and Betty** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 7:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Blondie** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 6:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| 6:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Red: **Larry Clinton** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **Tune-up Time** |
| 8:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **AL PEARCE** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **Howard and Shelton** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **Magic Key of RCA** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **LUX THEATER** (Ends July 10) |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Guy Lombardo** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **True or False** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Contented Hour** |

# MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS




■ Dr. Harry Hagen takes a drink before his program.

**Tune-In Bulletin for July 3, 10, 17 and 24!**

JULY 3: Ben Bernie and all the lads open an engagement tonight at the Hotel Astor—listen on CBS. . . . A radio version of that popular comic strip, Blondie, starts on CBS tonight at 7:30. . . . George Hall's orchestra opens at Kennywood Park, Pittsburgh—listen on NBC. . . . Larry Clinton stars in a new program, opening tonight, on NBC-Red at 7:30, rebroadcast to the west at 6:30, Pacific time.

July 10: It's too bad, but after tonight's broadcast the Lux Theater, CBS at 9:00, starts its summer vacation.

July 17: Walter O'Keefe and Andre Kostelanetz are being heard on CBS these warm summer Monday evenings at 8:00.

July 24: For some dinner-time music, tune in Fred Waring's Gang on NBC-Red at 7:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: True or False, conducted by Dr. Harry Hagen, on NBC's Blue network from 10:00 to 10:30, Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by Williams Shaving Cream.

Everybody has his pet quiz program, and this is the favorite of a good many people. Its questions are sometimes hard to answer, but they don't require much explaining. Dr. Harry simply makes a statement—for instance, "Napoleon's wife was named Josephine"—and the contestant has to tell him and everyone listening in whether the statement is true or false.

Unlike some quiz programs, True or False doesn't ask you to send in questions. Dr. Harry and a few assistants dig up all the queries themselves, and arrange them in categories—questions about history, about science, about the movies, about art and literature, and so on.

Contestants on True or False are divided into two teams, of six people each, and the quiz is conducted like on old-time spelling bee, with contestants stepping down when they make a mistake. Everybody on the winning team gets a $5 prize, while the winning individual, the only person left after everybody else has made a mistake, gets $25. People on the losing team get prizes, too. Lately they've been receiving a set of True or False's "I.Q. Game," a quiz program which they can take away and play in their own homes.

It's Dr. Harry's job to see that somebody wins during the half-hour the program is on the air. It would be tragic if the questions were so hard that all the contestants failed before the air-time was up, and equally tragic if the questions were so easy more than one contestant was still in the running at the end of the half-hour. Only once since the program has been on the air has there been a tie. The two teams were invited to return the following week and play it off.

Sometimes a contestant who fails on a question writes in to complain that his answer was really correct. When this happens Dr. Harry checks the answer with all known authorities and reference books, and if the contestant was right, he gets a prize—$25 if he was on the losing team, $20 if he was on the winning side, because in this case he's already received $5. But usually the contestant is wrong and Dr. Harry is right, because all questions are carefully checked beforehand.

Contestants always like Dr. Harry Hagen for his amiability and comfortable manner, which quickly puts them at their ease. His real name is Harry Strandhagen; he has a perfect right to the "Dr."; he's married, has five children, and lives in Connecticut.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**JANICE GILBERT—who plays Trixie in Her Honor Nancy James, Jean Adair (and also a two-year-old baby) in Hilltop House, Helen Menken's daughter in Second Husband, and Clarabelle Higgins in Doc Barclay's Daughters—is only sixteen years old—does a number of dialects and speaks French and Spanish fluently—has brown hair and blue eyes.**

# Complete Programs from June 28th to July 25th

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Do You Remember** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 9:45 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most out of Life** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Where to Look for Help** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
| | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Blue: **Your Farm Reporter** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: **When a Girl Marries** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| | | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Billy and Betty** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| 7:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Jimmie Fidler** |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **HELEN MENKEN** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| 7:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **BIG TOWN** |
| 6:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **The Inside Story** |
| 7:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 8:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **DICK POWELL** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **INFORMATION PLEASE** |
| | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **For Men Only** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **We, the People** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Artie Shaw** |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: **Bob Crosby** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **TRUE STORY TIME** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Alec Templeton** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Hal Kemp** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **If I Had the Chance** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Mr. District Attorney** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Uncle Walter's Doghouse** |

# TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS




■ Publisher Macfadden and narrator Fulton Oursler.

**Tune-In Bulletin for July 4, 11, 18 and 25!**

JULY 4: Independence Day—fireworks and parades and fun! . . . And special programs on all the networks. . . . On NBC-Red at 9:30, there's a new musical show in place of Fibber McGee and Molly—it stars pianist Alec Templeton, Billy Mills' orchestra, singer Edna Odell, and Conrad Nagel as master of ceremonies. . . . Art Shaw is the star of the Old Gold program, NBC-Blue at 9:00, for the first time tonight—Robert Benchley is taking his vacation. . . . And Bob Crosby's orchestra has replaced Benny Goodman's on the Camel show, CBS at 9:30. . . . CBS broadcasts the Demoiselle Stakes horse race from the Aqueduct track.

July 11: There's an all-star baseball game, between the National League and the American League, on both CBS and MBS at 2 o'clock this afternoon, E.D.S.T.

July 18: Last chance tonight to hear one of your favorite programs — Dick Powell, Martha Raye and Parkyakarkus on CBS at 8:00.

July 25: For some things you never knew before—listen to the Inside Story program, on NBC-Blue at 8:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: True Story Time with Fulton Oursler, sponsored by Macfadden Publications, on NBC-Blue at 9:30.

You're listening to two magazines on the air, every time you hear True Story Time. Twenty-five minutes of the half-hour are given over to a real-life drama from True Story Magazine, and five minutes to a capsule presentation of an article or story from Liberty Magazine.

Fulton Oursler, editor-in-chief of all Macfadden publications, is the master of ceremonies and commentator on True Story Time, introducing the drama, and pointing out its significance in the light of current news events.

If you've ever wanted to write for a radio program, True Story Time gives you your chance, by a roundabout method. Every drama heard on the program is adapted from a story in the current issue of the magazine—and every story in the magazine is the true story of some person's life, written by himself or herself. So if you write your own story, and it's good enough to find a place in the pages of True Story Magazine, the chances are you'll hear it on the air as well.

The actual radio scripts, however, are prepared by professional radio authors, who adapt the original stories to air requirements; and they're enacted on the air by professional actors. Different casts are used each week—Oursler, announcer Ben Grauer, and organist Fred Feibel are the only people on the show all the time. Occasionally, Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of all the magazines bearing his name, also appears on the program.

This is Oursler's second regular radio job, besides frequent broadcast appearances as a speaker at banquets and other occasions. He was a weekly commentator for Liberty Magazine several years ago. He rehearses with the rest of the cast Tuesday afternoon. Besides being one of the nation's imporant editors, he is famous as a novelist and playwright—training that stands him in good stead in presenting the dramatic True Stories.

True Story Time comes from NBC's Studio 3-B in New York—a long, narrow room with space for about 300 people in the audience. As with all dramatic programs, at least a quarter of the stage is taken up with sound equipment of different kinds—turntables for records, doors and windows to open and close, drums and whistles, gravel-boxes for the sound man to walk in, and so forth.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



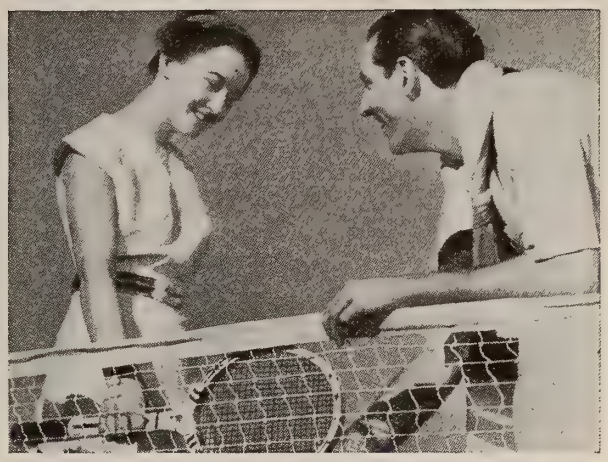
**HELEN FORREST—Artie Shaw's girl vocalist on his Old Gold program, NBC-Blue at 9:00 tonight. Helen was singing in a Baltimore night club when Shaw heard her and hired her, although he had another singer at the time. She was born in Atlantic City 22 years ago, and took a commercial course in Washington, D. C., but never used it, becoming a singer instead. Washington voted her its most popular singer, and gave her as a prize a trip to any tropical country she chose—but she's never yet claimed the prize, though she hopes to some day. She used to sing for Mark Warnow as Bonny Blue.**

*(For Wednesday's Highlights, please turn page)*

# THEY *All Agree* ON TODAY'S NEW SKIN CARE



**In England,** The Lady Rosemary Gresham, daughter of the **21st Earl of Erroll,** has cared for her skin with Pond's since her school days. She says: "Pond's is as perfect as ever for cleansing and softening my skin!"



**Montreal**—The Hon. Ann Shaughnessy, daughter of the late **Lord Shaughnessy.** With English and American sportswomen, she cheers the new skin care—"skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cold Cream.

*British and American Sportswomen*

**CREAM**

## EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"

**INTO THEIR SKIN***



**In Canada**—Mrs. Robert W. Armstrong, of Toronto, goes to Lake Muskoka for fishing. " 'Skin-vitamin' in Pond's is an added reason for banking on this grand cream!"



**A Roosevelt** smiles from the springboard! The former Anne Clark says: "Now that it's known 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health, it's great to have it in Pond's."



**Titled English Horsewoman**—The Lady Cynthia Williams, daughter of the **Earl of Guilford,** often visits America—one of many British peeresses who praise the new skin care.



**It's American to skate!** Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, of Wilmington, often joins her friends at a private rink. She has always used Pond's to give make-up that **winning sparkle.**




**In Britain, in Canada and in the United States,** smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the new skin care. Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

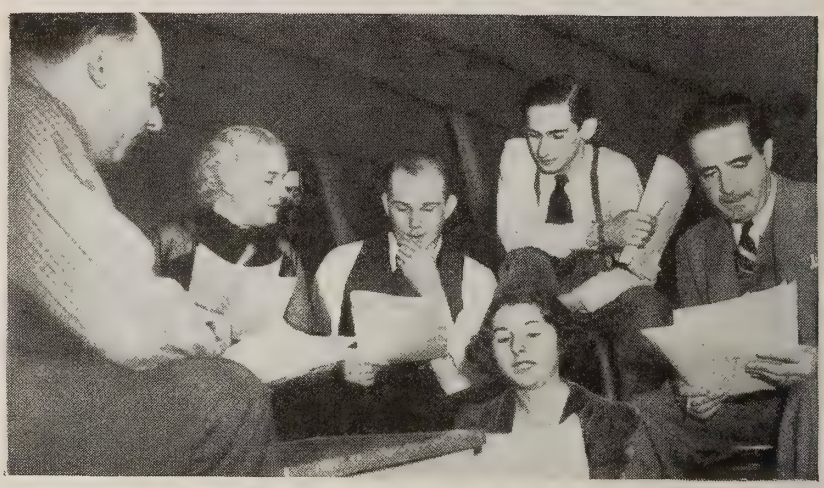
***Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**

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Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Do You Remember** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 1:30 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Her Honor Nancy James** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Blue: **Your Farm Reporter** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
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| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Blue: **Your Health** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: **When a Girl Marries** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| | | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Billy and Betty** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:30 |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **Bob Trout** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| 7:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 6:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **Phil Baker** |
| | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **Hobby Lobby** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Tommy Dorsey** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **What's My Name** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER'S KOLLEGE** |

# WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Left to right: Morse, Mother, Nicky, Teddy, Jack, Father

**Tune-In Bulletin for June 28, July 5, 12, and 19!**

JUNE 28: There are an awful lot of final broadcasts for you to listen to tonight —The Ask-it-Basket on CBS at 7:30, Gang Busters on CBS at 8:00, Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight on NBC-Red at 9:00, the Texaco Star Theater on CBS at 9:00, Edgar Guest on CBS at 10:00—but here's hoping they'll all be back in the fall. . . . Joe Louis and Tony Galento fight in the Yankee Stadium tonight, if all the sports promoters' plans go through, and NBC will describe the battle to you.

July 5: What's My Name, a quiz show, starring Arlene Francis and Fred Uttal, takes Fred Allen's place on NBC-Red tonight at 9:00. . . . Phil Baker changes broadcast time, beginning tonight—from now on, Wednesdays at 8:00.

July 12: On NBC horserace fans this afternoon hear the Massachusetts Handicap. . . . Leighton Noble's orchestra starts an engagement at the Baker Hotel, Dallas, Texas, tonight, heard on NBC.

July 19: Brush up on your musical knowledge with Kay Kyser's Kollege, on NBC-Red at 10:00 tonight.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: One Man's Family, on NBC's Red Network from 8:00 to 8:30 P.M., Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by Tender Leaf Tea. (If you live in the Pacific Coast time zone, you hear it, Sunday nights at 8:30.)

This dean of family serials has been on the air since April 29, 1932, and on the NBC network since May, 1933. In all that time it's never changed its theme song, "Destiny," or its basic cast (although new players are added as new characters enter the story); but it has moved from San Francisco, where it first originated, to Hollywood, where it is now broadcast from Studio G in the Hollywood Radio City.

The real boss of One Man's Family never appears on the air. He is Carlton E. Morse, who originated the program, and now writes it, directs it, produces it, and personally controls the entire production and cast. Author Morse's word is law where One Man's Family is concerned, but he's an easy master and maintains only a few sets of rules. One is that no member of the family knows what is going to happen in the current week's script until the day of the broadcast. Another is that there can be no studio audience, and no visitors at all allowed during a broadcast. Morse personally auditions all new players, and has been known to listen to a hundred aspirants before finding the right one.

The cast of One Man's Family falls naturally into the family pattern—in fact, they all get together every now and then to have family parties. Minetta Ellen and J. Anthony Smythe, who play Father and Mother Barbour, actually made their stage debuts together in Oakland when they were very young, and met again for the first time in years to play the parents in this story. Other members of the cast love to call them "Mother" and "Father."

Claudia and Hazel (Kathleen Wilson and Bernice Berwin) are married to non-professionals and are the mothers of young sons. Teddy Barbour and Wayne Grub (Winifred Wolfe and Jack Edwards) really attended the same school, Hollywood High school, and will go to the University of California together next fall. Paul (Michael Raffetto) is exactly as his air fans imagine him, tall and dark, and Clifford (Barton Yarborough) is tall, young, and devoted to his "mother," Minetta Ellen. Beth Holly (Barbara Jo Allen) does a good deal of radio work outside the Family—one of her roles is that of Phil Harris' girl on the Benny show. And Jack (Page Gilman) is precisely the same character he plays on the air. He's just finishing college, and as a side-line he maintains a photography business.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**ARLENE FRANCIS—as happy a radio entertainer as you can tune in. Happy because she's one of radio's very few women stars and she's married and lives in a beautiful country house. You hear her as Judy LaRue in Big Sister on CBS and as the feminine questioner on that new NBC show, What's My Name, pinch hitting for Fred Allen. She was born in Boston, went to a finishing school, then to the American Academy of Dramatic Art, then to Europe. At home again, she briefly ran a gift shop before going into stage work and then radio. Her real name is Kazanjian. A decided brunette, she is 5½ feet tall.**

*(For Thursday's Highlights, please turn page)*

# Diana's record would delight any Mother!

## First Year: SPLENDID START...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS




**"With doctors approving** Clapp's so heartily," Diana Dann's mother says, "of course Clapp's Foods were the choice for my baby. And she loved them—right from the first.

"You know, the Clapp people have worked with doctors 18 years. They were first to make baby foods, and they're the only large company that makes nothing else! So they're experts!"




**"Diana just growed,** like Topsy," Mrs. Dann says. "But oh, *how* she growed! She gained a pound a month regularly, and when this photo was taken, she was starting to walk.

"One look, and you knew she was getting plenty of vitamins and minerals. And for a baby girl, she had the healthiest little appetite you ever saw!"




### 17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

**Soups**—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

**Vegetables**—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

**Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

**Cereal**—Baby Cereal

## Toddler Years: PICTURE OF HEALTH...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS



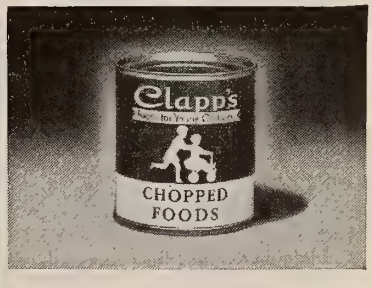

**"She never had to be coaxed** to eat. Not even when the time came for coarser foods—babies often get notional then, but not she!

"We promoted her from Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods and she loved them right off. Of course, the flavors were so good and so much like the Strained, that was why. And no lumps or stems, as you're bound to have sometimes in foods cooked at home!"




**"There's so much variety** in Clapp's! Diana gets 11 kinds of Chopped Foods. And when she has one of those new Junior Dinners that combine meat and vegetables and cereals—why, it's almost a meal in itself.

"Yes, she's really very well-built—she rides a pony and she can swim. She's real proof that if you want to do a perfect job of baby-feeding, it pays to insist on Clapp's!"




### 11 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

**Soup**—Vegetable Soup

**Junior Dinners**—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables Liver with Vegetables

**Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

**Fruits**—Apple Sauce • Prunes

**Free Booklets**—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

# CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES.... CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Do You Remember** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 9:45 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **American Life** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Blue: **Your Farm Reporter** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: **When a Girl Marries** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Sunbrite Smile Parade** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Blue: **Rhythm Auction** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| | | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Billy and Betty** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | CBS: **March of Games** |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| 7:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 7:15 | 9:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Music by Maineck** |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 7:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Joe E. Brown** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Blue: **Goldman Band** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **RUDY VALLEE** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **It's Up to You** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **MAJOR BOWES** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL** |

# THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Rudy directs the band—and telephones the control room.

**Tune-In Bulletin for June 29, July 6, 13 and 20!**

JUNE 29: Last show of the season for Kate Smith—on CBS at 8:00 . . . and when she returns next fall you'll hear her Friday nights. . . . Harry James, who used to be Benny Goodman's trumpeter, opens with his new orchestra tonight at the Roseland ballroom in New York—listen to his broadcasts over NBC and MBS.

July 6: Carl Deacon Moore's orchestra opens tonight at Lake Breeze Pier, Buckeye, Ohio, and NBC will broadcast his music late at night.

July 13: The Professional Golfers Association championship matches begin today at the Pomonok Country Club. . . . CBS broadcasts a description, spoken by the colorful Mr. Husing.

July 20: Bing Crosby's guest star tonight, on NBC-Red at 10:00, is Movie star Brian Aherne.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Rudy Vallee Hour, sponsored by Royal Desserts and Fleishmann's Yeast, on NBC-Red from 8:00 to 9:00, Eastern Daylight Time.

Next October 24, Rudy Vallee will have been on the air for ten solid years, all the time for the same sponsor. Ten years of uninterrupted weekly broadcasts is something of a record, particularly when you consider vacations for Rudy have never entered into the scheme of things. As a matter of fact, though, Rudy's temper is better now than when he began broadcasting in 1929. He still is apt to make a scathing remark or two, if things aren't going right in rehearsal, but not as frequently as he used to.

The Vallee broadcasts come from NBC's big studio 8-H, in Radio City—and will continue to originate there until this fall, when Rudy will move back to Hollywood for a while. It's the largest studio in the building, seating about 1400 people. Rudy helped NBC in designing this studio, but when it was finished discovered that he didn't like to use it, preferring the smaller 8-G. Until recently he steadfastly refused to do his broadcast from 8-H, but finally the demand for tickets to the studio audience forced him to give in.

At rehearsals and during the broadcast, Rudy has a telephone on his music stand, connected with the control booth, and talks over it constantly, checking up on tonal balance. Another gadget he'd like to use, but can't, is a system of red and green lights of his own invention. It consists of a red and a green light on the microphone. If a singer or actor is standing too close to the mike, the red light flashes; if too far away, the green one comes on. If he's just right, neither light is burning. Rudy thinks this would do away with the frequent necessity of having an engineer come out and push or pull an inexperienced actor closer or farther away from the mike. But engineers don't agree with him—they think the strain of watching the lights would throw people off and make them lose their places in their scripts—and so Rudy has never been able to get his lights installed.

There's only one day of rehearsal for the Vallee Hour, but it's a busy one, lasting all of Thursday; and other preparations go on for a week or more before each broadcast. Rudy has his own office, where he auditions talent and reads dramatic scripts. Well-established stage stars, big names in the theater, often have to go through the ordeal of auditioning before they are accepted for the Vallee Hour. Rudy has two secretaries, one to stay in the office and one to accompany him to rehearsals and broadcasts. The office secretary is a Vallee fixture, Mrs. Marjorie Diven, who has been with him for ten years and manages all his business affairs.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**ELIZABETH RELLER—who adds to your radio pleasure in the role of Connie in the CBS serial, Doc Barclay's Daughters. Elizabeth, though born only in 1913, has been an announcer, has played the part of Betty in Betty and Bob, has studied for two years at Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, and has appeared in some of New York's bigger stage productions. December fourth is her birthdate, Richmond, Indiana, her home, Swarthmore her college. Everything Elizabeth does is marked by a stubborn refusal to accept defeat, though success should come easily to anyone with her beautiful brown hair and blue eyes.**

*(For Friday's Highlights, please turn page)*

# HAZEL-EYED GIRLS, LIKE JEAN PARKER

*Featured in* THE HAL ROACH PRODUCTION "ZENOBIA"



*Find thrilling new Beauty in*

## MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP!

### Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!



**ELSA:** Seriously, Joan, do you mean you chose that powder by the color of your *eyes?*

**JOAN:** Yes, and my rouge and lipstick, too, Elsa! It's an amazing *new* way, and the only *true* guide I've ever found! Try Marvelous Matched Makeup, Elsa! You'll *love* it!



**ELSA:** *You're* proof that it's perfect for *hazel* eyes, Joan! But *my* eyes are *blue!*

**JOAN:** Whether your eyes are blue, hazel, brown or gray, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—



**ELSA:** And they discovered that *eye* color determines proper cosmetic shades, Joan?

**JOAN:** Yes! And so they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes! *It's the color of your eyes!*



**JOAN:** Marvelous Matched Makeup has already been adopted by stars of stage and screen, debutantes, models! And no wonder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, the powder never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives a smooth, suede-like finish!



**JOAN:** And Elsa, for real flattery, just try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly* —gives your lips lovely, *long-lasting* color!



**JOAN:** With Marvelous, you look lovelier *instantly!* You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony*, use them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!
*(65¢ in Canada)*




## MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

**By Richard Hudnut**

**KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!**

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City

MF-839

My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐

Please send sample Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous metal containers. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| 8:00 | 9:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| 8:00 | | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| 8:15 | 9:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden** |
| 8:15 | | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| 8:30 | | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| 8:45 | | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | | 10:45 | NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 1:30 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **At Home in the World** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Blue: **Your Farm Reporter** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk It Over** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc]Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: **When a Girl Marries** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| | | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Billy and Betty** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 7:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 6:45 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Red: **Jimmie Fidler** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 6:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| | | | 7:45 |
| 8:00 | 5:45 | 6:45 | CBS: **The Waring Family** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER** |
| | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **Johnny Presents** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **99 Men and a Girl** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Plantation Party** |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Waltz Time** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Death Valley Days** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Grand Central Station** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Lady Esther Serenade** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Bob Ripley** |

# FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS




■ Ruth Warwick, Erik Rolf and Helen Claire at Grand Central.

**Tune-In Bulletin for June 30, July 7, 14 and 21!**

JUNE 30: At 4:15 this afternoon, CBS broadcasts the Suburban Handicap horse race from Belmont Park. . . . Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra open tonight at the Ritz Carlton, Atlantic City, with a Mutual wire to your loudspeaker. . . . Howie Wing, CBS at 6:15, and Lum and Abner, CBS at 7:15, give their last broadcasts of the season tonight. . . . Johnny Presents, formerly heard on CBS at 8:00 on Saturdays, changes tonight to 8:30, Fridays, same network.

July 7: There's a new program for you tonight, a serial called The Waring Family, featuring stage and movie star Leon Janney. Sponsored by Woodbury Soap, it's on CBS from 7:45 to 8:00, with a rebroadcast reaching the West at 8:00.

July 14: Second day of the Professional Golfers' tournament—on CBS. . . . Artie Shaw opens at the Eastwood Gardens—also CBS.

July 21: Russ Morgan's orchestra opens at the Casa Manana in Fort Worth—listen on CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Grand Central Station, sponsored by Listerine, on CBS at 10:00, Eastern Daylight Time.

The hero—and the villain—of this dramatic show is a huge pile of steel and concrete that sits squarely in the middle of the intersection of Park Avenue and Forty-second Street in New York City. In other words, Grand Central Station itself. Nobody connected with the program remembers now who first thought of using this "crossroads of the world" as the theme for a series of dramas, but whoever it was, he was a smart fellow.

Every show is complete in itself—it's not a serial. But each little half-hour drama begins in Grand Central Station, picks up a group of characters, and follows them out of the station to their destinations.

Different people write the stories broadcast on Grand Central Station, and different people act in most of the casts. Some of the regular actors, however, heard from time to time, are Parker Fennelly, Erik Rolf, Ruth Warwick (who is Mrs. Rolf), Helen Claire (now that she's no longer starring in the Broadway play, "Kiss the Boys Goodbye"), Arline Blackburn (who also plays Pretty Kitty Kelly in the serial of that name), Florence Malone and Martin Gabel.

The people connected with the program are proud of a letter that came in from a lawyer, asking to see a copy of a particular script that dealt with divorce and its effects on children. He wanted to show it to one of his clients who was contemplating divorce, because the situation in the script so closely parallelled his client's real-life problem. His request was granted, and later he wrote in to say that the client had decided against the divorce and was once more living happily with her husband.

The program doesn't have a studio audience, and comes from CBS' Studio three, on the 21st floor of its building in New York. A sound-effect used on every program is the long-drawn-out whistle of a train, and hardly a week passes that a listener doesn't write in to protest that trains coming into Grand Central Station don't use that kind of whistle—don't use any whistle at all, in fact. The producer of the show has a stock answer which he sends to all train-whistle-complainers, explaining that they're quite right, but a whistle is a good sound effect and is only used for atmosphere.

One of radio's few feminine production "men" is assigned to Grand Central Staiton by CBS. Her name is Betsy Tuthill, and her job is to see that the program runs smoothly.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**LILYAN PERRON—much better known as Honey, for she's the girl in Fred Waring's novelty trio, Two Bees and a Honey, on NBC-Red at 7:00 tonight. Fred discovered Lilyan and her two partners in the trio, Hal Kanner and Murray Kane, in the College Inn, Chicago—the same place where he first heard Donna Dae, another of his featured singers. Lilyan was brought up in Fall River, Mass., by a mother who was a vocal teacher and wanted her daughter to sing classics—but Lilyan showed a decided preference for the swing variety of music. In private life's she's engaged to NBC's popular announcer, Gilbert Martin.**

*(For Saturday's Highlights, please turn page)*

# PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

ARE you a champion speller?—or do you just wish you were? In either case, here's a list of words that will give you some uneasy moments before you get the correct spelling. They're supplied by Paul Wing, Master of the NBC Spelling Bee, broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5:30 E.D.S.T., and sponsored by the makers of Energine.

Only one of the three suggested spellings is the right one. Mark the words you think are correct, then turn to page 80 for the answers.

1. **Passtime — pastime — pasttime.** Amusement; recreation.

2. **Inflorescence — infloressence — inflourescence.** The budding and unfolding of blossoms.

3. **Frezia—freezia—freesia.** A sweet-scented plant of the iris family.

4. **Drivel—drivvle—drivvel.** Foolish talk; twaddle.

5. **Reddingcoat — redingote — reddingote.** A long outside coat now usually worn by women.

6. **Paragoric — paregoric — peragoric.** A medicine that mitigates pain.

7. **Ipecac — ipicac — ipacack.** Dried roots of a South American plant used as medicine.

8. **Unemployabillity — unemployeability — unemployability.** The quality of being unemployable.

9. **Separator — seperator — separater.** An apparatus for separating cream from milk.

10. **Osserb—acerb—ascerb.** Sour or bitter to the taste; sharp and harsh.

11. **Hobbnobbed — hobnobed — hobnobbed.** Associated familiarly.

12. **Antimacassar — antemacassar — antimacasser.** A cover to protect the back or arms of a chair, sofa, etc.

13. **Digitallis — digitalis — digitalus.** The dried leaf of the purple foxglove—used principally in diseases of the heart.

14. **Belladona — beladonna — belladonna.** The mild narcotic made from the leaves of the plant, "the deadly nightshade."

15. **Aconite — acconite — accanite.** An extract or tincture from certain plants, used as a sedative.

16. **Deserts — desserts — disserts.** In the United States, sweets served at the close of meals.

17. **Mascarah — mascarra — mascara.** A preparation used for coloring the eyelashes.

18. **Homesteader — homsteader — homestedder.** In the United States, one who has entered upon or acquired a homestead under provision of homestead laws.

19. **Toridity — torridity — torriddity.** The state of being parched.

20. **Naiaids — naiaads — naiads.** The nymphs believed to live in lakes, rivers, springs, and fountains.


# TOM or TESS —who's to blame?



**HIS PEEVE:** "My appearance can make me or break me in my job—and I'm sick and tired of going around in shirts that are full of tattle-tale gray."



**HER PEEVE:** "I work like blazes. Why blame me if my washes simply *won't* look white?" . . . And the truth of it is, she *does* try hard. It's her weak-kneed soap that dawdles in the tub and leaves dirt sticking in the clothes. What she needs is a livelier, peppier soap. Fels-Naptha—the soap that gets out *all* the dirt.



**HAPPY SOLUTION:** If tattle-tale gray is your husband's peeve, too—take this wise little tip. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's and give its richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha* a chance at your wash. You'll get the snowiest clothes you ever pinned on a line. Every shirt, every towel, every romper just sparkling clean and sweet! You'll get compliments from *him*, and never another complaint!

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

## Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap

**TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY** every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | **8:00 A. M.** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Cloutier's Orch.** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | **8:15** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Dick Leibert** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-tete** |
| | | | **8:45** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | **9:05** |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Red: **Texas Robertson** |
| | | | **9:15** |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Sunny Melodies** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Red: **Cloutier's Orch.** |
| | | | **9:25** |
| | | 8:25 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | **9:45** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **The Crackerjacks** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Hill Billy Champions** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Morin Sisters** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Wise Man** |
| | | | **10:15** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Amanda Snow** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **No School Today** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Barry McKinley** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Florence Hale** |
| | | | **10:45** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **The Child Grows Up** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Armchair Quartet** |
| | | | **11:00** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Symphony Concert** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Music Internationale** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **Music Styled for You** |
| | | | **11:30** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Our Barn** |
| | | | **12:00 Noon** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **Education Forum** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Manhattan Melodies** |
| | | | **12:30 P.M.** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Let's Pretend** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Call to Youth** |
| | | | **1:15** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Calling Stamp Collectors** |
| | | | **1:30** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Little Variety Show** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Campus Notes** |
| | | | **2:00** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Poetic Strings** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Blue: **Morton Franklin Orch.** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Kinney Orch** |
| | | | **2:30** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Blue: **Slavonic Serenade** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Matinee in Rhythm** |
| | | | **3:00** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies** |
| | | | **3:30** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Blue: **Cosmopolitan Melodies** |
| | | | **4:00** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| | | | **4:30** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Southwestern Stars** |
| | | | **5:30** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | CBS: **What Price America** |
| | | | **5:45** |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Three Cheers** |
| | | | **6:00** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Red: **Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten** |
| | | | **6:05** |
| 2:05 | 4:05 | 5:05 | CBS: **Dance Orchestra** |
| 2:05 | 4:05 | 5:05 | NBC-Blue: **El Chico Revue** |
| | | | **6:30** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **All Hands on Deck** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Blue: **Renfrew of the Mounted** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Red: **Art of Living** |
| | | | **7:00** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Americans at Work** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy** |
| | | | **7:30** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **County Seat** |
| | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Blue: **Uncle Jim's Question Bee** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **Columbia Workshop** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **Brent House** |
| 8:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Avalon Time** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE** |
| 7:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **National Barn Dance** |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Vox Pop** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Hollywood Today** |
| | | | **9:45** |
| 5:45 | 7:45 | 8:45 | CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Arch Oboler's Plays** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Benny Goodman** |

# SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ The Breakfast Club's Don McNeill, Evelyn Lynne, Jack Baker.

**Tune-In Bulletin for July 1, 8, 15 and 22!**

JULY 1: Just about tonight, watch for the Hit Parade to change time, to 9:00 instead of 10:00, with a rebroadcast reaching the West at 8:00. . . . On CBS at 4:15 this afternoon, listen to a description of the Gazelle Handicap from the Aqueduct track.

July 8: Another horse race, on CBS, from Aqueduct—the Fleetwing Handicap, with a $5000 purse—listen at 4:15, E.D.S.T.

July 15: It's the final day of the Professional Golfers' tournament, and Ted Husing will broadcast the play on CBS. . . . For the horseracing fans, the Empire City Handicap, also on CBS.

July 22: The Saturday horse race: The Butler Handicap, on CBS from 4:15 to 4:45.

ON THE AIR TODAY: The Breakfast Club, with Don McNeill as master of ceremonies, on NBC's Blue network every day except Sunday from 9:05 to 10:00 A. M., Eastern Daylight Time.

The general notion is that broadcasting is nice work if you can get it—something that's emphatically not true in the case of the Breakfast Club. How'd you like to have the task of getting to a radio studio, rain or shine, at eight o'clock or even earlier every morning (the program comes from Chicago, and nine o'clock Eastern time is eight o'clock Chicago time) and waking up the listening world with a smile? Some of the performers live in suburban Chicago, which means climbing out of bed around six in order to arrive on time.

The Breakfast Club's orchestra has two leaders, Walter Blaufuss and Rex Maupin, who conduct their men on different days. With Jack Baker, tenor, and Evelyn Lynne, girl vocalist, they spend the half-hour before air-time in going over the musical numbers. The spoken lines on the Breakfast Club are never rehearsed—all those wise-cracks are spontaneous, and are delivered for the first time just as you hear them on the air.

The genial Don McNeill, master of ceremonies, arrives a few minutes before the show goes on the air. Don, besides being in the program, has the responsibility of planning it and keeping it moving, for the Breakfast Club is unique among broadcasts in that it has no network director on hand, working behind the scenes, timing and overseeing. All that work is left up to Don, and he does it well. The only restriction placed on him is that he must file the names of musical numbers and poems to be used on the air, so the network can "clear" them—that is, get permission to broadcast them.

Visitors are allowed to watch the broadcast, but because of the early hour, only a few are ever present. Here's what you'd see if you were one of those few: Don at a table microphone, surrounded by his books of poems and bits of homely philosophy which he reads as the broadcast progresses. Jack Baker and Evelyn Lynne singing at a second microphone at the side of the orchestra—or leaving it to join Don at the table and swap jokes with him there. The whole cast talks about anything that comes to their minds, along lines generally planned by Don. If somebody thinks of something funny, he says it—and hopes he'll get a laugh.

The Breakfast Club was originated in October, 1932, and has grown into NBC's best-loved sustaining program. People are always writing in to Don and the others on the show; and Don encourages them to send in poems, jokes, requests, philosophic sayings, or anything they'd like to have read or performed on the air. Holidays always cause a flood of mail—in April and May Don got more than 300 different poems about Mothers' Day.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**HEDDA HOPPER—famous as deWolf Hopper's fifth wife, as a stage and movie star, as a columnist—but of importance now to radio listeners because she is Portia Brent in Brent House, that Saturday evening half hour over NBC-Blue. Born in Pittsburgh, Hedda began stage work as soon as school work and scored hit after hit—then marriage to famous deWolf Hopper, father of her son Bill, strapping six footer and himself an actor these days. Hedda went to Hollywood after a divorce in the early 1920's for film success. Now, near middle age, she is a gracious example of how to lose youth gracefully.**

## Pretty Kitty Kelly

(*Continued from page 32*)

Isaac Hamish said steadily. He walked forward and put the muzzle of the gun into Mr. Andrews' stomach. "Now, Mr. Andrews, I must really ask you to leave. We will conclude our business in the next room—if you don't mind."

Mr. Andrews breathed heavily. A purplish flush came into his cheeks. He stared for a moment angrily into Hamish's eyes, then turned, and walked slowly out of the room. Hamish followed, keeping the gun at his back. The door slammed shut.

"You little—!" Dr. Orbo's voice was a guttural bellow of rage. He seized her by the throat, maniacal anger distorting his face. "I'll teach you to keep quiet!"

A ROUGH gag was thrust into her mouth, bound there with strips of cloth. With one giant hand he held her in the chair, while with the other he wound a rope about her body, tying it so tightly it cut into her flesh. She was suffocating. From far, far away she could hear a shrill whine in the night—the whine of the lighted discs still whirling around.

The whine was coming closer. It was filling her ears. What was happening? Out in the hall, the bell began to ring again and again. Footsteps were pounding, running around the house. Somebody was beating against the front door.

Abruptly Dr. Orbo released his grip, sprang for the door. She slumped in the chair, half fainting from the pain of her bonds. He peered through the crack, then with an oath, seized his machine, and crashed his way through the kitchen window. There was a sharp tinkle of broken glass, the wild flapping of the shade, as the wind and rain rushed in through the hole he had made.

Then the door burst open, and Michael rushed in, and caught her in his arms.

"Kitty!" His voice broke in a sob of relief. "Kitty—my darling! I—I've found you!"

His arms, so warm, so strong, so safe, enfolded her. She sank into his embrace, feeling his cheek all wet with rain, his lips against her own.

The kitchen began to fill with people—policemen, Inspector Grady, doctors, Mr. Andrews, Michael—even Bunny and Slim. And in the center of the room, handcuffed, his sallow face tied up in a bloody bandage, was Isaac Hamish. He was ghastly pale, swaying on his feet. Inspector Grady plumped him into a chair and stood over him. At first Kitty was barely aware of what was going on; then the buzzing in her ears faded away, and she heard Inspector Grady say:

"And so that's why you kidnapped her! So you could get her to sign this stock certificate, and sell the whole business to this—Mr. Andrews here."

Hamish nodded his head.

The Inspector turned to Mr. Andrews.

"Is it true that you were negotiating with this man for these shares?" he asked. Mr. Andrews bit his lip.

"Yes—I was," he admitted. "Or rather, my agent here, Michael Conway was—negotiating with Dr. Orbo for them. They represent a controlling interest in a firm I have always wanted to hold. But I—I never believed there was anything crooked

(*Continued on page 79*)


# Does Body-odor give you INFERIORITY COMPLEX?



**Before you use any soap to overcome body odor, smell the soap! Then you'll decide to bathe in the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—the fragrance men love!**

A MAN'S love turns on such unexpected things! Just when you think he's yours, something happens to transform your confidence into confusion.

Nine times out of ten you blame the you that is deep in you. Your whole personality goes vacant and hopeless.

But, such disillusionments should only be temporary. Too bad, most women take them deeply to heart, when the trouble can be so easily avoided. It's too big a price to pay for ignoring this secret of arming yourself with loveliness.

Yes, go by the "smell test" when you buy soap to overcome body odor. Trust no soap for body odor until you smell the soap itself for daintiness.

Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love! A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, penetrating lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor!

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume! Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too! Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, and leaves skin smooth and radiant.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

**3 *for* 25¢** *Wherever finer soaps are sold*





# SURPRISE
## him with extra-tasty summer meals
## —*quick and easy to fix*

● Tempt listless summer appetites but don't spend long hot hours in the kitchen cooking! Save work with Franco-American Spaghetti. Serve it as main or side dish. Combine with other foods. Give it to the youngsters for lunch. It's a wonderful energy-builder. And how everybody loves its tasty, tangy cheese-and-tomato sauce made with eleven different ingredients! Only 10c a can—order today!




### Hash Deluxe

Use your regular hash recipe but add Franco-American Spaghetti to chopped meat instead of potatoes. The sauce gives a wonderful flavor.

### Jiffy Dinner Plate

Make nests of hot Franco-American Spaghetti. Fill with cooked peas, top with strips of crisp bacon. Deliciously tasty and appetizing.

### Sunday Night Supper

Bring on a platter of cold cuts and a big dish of piping hot Franco-American Spaghetti and watch it disappear. Another time, serve poached eggs in spaghetti nests. They'll make a big hit.

## Franco-American SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

*Send for* FREE *Recipe Book*

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 438
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

# This Must Be Love

(*Continued from page* 11)

Fowler, a small community on the outskirts of Fresno. Those memories were indelible. Fowler had meant the greatest thing ever to come into her life—Dad and mother bought a piano.

She played with Annes and Marys and Margies and most of them took piano lessons, too. But they meant more to her. There was something about the black and white of the keys that held a fascination for her. Her parents, too, recognized a peculiar touch, a feeling—as old as music—in their daughter whose legs were hardly long enough yet to reach the pedals.

The piano was her life. As she banged out her exercises, she accompanied herself with a thin childish soprano which began to ripen with the years into a contralto.

She was seventeen when she entered Fresno State College. She knew now what she wanted to do with her life. She would specialize in music and then, some day, she'd be able to teach it. Already she had begun to prepare for her teaching, when the events that were to change her life began.

SHE joined a sorority and made friends immediately with two girls who thought, too, that a voice was the greatest inheritance given them. Together, they formed a new harmony trio. And soon Fresno and all surrounding communities came to know them as the "Triad In Blue." The girls were good. Ginny knew they were. They used all their spare time singing at sorority and fraternity affairs and at whatever clubs and restaurants would hire them.

Summer vacation came, and the Triads went to Los Angeles. They spent the weeks getting auditions, singing over local radio stations. Ginny was driving herself—she knew somehow that much lay before her. September returned and brought a new semester at college. But the months seemed to leap ahead and it was summer again. Ginny had made up her mind once more. She was eighteen now—determined to leave school and do something with her voice.

The Triads had planned well for this second summer. They arrived in Los Angeles with smart blue gowns, unusual vocal arrangements for the trio—and a new kind of confidence. Ginny's spirit had transmitted itself. The managers heard something besides voices when the girls auditioned at a beach club. When they were signed, Ginny knew the time had come.

The trio clicked—and so did she. She had begun to step out occasionally from the three-part harmony and command attention with her solos. But finally, the engagement was over. Ginny, a little down-hearted, was not quite sure which way to turn next. Again, though, something happened—the management asked Ginny to audition as a soloist. If she were successful, she could stay on alone. Her partners insisted that she try. Both were returning to school—but if singing were to be Ginny's career, here was her one chance.

Her mind was made up. She selected just one song. A tune called "I Got A Right To Sing The Blues." The most important song I ever sang, Ginny thinks now. If she hadn't sung it well, she would never have been hired. She would never have met Kay. She would never have been sitting at the piano in that small Santa Monica office, singing for him.

. . . She had finished her song now. She lifted her fingers from the keys and turned around to face Kay. He smiled again and then spoke in that lazy southern voice of his:

"Miss Simms, I think you're darned good—with plenty of promise. If I could afford it, I'd hire you myself. But I can't. I'll recommend you to Bailey—and I'm sure he'll be able to do something for you."

And then he said (shyly, if I know Kay), "Would you like to go to a football game with me?" and Kay and Ginny began going to football games together. And those dates were not to discuss business.

But then it was time—all too soon—for Kay and his orchestra to head east. But he had done his work. A spark had been struck and it was to grow. If he had failed to discover the promise and warmth which lay beneath the inexperience and nervousness he first found in Ginny's voice, both their lives might have been changed. But it was Kay who discovered what Ginny had and sent her on and up until the swinging cycle brought her back to him.

Because of his recommendation, Bailey was able to place her with a trio on a Guy Lombardo program while Guy was touring the West. From there on, the way was almost easy. She joined Tom Gerun's band in San Francisco and began the life of an orchestra vocalist. She left California with the Gerun organization to go to New Orleans. The months slipped by—almost as America's towns slipped by the orchestra's bus and train windows. New Orleans to Texas. Texas to Denver. Denver and back to the West Coast. And then it was almost January, 1935, and Virginia Simms was in Chicago singing at the French Casino with Tom Gerun's band.

THERE were nights when the late-stayers could notice a straw-haired bespectacled young man slip into a seat at a Casino table. He'd leave work at the nearby Blackhawk to listen to Ginny sing. It was Kay, of course. He was able to afford a girl vocalist now. Ginny was where she had wanted to be a year and a half before. And the man who had gone to the University of North Carolina to become a lawyer and the girl who had started out to be a school-teacher met again—off the beaten track.

The rise of Kay and his band seemed to coincide oddly with Ginny's arrival. The Fall of 1937 saw the beginning of the "Musical Class and Dance" idea. From there on it was easy sailing into the big-money ranks.

As Kay's fame increased, so did Ginny's. As they grew, so grew the Strange Case of the Kay Kyser-Ginny Simms Romance. The Case began on that January day, four years ago, when Ginny joined Kay. It became more and more intriguing. I kept hearing tales of how Kay would never permit photographers to take cheap, over-glamorous pictures of his girl singer. I was told that Kay had arranged for his own recording company to issue records bearing the label

"Ginny Simms and her Orchestra."

I heard that they were secretly married, because their rooms at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York, where the orchestra was playing, were very close together. And then found that Ginny's mother lives with her and accompanies her constantly—cross-country and back.

But the Case continued to grow. I determined to solve it—yet Kay and Ginny have steadily refused to discuss their relationship with anyone. They had never talked to a reporter-detective about it—either to affirm or deny their romance. I knew that—and I knew I was on the trail when they agreed to see me. For the first time, they had consented to see a writer. . . . Love-detectives—are you ready?

When I entered his hotel living-room, Kay was there alone. He was wearing his tuxedo pants and an old tweed jacket. I had already felt the full force of his ingratiating personality when Ginny knocked and entered. Her gay yellow evening gown swept the floor. She was lovely that evening. They looked at each other. I looked at both of them. Any man could well be envious of Kay. This must be the girl to whom Kay's mother referred when she said: "I wish he were married so some one could take care of him."

I had my clues well in hand. I needed just two more pieces of evidence to solve the case. Ginny, answering for both of them, took care of the first part missing from our puzzle:

"One thing definite—we are *not* married. To say that we are is a compliment. But we are not."

Then they looked at each—and I (just a trifle embarrassed) said: "Are you in love?" And Kay began to talk:

WHEN I first met Ginny, I thought girl singers were a form of insanity. But Ginny had something I had never been able to discover in any other girl vocalist. She had sincerity above everything else—not only in her voice but in everything. Her way of expressing herself may still have been a little green—but she had a great deal more. A sincerity, an expression and—yes—a soul in her voice.

"Now, she has everything. To me she is the nicest companion anyone could ever ask for. We're seen together because there is no one else I'd rather be with. That is one phase of our relationship. The other? Ginny is the greatest singer of popular songs in America! I don't mean just the best band-singer—but the best of all popular singers."

Ginny blushed a little and looked at Kay—again.

"That feeling is mutual—except that Frances Langford is my own favorite singer.

"We thoroughly enjoy each other's company. For laughs and companionship and real fun I'd rather be with Kay than anyone else I know."

Kay stood up. Here was the last bit of evidence:

"If it isn't Ginny, it is certainly no other woman."

I gathered my hat and coat. I thought I had the solution to this most strange case. My mind was made up.

You want to know the solution?

Why, I thought you were love-detectives, too!


# Realize Your Dream of Thrilling Hair!

**An amazing new cleansing-agent in Halo Shampoo brings lovely sparkle and manageability to even dry hair, with *no scalp irritation!***



GLANCE around you where smart people gather, and see why today many women with plain features are actually considered beautiful!

Hair can do wonders for a woman if she gives it a chance. It can seem to make a round face take on lines of classic beauty. Give fullness and youth to faces that may be a trifle too angular. Yes, hair can reflect exotic over-tones in your eyes and your complexion.

But to reap this reward you must let the natural beauty of your hair come forth. You see, many old-style shampoos so often leave an unrinsable film of soap or oil to actually dull the hair and cover up its natural brilliance. That's why women used to need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Why your hair so often looked dull and dead, stringy and unmanageable.

How lucky for all women that a scientist made this discovery now in Halo Shampoo—a way to make rich, creamy shampoo lather without the use of either soap or oil.

Here at last is the ideal shampoo for dry, oily or normal hair. One shampoo with Halo demonstrates perfectly how it removes all trace of dull film left by those old-style shampoos. How radiant and full of luster it leaves your hair, eliminating any need for lemon or vinegar rinse. How silky-soft and manageable it leaves even "wild" hair. How clean and fragrant your scalp, without irritation. In fact, even loose, flaky dandruff is safely removed.

So buy Halo Shampoo from any drug, department or ten-cent store in the 10c, 50c or $1.00 size. It is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. If a trial doesn't bring thrilling beauty to your hair, return the empty bottle to Colgate, Jersey City, N. J., and we will gladly return every penny you paid for Halo.




**HALO SHAMPOO**

*If—*



*Your Face is Full*

here's an up-do that leads the eye back to the exposed hairline, elongates the face and lengthens the neck.

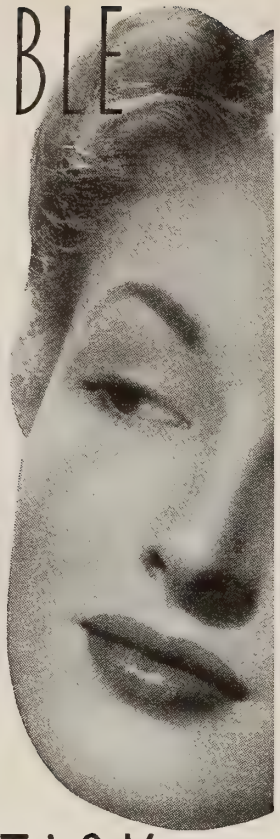
*Your Face is Thin*

this modified up-do is slightly away from the face, barely covers the tips of the ears, shows fullness around the neckline to soften sharp features.



**REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR**

LOVABLE LIPS are free from LIPSTICK PARCHING



• If you want lips of siren smoothness—choose your lipstick wisely!

Coty "Sub-Deb" does *double duty*. It gives your lips ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching. It helps lips to look moist and lustrous.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades; 50¢ or $1.00. *"Air-Spun" Rouge* in matching shades, 50¢.

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK




*Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.*

# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



The voice of Patricia Rogers Ryan of the NBC serial, Girl Alone, is Betty Winkler's, above.

EL-O-KEW-SHUN classes" at a very early age are, to a large extent, responsible for Betty Winkler's charming radio voice. And "el-o-kew-shun" is just the way she pronounced it when she preferred it to kindergarten.

Miss Winkler as Patricia, is heard on the program, Girl Alone, on the air every Monday through Friday at 4:45 P.M. on the NBC Red Network.

Betty was born April 19, 1914, at Berwick, Penna., and because she was so preoccupied with her dramatic lessons, when she was eight years old, did not quite realize the honor bestowed upon her when Bernie Cummings, then a young and struggling band leader, chose her to sing with his band at a charity affair.

Attended school in Akron and later in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Made her appearance on the professional stage when she was seventeen and her radio debut a year later.

Miss Winkler is five feet three inches and usually wears tailored clothes. Devotes much of her leisure time to swimming and the theater.

* * *

**Marie White, Houston, Texas**—Elizabeth and John Perry of John's Other Wife are played by Adele Ronson and William Post, Jr. . . . Sorry we cannot furnish you with a picture of the cast of John's Other Wife.

**Inez Clendenin, Akron, Ohio**—Jim Ameche was born in Kenosha, Wisc. on August 6, 1915. He won a high school state championship in oratory just a few months before an audition at the NBC Chicago studios started him on his career as a radio star. Always an admirer of his big brother, Jim thought little about acting until Don phoned one day while he was playing tennis and urged him to come to Chicago. He came, he auditioned, he won. From August 1933 to November 1937, Jim played the juvenile role in a daytime serial. In November, 1937, however, he was given a chance to play leads in Campana's Grand Hotel, the show which once starred Don. He made good, was signed to a contract and on January 3, 1938, began playing in Attorney-at-Law. You can hear him this summer on the Woodbury show, Sundays over NBC.

Jim is five feet eight and a half inches, weighs 140 pounds, has a medium complexion, dark brown hair and brown eyes. He enjoys looking at new cars in automobile shows, spends much of his spare time at movies and walking in the park with his dogs.

**Irene Zielinski, Chicago, Ill.**—Write to Kate Smith and Eddie Cantor in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

## FAN CLUB SECTION

I have just received word that an **Alice Frost** Fan Club has been in existence since May 1, 1938. Write to Miss Flo Welsh, 6317 South Hamilton Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, for details. As you know, Alice Frost plays the lead in the Big Sister serial.

Swing fans anxious to join the **Artie Shaw** fan clubs may apply to Sid Garfield, president of the International Association of Artie Shaw Fan Clubs, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

If you'd like to join a **Kate Smith** Club, write to Katherine Caruthers, 8502 89th Avenue, Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.

There is an **Eddy Duchin** Fan Club and Edna Rogers, Secretary, 3730 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Penna. will be happy to receive requests for membership.

If you're an admirer of **Larry Clinton** and would like to become a member of the Dipsy Doodle Fan Club, write to the Dipsy Doodle Club, 617 Highland Avenue, Steubenville, Ohio.

Charlotte Bicking, President of the **Gene Krupa** Fan Club is instituting a drive for new members. Write to Miss Bickering at 33 Downing Avenue, Downingtown, Penna.

## Radio's Way to a Perfect Figure

(*Continued from page 34*)

Nope. Move the body. Up. Out of bed. Into the bathroom. Dash cold water on your face. Drink a glass of warm water. Feel brighter already, don't you? Slather your face with cold cream. Turn on the radio—low—so you don't wake the family. Any peppy music will do. Are you wearing socks and a fleece-lined sweat shirt or bathing suit? Fine.

ONE. For that chiseled chinline: Stand erect, stomach in, weight on the balls of your feet, hands on hips. Hang your chin on your chest, as far down as it will go. Feel that pull on your vertebrae? This will be good for that dowager's hump, that little cushion at the back of your neck. Now, slowly incline your head backward, as far as it will go. Now you turn your head to the extreme right, resting your chin on your right shoulder. Do you feel those unused cords in your neck pull? Now left. Repeat the entire movement ten times. Head-up-and-down. Head-right-and-left. Be sure you incline the head to the UTMOST LIMIT on each count. You must feel the exertion in the neck.

TWO. For thigh and limbs: Again you stand erect in the first position. Your arms are flat and straight at your sides. You bring your knees up smartly, alternating right and left to a quick count. Step high. Be sure your toes point down. How will you know you're doing it right? Lady, you'll feel the rusty muscles answering you in your calf and thigh.

THREE. The five-in-one for arms, neck, back, hips, and romantic waistline: First position. Arms extended shoulder high like yoke. Swing continuously from right to left, and back. Keep your arms rigid and straight to give force to the swing.

FOUR. For legs, hips, and tummy tires: Lie flat on the floor, arms at your sides, toes pointing down. Keep that left leg flat on the floor. Raise the right straight up into the air. Up and down. Back and forth. Keep time with the music and your count.

FIVE. For a modeled torso: Flat on the floor, palms pressed down. Raise both legs straight up at right angles. Don't crook your knees. Now, bring your legs up and over until your toes touch the floor behind your head.

SIX. For general circulation, glint in eye, pride in your legs on bathing beaches, and a rear diminuendo: Start on all fours, in the position of a man looking under a bureau for a collar button, but keep your chin UP. Now kick out vigorously, backward and upward, like a mule. Kick high and hard. See to it that your knee is straight at the completion of each kick.

One more word of advice. Whenever you think of it during the day today, place your hand on your diaphragm to see whether you are inhaling deeply of oxygen, or merely nostril-nibbling. Test yourself at odd moments, until you can sneak up on yourself at any time and feel the deep, regular rise and fall of your diaphragm under the palm of your hand. Practise your exercises to rhythmic breathing like this: Exhale, one-and-two; inhale, three-and-four.

All right. Class dismissed.




LOVELY–LINGERING
...this fragrance of flowers
He'll just love it!

Showering yourself with Mavis Talcum from tip-to-toe keeps you tantalizingly provocative for hours after your bath—even on hottest nights. It accentuates your every charm. It makes you lovely, alluring! In 25¢, 50¢, $1 and convenient 10¢ sizes.



MAVIS
Talcum




## Before Your Very Eyes

(*Continued from page 23*)

a television studio during rehearsal is like watching a Hollywood movie company at work. It has all the movement, color and excitement of life in cinema land. Over in one corner, Donna Dae, Waring's young singer, goes through her song, the cameras trained on her. All afternoon she has been complaining about the bright lights, and now her eyes are almost closed as she sings.

Because of the noise and confusion on the set, Waring must write his instructions to the cast on a blackboard. Members of his gang hurry over to read his messages so that they won't miss their cues. Publicity men, with candid cameras, try to get pictures, begging actors to take off their dark glasses. Some jugglers go through their routine in a corner of a set. Other performers stand around restlessly, because the studio is small and there are not enough chairs.

When it is time for an act to be rehearsed, the cameramen give the performers instructions where to stand, pointing to chalk marks on the floor. They are all young men, and many of them look like college youngsters, but in reality they are young television experts that have been trained for years by RCA.

### How Stars Are Televised

There are three cameras facing a scene or a performer. One for close-ups, one for medium shots and one for long shots. The director sits in a booth above the studio in a totally dark room. He can not see what is going on below, but he can see the people at which the cameras are pointed, because their images are transmitted to three screens directly in front of him. If he wants a close-up, he calls for action from camera 1. And tells camera 3 to get ready to take a long shot when camera 1 moves away. And so on. Once the show is under way and actually being televised, the cameramen must remember what they have done and do it again by memory. So scenes are rehearsed all day. Easiest to televise are the movies, and these are put into a television camera in another studio. But the "live talent" must rehearse all day until they are letter perfect, which brings us to—

### The Type of Talent Television Uses

Right now, television has been using actors who are in radio or on the Broadway stage. Movie people would probably be better but television is, as yet, non-supporting, so it would cost too much to hire them. Many radio actors, however, are excellent because they have become used to playing for studio audiences and know how to project facially as well as vocally. A good example of this is Ed Herlihy, the radio announcer who does the television pick-ups from the World's Fair. Mr. Herlihy is an inquiring reporter and is adept at projecting enthusiasm in order to get people to talk on the air.

It is a general rule that people who photograph well will also televise excellently. A pretty girl still looks pretty on your television screen.

Talent for television is picked up wherever it can be found. Not long ago a beautiful young girl named Lillian Eggers came up to witness a Philco television broadcast. The engineers took one look at her and immediately put her on the impromptu show. She was swell and Philco signed her on the spot.

Other excellent television bets are Ezra Stone, Phil Baker, Lew Lehr, Ben Bernie, Dorothy Lamour, Don Ameche, Binnie Barnes, and Mitzi Green. We could name lots more.

It has long been said that blondes are not good for television. A few days ago, Toby Wing and Jean Muir, both decided blondes, took television tests and registered beautifully. Many of the girls that are on the lists to be television announcers are also blondes.

### Make Up

It is almost exactly like make up used by the movies. On the set you can't tell the difference between television and movie make up. A little less heavy make up than is used in the movies is right for television. Which brings up the point of how people look on the television screen. You've heard that they look green, purple, or maybe pink. This is not true. The images are almost exactly as you see them on the motion picture screen, but not quite so clear.

### What You See

A television receiver looks like a large console radio, and most television sets come radio equipped. Tuning in a television program is a little more involved than getting a radio program, but it can be done in a few minutes. The room must be dark and then the picture comes on the screen. (7½ x 10, for instance, on the larger RCA models). The picture will be clear. Yes, you can tell who it is, but every once in a while you get a "womp," which is a sudden change in the light value of the picture. In other words, the picture may grow dim or brighter all of a sudden. Movies show off best and cartoons are excellent. Donald Duck certainly stole the first television show.

The exciting angle of these television shows is the on-the-spot stuff. The fact that people can be televised on the street, or at a picnic, or watching a fire, and their reactions can be given to you right at the moment, is certainly thrilling. The broadcasts picked up at the World's Fair proved that. As time goes on, more of these pick-up shows will be put on. By the end of the year we should be seeing football and baseball games, at least a portion of them, on our television screens a few minutes after the action takes place. You women will probably be fascinated by the excellent television fashion shows that are being planned.

This early you can't expect television shows to be as smooth running as well-paced radio programs, nor can you expect the images to be quite as good as those you see in the movies.

The important thing is that most of the changes in television will be made in transmitting and not in receiving. If you buy a set now the pictures and programs will become better as transmitting improves. Which brings us up to—

### When and Where Everybody Can Enjoy Television

If you live in the New York area you can get television programs five

hours a day (movies and newsreels). Two nights a week you get a regular "live talent" show. Television programs are now also being transmitted in Los Angeles and Philadelphia. By the end of the year, and very probably before that, programs will be transmitted from Boston, Kansas City, Camden, New Jersey, Chicago, Iowa City, Albany, Schenectady Milwaukee, and San Francisco. These are the cities that have licenses to put on television shows and most of them already have their equipment.

In the above cities mentioned, several movie houses already have television sets operating in their lobby. So if you live in these cities, or near them, you will probably be given television along with a double feature.

Many of you have already seen television, even though you don't live in these cities. And you will continue to get an opportunity to see it from time to time. Philco Television Corporation has a portable television transmitter now on tour throughout the country. This remarkable instrument, though only five feet high and two and a half feet wide, carries equipment which usually fills an entire studio. It picks up outdoor scenes and projects them on to television receivers with amazing clarity.

These portable television shows have already been seen in Washington, Baltimore, Boston, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Palm Beach and Miami. The tour is now headed towards the Pacific coast and will continue traveling around the country, reaching many small cities as well as the larger ones.

There is another place where many of you will see television and that is at the New York World's Fair. Programs are being received and transmitted from there every day, and it attracts more crowds than any single exhibit. You may also be given an opportunity to have yourself televised! This should be a thrill.

No licenses have been issued yet for television broadcasters to sell their programs to commercial sponsors. The broadcasters want to wait for awhile to see how many sets are sold this year and whether you, the consumer, will enjoy your television programs, which brings us to—

### Where You Can Buy Sets and Their Cost

The companies who have sets on the market are American Television Corp., Andrea Radio Corp., DuMont, Garod, General Electric, RCA and Philco. You can get these sets in most large department stores.

American has sets ranging from $125 to $395, featuring three and five inch screens. Andrea sets run from $175 to $595, and they also offer a kit of parts for $97.50 for those brave souls who will attempt to build their own television sets. DuMont has a fourteen-inch screen on their sets, the prices ranging from $395 to $445. General Electric runs from $150 to $600 tops. RCA runs from $200 to $600 tops, the latter having a 7½ x 10 inch screen. Philco's best bet sells for $350 tops.

The larger the screen the more money you pay for a television set and it is advisable to see as many models as possible before buying. The cost of operating a set will be little more than your radio costs, but replacements are expensive. A cathode ray tube, which will wear out first, costs from $25 to $95.

Many of these prices we have quoted will change, but to be general about it you will be able to purchase a set for as low as $150 and as high as $1000.

### The Future

The scientific wonder of television is bound to catch your imagination but the rate of its development will be in proportion to the daily fare of program material. Fortunately, there are still good movie shorts, newsreels and cartoons available and this makes excellent television material. But as time goes on, you, the consumer, will demand good "live talent" shows and it is up to the television broadcasters to come through.

One of the biggest problems that faces television is lighting. In the case of outdoor shots, all vicinities do not provide enough sunlight. Interior stuff, shot on sound stages, costs money, and special television studios will have to be erected. Everything is now very much on a temporary basis. Those in television are cautiously feeling you, the consumer, out.

The future of television is up to you. If you buy sets and enjoy the programs, those in the industry will see that they get consistently better. We think that you in the big cities, who can get programs every day, will buy television sets. And we are sure that along with a few minor disappointments you are going to get plenty of television thrills in 1939.




# How ONE star was made



"Central casting office calling. Miss La Due to report to Mr. Duane tomorrow at seven."



"I just can't go — at this time of the month! I'd be humiliated to death!"



"Straighten up, Joan — haven't you heard of Holly-Pax? Holly-Pax gives protection internally, invisibly. Many of the stars use it."



"You played that scene marvelously, Miss La Due. I'm sure you'll steal the picture!"

FROM Hollywood, world center of fashion and feminine smartness, comes the truly modern mode of sanitary protection — the *invisible, internal* protection of Holly-Pax.

Developed for screen stars who must be always active, Holly-Pax enables normal women to go through *every day* of the month with her secret her own. Used internally, Holly-Pax banishes pads, pins, belts. Holly-Pax doesn't betray itself — even in a swim suit! Its comfort is amazing. No chafing, no binding, no secret fear. Due to its method of absorption, no odor can form. What peace of mind this advantage alone will bring you!

Available at drug, department and ten cent stores — package of four, 10 cents; package of ten, 20 cents.

holly-Pax

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

20c for package of ten




HOLLY-PAX MW89
Palms Station, Hollywood, California

For the enclosed 10c please send me a trial package of four Holly-Pax.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....


# I've Found the Perfect Backseat Driver

(*Continued from page* 21)

can usually reroute myself to another. Meeting magazine and newspaper deadlines consulting with editors and keeping up with other business and family happenings I have to be constantly in touch with my world by telegraph and airmail. I nearly always receive my mail in care of the telegraph company which handles my wires. Therefore in rerouting my journey I try to pass a city in which the telegraph station is open until midnight. This will usually give me time to have the wires and mail forwarded from the city to which they were originally addressed. Often the radio weather-reports cause me to change my direction after I've started.

FOR instance one time I left Chicago late in the afternoon for Des Moines, Iowa. I was working my way northwest through the maze of highways that branch out from that great midwestern metropolis. Shortly after we got under way we ran into a cloudburst. This came on top of four days steady rain. Soon the radio began announcing floods in the northern suburbs of Chicago. Next we heard that the Illinois and the Mississippi Rivers were rising at an alarming rate. We were already sloushing through six inches of water, and my trailer is not well equipped for boating purposes. So without mulling over it very much I decided to push on to St. Louis, instead, by way of Indianapolis. The next afternoon, as I was turning east from Champaign, Ill., the rain came down in renewed torrents. Shortly the radio warned that the Wabash was in an ugly mood and about to leave her banks, so rather than risk a passage of the enraged river and her aroused tributaries we again changed our course, dropped Indianapolis and sped straight on to St. Louis where I had more important work to do.

High winds are difficult to navigate a trailer through. It begins to shimmy and skid and slide all over the road. Particularly so in going around curves. Radio has sometimes saved me from having to pass through some nasty storms. Last fall I narrowly missed a hurricane in south Florida. Government radio weather reports warned me in the nick of time.

The make of radio I carry is unimportant, providing its reception is clear and distinct. But I insist it be equipped with first class short-wave. I do a good deal of foreign writing and I must keep up not only with the opinions of the American newscasters on foreign affairs, but of the foreign announcers on their own affairs, no matter how highly propagandized they may be. As all radio fans know there are certain places in which foreign short-wave reception comes in better than in others; yet if one is carrying a short-wave set which is attuned only to those spots, one misses a great deal of foreign news. For this reason I carry my own generator as well as my own electric plant. The latter I use when the trailer is not in motion, to store up the radio energy necessary. In the stern end of the trailer I have a conversion switch. Sometimes when we are standing still I am able to hook into city power giving me from 110 to 120 volts. But when this isn't possible I make my own 6-volt juice. Of course I carry two fitted radios—one in the car and one in the trailer. In addition I have a portable set for hotels, cabins, trains and boats.

The power-car and trailer are equipped with the latest thing in 2-way telephone. This is an absolute necessity if anyone is riding in the trailer. Last spring I took a crowd down to the Kentucky Derby from New York. A well-known Washington official went back in the trailer to sleep as we were crossing the Blue Ridge Mountains. This was his first experience in the trailer in motion. We were winding and bobbing around the West Virginia hills. He was in the trailer scarcely ten minutes before he jumped up, grabbed the telephone and began desperately ringing the buzzer to the driver's seat. The driver, either because he was too busy rounding the mountains or because of mischievous inattention, did not answer immediately. When he did the Washingtonian begged him to stop immediately. The trailer wheeled slowly to a stop, a mile further along the road, and the agitated New Dealer bolted through the trailer door thirty seconds ahead of his breakfast.

From reading this yarn it would appear as if I was always in motion, which isn't true at all. I often stay a long time in one place or another. When time hangs heavy as it sometimes does, I begin the usual twirling of the dials. Sometimes I pick up police calls, which are as interesting as detective stories, and a whole lot more exciting because you've got to fill in the missing gaps through your own imagination. Other times I hear the "hams" talking to one another from various parts of the hemispheres. This is often the most thrilling thing on the air. It still fills me with amazement to be camped out in the Rockies and to hear a boy in the diamond fields of South Africa talking to another boy in British Columbia.

ON lonely nights I don't have to tell anyone who has motored much how consoling and pleasant it is when one is driving along a long, lonely road to switch on Jack Benny, Charlie McCarthy or Bob Burns. It gives one a kick which is totally lacking in reception at home.

Most sporting events I find more exciting to listen to than to watch. I'm quite sure I got more out of the Louis-Schmeling fight hearing it on my automobile radio at a roadside stand on top of the Cumberland mountains, surrounded by a group of mountaineers, than I would have at a ringside seat.

If I'm too far away from church on Sunday morning I can carry on my devotions with my favorite minister and hear the choir that I most enjoy. And during a political campaign I can travel with my favorite candidate in all parts of the country without having to be on the spot to help him personally. Better still I can hear the opposition which is something he can't possibly do.

Thus in all of its varied phases radio is the best traveling companion I have. It never argues with me about the road; it never gets in my way; and it never answers back. It simply states a fact and lets me make the decision.

## Lanny Ross Tells What's Wrong With Women's Dancing

(*Continued from page 27*)

fact and allows her partner to *think* he's got the situation under control anyhow. *So, never, never lead if you want dancing happiness.*

Many women who seem to be committing this crime probably don't mean to. I have it on the authority of a New York dancing teacher, Albert Butler, that the whole trouble is one of balance. Many girls don't stand firmly on the balls of their feet, Mr. Butler says, controlling their own center of balance, and so they seem to be pushing a poor chap around. *Stay on your own feet and keep your balance.*

This balance thing is pretty important in dancing. Take the girl who hangs all over her partner's chest, or pulls on his arm as if she wanted to chin herself. Another simple question of balance. If she were standing, nicely balanced on her own two feet, with the same kind of freedom she uses in walking, she wouldn't have to cling. A little clinging is an excellent thing in a woman, but not on the dance floor. It wears a man out. *Don't cling. Don't lean.*

AND you know something else that wears him out? You'd never suspect it. When you see a strained look on a dancing male's face and a slight glaze in his eyes, you can bet the girl he's dancing with is chattering her head off. Nearly every man hates this, unless the girl is the one and only, and the reason seems simple enough. He's enjoying both the music and the motion of the dance—or else he'd be home with a crossword puzzle. In any case, he appreciates a little peace and quiet. He'd definitely just as soon *not* hear the story of a girl's life to the tune of "Begin the Beguine." *Don't chatter.*

And, by the way, ladies, if you really are out to make your dancing partner boil—and to make yourself unpopular—just keep on waving and calling to other chaps on the floor. If you want your escort to ask you again, make it a point not to greet David or Charlie or Jim so enthusiastically over his shoulder. *Don't wave hellos.*

There's one frequent masculine objection that doesn't trouble me personally very much. But most men kick about it.

*Don't dance too close.*

Now why a man should really object—but, as I said, I pass this along because so many men do object. They give unromantic reasons like the fact that lipstick gets on their collars or suntan powder comes off all over their white linen suits.

On the other hand, let me register one serious complaint. I mean picture hats. Picture hats are something like porcupines—awfully pretty and interesting to look at from a distance, but nothing to cuddle under your chin.

That's what I tell Kay Lorraine when we take a few turns together to Mark Warnow's Hit Parade orchestra on the stage of Columbia's big Broadway playhouse on Saturday mornings. That's what I'm telling Kay in the picture. *If you must wear a hat, remember your partner's neck.*

Going from hats to dresses for dancing—and don't think the wrong kind of clothes can't interfere with dancing—I think this summer is going to see a menace arise in the new craze for fishnet in women's clothes. Or any other fabric that gets caught in things. Now, personally, I think fishnet is a wonderful fabric to make dresses out of. Anybody can see what I mean. But it's hard enough to tear yourself away from a pretty girl without having your shirt buttons or studs go with her. *So don't wear fishing clothes on the dance floor.*

Maybe I'm making too much fuss about the whole thing. But it's a relief for a man to get a chance to come right out in public and defend himself.

DID we deserve them? Well, not that time the girl insisted on shagging when all we really wanted to do was a quiet walk. Not that time the girl kept spraddling as if she were doing a broad jump instead of moving her feet close together like a pair of scissors.

But I'm an easy-going sort of chap and only tell girls these things so they will have more dancing fun than ever this summer. Just follow old Professor Ross' tips and listen to your Dad or hubby kick about the bills for all your new dancing dresses!

Only don't, for heaven's sake, take it too seriously! Remember, all of us men will go right on loving you even though you dance all over our new white shoes, if you'll remember the biggest rule of all—*In dancing as in singing, have fun.*







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(*Continued from page 20*)

is a hive of gossip, full of newspaper columnists and radio commentators, all eager for every scrap of news. Until recently, none of them had been interested in Greg, particularly, because the program on which he sang was heard only on the West Coast, but now that he was one of Imperial's new contract players, and was beginning to be talked about as a good bet for a coast-to-coast air show, his name was beginning to mean something.

I knew all this—but still I wasn't prepared for the bombshell exploded so casually in my lap by Ralph Mont, one morning two weeks after the wedding.

EVERYBODY liked Ralph. He had his own coast-to-coast gossip program, once a week, but he never high-hatted us lesser radio performers who never got our names mentioned on the air and perhaps seldom managed to work on a network broadcast. He was a young fellow, not yet thirty, slight in build and usually with a far-away, preoccupied look in his gray eyes—not at all the dynamic, aggressive type of person you'd expect a successful Hollywood reporter to be. I knew him slightly—he'd even taken me once to a preview, a few months before I met Greg—and I was glad, that morning, when he perched himself on a stool next to me at the drug-store counter where I'd gone for a cup of coffee between rehearsals.

"Hello, chipmunk," he said cheerfully. "Big glass of orange juice," he called to the counter-man, and put a cigarette in his mouth. Around the cigarette, he mumbled carelessly, "You're looking wonderful—but of course all brides look wonderful, don't they?"

I managed to set down my coffee cup without spilling it. "Bride?" I said in a voice I hoped sounded natural. "I'm not a bride."

"Oh yes, you are," he said in a low voice. "You were married on the fourteenth, at Dune. To Greg Dean."

"How did you know?" I gasped.

"Darling, that's my business. Why, I pay every county clerk in Nevada and Arizona to send me complete lists of all marriage licenses every two weeks. And Greg's real name is Thomas Boerland. You can see how simple it was."

The counter-man set down his glass of orange juice, and he began sipping it through a straw, looking at me quizzically. I must have gone very white, because I was simply panic-stricken at the thought of Greg's anger if the news got out. To have anyone know was bad enough—to have a coast-to-coast news broadcaster know was infinitely worse.

He chuckled. "Pretty nice of me to tell you about it before broadcasting it, wasn't it?" he said. "Gives you a chance to ask me to keep my mouth shut."

"Your—your—" I stammered, unable to believe that there could even be such a possibility. "You don't mean you—might—keep the secret?"

"I might," he nodded. "You'd be surprised at the number of secrets I keep, all the time. Keeping judiciously chosen secrets is the way I got a lot of news."

"But—how? I don't understand."

"I keep secrets for people I like. I like—you." Even then, I noticed that he didn't say he liked Greg. "And people I like, like me. When the time comes, they bring me the tip first. I still get my scoop, and no feelings hurt. I don't like to hurt feelings."

A fat woman eased herself onto the stool next to me, and he gave me a significant glance, finished his orange juice, and accompanied me to the street.

"Don't worry," he said. "You've got your own reasons for keeping it a secret, and I can guess what they are. Marriage wouldn't help Greg much right now—and I hear he's going great guns in that picture he's making."

"I don't know how to thank you, Ralph—" I began.

"Forget it," he said with a wide, friendly smile. "I love having people under obligation to me. And I guess I'm just naturally romantic—I cluck over an elopement as much as an old lady in a small town."

A sudden thought struck me. "Suppose somebody else—some other columnist or radio reporter—finds out about it?"

"That's a chance we'll both have to take. But I don't think there's much danger. As far as I know, nobody else in this business gets lists of marriage licenses wholesale. And I'll have to hand it to you—nobody from Hollywood ever thought of going to Dune to get married before. You were pretty far off the beaten track."

And then he was gone, leaving me torn between doubt and relief. What a strange man he was! Underneath his flippant way of talking, there was a real friendliness and warmth. At first, when I learned he knew our secret, absurd, melodramatic thoughts of blackmail had crossed my mind. But now, somehow, I felt I could trust him. If only no one else learned of the marriage!

AFTER some thought, I decided not to tell Greg that Ralph knew. It would only worry him—and some instinct warned me that Greg and Ralph were not the sort of men who would ever be very friendly.

After this, the weeks slipped by. Greg was terribly busy at the studio; he had a good part in a musical picture called "Monterey," which gave him a chance to sing and do some acting as well. And I, of course, had my work to take up my days.

But the nights—there was nothing to fill them. Even today, I don't like to write about the loneliness of those night-time hours I lived through, longing for Greg. Even when he was with me, we could not be wholly happy—the guilty, furtive way which he must come to the apartment late at night made our love seem a clandestine, cheap affair.

Yet, I told myself, what were we to do? I knew from items in the trade papers and gossip columns that Greg was being groomed by the Imperial studio to be a romantic singing leading man. Already, one of those studio campaigns had started, linking his name romantically with that of the leading lady in "Monterey." It sickened me to read the gossip-items, even though I knew they were nonsense.

Then came a veritable epidemic of

Hollywood marriages—Nelson Eddy, Tyrone Power, Douglas Fairbanks—big names, romantic names; and people who knew the picture industry began shaking their heads and saying that these marriages wouldn't do the stars any good, particularly those who had never been married before. "Every girl who admires a star," one columnist wrote, "likes to think, deep in her heart, that some day—maybe—she can marry him. And she hates to learn that he has married someone else. Only this morning, I got a letter from a sixteen-year-old girl, saying that she'd never go to one of ———'s pictures again."

IN the midst of all this, Greg pointed out, it would be fatal to announce our marriage. "Just a little while longer, dearest," he said. "If I'm a hit in 'Monterey,' we can announce it and everybody will think it's so romantic. If I'm not a hit—well, then I've muffed my chance, and nobody will care either way."

It was always so comforting when he was with me, talking to me. Under his assurances all my half-formed doubts melted away, like mists under the sun. "Oh, you will be," I whispered, holding him close. "You've *got* to be a hit."

But when he had gone, the loneliness and uneasiness came back again. There was one fear, worse than any other, that I never mentioned to Greg. If he was a hit—Why, then he'd be famous, and I'd be a nobody. Just a little radio actress, unknown. Wouldn't Greg be ashamed of me? Wouldn't I be a drag on him, even then?

I was home, alone, lying awake in the darkness, when this thought first came to me, and I buried my face in the pillow, as if by doing so I could force it out of my head. But it stayed. It was always there, afterwards.

It was there when two or three days passed without even a telephone call from Greg; when I saw his name in the list of guests at some party to which I had not been invited; when I asked him, hating myself for asking it, "Where were you last night? What did you do? Tell me all about it." It irritated Greg to have to answer such questions, and I didn't blame him. But I couldn't stop myself from asking them.

Looking back, I know the true reason for my loneliness. It was not simply that our marriage was a secret. It was something deeper than that—a knowledge that I wouldn't admit even to myself—that some day the man I loved was going to let me down. I *must* have known it, even then; but I chose to delude myself, blind my eyes to the truth.

One night the telephone rang, and I flew to it, hoping it would be Greg. Instead, it was Ralph Mont. "How'd you like to attend a sneak preview of your husband's picture?" he asked.

"Why, I'd love to—except—" I hesitated. I'd been going to say that I expected Greg would want me to go with him—but I suddenly realized he might not. Ralph's next words proved how right my hesitation had been.

"It's tonight, you know. You can come along with me, if you aren't doing anything."

Tonight! The preview upon which our future depended—and Greg hadn't even mentioned it.

"All right. Fine," I said. "Where shall I meet you?"

"I'll be there in ten minutes."

He arrived on the dot, and soon we were on our way out to the suburban town where the preview was scheduled.

"I don't think Greg even knew about the preview," I said after a while. Something made me say it, to defend Greg both to Ralph and to myself.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he said easily, and after that we drove on, not saying much.

It was nine o'clock when we reached the unpretentious neighborhood theater where the preview was being held. Big, expensive cars were parked up and down the street, and we were just able to squeeze ourselves into a pair of seats far back in the auditorium. We were barely in time—hardly had we settled ourselves when "Monterey" began.

AT first I paid little attention to the picture, peering around the hall to see if Greg was there. At last I gave that up as a vain occupation, and watched the screen. It was a strange, eerie sensation, seeing my husband up there—or rather, seeing his shadow. I was not sure I liked it. He seemed so remote, so different from the man I loved. But after fifteen minutes or so, a new feeling of excitement began to well up inside me.

Greg was good! He was terribly good! All of his natural charm came out in this new medium, intensified and heightened. And his singing was beautiful.




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I knew, by the time the lights went up, that we had seen the birth of a new star.

Without saying anything, Ralph and I elbowed our way out through the crowd. I was so happy I could have danced for joy. Greg had made his hit, he would soon be famous—and then we could announce our marriage.

I looked for him again, outside the theater. And then I saw him. Smiling, triumphant, he was just coming out of the door, with Lily Vail, the star of "Monterey," and some men I didn't know.

I forgot everything but my happiness. I ran toward him, pushing my way past bystanders. Not until I was a few feet from him did he see me. His face lit up, he started to smile—and then his eyes went dead, passed over me as if I hadn't been there at all. He turned to Miss Vail again, said something, and laughed uproariously at her reply.

I SANK back into the crowd, letting it cover me and hide me and carry me along down the street. In the swirling fog of my anger and humiliation I could find just one thought: "This must not happen again. Never, never. I am his wife, and it's my right to stand beside him in his moment of triumph."

Ralph found me, at last, and led me back to the car. I was grateful for his silence, then and on the trip back to Hollywood.

The next day my unhappiness had crystallized into a hard core of determination. I felt ill and weak, but my mind was made up. I called Greg at his apartment, at the studio, at the broadcasting station, anywhere I could think of that he might be. At last, late that night, I reached him, and he promised to come right over.

What happened in that brief visit he made to my apartment was torture to me. But I had to ask him, even though I brought my whole dream-world down around my head. The experience in front of the theater had shown me that I couldn't stand our equivocal position any longer. At last, I had to face the truth.

"Greg," I said quietly, "please announce our marriage now. I'm frightened. Last night I felt like a silly woman, throwing herself at the feet of a movie star. Don't I deserve something more than that?"

He was angry too. "You should have known better than to burst up to me the way you did."

"I know. I'm sorry for that. But I *love* you, Greg! I was so happy for your sake. And—and for ours, too. Because I thought we could tell everyone we're married."

"You don't understand," he said impatiently. "Last night was just a preview—you can't tell—" He stopped, for we both knew he was lying.

"Greg—don't you love me? Don't you want to acknowledge me?"

"Oh—of course I do! But—right now— Oh, well, I guess I'll have to tell you. Imperial wants to send me on a long personal-appearance tour, with the picture. They've got big plans for me—that's where I was today, in conference. All day long, I was talking to them." His cheeks flushed, his eyes grew bright. "They're going to rush 'Monterey' into release right away, open it in New York, with me, and then tour the big cities. Don't you see what it'll mean to me? Why, it's the biggest thing that's ever happened. I'll be famous—"

He said more, much more, but I heard only a part of it. A terrible dread was forming around my heart, like a crust of ice. "You're hurt now," my mind kept saying. "That's all. Just be patient—the hurt will go away. Greg doesn't mean to be cruel. He's just excited, and full of his own concerns, and convinced that success depends on keeping his marriage a secret a little longer. He really loves you. Tomorrow all this won't seem so bad." That's what my mind said, but my heart wouldn't listen. And when Greg tried to put his arms around me, I drew away.

"Please—not tonight," I said; and a few minutes later he left.

Except at the broadcasting station, I didn't see him again during the week before he left on the tour. Not once.

The night before he was to leave, he had told me, he would come to the apartment. I waited there for him, nervously—and when the telephone rang, I knew, before I answered, that it would be Greg, apologizing and saying he was unable to get away.

Then came days of complete misery. I couldn't work, I couldn't sleep. I would drag myself out of bed in the morning, and if I had a broadcast, go down to the studio and read my lines mechanically, not caring very much what they sounded like on the air. And when this indifference began to be noticed, and jobs started going to other girls, I couldn't seem to care much about that, either.

I read everything that was printed about Greg—the accounts of his appearance in New York, reviews of "Monterey," everything—with a kind of dull wonder that I had once held this famous man in my arms and believed that he belonged to me. Now he belonged to the whole world.

It was three weeks after Greg's departure that Ralph Mont came to see me one night, unexpectedly.

"I'm glad you're home," he said. "I had to see you—because I'm afraid, chipmunk, I've got some bad news."

"Greg?" was all I could say.

NO—not exactly. I—" His sensitive mouth set itself in a firm, unhappy line. "I hate to do this to you. But the papers will have it tomorrow anyhow. I just got a tip. Greg's former wife—the one he got a divorce from years ago—has turned up. She says he got the divorce by default, and it isn't legal. She wants him to come back to her."

The room—everything before my eyes—seemed to quiver, and then steady itself. "But—he's married to me," I said stupidly.

"I'm afraid he isn't—not if he's still married to her."

I turned away from him, hating to let him read the anguish in my face—even though soon I would have to confide in him. He was my only friend, the only one I could count on for help. He touched my arm.

"I'm sorry, Kay. It's tough. But nobody knows except me. We can figure out what's best to do."

"It's not that simple, Ralph," I told him. "You see—I'm going to have Greg's baby."

*Will Kay be able to save her baby from being born under the shadow of an illegal marriage? Read next month's* RADIO MIRROR *for the dramatic climax of her fight for her husband's name.*

## Doctor's Folly

(*Continued from page 40*)

mured. Both men watched her walk down the corridor and disappear through the door.

"How much of a chance. . . .?" Dick asked pleadingly.

Johnson liked this boy with his brave, level eyes. He liked him enough to tell him the truth. "Not much of a chance at all. But one in a thousand *if* her father gets here in time."

HAD he known the emotional state Robert McClean was in at that moment he wouldn't have counted upon him at all. The scene with Virginia had upset Sue and they had left the club immediately.

"Don't cry," he implored her, over and over. "Don't cry, Sue. It was horrible for you, I know. But I'll see that it never happens again. I'm going to be free. And I'm going to spend my life making you happy."

If he hadn't taken that last drink, when they reached her apartment, things might have turned out differently. But she urged it on him, to steady his nerves. That was the way she was! She catered to his weaknesses, for it was through them that she held him.

"I—I just can't forget Virginia's face," he told her, taking the glass. "It was as if I had destroyed something inside her."

She kissed his mouth into silence.

"Sue," he told her finally, "you'll never know how grateful I am to you. For everything. For your understanding. When the divorce is granted we'll go far away, you and I —and we'll never come back. . . ."

If Louise heard him say that she gave no sign. She was standing just within the doorway, white-faced, swaying a little.

"Robert!" she called. "Robert! Virginia's dying. There was an accident. It's a brain hemorrhage. Only you can save her. She's at the hospital."

It was as if some mechanized part of his brain sprang into action. He went to the telephone, called the hospital, issued orders. And as he rushed out of the room, perhaps he did not even hear Sue call out after him.

Traffic was heavy. At every cross-street the light was against them. Huddled in her corner of the cab, Louise felt time flow through and over her—rushing, hurrying time, every second precious if her daughter's life was to be saved. While in her heart she wondered if Virginia's father was equal to the delicate job he faced; even if, by some miracle, they were not too late.

Arthur Johnson's reaction was the same. "You're sure you're all right?" he asked; and in the operating room, where Virginia lay like a marble statue, he pointed out the X-ray details as if he dared not trust Robert to observe for himself.

Robert asked a nurse to wipe his eyes. They were misting so he couldn't see.

Harris, the anaesthetician, said, "Respiration thirty. Pulse fifty-two. Dropping fast. . . ."

"*Adrenalin!*" Robert demanded. But Arthur stopped him. "You can't, yet!" he said. "Remember the hemorrhage."

"The gauze again, please," Robert said, like a man in a thickening fog. "My eyes . . ." The nurse wiped them, and for a moment he stood upright, with a tremendous effort. "The trephine," he called.

"Robert! Robert!" Arthur cried. "It's in your hand!"

No one in that deathly still operating room dared to breathe. They knew what was happening. Some of them had seen it before, and would never forget. The shaking fingers, the staring eyes above the white mask, the uncertain movements—they all meant fear.

The trephine dropped to the floor.

I'M leaving . . ." Robert McClean stumbled toward the door. "Arthur —you do it!"

Half blind, he went on to the wash room. And it was there, some thirty minutes later, when his mind began to clear, that he had a full and horrible realization of the thing he had done.

In the corridor Louise McClean and Dick still waited. Louise saw Robert shuffling toward them.

"You're dressed!" she said. "What does that mean? Robert!"

Now her hands were on his shoulders. Now she was shaking him.

"What happened? Speak. Robert,


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tell me, is she . . ."

"Arthur's with her in there, doing what I should have done," he said. "You may as well know it. I failed—failed Ginny when she needed me most. I've been thinking . . . And now I know what I've done—to you—to her—and to myself . . ."

She went back to the bench and sat down beside Dick again. She was utterly numb. Then she began to cry and her sobs came as if they were torn from her.

Dick was scarcely aware of the two who wept beside him. Not for one split second did he take his eyes off the door through which Arthur Johnson at last must come—to tell them—

When the door did open Dick's cry came choked. "Doctor Johnson? Is she . . ."

Arthur stood before them, smiling. "She's alive," he said. "And safe."

And those blessed words brought Louise and Robert McClean, unstumbling and unhesitatingly, back to each other's arms.

Dick did not even try to hide his tears. "She'll be so happy to live now," he said. "She'll be so happy!"

Louise and Robert stretched out their arms to Arthur.

"You've done a wonderful job," Robert told him. "But you know that."

Quietly Arthur shook his head. And when he spoke his voice, too, was unsteady. "I know nothing of the kind," he said. "I never believed in miracles—until I picked up that trephine. But then I knew it wasn't my hand alone. . . . I can't explain it. It's just something I know but don't properly understand."

"Perhaps," Louise ventured, "another hand guided yours, Arthur. Perhaps He took the destiny of our family into His gentle hands."

"I think so," Arthur agreed reverently.

For one brief but beautiful moment he let the three who loved Virginia so dearly look in at her from the doorway. She had not yet regained consciousness. But while they watched there a smile softened her lips. It was as if she knew the happiness they were planning for her.

It wasn't long after Virginia recovered that she and Dick were married. And I can wish them no greater happiness than Louise and Robert McClean have known through all their life together, except for those two years of madness.

## Should We Send Our Men to War?

(*Continued from page* 13)

only organization in the world today that can commit a crime and not be punished for it. A nation can do anything it has the strength to do, and do it without punishment—simply because there is no law above the law of the sovereign state. That law will have to be created, or we will always have wars.

"It wasn't created after the last war, because we weren't wise or imaginative enough. A League of Nations was set up—in which the United States refused to take part—when what was really needed was a union of people, a union of the people of the world, made up of the people's regularly elected representatives, and modeled after our own United States.

MAYBE such a union, to act as an international governor, couldn't be created on the heels of another war. Certainly it can't be created now—not without some totally unforeseen event to change the international situation. Meanwhile, there is the very real threat of war.

"For what I'm going to say, I know very well that people will call me a war-monger, but I don't mind particularly. I've been called many things. The Communists call me a Fascist, the Fascists call me a Communist. I've even been called a Jew, but I don't happen to consider that an insult, so I don't pay any attention to it.

"I don't believe war is inevitable, but I do believe we have to show strength to maintain peace. If we drift on a do-nothing policy, we will drift into war. That is the reason I have approved, by and large and so far, of President Roosevelt's foreign policy. He knows that we must be on our guard, and must keep the world convinced that the United States is something to be reckoned with. The last war might never have occurred if the German government had not believed that we would stay out.

"I'd like to be a pacifist, if pacifism meant living in peace. But there are some things I hate worse than war. I think illimitable terror is worse than war. I think being allowed to live only on somebody else's terms is worse than war. And I think perpetual international anarchy *is* a form of war.

"We in America have to make up our minds! If we don't like war, it's up to us just as much as it is to the rest of the world, to see that there isn't any. And, paradoxically, we have to be ready to go to war in order to keep peace.

"If war comes, it may well be because we in America have shirked our responsibility as a member of the family of nations—and if war comes, we will pay for our indifference by being drawn into it, or ruined by it. Then it will be too late to ask yourself, 'Should we let our men go to war?' because there will be only one answer. They'll go whether you let them or not."

And there you have it—the opinion of one who is universally acknowledged to be an expert on world affairs. Yet she was speaking not only as a journalist, but as a woman, and from her words I drew the obvious conclusion—that if a general European war were to break out, she would be in favor of anything that would bring a quick victory to England and France, and defeat to the Rome-Berlin axis. No matter how much it hurt her, she would want her men to go to war. Convinced as she is, from her knowledge, that they would have to fight eventually, she would want them to go quickly, because then the war would be that much shorter and cost that many less lives.

Perhaps it would be a good idea for you, the women of America, to ask yourselves that same question, now—and let the world know the answer you choose.

(*Continued from page 37*)

but I'm not going to take the rap alone."

I saw Mr. Foley's eyes widen with surprise; saw Bruce Eaton start incredulously. The city officer nodded. "Now," he said, "you're talking sense."

"All right," I told him, "here come my two accomplices. If you want to get the goods on them, go to it."

The officer turned to his men, "Okay, you boys" he said, "get up at the windows. You," to the cashier, "get back there and start waiting on them. Make it snappy, let's go."

The men dispersed into groups. The officer took me by the arm, and said, "You, come on over here and stand at the table. Remember, we're making out a deposit."

MRS. TEMMLER and her escort strode directly to the cashier's window. She said, cooingly, "My friend," with a nod toward the man with her, "is a detective. My husband is an inventor. He had an invention he wanted to sell, and left notes about the secret of the process in a safety deposit box here. The box is number five. I'm suing my husband for divorce, and I have here a court order appointing this gentleman as a receiver to take charge of all of the property belonging to the community. Here's a certified copy of the order."

She pushed a legal looking document across the counter.

"And don't tell me that you haven't an extra key to it," she went on, "because we know that you have."

The cashier glanced helplessly about him. The man who accompanied Mrs. Temmler, and was now posing as a receiver appointed in a divorce action, glanced casually over his shoulder, and evidently became suspicious as he saw the men who were gathered in little groups in the bank, suddenly frozen into attentive immobility—all eyes on Mrs. Temmler. Then he saw me. I saw panic in his eyes. He turned and started for the door. One of the officers casually stepped between him and the screen. Abruptly I saw the flash of a fist.

Mrs. Temmler turned just as the city officer slammed her accomplice up against the wall so hard that it shook the building. Then, she, too, started to run, but the men grabbed her. The man who had told me he was a detective had his wrists circled by handcuffs; and Mrs. Temmler was in the grip of one of the officers. The city officers in charge said: "Okay, sister, here are your accomplices. Now go ahead with the sketch."

I tried to make my laugh sound casual and carefree, but I knew it was a hollow failure as soon as I heard it. I managed, however, to make my voice breezy and nonchalant. "Don't be silly. I was simply fixing things so you'd trap these people intelligently."

The handcuffed man sneered, "That's what *you* say! I'm an operative, I've been shadowing this little lady ever since she started to work for that man, Foley, over there."

"Wait a minute," the officer interrupted, staring hard at Foley. "Is this woman working for you?"

He nodded.

I saw the officer's lips tighten. He said to the handcuffed detective. "What's your name?"

"Thompson Garr."

"All right, Garr. Go ahead."

WELL," Garr said. "She went out to Temmler's house the night of the murder. She went in there by herself. When she went in, Carter Wright was alive. He had the key to that safety deposit box with him. When this woman came out. Wright was dead, and *she* had the key."

I realized that circumstantial evidence had caught me in a trap. I whirled to the detective, and said, accusingly, "And you and that blonde accomplice of yours tried to run me down a block from Temmler's house."

Garr said, easily, "*I* didn't try to run you down, sister. I was tailing you."

Mr. Foley said, "Just a minute, gentlemen, I think I can clarify the situation. The woman who is with this man appeared at my office earlier in the day. She stated she was Mrs. Charles Temmler, that Carter Wright had stolen the key to the safety deposit box from his employer; that her husband didn't know anything about the theft, and she was afraid to have him find out, because it would indicate she had given the chauffeur the opportunity to steal the key."

Mr. Foley took a telegram from his pocket. "I wired a detective agency to check up on Mrs Charles Temmler. I find that Mrs. Charles Temmler is with her husband in New York City. I also find that Carter Wright had a woman traveling with him as his com-




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mon-law wife, and the description of this woman tallies identically with that of . . . "

"You lie," she screamed, and jerking herself free of the officer who was holding her, made a sudden wild rush for the door.

She almost made the door, but they subdued her, and got handcuffs on her.

MR. FOLEY said, "I think, gentlemen, you'll find that Thompson Garr, the detective here, was hired by Mr. Temmler to get back the key to this safety deposit box, but Garr saw no reason why he should get a potential fortune and turn it back to Charles Temmler. He decided to get the key, recover the contents of the box, and keep whatever he found there.

"He first resorted to trickery, and then to violence. He actually got the key, but lost it, and, even then, didn't know where the safety deposit box was located. He knew that Padgham and Wright were going to reach an agreement, and that that agreement was to be negotiated through my office. He acted upon the entirely natural assumption that the information he wanted would be contained in the agreement.

"He deliberately injured my secretary in an automobile accident, planted one of his operatives in the employment agency which handles all of my employment problems. His operative, Miss Blair, had an inside track with Miss Benson, who runs the agency. Miss Benson recommended her to me very highly, and I probably would have accepted her if she hadn't made the mistake of thinking she could land a job more through her sex appeal than through ability.

"Then, after Carter Wright's death, this woman, who had been passing herself off as his wife, saw an opportunity to trick me into getting possession of the key. She thought either Padgham or I must have it, so she posed as Mrs. Temmler, and tried a bold and audacious trick. It didn't work. Shortly after she tried that, however, Garr must have got in touch with her. You can see what happened; they hatched up a fake court action, in which she sued a fictitious husband under an assumed name, and got this court order."

The city officer seemed impressed. He said to Bruce Eaton, "How did it happen *you* got the key?"

"I gave it to him," I said, before Bruce Eaton could answer. "I found it on the floor of Mr. Temmler's house when I went there to get Carter Wright to sign the agreement."

Mr. Foley said, "Surely, you gentlemen don't need to detain Mr. Eaton. *He* isn't going to run away."

"How do we know?" the officer asked.

Mr. Foley laughed, and said, "In the first place, he's innocent; in the second place, even if he wanted to run, there'd be no place for him to go. Every man, woman, and child, who has ever been to a movie, knows Bruce Eaton."

The sheriff said, "I reckon that's right, boys."

Mr. Foley said, "I think I can finish with the rest of these details, Miss Bell. I'd like to have you go back to the office and wait for me. You'll drive her back, won't you, Mr. Eaton?"

"Certainly," Bruce Eaton said. "It will be a pleasure."

I said, "Do you want to give me any instructions about these papers in the bank case, Mr. Eaton? I haven't them in the files, but they're where I can put my hand on them."

I saw him frown.

"No," he said, thoughtfully.

It takes a long time under ordinary circumstances for two people to get to know each other, but when some emergency arises and two persons are teamed up against the outside world they either click, or they don't. Mr. Foley and I clicked. I felt suddenly as though I'd known him all my life.

"After what happened last night," I said, "I want to be sure there won't be any misunderstandings. You didn't want me to get those papers in that bank case?"

There was comprehension in his eyes. "Yes, I did. I hope you didn't misunderstand me."

I LAUGHED and said, "Quite the contrary. I feel any difficulty would be quite vice versa," which I hoped was sufficiently goofy to fool the officers. I knew Mr. Foley would get it.

"Exactly," he said.

The officer said, "Well, don't stand there chinning. We have work to do. Get started, you two—if you're going."

"I take it, then, that you'll take care of that matter?" I asked Mr. Foley.

"Yes. You took the papers out of the file?"

"Yes, Mr. Foley. If you want them you can get them *any time before lunch* tomorrow."

I saw that for a moment he was puzzled. Then his face lit. "Oh, yes," he said. "I'll take care of the matter at the earliest opportunity."

I nodded to Bruce Eaton. "Ready," I said.

Bruce Eaton drove rather slowly, returning to Los Angeles. Several times I caught him stealing quick glances at me, sizing me up, but it wasn't until we had left Pomona behind that he said, "I wonder if you realize just how much it means to Woodly Page, and to me—what you've done?"

"I haven't done anything," I said, making the usual stereotyped answer, with my mind not at all on what he was saying, but on what must be happening back in Las Almiras, wondering if I shouldn't have stuck by Mr. Foley until after the situation had been finally cleared up.

Bruce Eaton said, "Won't you have dinner with me tonight?"

"You forget," I told him, "I'm a working girl."

"But you don't work in the evenings."

"I may have to."

"Well, let's take a chance that you won't."

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Eaton, but . . ."

"Aren't you going to call me Bruce?"

I flashed him a smile, and said, "All right, Bruce, I'm sorry. I'm worried about Mr. Foley."

"Your boss, Mr. Foley, looks to me very much like a person who could take care of himself, under almost any circumstances," Bruce Eaton said. "I don't think you need to worry about him, at all."

"I'm worried just the same."

"Well, how about that dinner date?" he asked.

"Thanks all the same, but I'm holding the evening open for the boss. May I have a rain check on it?"

"You most certainly may," he said, and then, after a moment, added, as he pushed his foot down on the throttle, "And I presume that means

you're in a hurry to get back to Los Angeles and your office."

The car leaped ahead like a frightened animal, until I braced my feet against the floor boards, and watched the quivering needle of the speedometer. Bruce Eaton concentrated on the driving. It wasn't until he'd stopped the car in front of my office building that he took my hand and said, "Claire, you've done a great deal for Woodley Page. You've done a lot more for me. I don't suppose there's any use trying to tell you how much."

HE looked as if he wanted to say more, but someone recognized him as he stood there holding the door open for me. People began to crane their necks, so I just gave his arm a squeeze and said, "It's been grand getting to know you, Mr. . . . ."

"Bruce," he interrupted.

"Bruce," I said, and grinned.

"Right, Claire," he told me. "I'll be giving you a buzz."

I crossed the sidewalk to the office building. People stared at me as though I'd been a queen.

Mr. Foley didn't come in until nearly six o'clock.

"Great heavens!" he said. "Are you still here?"

I nodded.

"You're supposed to go home at five o'clock."

"But I hadn't heard from you, and . . . and I was waiting."

"What happened to your actor friend?" he asked, frowning.

"He wanted me to go to dinner," I said. "I took a rain check on it."

"Why the rain check?"

"I wanted to hear from you. I was worried about leaving you in a spot there at the bank."

He looked at me with frowning contemplation as though perhaps trying to find confirmation in my face of something he had heard in my voice. So I said rapidly, "Tell me what happened."

"Nothing much," he said. "The woman was afraid she was going to get roped in on the murder rap. When the going got good and rough, she caved in and put all the blame on Garr's shoulders. Garr tried to get out by making *her* the goat. When I left, they were both going sixty miles an hour, calling names and making accusations. I lifted the letters out of the cashier's lunch box."

"Do you know exactly what happened on that murder?" I asked.

He grinned, "I think so. One of the things that's been puzzling you is what happened to your shorthand notebook and that agreement in the brief case. Right?"

I nodded.

"Well," he said, "you see it's this way. Padgham went out to the house a little early. He got there a few minutes before you did. He found the corpse in the upstairs room. Your actor friend had evidently been tied and gagged in the closet—Garr admitted slugging him and tying and gagging him after a struggle, but wouldn't admit the murder—Anyway, Padgham beat it. After ten or fifteen minutes he started worrying about what was going to happen to Woodley Page. He wondered if Carter Wright happened to have the key to that safety deposit box in his possession, and thought it would be a good plan to find out. He drove back toward the house.

He didn't dare to be seen in the house, so he took a flashlight out




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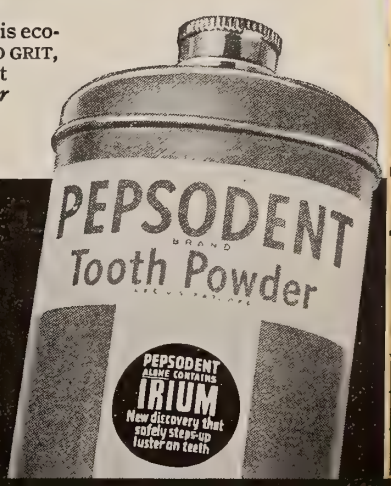
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of his car and slipped it in his pocket. Then he went around to the back screen porch, pulled a master switch which plunged the whole place in darkness, and walked around to the front door. He rang the doorbell, just as a precaution, not thinking it possible anyone was in the house, but not wanting to take a chance on being discovered if someone *did* happen to be there. When you opened the door, it almost knocked him over.

"You didn't notice the significant part of his conversation. He didn't ask you anything about when the lights went off, and despite the fact the house was in darkness, started upstairs to see what he could find. That shows he had a flashlight in his pocket, and he wouldn't have had a flashlight with him unless he'd taken it, knowing that he had use for it.

"So," Mr. Foley went on, "after thinking the matter over, I got hold of Padgham, accused him point-blank and made him admit the whole business, in addition to telling me about the real purpose back of the agreement. It was, of course, a species of blackmail."

"But why did Mr. Padgham steal the agreement and my shorthand notebook?" I asked. "If he. . . ."

Mr. Foley grinned and said, "He didn't. Now don't get mad, Miss Bell, but *I'm* the guilty one. I lifted the agreement out of your brief case while you were in the drugstore, telephoning the police. I came up to the office late last night to get your shorthand notebook. I was afraid you were going to get dragged into it. I was afraid the police would grab the agreement, and I didn't think that was exactly the right way to treat my clients."

"Then why didn't you tell me?" I asked.

"Because then you'd have had to lie to the police. As it was, you rather suspected Padgham of having taken the agreement, which was perfectly swell as far as I was concerned. . . . Why did you take a rain check on Bruce Eaton's dinner invitation?"

I felt color in my cheeks, but tried to make my voice sound casual. "I thought perhaps you might want me. . . ."

"I do," he said, "Let's go out where we can eat and dance and forget all this."

That finished the case as far as the office was concerned. As far as I'm concerned it's just started things, and I don't know how or where they're going to end. Bruce Barton called me at the office this morning, insisting on a definite date for dinner.

Mr. Foley came in a few minutes ago and paused by my desk to look down at me. I don't think I can ever forget last night, with the rhythm of the dance music, and drifting across the floor in his arms. He said, "Let's do that again sometime, Claire."

I nodded.

"Soon," he said.

I didn't tell him about Bruce's call. "Any time," I told him.

He put his hand on mine for a minute, and said, "You look mighty sweet with that red ribbon tied around your hair," and then, as though afraid he'd become too personal, made a great show of grabbing his mail and bustling into the office.

I picked up the paper with its big headlines reading,

*"POLICE OBTAIN CONFESSION IN WRIGHT MURDER CASE."*

I started to read and . . . I picked up the receiver as Mr. Foley buzzed my signal. I thought he wanted to give me some dictation so I was reaching for my book, but instead he said, "How about lunch today?"

I didn't dare answer right away—not after what happened last night. He's too darned clever at reading voices.

THE END

## Debutantes—You Can Have Them!

(*Continued from page* 17)

thing. Maybe it's old-fashioned to want kids—all right, then I *am* old-fashioned! But that's the way it is. We've got to forget it."

No. Soft words of comfort would not help him. Well, rouse him to a greater anger. "All right, Eddie," she said in a small voice. "After all—you know how much you love me."

"What's it matter how much I love you—when I can't afford to do the things I want to do for you?"

Pam thought of her home—the Bruce mansion, its corps of servants, its luxury, and its deadly dullness. How could she make him understand how little money meant to happiness? For an instant the truth was on the tip of her tongue—but she stopped. She didn't dare. The deception must go on, or she would lose him forever. She would let it go on, for the rest of her life, if by doing so she could keep him. She said lamely, "But money's *nothing*, Eddie."

"Nothing, huh? Have you any idea what we could do with five thousand bucks? We could get married tomorrow—I'd buy you some clothes—we could send Dad to a good hospital and find out what's really the matter with him—we could make a payment on a little house somewhere—and I could have that lab. I need, so I could make every city in the country a better and cleaner place to live in! If it's any satisfaction to you, I do love you so much I can't see straight—but that's the end of it."

EDDIE ADAMS," she declared, "it isn't! If you don't propose to me—Eddie, we're *going* to get married—tomorrow!"

"You're crazy!" But a light began to flicker, far back in his eyes.

"Sure I am. But I don't care. Why, you darn fool, I love you so much I'd marry you even if you were rich! We're going to Greenwich tomorrow!"

The light in Eddie's eyes was blazing now. "What? And spend seven dollars on train fare? Nix. We'll get a license tomorrow, wait five days—and then go to the city hall in a taxi."

They tiptoed up the stairway to the apartment. "Going to wake your mother and tell her?" Pam whispered.

"Sure," he whispered back. "I—"

And stopped. There was a line of light under the apartment door.

Eddie threw the door open. Mrs. Adams and the doctor stood in the living room, their faces white and drawn under the glaring electric light.

Pam stood quite still listening to the hurried, whispered explanations. Eddie's father—a sudden collapse—

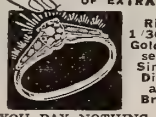
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must have treatment—a pneumothorax operation and then months of complete rest—a thousand dollars for the operation alone—

It all clicked into place. She knew what she had to do now. Perhaps Eddie wasn't big enough to forgive her for deceiving him—but he would have to know. It was the only way she could save his father's life.

She turned and ran to the door, down the stairs, into the early dawn.

She didn't see Eddie again until late the next afternoon. There had been so many things to do—see her father, explain to him, notify the hospital, tell Mother Adams. She was sitting in the living room when Eddie came back from work.

"Paula!" he cried. "Where did you go? I looked everywhere for you until I had to leave for work—Why, where's Dad? And Mom?

"Your father's in the hospital, Eddie," she told him.

"But we can't pay for it, Paula!"

"You pay for it with this." She held out a slip of paper—a check for two thousand dollars, made out to Edward Adams and signed Marshall Bruce.

MARSHALL BRUCE . . ." Eddie said stupidly. "Why, he's rich. What's he to you?"

"He's my father, Eddie."

"Your—your—" There was a long pause. Then Eddie laughed. "I get it. Swell. Marshall Bruce's daughter—and you'd marry me even if I was rich. Very funny. I'll bet you've had a swell time, haven't you? Slumming with the Adamses!"

"Shut up!" said Pamela. Her heart should have been broken. Instead, she was furiously angry. "I might have known you'd take it like this," she raged. "Because money's the one thing in the world that matters to you, you're too blind to see that all the money in the world isn't as important as loving someone!"

"Paula!" Eddie gasped. This was a new Paula—a red-haired, green-eyed, blazing fury.

"My name is Pamela. Call me that! And there's another thing—I told my father about your idea—your plan to make cities healthier to live in. He'll lend you that five thousand you need. He offered fifty thousand, but I said we only needed five. That we still wanted to be on our own—now and always. But you won't take *that* either, I suppose—because nothing matters to you but pride—pride over money! It doesn't even matter that I'd live with you forever in a furnished room if you asked me to!"

She stalked to the door, and turned for a final shot. "So you can take your dreams and your budgets and your kids—and throw them in the East River!"

The door slammed behind her.

Eddie ran to it, tore it open, burst through it at top speed, yelling, "Paula! Pamela! Hey!"

"Huh?" said Pam. She was standing quietly right outside the door.

"Oh—I thought you were running away."

"That's what I thought you thought," Pam said. "Oh, Eddie, I can't help it if I was born rich. Can't we—can't we both just forget it?"

"I don't know," Eddie said grimly, "whether to kiss you or kill you."

"Well—I wish you'd make up your mind and do one or the other."

"Oh, Paula—er, Pamela," said Eddie tenderly, making up his mind.


# I WISH I COULD TELL MY DOCTOR



## THE SECRET SUFFERING OF MILLIONS
### —MEN AS WELL AS WOMEN!

There is no affliction more common or distressing than simple Piles.

About 75% of the people, it is said, suffer from simple Piles. The trouble is embarrassing. It is wearing. It tells on your health, on your looks.

**A TABOO SUBJECT**

On account of the delicacy of the subject, many people hesitate to seek treatment. Yet, there is no ailment more in need of attention.

Any person who has any signs of simple Piles should do something about it at once.

One of the very best things you can do to relieve the distress of simple Piles is to use Pazo. Pazo almost instantly relieves the itching and pain. Its very touch is comforting.

**TRIPLE ACTION**

Pazo is effective because it does three things.

First, it soothes the sore and inflamed parts and relieves the pain and the itching.

Second, it lubricates the dried and hardened parts and keeps them soft and comfortable.

Third, it tends to reduce the swollen parts and helps check bleeding.

This triple action gives real results.

Pazo comes in tubes, with small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This little Pile Pipe makes it easy to apply the medicine high up and within the rectum.

(For those who prefer, Pazo also comes in suppository form.)

**AT OUR EXPENSE!**

All drug stores sell Pazo, but a liberal trial tube is yours for the asking. Just mail a postcard or the coupon below. Use Pazo according to directions. If you do not get the relief you seek from Pazo in a week's time, consult your doctor.

Write today for the free tube of Pazo.

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**HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE**

**Caused by Tired Kidneys**

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.


## Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 8*)

Alexander, Jan Savitt, Dick Stabile, and Harry James. They are the "dark horses" of the new season.

* * *

BACK in the lush days before the depression and even the fabulous Wall Street crash, a caviar-crusted cafe did a flourishing business in the heart of New York's public Central Park. It was known as the Central Park Casino. Jimmy Walker was mayor of old Manhattan and the Casino's favorite customer. To this park paradise where the cover charge was often compared with the national war debt, came the socialites, the spenders, and sportsmen. The backgrounds of these spenders varied but they had one thing in common. They all crowded like school kids out on their first "date" around the bandstand to watch a sinewy, swarthy pianist make music in Leo Reisman's band. The pianist was Eddy Duchin.

The lad had just come down from Boston and was playing like mad. He had to prove that the decision he had made was the right thing. His father had planned a career as a pharmacist for his tall son. Eddy had even graduated from Pharmacy College. The piano beckoned and one summer while working as a waiter in a boys' camp he organized his fellow waiters into an orchestra. That ended any pill concocting for Eddy.

When Reisman left the Casino his pianist stayed behind. The Casino, on the advice of important patrons, prevailed on Eddy to organize his own band.

He became the debutante's delight. Society swarmed around him in Palm Beach, Newport, Southampton, Los Angeles, London, Paris.

Everything Eddy did clicked. Commercial programs came his way. Stage dates were his for the asking. While playing in the Persian Room of the Plaza, which has become his second home, Eddy met and fell in love with a lovely debutante, Marjorie Oelrichs. They were married as thousands cheered. Eddy seemed destined for continual luck and happiness.

But tragedy struck the Duchin household. His wife died in childbirth.

The blow momentarily stopped Duchin. But he came back fighting. A lengthy tour was prescribed by his managers and he rolled up box office records across the country.

The Duchin style has not undergone drastic changes. Everything evolves around the piano. Occasionally they tear off a swing tune just to show they know how to do it. In fact, the best-selling swing record of last year—"Ole Man Mose"—was made by Duchin.

* * *

Artie Shaw is now on the road to recovery after plenty of medicos gave up on the clarinetist. . . . Will Lee Wiley, the songbird, help him recuperate?

* * *

Saxie Dowell, flushed with success of his tune, "Three Little Fishes," has left the Hal Kemp band. Bob Zurke gave Bob Crosby notice to form his own combination, despite domestic trouble and other headaches.

* * *

Maxine Grey, Hal Kemp's warbler who returned to the band to replace her successor, Judy Starr, has left again. She may marry Tommy Lee, west coast radio prexy. Nan Wynn took Maxine's place on the band.

* * *

Bert Block junked his Bell Music to manage Dick Stabile's band, while Penny Wise has stopped writing tunes to sing them on Mutual. . . . Charlie Barnet, whose name is linked with Dorothy Lamour's, is swinging out vigorously from Playland, Rye, N. Y.

* * *

### OFF THE RECORD

**Some Like It Sweet**

**Tears From My Inkwell; Little Hot Dog Stand** (Victor 26199) Sammy Kaye—Acceptable treatment of two standard tunes that have attained a degree of popularity.

**Our Love; Only When You're In My Arms** (Victor 26202) Tommy Dorsey—The streamlining of Tschaikowsky coupled with the tune from "The Castles" fares well under the Dorsey trombone and tricks.

**Tea For Two; There'll Be Some Changes Made** (Brunswick 8341) Clarence Profit Trio—A strange and subtle treatment strictly for listening purposes and revealing the kind of piano you'd like to play.

**Sing a Song of Sunbeams; East Side of Heaven** (Decca 2359) Bing Crosby—That man is here again with a finished rendition of tunes from his newest flikker.

**Ad-De-Day; Class Will Tell** (Decca 2365) Ted Weems—A Cuban novelty dominates this platter. You'll probably hum it on the way to work and then wonder what the devil it's called.

**It's All So New To Me; Honorable Mr. So-and-So** (Victor 26205) Joan Crawford—The oddest record of the month. MGM's Joan tries her charm and voice (?) on the records and fares fairly well on the top side. Terrific accompaniment carries Joan over the rough spots.

**Three Little Fishes; Chestnut Tree** (Victor 26204) Hal Kemp—Fishie talk replaces double-talk, and threatens to sweep the country. Saxie Dowell, Kemp's ex-saxophonist, penned it and they'll probably put his statue in the Aquarium.

**Some Like It Swing**

**Sweet Georgia Brown; Ciribiribin** (Brunswick 8327) Harry James—This new swing band piloted by Harry James, a fugitive from Goodman, stands out on this platter that really sizzles.

**Rock-a-Bye Basie; Baby Don't Tell On Me** (Vocalion 4747) Count Basie—It's the colored Count's new theme song and he really rocks it with some pretty fine Boogie-Woogie manipulations on the keyboard.

**If It's Good; Sticks and Stones** (Bluebird B10203) Les Brown—In a month shy of outstanding swing records, this unheralded platter stands out.

**Lady's In Love With You; Some Like It Hot** (Brunswick 8340) Gene Krupa—The drummer and his vocalist, Irene Day, show off a pair from Gene's first film "Some Like It Hot."

**And the Angels Sing; Snug As a Bug** (Decca 2390) Jan Savitt—Can you stand another smart rendition of this hit tune? We would especially the way Savitt rolls it.

**'Tain't What You Do; It's Slumbertime Along the Swanee** (Vocalion 4708) Mildred Bailey—The First Lady of Swing is given a tune right down her alley. She doesn't disappoint.

## Hollywood Radio Whispers

(*Continued from page* 41)

take dictation. When Mr. Welles learns this, then perhaps we'll see him on the screen.

* * *

Here's how you must make up for television, girls, according to Max Factor's special concoctions just out: Deep scarlet lips with blue undertone, light tan foundation, bluish powder for cheeks and red for neckline!

* * *

Artie Shaw, who was given only a fifty-fifty chance to live a few weeks ago, is practically fully recovered from his illness. When doctors first took Shaw's blood test to the laboratories, the attendant took one look at it and said, "This is the blood of a dead man!" But Shaw fooled everyone and staged a fight the like of which no doctor has seen in years and after receiving six blood transfusions in one day, the band leader pulled past the crisis. The Palomar, where Shaw's orchestra has been playing announced his return by using billboards reading: "That Man's Here Again!"

* * *

Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable and Robert Benchley are poker and roulette fans . . . but my informants tell me they're not very lucky!

* * *

Lya Lys, who we predicted was the only new Hollywood discovery capable of giving Hedy LaMarr some real competition, makes her first major radio appearance on the Crosby hour.

* * *

Burgess Meredith, in a dramatic series titled "Prosecuting Attorney," will most likely replace the Bob Hope fun show for the summer. This is bad news to Milton Berle who had been expecting the job.

* * *

Jim Ameche, brother of filmstar Don Ameche, replaces Charles Boyer on the Playhouse series late in June.

* * *

You may be surprised to hear this, but the best dressed girl at the Trocadero the other night was not a movie star, but the wife of my radio competitor, Jimmie Fidler. She drew raves from all the stars, including the exquisitely dressed cafe society folk.

* * *

Rudy Vallee's terrific romance with Susan Ridgeway has most of the other film pretties green with envy. They've always figured Rudy was a swell catch . . . and it seems to them that Miss Ridgeway has the inside track to an early marriage.

* * *

Wendy Barrie celebrated her birthday recently and planned to have a large party; but at the last minute cancelled the affair when she learned that she would have to work late on the set. Finally, at nine o'clock, Wendy went home and called a few friends to join her at a midnight supper celebration. Later in the evening, a big limousine drove up in front of her house . . . a man got out, entered the house, sat down at the piano and played and sang birthday songs for Wendy for over an hour. The man was Rudy Vallee!

* * *

Mickey Rooney is adding another success story to his amazing list of accomplishments. The young star has persuaded MGM to let him direct a portion of his next picture, "Babes in Arms." Rooney, without any help from director Busby Berkeley, will direct the minstrel show sequence, and if it is good MGM has promised him screen credit as director of that particular scene.

* * *

Bob Burns is expecting a double celebration at the end of this month. His second baby is expected to arrive on the same day that the Burnses celebrate their second wedding anniversary. It's a curious fact that Mrs. Burns, who was the former Harriett Foster, Bob's ex-secretary, has not relinquished her secretarial duties to anyone else. Mrs. Burns still answers Bob's fan mail, takes care of his business engagements and otherwise runs his office as well as his home. Some say that Harriett will always remain Bob's secretary. After all, it isn't every secretary who marries her boss, is it?




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This remarkable CAKE discovery, TINTZ Jet Black Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, grime and safely gives hair a real smooth, JET BLACK TINT that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded dull, burnt, off color hair a minute longer. TINTZ Jet Black Cake works gradual . . . each shampoo leaves your hair blacker, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Full cake 50c (3 for $1). Tintz comes in Jet Black, light, medium and dark Brown, Titian, and Blonde. State shade wanted.

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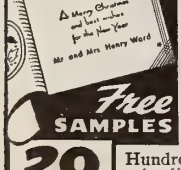
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Earn extra money easily taking orders from friends and others. Sell 50 large, smart Double-Fold Christmas Cards *with sender's name* for only $1.00 retail. Choice of 20 attractive designs, or *assorted!* Every order pays liberal profit. Hundreds of men and women making splendid income. No experience needed.

Free SAMPLES

20 NEW SPARKLING DESIGNS

MANY OTHER BIG VALUES

Box of 25 Assorted Christmas Folders retails $1; you make 50c profit. Gift Wrappings, Religious and many others. Every Assortment larger—more cards—bigger value. Send for FREE Sample Outfit.

General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. P-606, Chicago, Ill.

# His Life Is News!

(*Continued from page 29*)

asked, be a perfect columnist for the Graphic, New York's newest newspaper enterprise which Bernarr Macfadden was publishing?

Oursler was unimpressed by Winchell's potentialities as a reporter. He'd think it over. He had little time to do anything else. From that moment on, he was besieged by phone calls from both Winchell and Frescott. In the middle of the night, at dinner, at breakfast, he would answer a call. "How about that job?" Still he saw no reason for hiring Winchell to write for the paper. But the more he saw of Walter the more Oursler realized that this ambitious hoofer had magnificent sources of news.

SO Winchell was hired as a man who could give real reporters leads on big stories and got a column to write to keep him happy. It didn't take Oursler long to realize that all the tips he'd expected Winchell to give the City Desk were somehow finding their way every time into the column—which certainly didn't give the front page any big stories, but did give the paper, New York and Winchell a column that became increasingly popular.

In 1929 Walter left the *Graphic* for the New York *Mirror*. His first salary on the *Mirror* was $500 a week. At present, he receives $1,200 a week from his paper, plus a bonus for his Sunday column. The column is also syndicated to 150 newspapers from coast to coast—another source of income. As editor of the Jergen's Journal, Sunday nights on the air, he receives $5,000 for each fifteen-minute radio broadcast, fifty-two weeks a year. He broadcasts only forty-eight Sundays, however. Five thousand a week for four weeks' vacation!

All this seems like a great deal of money for writing one column of newsprint a day and talking for a little less than fifteen minutes on the air once a week. But the writing, and the talking, are the smallest parts of Walter's work. Those casual items in his column are not just odds and ends gathered at random. Back of each line is a story, often a big one, and a mass of unseen work. Although Walter prints only one line, or maybe as much as a paragraph, he has always heard a complete, detailed story to justify the note. Sometimes, true enough, the item is vague—you may not know exactly what it means—but its vagueness is not due to doubt about its truth; there are other reasons for not printing the whole story.

And Walter has immeasurably enriched the American language with his "Winchellary"—with words and expressions that originated in his brain. The best known, of course, is "blessed event"—but there are also "is my face red," "infanticipating," "the main stem," "giggle-water," "Renovated" "middle-aisle it," "have Phfffft," "making whoopee," and, of course, "Ratzi" which earned Walter the proud post of Hitler enemy No. 1.

Once he feels that he has used a word until it has become stale he fixes his blue eyes on space, and out of nowhere captures a substitute. These strange and new words serve a double purpose. They liven up the column, keep it rich and racy—and they help avoid libel suits. For instance, it would be dangerous to say that a certain couple were to be divorced, but "on the verge" could mean almost anything, and would help drive a judge to dismissing any libel suit.

When Walter was thirty-five years old, he said he would retire when he was forty. He's forty-two this year, although he looks five years younger, and is still going strong. He's not very tall, and his figure hasn't a trace of that fat which usually goes with fame at forty. His hair has been whitening for years. His eyes, the most memorable feature in his face, are an electric blue and an inward dynamo keeps them sparkling, except when some dullard's conversation causes a short circuit. He wears conservative blue or gray suits.

He's a good listener—has to be, or he wouldn't hear the reams of news he does. But when he feels that his own conversation is more interesting than that of his companions (which is often) he unleashes a rapid-fire patter of ideas and anecdotes, mostly about his career. His greeting invariably is, "What's new?"

A typical day finds Walter rising at five o'clock in the afternoon. First, he writes his column from the material he has gathered the previous night, has breakfast while his family has dinner, and then starts out to work. Long after sun-up he returns, has a romp with the children—and so to bed.

He is his own "Girl Friday," writing the Friday column which he attributes to his secretary, Rose Bigman, although she does contribute some of the "So-and-so called and said . . ." items. The "Girl Friday" columns originated one day when Walter didn't know what to do to fill in space.

Few people ever have the privilege of watching a Winchell broadcast, which is a shame, for Winchell at the microphone is a very dramatic figure indeed. He loosens his collar and tie, pushes the soft hat to the back of his head, lines up three or four paper cups full of water within easy reach—and off he goes, the high-pitched voice tumbling the words out.

He himself manipulates the telegraph key for his famous sound-effect. Telegraph operators are always writing in to complain that his dots and dashes are just so much gibberish—don't mean a thing. They are quite right—Walter never learned the Morse code—but who cares? Certainly not Walter; he has too much fun jiggling the key.

Read one of his scripts, and you get the impression that you are actually hearing Walter talk. They are typed out exactly as he reads them. All of his dramatic pauses are indicated by dashes. Words like "Fascist," "Daladier," "exposé" and "Mussolini" are written phonetically: "fashist," "Dalada-ay," "exposay," and "Moosilini."

One never knows what his broadcast will bring. Once he opened his program with a flash about a triple murder in New York, and informally asked through the mike, "If Police Commissioner Valentine will send a detective to see me, I think I can give him a clue." Ten minutes later, while he was still on the air, a detective from the Homicide Squad dashed into the NBC studio. Winchell directed him to a person to whom one of the murder victims had confided that she feared for her life.

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Although I have known Walter nearly all my life, and although I confidently count him as one of my best friends, I must admit that I have never seen the inside of his home. I met his wife just once, years ago. I've never seen his children, except in the picture frames which hang on all four walls of his office in the Daily Mirror Building. There are two children—his daughter Walda, and a little boy called Walter, Jr.

To Walter, even more than to the average man, his home is his castle. He insists upon personal privacy. This isn't a pose, and to me it seems very logical that a man who makes a business of invading other people's privacy should be particularly jealous of his own.

His family—father, mother, wife and children—is Walter's most precious possession, and he keeps it inviolate. In the winter, Mrs. Winchell and the children, accompanied by Walter's mother, go to Florida, where he joins them for a month or so. In the summer they live at his home near New York.

EVEN in Hollywood, when Walter was making "Wake Up and Live" and "Love and Hisses," Mrs. Winchell almost never accompanied him on his trips to the local night clubs. The one time she did, a photographer secured the picture that accompanies this article.

While he was in Hollywood, Walter worked like a demon, for he can't stay away from New York very long without running into a news shortage. Twentieth Century-Fox paid him $75,000 apiece for appearing in the two pictures, but I'm sure it was the hardest money he ever earned. He was so tense, so nervous before the camera, that Director Sidney Lanfield had to rehearse him until he was worn out before a scene could be shot. Only then had he relaxed enough to appear at ease. For some reason known only to himself, he refused to allow his lips to be rouged, with the result that on the screen they looked unnaturally pale.

His inquiring mind made him want to know what was going on around the set at all times, and the Hollywood custom of shooting scenes in the most convenient order, instead of the way they would fall in the completed picture, drove him almost crazy. He could never figure out what part of the script they were shooting.

Considering his pugnacious pen, he has few enemies—except the Nazis, and he considers their enmity a rare compliment. Although he has a roving assignment, and could go anywhere in the world he wants to, at his employer's expense, he has never been to Europe, and probably never will go. He doesn't even have a passport.

In his forty-second year, Walter Winchell has really found his life work. At heart, he is a crusader, and in the sorry state of the modern world he has found something well worth crusading against. I believe that in years to come his influence will broaden, become even greater than it is now, as his interests and knowledge broaden and become greater. He won't lose the common touch, that part of him that brings him close to the man in the street—but he has learned how to use it to accomplish the most good.


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Listen to the Andrew Sisters, Patty, Maxine and La Verne on Phil Baker's show.

# YOUR LIPSTICK—FRIEND OR ENEMY?

By
**Dr. GRACE GREGORY**

WITH everybody using lipstick, it is amazing how few women really use it to the best advantage. The right lipstick skillfully applied can make any mouth look attractive. Too often a girl's lips are her enemy instead of her friend. One sees lips that are smeary and shapeless, lips that are the wrong color, and lips that could be so easily improved by just a little art helping nature.

The Andrew Sisters, that lovely trio that you hear on the Phil Baker Hour Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock over NBC, are expert in all the arts of makeup. They made a systematic study of it. For months they had a beauty specialist live with them to give them daily lessons.

These talented sisters have been professional entertainers since they were little girls, so young that they had to have a tutor travel with them to satisfy the school laws. Yet there is nothing stagey or artificial in their appearance. Patty—Maxine—La Verne—each is a distinct type, individual and spontaneous. If you are lucky enough to see them, either in the broadcasting studio or in the setting of their delightful home life, you will be impressed by their naturalness.

Here are a few hints on making the most of your lipstick: First, get the right shade. Whether you use a lipstick in the usual form, or a cream rouge, or one of the new liquid lip cosmetics, you have plenty of shades from which to choose. Consider first your own coloring and your type. What is right for a mature brunette will be all wrong for the youthful blonde. The outdoors girl with her tan may wear a tawny red lipstick that would be startling on the lips of the sweetly Victorian type, all delicate pastels.

When is the lipstick to be worn? There are shades for evening and for day. With what dress and hat? One lipstick goes well with bold, strong colors, and another with subdued shades and tints. Take all these into consideration.

Having chosen, the next thing is to get it on properly. Be sure you are in a strong light and have a good mirror. A magnifying mirror is a great help with makeup. It shows up your mistakes in exaggerated form. Never let me catch you smearing on lipstick in public by the aid of a tiny compact mirror or no mirror at all.

Put a little dab of color in each curve of the cupid's bow on the upper lip. Then rub the lips together, drawing them in and out so that the color is spread to the lower lip and well toward the inside of both lips. This avoids a line showing as you talk or laugh.

Now shape the lips carefully with the tip of your little finger. Add a little more lipstick if necessary but see that it is well blended and the line of the lips is preserved.

You may cheat a little and alter the line of your lips, if you do not go too far. To make a small mouth seem larger, spread the color to the extreme corners and edges. For the too-large mouth, reverse this and keep just inside the natural line. This also helps thick lips look thinner.

Last step, powder all around the lips so that they blend naturally with the rest of the face.

## Sleep

*Here are Helen Macfadden's rules for your beauty sleep which were offered over June Hynd's NBC program Let's Talk It Over:*

A hard bed is preferable to a soft one. It is better for the spine.

Sleeping without a pillow keeps the neck and chin area more youthful.

The minimum amount of bedclothing with the maximum amount of warmth is not only more comfortable but healthier.

A good sleeping posture is half way between lying face downward and on the side. Lying flat on the stomach, with head turned to either side, is just as good if it is comfortable.

Drugs to induce sleep are habit-forming and dangerous. Take a long walk instead, or a cup of warm milk.

Cultivate relaxation.

Keep a humidifier or water pan in the room to keep the air moist.

Do not overeat before retiring.

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## What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page 4*)

### SIXTH PRIZE

**WANTED: THE RETURN OF ROBERT YOUNG**

A radio show is as good as its Master of Ceremonies—a loud blatant M.C. can ruin a good show and an intelligent one can put over a poor one.

We have just read with more than regret that Good News of 1939 is leaving the airwaves, and with it goes the finest, most intelligent "pleasant-to-the-ears" M.C. on the air. I refer to Robert Young.

After the raucous, "circus barker" introductions of talent from the various air shows, it is a positive relief to our ears to hear the quiet, even tones of Robert Young as he introduces his players, and when he leaves the air, his gentle "Good-Night" is the good-night of a friend leaving our living room. Please, sponsors, let us keep our gentle voiced friend—Robert Young!

A Radio Fan
From Baltimore

### SEVENTH PRIZE

**THOSE WERE THE "GOOD OLD DAYS"**

Perhaps radio is not yet old enough to have reached its "Golden Era." Nevertheless, although we have much that's fine on the air today, I long for the "Good Old Days!" The early 1930's when we had those marvelous fifteen-minute programs with Bing Crosby, Mildred Bailey, Kate Smith, Russ Columbo, Alex Gray, Jane Froman, Ruth Etting, The Mills Brothers, The Boswell Sisters, etc.

Possibly, too, it was the melodious tunes of those days that added to the charm; "Stardust," "Body and Soul," "I Surrender, Dear," "Prisoner of Love," "Rockin' Chair," and so many others.

How much nicer to tune in and really have your favorite for fifteen minutes rather than listening for them at intervals through sixty minutes of hodge-podge.

Ah, me! I guess those *were* the "Good Old Days."

B. R. Bauer,
Chicago, Ill.

## What's New From Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 6*)

Burns and Allen had a contract with a new sponsor long long before the one with their present boss was due to run out. Beginning in October, they'll be on the air for Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, at a salary that's said to be $13,500 a week, or a thousand more than they were getting this season. (Of course, they pay all the expenses of producing the program, out of that amount, so it's not quite as staggering as it seems at first glance.)

* * *

It looks as if, now that Kate Smith and her manager, Ted Collins, have proved their point, they're satisfied. When the Kate Smith hour went on CBS at 8:00 o'clock Thursday night, everybody said Kate could never buck the competition of the popular Vallee Hour, on NBC at the same time. But this year Kate's popularity rating in the surveys went up past Vallee's—and when she goes on the air again next fall Kate will retire from the Thursday-night fray, taking the 9:00 to 10:00 spot Friday nights on CBS instead. To the victor belongs the right to change times.

* * *

Nan Wynn, songbird of the Hal Kemp Time to Shine program on CBS, is also a bright spot in songwriter Jimmy Van Husen's eyes.

* * *

CINCINNATI—At the age of four, standing on a stool to reach the top of the table, Marsha Wheeler mixed her first cake, and ever since then cooking has been her major passion. Today it's her profession as well, because she is the conductor of WSAI's Wonder Kitchen program, broadcast daily except Sundays from the auditorium of a Cincinnati department store.

Marsha picked up all the cooking instruction she could from her mother when she was a girl, then attended the University of Chicago, where she made a practice of eating at downtown hotels and meeting each hotel's chef. By the time she graduated, she knew every chef in the Windy City.

She came to Cincinnati and WLW and WSAI in 1927, and has been there ever since. She has a standing invitation to eat in the chef's kitchen of every Cincinnati hotel, and says she'd rather eat there than in the finest dining room in America—even though she must eat lunch at 11 A. M. and dinner at 5, when the chefs do.

With the cleverness of an expert, she can tell from a recipe exactly how it will taste, just as a musician can tell from reading a score how it will sound. She often makes out of an ordinary recipe an interestingly novel one. For instance, she once began with a simple Vanilla Wafer recipe, twisted the ingredients a bit, and ended up with some cookies she called "Lanky Legs," because they were based on ingredients necessary for fast-growing children.

With all her cooking ability, it was her fondness for horses and horseback riding that won Marsha her husband. Riding is her only recreation; she loves it so much that recently, touring the south and southwest to study hotel kitchens in that area, she rode in every Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi and Alabama town she visited.

* * *

Maybe she's breaking union rules, but Eleanor Phelps, besides being the star of the CBS serial, Life and Love of Dr. Susan, impersonates animals on it too. Three puppies are prominent characters in the script, and since the salaries of three separate animal imitators would mount up, radio was combed to find someone who could imitate all three of them at once. One animal-noise-expert—a woman—was finally found and hired, and she does the job very well, but Eleanor always helps her out by contributing a few supplementary barks and whines herself, just to make the illusion richer. And also because Eleanor has always thought it would be fun to be able to imitate animals well, and this is good practice.


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# HOT WEATHER MENUS

**By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON**





**Above, Ezra Stone who plays the part of Henry Aldrich of the popular Aldrich Family, keeps cool with nourishing foods like this.**

"OH, it's too hot to eat!"

How often, during sultry weather you hear that plaint. True, it *is* too hot to enjoy the heavy rich foods so popular during the colder months, but that only makes it all the more necessary to plan meals that are nourishing yet light—so people whose jobs depend upon their being physically fit and mentally alert at all times keep their energy up to standard by eating plenty of cold cereals.

People, for instance, like Ezra Stone, the engaging *Henry Aldrich* of the popular Aldrich Family and star of the Broadway play, "What a Life," from which radio's Aldrich Family grew. You can hear him on Jack Benny's NBC spot these summer Sundays. The secret of good health and energy which enables him to carry on in these difficult assignments is wise eating—and to Ezra that means crisp cereals with milk or fruit.

But don't get the idea that when you've served these valuable grain products with cream or fruit you have exhausted their possibilities. Far from it. They are essential ingredients in many delightful new recipes as well. Two of the most delicious of these are date icebox pudding, and cereal hamburger rolls.

DATE ICEBOX PUDDING

3 cups uncooked bran cereal
1 cup uncooked corn or wheat cereal
Dash of salt 4 tbls. sugar
1 tsp. grated orange rind
1 cup finely cut dates
1 cup chopped walnut meats
1 cup milk

Combine the two cereals and crush into crumbs. Set aside half a cup of the crumbs. To the remaining crumbs add the remaining ingredients with the exception of the milk and mix well. When thoroughly mixed stir in the milk, then mold the mixture into a loaf about eight inches long. Roll the loaf in the remaining crumbs, wrap it in waxed paper and chill in the refrigerator for five to six hours. Cut in slices and serve with whipped cream or any desired fruit sauce.

CEREAL HAMBURGER ROLLS

1 lb. ground round steak (without fat or suet)
½ cup uncooked cereal
½ tsp. salt Pepper to taste
1 clove garlic
1 medium onion, grated

Rub a wooden mixing bowl with the garlic then grate the onion into the bowl. Add the meat, cereal, salt and pepper and mix until all ingredients are thoroughly blended and the mixture has absorbed the onion juice. Form into rolls about four inches long and not more than an inch in diameter. Place on broiler rack under flame and broil for six minutes; turn and broil for six minutes more.

As a last word on the subject of cold cereals—remember that when crumbed as for the recipes above, they are an excellent topper for any casserole dish that calls for a top layer of crumbs.

THAT EXTRA LITTLE SNACK

You know that there's nothing that quite takes the place of crackers and milk as a bedtime snack and of course you wouldn't dream of serving soup or canapes without them, so you don't need to be told how good they are or how really indispensable in modern menus. But perhaps you've never considered them as the basis for a sweet teatime delicacy—one that you'll serve over and over because of their tantalizing flavor. The recipe isn't a new one, really—it goes back to the days of our grandmothers and is a new treatment for our old friend the cracker.

MARGUERITES

1 dozen crackers, 1 egg white, 2 tbls. sugar, dash salt
½ tsp. vanilla
English walnut halves

Beat the egg white stiff, add the sugar, salt and vanilla. Spread the mixture on the crackers, top each one with a walnut half and bake in a moderate oven until the meringue is firm and golden brown.

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(*Continued from page 53*)

going on. I thought Dr. Orbo was the legitimate agent for the shares—and that the real owner was in London. I —I never connected the deal with this poor unfortunate girl—"

Kitty listened weakly, trying to understand. What was it all about? An estate in London? Stock certificates? Shares? What did it have to do with her?

Mr. Andrews was going on.

"I observed a secrecy in connection with the whole matter, Inspector, merely because I was not the only person trying to buy those shares. Mr. Grant Thursday also wanted them."

Grant Thursday! But of course. She remembered it now. That day in the car, when he had hinted at a deal with Dr. Orbo. So this was what it was. He too had been fighting for those mysterious shares, those shares on which Isaac Hamish had wanted her so badly to write her name.

Oh! it was all so complicated!

The Inspector was turning back to Isaac Hamish.

"We will investigate your statements later, Mr. Andrews," he said curtly. "Just now, while our Mr. Hamish still has breath, I want to know why this girl's signature was so necessary to those shares. Who *is* this girl, Isaac Hamish—and why have you tortured her so?"

The room was very still. Kitty held her breath. Outside, through the patched-up windowpane, she could still hear the rain beating, and the distant rumble of thunder. Isaac Hamish groaned, and put his handcuffed hands over his face.

"It's a long story, Inspector," he moaned. "And I am very tired—in pain. Must I tell it tonight?"

"Tonight!" The Inspector was grim. "Come!" He motioned to a doctor. "Give him a glass of brandy: That'll brace him up. Now, Hamish. Out with it at once!"

Isaac Hamish sipped the brandy slowly. It sent a faint flush of returning color to his yellow cheeks. Then he took a deep breath.

THE story of Kitty Kelly," he began, "dates back more than twenty years ago—to the time when I, Isaac Hamish, was the solicitor to the estate of the Fitzhugh family, hereditary lords of the house of Glenannan. Twenty years ago, there were only two surviving members of the family —the old Earl, and his beautiful daughter, Lady Margaret Fitzhugh.

"The Lady Margaret was a young, high-spirited girl. She fell in love, married against her father's wishes—and ran away forever. Her husband was a poor young Irish rebel, a Mr. Robert Emmet Kelly—"

"Kelly!" Bunny gave a little gasp from the other side of the room. Hamish looked at her for a moment and frowned.

"Mr. Robert Kelly," he repeated. "He was a poor man, as I have said, of no connections whatsoever. But the Lady Margaret was willing to give up everything for him. She went away with him, lived in a cottage in the country—quite happy and contented for a year. But her happiness was short-lived. Early in 1917, rebellion broke out in Ireland. Young Kelly was called to the wars. One night he was brought home in an Irish lorry to Lady Margaret's cottage—dead. That same night their child was born —a girl, Kathleen. You, Miss Kelly, were that child!"

"Kitty!" Bunny shrieked. "You're a—a—*countess!*"

"The Countess of Glenannan." Isaac Hamish's face was drawn with pain. His eyes were growing glazed. "That is right, ma'am. Miss Kelly there is an heiress—to one of the oldest and richest estates in Ireland!"

Kitty closed her eyes. The room was reeling round in front of her. A countess! So it *had* been true! All those presentiments of her past. Everything Grant Thursday had said. The skiing. Mrs. Megram's words:— "The place that is rightfully yours."

Isaac Hamish hurried on.

"Yes, Miss Kelly, by rights you should have had the estate long ago. Your—your mother died when you were only two years old. Your grandfather brought you up. He worshipped you—willed his entire fortune to you. He died two years ago, leaving me to turn the estate over to you. But I would have been ruined if you had taken over the estate. For—for twenty years—I—had been cheating your grandfather. He was old, careless. But you were young. You—you would have found me out. I heard of Dr. Orbo. He had performed some amnesia experiments, was unscrupulous, half mad. Two days after your grandfather's funeral I—I delivered you into his hands. He succeeded in destroying your memory completely. I then gave you over to Mrs. Megram, who promised to take you to America, and kill you upon your—arrival. But she changed her mind on the way over—and instead of killing you, she blackmailed us. We—finally—had to kill her."

"So you *were* the ones who killed Mrs. Megram!" the Inspector broke in. "Scotland Yard suspected as much."

"It was a—a—foolish move on our part, I admit," Hamish groaned. "But we were desperate. Dr. Orbo—had come over from England to find Miss Kelly. We—needed her signature on some stock—we wanted to sell to Andrews there. Dr. Orbo had planned to get her old handwriting back by hypnosis. Then the Mrs. Megram business interfered with our plans."

"You'll hang for this, Hamish!" The Inspector blurted out. Hamish smiled wryly.

"Not if I know it," he gasped. "Your —your men have done me in. I am . . . dying." His breath came in short sobs. "But there is one more thing I want to tell Miss Kelly—one thing of vital . . . importance. Her . . . memory can be restored. Dr. Orbo was . . . working on the compound. He—he was a peculiar man . . . a . . . scientist as much as he . . . was a murderer. He—he gave me the antidote in this vial. I was to . . . give it to Miss Kelly . . . in case . . . in case . . ."

His voice ended in a suffocated choke He fell forward in the chair, then slid to the floor in a crumpled heap. The doctors rushed to him. But there was no need for them now. Isaac Hamish was dead.

* * *

THE rain had stopped, and the morning sun was coming up over the dripping trees, over the still swamp, when Kitty and Michael finally escaped into the open for a breath of fresh air.



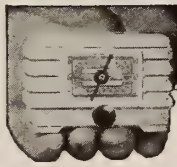


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**HORLICK'S**
**The Original Malted Milk**

**EXPECTANT?**

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***safely***
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**Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER**


They walked hand in hand, saying little, like two children. It was all over at last. All the pain and suffering of the last week were over. Michael had explained everything about Isabel. It had been a misunderstanding from beginning to end, a series of little things gone wrong. Isabel had used the big "business deal" between Michael and her father as a ceaseless excuse to see him. That night in the French restaurant, she had deceived Michael into thinking Mr. Andrews was to be there. That day in the store she had captured him again—merely by chance. He had really come to see Kitty and apologize—but she had seized his arm, started talking. He had felt he ought to play along with her, on account of the "deal." He had called Kitty herself again and again—once at the store, that afternoon, when she was visiting Dr. Weyman's—again during her visit with Dr. Orbo. He had missed her both times—and had finally come to her apartment that terrible night when Dr. Orbo took her away. He had found the place empty—the door wide open, not a soul within.

It was over now, and she could rest safely in his love. And yet—there was still something a little strange about Michael. They had walked all this way, to the very edge of the marshy lake, and still he had not taken her in his arms. His face was sober, abstracted. His eyes looked away from her own every now and then.

She touched him gently on the arm.

"Michael, darling, what's the matter? What's wrong?"

He did not speak for a moment, only patted her hand.

"Nothing, Kitty. Nothing at all. I—I'm just thinking about your—future."

I'T'LL be the same as my present, Michael. Only a bit happier, that's all. I—I know who I am now, Michael. I'm not afraid. I—I—want . . ."

She wanted to tell him that now they could be married. They had waited for it so long. So many ghosts had come in the way. But the ghosts were gone. The words trembled on the tip of her tongue. She waited for him to pick them up.

But he only stood there, staring over the lake.

"Your future is going to be very different from your present, Kitty Kelly," he said. He looked at the ground, kicking the soft wet earth with the tip of his shoe. "You won't be wanting *me* in it, that's one sure thing."

"Michael!" She gave a little cry, seized his arm. "Michael, what do you mean?"

He did not look at her.

"I mean—you're going to be rich and famous. You're a countess, Kitty. A real countess. You—you always have been a countess—too good for me. I should have known it—all along."

"Michael!" Kitty threw her arms about his shoulders. "Please! Don't talk that way! It doesn't matter a bit to me. Not one bit! Nothing matters—except you. I—I'd love you, no matter who I was."

Oh, if only he would look at her, if only he would understand. But Michael shook his head.

"You can say that now, Kitty. But it *will* matter some day. Once you've got your memory back, I—I'll be forgotten. All right. You're content to be Kitty Kelly now. But wait till the doctors start giving you some of that compound Dr. Orbo left you. Wait till you start remembering things about Ireland and the estate and the people you knew in St. Moritz. Do you think you'll be content to be Mrs. Michael Conway?"

"But I would, Michael! I would. I *couldn't* forget you—not in a million years! I love you!"

"You forgot the old earl, your grandfather, didn't you? It'll be the same way, once you start taking that medicine. You won't know me any more. You'll want some other kind of man. Someone who fits in with your old memories—someone like that Thursday guy who's more your style."

His voice died away bitterly. They stood there, very quietly, at the edge of the lake, staring into each other's eyes. Then Kitty shook her head. Tears were running down her cheeks.

"Michael!" she said brokenly. "My own dear Michael . . . I—couldn't . . . . I'd never want anything in the world to come . . . between you and me . . ."

She fumbled in her coat pocket, as though for her handkerchief. But when her hand came out again, her fingers were clasped tight around a tiny bottle, a bottle filled with pale green liquid. Isaac Hamish had given it to her last night before he died.

She felt it for a moment, caressing its smooth glass contours secretly with her palm. Her memory. The link between her present and her past. There were dear forgotten faces in that bottle. Her grandfather's face. Her mother's. There were landscapes, houses, the green hills of Ireland, the streets of Dublin, the towers of a baronial mansion. And yet, Michael was more important than them all.

With a swift gesture, she lifted the little vial high above her head. It shimmered for a moment, like an emerald, in the morning light. Then she threw it with all her might toward the lake at her feet. It flashed through the air in a dizzy green arc—and fell with a light splash, into the quiet waters.

Michael gave a cry to see it go, and caught her wrist. But it was gone, forever. She was glad, now that it was gone. Glad for life and love. Glad for knowledge and youth, and the consciousness that all the darkness lay behind her. She smiled at him, as he came forward slowly, holding out his arms for her. They clung to each other, as the sun rose higher and higher in the morning sky.

*But was Kitty able to cast away all her past so easily? Or did riches bring new trials, new adventures to the sweet Irish girl? And did her amnesia always remain, or did she suddenly regain her memory, forget Michael, her friends in New York? For further episodes in this strange love story, tune in CBS, Pretty Kitty Kelly, Mondays through Fridays, 10:00 to 10:15 a. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time.*

**ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE**

1. Pastime. 2. Inflorescence. 3. Freesia. 4. Drivel. 5. Redingote. 6. Paregoric. 7. Ipecac. 8. Unemployability. 9. Separator. 10. Acerb. 11. Hobnobbed. 12. Antimacassar. 13. Digitalis. 14. Belladonna. 15. Aconite. 16. Desserts. 17. Mascara. 18. Homesteader. 19. Torridity. 20 Naiads.

# *Sweet* LITTLE PRINCESS..DEAR LITTLE GIRL

**Her Midsummer Night's Dream is sure to come true because she discovered how a Certain Color Tone gave her the Look of Fashionable Innocence...**



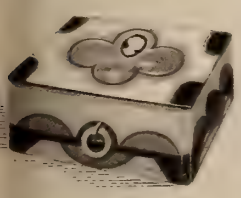
That 'Little Girl' look has always been completely disarming, and the quickest way to the "steely-est" heart . . . And now, since the Paris Openings, it's necessary for fashion-rightness.

But don't be misled! Clever realness and genuine sincerity must be the keynote if effective "innocence" is to be achieved. And you're going to achieve it with cosmetics! Imagine! Cosmetics for innocence! Which means that unless you take great care, your illusion of naiveté, may not be real enough to work. But you CAN make sure it will be . . .

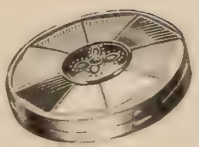
. . . One certain color-tone makes it easy for anyone, of any complexion type—blonde, brunette or in-between—to create the sweetest imaginable innocence . . . the true 'Little Girl' look.

**HERE IS THE SECRET.** The very essence of sweet girlishness is the color-tone 'English Tint' by Princess Pat. It definitely has the spirit of flying curls and lacy things. It gives to your lips and cheeks that irresistible something that "grown-ups" always want to touch.

**POWDER HAS IT...** the 'Little Girl' scheme is complete ...even to English Tint shade of world famous Princess Pat almond base face powder . . . the only powder with the important virtue of almond base softness. English Tint powder is indispensable for sincere demureness.



**ROUGE HAS IT...** What a baby blush it gives! English Tint shade of Princess Pat duo-tone rouge is innocence itself. No one would suspect that the sweetness of English Tint complexion came from rouge. It's genuinely moisture-proof, too.



**LIPSTICK HAS IT...** English Tint comes in the grandest lipstick ever; one that smoothly, softly creates adorable 'Little Girl' lips. It's the English Tint Princess Pat Royalty Lipstick.

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English Tint make-up is thoroughly in tune with Summer . . . light . . . gay . . . and sweet as sweetest clover. It's the thing for now. You simply must be little-girlish . . . at once! Obtain your English Tint shades of Princess Pat lipstick, rouge and powder wherever fine toiletries are sold.



## SPECIAL—LITTLE GIRL KIT!

So that you can see for yourself how important Princess Pat English Tint make-up really is we will send you a real kit containing powder, rouge and lipstick — together with special instructions. Just fill in the coupon and include a dime to cover part cost of mailing and handling. You'll love this stunning 'Little Girl' make-up. You need it now.

Mail Coupon Today

*English Tint* **PRINCESS PAT**

*'Little Girl' make-up*

PRINCESS PAT, DEPT. 489, CHICAGO

Rush me the 'Little Girl' Make-up Kit right away—English Tint powder, rouge and lipstick. I enclose 10c in full payment.

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**"The finest tobacco of all time—that's what we've had in recent crops! And Luckies always buy the cream of the crop," says Jack Rogers, tobacco auctioneer and a Lucky Strike smoker for seven years**

HAVE YOU TRIED A LUCKY LATELY? Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years. As independent tobacco experts like Jack Rogers point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. Try them for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, warehousemen and buyers—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined!

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

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LUCKY STRIKE "IT'S TOASTED" CIGARETTES

LUCKY STRIKE

*Easy on Your Throat—Because "IT'S TOASTED"*

# *Have you tried a LUCKY lately?*

# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

10¢

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EPTEMBER

Why Ann Sheridan's Oomph Appeal Won the Television Vote



HOULD A WOMAN FORGIVE?
eginning BACKSTAGE WIFE in vivid story form

MURDER FOR LOVE
ead the Daring Story Charles Martin wrote for JOAN CRAWFORD

Free!
TELEVISION SETS GIVEN AWA
DETAILS ON PAGE 22

# 3 Smart Girls



**I ASK YOU**... *Why put up with blunt, bulky Ends?*

I've felt like a different woman since I discovered that Kotex Sanitary Napkins have special patented *Pressed Ends* that fit flatly, without discomfort or embarrassment. That unbearable bulky feeling is gone forever because here's one napkin that doesn't shift, bunch or chafe!



**SOFTNESS AND SAFETY** *that's what I want!*

And that's why I'll never again use anything but Kotex Sanitary Napkins! Because they're made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue that one after another absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the pad; check striking through in one spot!



**3 SIZES OF KOTEX** *make all my days Perfect*

If any girl hasn't learned this secret, she's missing comfort and protection never before possible! 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins —Regular, Junior and Super—make it a simple matter for *every woman* to meet her individual needs from day to day.




**All 3 Types at the Same Low Price**

**KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS**

(*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Office)

Better Say Kotex—Better for You

ROUGH COPY

# Romance is always "Just around the corner" for Jane!



***No need for a girl to spoil her own chances when MUM so surely guards charm!***

A GAY PARTY—a pretty new dress—and so becoming! For months Jane had dreamed that this would be *her* evening, *her* night to win romance! But when it came, it was the *other* girls who got the masculine attention. Romance seemed everywhere—why couldn't it come to Jane?

Romance *can't* come to the girl who is guilty of underarm odor. This fault, above all faults, is one that men can't stand. Yet today there are actually thousands of "Janes" who court disaster... girls who neglect to use Mum!

It's a mistake to think a bath alone will protect you from underarm odor! Realize that a bath removes only *past* perspiration, that Mum *prevents* odor... then you'll play safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls who know that underarms need *special* care—not occasionally, but *every day! You'll* like this pleasant cream!

**MUM IS QUICK!** It takes 30 seconds—practically no time at all—for Mum!

**MUM IS SAFE!** The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply it *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum soothes your skin.

**MUM IS SURE!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum today at any druggist's. Remember, *any* girl can lose romance if she's guilty of odor! Make sure of *your* charm! Play safe—guard your popularity with Mum!

*AVOID THIS EMBARRASSMENT! Thousands of women make a habit of Mum for sanitary napkin use. Mum is gentle, safe...frees you from worry of offending.*

**MORE MOVIE STARS, MORE NURSES, MORE WOMEN, USE MUM**










**MUM** TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION




**LUXOR "Feather-Cling"**

**The face powder with a light touch!**

A heavily overpowdered face has no charm for the stag-line. Why not use Luxor "Feather-Cling," the face powder with a light touch? Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly for hours. Choice of shades? All five of the season's smartest! Each 55¢. Rose Rachel is very popular.






SEPTEMBER, 1939 VOL. 12 No. 5

# Radio and Television Mirror

ERNEST V. HEYN, Executive Editor — BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR — FRED R. SAMMIS, Editor


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COVER—Ann Sheridan by Carlo Garrone
(Courtesy of Warner Brothers)


RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR, published monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. General Offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and advertising offices: Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd Street, New York. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Chicago office: 333 North Michigan Avenue. C. H. Shattuck, Mgr. San Francisco office: 1658 Russ Building. Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 14, 1933, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price in United States, Canada and Newfoundland $1.00 a year. 10c a copy. In U. S. Territories, Possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, $1.50 a year; all other countries $2.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. Unaccepted letters for the "What Do You Want to Say?" department will not be returned, and we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. All submissions become the property of the magazine. (Member of Macfadden Women's Group.)


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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

# What do you want to say?

## FIRST PRIZE

### And So They Were Married

YOUR June issue was really a God-send. You see, a young man and I have wanted to marry for two years but because of the lack of money we hesitated. He left town because it was more than we could stand to be around each other. I read John J. Anthony's "Dare I Marry" and I immediately sent the article to my young man. And, dear Editor, we are marrying in June when he comes home. Bless Mr. Anthony's heart and your magazine.

Verbena M. Pendleton
Texarkana, Texas

## SECOND PRIZE

### We Disagree, Mr. Fidler!

In the May issue of RADIO MIRROR Jimmie Fidler picked Nelson Eddy as his second choice of a male classical singer, "Despite the fact that he makes few concessions to please."

I believe Nelson creates this unjustifiable impression because he does not confine his selections to the thoroughly familiar, constantly requested songs but gives us a variety of exceptionally beautiful songs of the Masters and of modern American and English composers.

I am sure there are many thousands like myself who appreciate these beautiful songs and who feel that Nelson *is* trying to please them. So here's to Nelson Eddy for his courage and sincerity in bringing us music of exceptional quality, no less deserving of a permanent place in our musical memories than the old, familiar ones.

Dorothy A. Still
Patchogue, N.Y.

## THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize ..... $10.00

Second Prize ..... $ 5.00

Five Prizes of ..... $ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than August 25, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

## THIRD PRIZE

### He's A Cure For The Blues

Tune in, hear Kay Kyser. He has a real program, always full of pep, something different, no sob stuff.

The world is full of trouble and each one has his or her share. So, listen to this program. It is very much worth your while. Have a few laughs, get a little bit of education and hear the latest songs. It is a good cure for the blues.

Viola Sims
Indianapolis, Indiana

## FOURTH PRIZE

### Are You Nervous?

You, no doubt, have heard people say that the radio made them nervous. Did you ever hear of the radio

(*Continued on page* 61)


# A HINT TO A WOMAN OF 30




## TO GIRLS WHO DON'T WANT TO STAY SINGLE

No matter how good-looking, how witty, how well dressed you are, you're only a flat tire on the highway of love if you have halitosis (bad breath). And you may have it this very moment, without realizing it.

Why not follow the rule of popular women and use Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle and mouth rinse? Its effect is so delightful, its antiseptic and deodorizing action so quick. Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable.

Use Listerine Antiseptic before all engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

*For halitosis (bad breath) use* **LISTERINE**

# What's New FROM COAST TO COAST




A Hollywood twosome that is giving the gossips something to think about—Judy Garland and Artie Shaw. Right, pausing on one of their dates to autograph a tourist's car. Below, Harry Leedy, Connie Boswell's husband, brings the singer to NBC's All American broadcast.

*A Fink Photo*



## BY DAN SENSENEY

RADIO'S newest variation on the quiz program ought to give some bright hostess an idea for a way to entertain her guests. For instance, there's Author, Author! on the Mutual network every Monday night at 9:30, Eastern Daylight Time, which presents a half-finished story to its literary guest stars, and asks them to think up a satisfactory ending for it on the spur of the moment. How about trying that on your friends some night? Let each of them supply an ending to the story, and see which ending is best.

You shouldn't have to think up more than three or four unfinished stories for an evening's entertainment. Just to give you an idea and get you started, here's a sample story, taken from Author, Author!

The scene is a formal coming-out party, and the mother of the debutante is talking to the society columnist, Lucian Reeby. Lucian compliments her on the party, saying it's absolutely perfect and daughter looks wonderful. "Do you really like it?" says mother happily. "Then, Mr. Reeby, will you do me a big favor? When you write the report for the paper will you say that the party was vulgar, the guests of no importance, the refreshments poisonous, and my daughter the homeliest girl you ever saw?"

Try to finish *that* story!

* * *

A man in the CBS publicity department is wondering how you address a letter to the Queen of England.

It all started when this publicity man went along on the special train which preceded Their Majesties' train in Canada. On a rainy morning near the end of the royal visit, the two trains were drawn up on a siding at Cape Tormentine, Nova Scotia. All the reporters except our hero were milling around the station, trying to get some sort of story before the royal party left them and went aboard a ship for Prince Edward's Island, which they were due to do at any moment. But the CBS man, not being a regular reporter, and hating rain, stayed comfortably in the observation car of his train, which was right next to the observation car of the Royal special—and who should come out on the platform of the latter but Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth herself. The CBS man, standing on

(*Continued on page* 6)

*Lady Esther says—*

# "The wrong shade of powder can turn the RIGHT MAN away!"



*Don't ruin your close-ups. Make the test I urge, and find the powder shade most flattering to you!*

**Why spoil your own charm? Find the shade of my powder that glorifies your skin—the one shade that is Lucky For You!**

YOU KNOW how critical the eyes of men can be. So why guess—why gamble when you choose your face powder? Actually some shades make you *look years older.* Others flatter you. Until you do the Lady Esther test, it is almost impossible to know.

For powders and powder shades can be very deceiving, and unless you compare many right on your own skin and with the help of your own mirror, you may never know the shade that flatters you most—*that makes you most alluring*—that brings you the greatest of luck!

Right at this moment you may innocently be using a shade that's all wrong for you—a shade that clouds your beauty—a shade that suited you four months ago but which is *all wrong* for you now.

Don't risk it, please. It's a shame to take such chances. For there is, among my *ten thrilling new shades* of face powder, one that is *right* for you—one that will bring you luck.




**Your Lucky Shade.** So I urge you to try *all my shades* which I will send you free. Don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one that's really right for you.

And the minute you find it, your eyes will know—*your mirror will tell you.* Other women will tell you that you look younger and fresher... and men will murmur to themselves—"She's lovely."

**A True Beauty Powder.** When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. *And it clings four full hours!* If you use it after dinner, you will be free of powder worries until midnight.

So write me and find *your luckiest shade.* Let it flatter your beauty always—help you win more luck in life and love.



*There's a "4 leaf clover" in life for every girl who finds her lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder.*

(46) (You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

**FREE!** Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of Face Powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

*(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)*

## Beginning September 1, 1939

# $25,000

# BIG, NEW SENSATIONAL TRUE STORY

## Manuscript Contest

It has long been the custom of Macfadden Publications, Inc., each Autumn to electrify writers of true stories with a magnificent prize contest offer which presents opportunities for men and women everywhere to convert happenings in their lives into handsome sums in cash—greater sums than even the world's greatest authors can command for fiction stories of corresponding length.

And this Autumn will be no exception. In fact, we believe our Autumn 1939 True Story Contest will be the most attractive we have ever conducted. It begins September 1st and will end November 29th, 1939. There will be fifty cash prizes as follows: a munificent first prize of $2500, a great second prize of $1500, three third prizes of $1000 each, fifteen fourth prizes of $500 each and thirty fifth prizes of $250 each—fifty in all.

## THREE $1,000 BONUS PRIZES

And in addition there will be three splendid special bonus prizes of $1000 each, one to be awarded to the best true story received in the contest during the month of September, one to the best true story received during the month of October and one to the best true story received during the month of November, 1939.

These special bonus prizes are in nowise connected with the fifty regular prizes except that, of necessity, the winner of the $2500 first prize will receive one of them, making the total amount we pay for the best story in the entire contest $3500. There is no telling where the other two will go. The best story received each month will be awarded $1000 regardless of all else, this of course in addition to any regular prize it may win.

It is not necessary to delay preparation until September 1st. Why not begin today? If you have already taken part in True Story contests, you know the procedure. If not, write today for a copy of the free booklet "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories," which contains information that will be of value to you. A coupon is provided for your convenience. In any event, do *not* submit any manuscript in this contest before September 1st. Wait until you have read the complete rules in the October issue of True Story, on sale September 1st, be sure you have complied with all of them and then mail your manuscripts as soon thereafter as you wish. Remember, somebody will receive a $1000 bonus for a story submitted in September. It may be you. Who knows?

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(Print plainly. Give name of state in full)

## WHAT'S NEW (Continued)

the platform of his train, spoke to her, and they had a private, cozy little chat of several minutes, climaxed when he took a picture of Queen Elizabeth, with her gracious permission. She made him promise to send her a print of the photograph, though, and that's what's worrying him now—how's he going to address it so she'll be sure to get it?

No, he wouldn't tell me what they talked about. But he likes the Queen. Says she's real folks.

* * *

LINCOLN, Nebraska—Here's another candidate for the title of "Youngest Radio Announcer." He's Jack Hitchcock, who was nineteen years old last Janurary, staff announcer for the Central States Broadcasting System, stations KFAB and KFOR. He has about five commercial programs of his own now, according to Charlotte Bierbower of Hastings, who sent me his name and age, and he works full time shifts as well as attending the University of Nebraska. But because he's more than nineteen years old, he can't wrest the title away from Robert Franklin of San Jose, California, who hasn't quite reached that age yet.

* * *

Raymond Paige has learned—to his sorrow—not to joke with his musicians. One day, after spending a long time rehearsing a difficult number for his CBS program, Paige smilingly said, "And now let's go South for five minutes." What he meant was that he wanted to spend that long rehearsing a musical number called "South"—but all the men in the band heard was the magic phrase "five minutes," which always means a five minute rest, and before Paige could collect his scattered wits, every musician had laid down his instruments and fished out a cigarette.

* * *

Here's a sidelight on Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's character which there wasn't time to include in the story about her on page 16. On the day she was scheduled to appear on Kate Smith's program, the First Lady cancelled broadcast arrangements at two other functions where she was to speak. No reason for the cancellation was given—but everybody knew why. Mrs. Roosevelt, grateful for Kate's presence at the White House the week before, where she had entertained the King and Queen of England, was returning the compliment—by giving Kate exclusive possession of her radio services for that day.

* * *

The gossip columnists have been making much of the "romance" between Artie Shaw and Judy Garland—but Artie mows them all down with a vigorous and detailed denial. "Judy and I met for the first time in New York," Artie says. "When I came out to Hollywood and fell ill. I knew almost no one there, and Judy was kind enough to come and visit me several times. After I got well, I was a guest at her home, and I took her out once or twice to the theater or supper. We're very good friends, and that's all."

And for proof, there's the fact that now, restored to health, Artie is very

(*Continued on page* 81)

# HE HEALS WITH HIS VOICE

I BELIEVE in the power of the human voice to heal," says Paul Allison, and proves his statement with a morning program, heard every day except Saturday and Sunday over the Mutual network. From the studios of station WLW, in Cincinnati, Paul's deep soothing voice goes out to thousands of listeners in the east and midwest at 10:15, Eastern Daylight Time.

Paul's program is all poetry, even down to the verbal bridges he improvises to fill the gaps between verses. And although he is on the air only fifteen minutes, he takes hours to prepare each broadcast—hours of work alone in his study. His nightly routine includes the reading of some fifty poems and the selection of the ones to use on the air. He seldom writes down the transitional passages from one poem to another.

On the air, he reads slowly, with a soft background of organ music played by Arthur Chandler, Jr., and sounds rather as if he were not reading at all, but simply thinking—in poetry—out loud.

Paul's belief in the power of the human voice to soothe and heal goes back to his delicate childhood, when his mother spent many hours at his bedside, reading. From her voice he got first comfort, then pleasant sleep, and ultimately health.

He was born in Jackson, Tennessee, a little town not far from Memphis. After he graduated from Union University in his home town he began



If you want to be soothed, listen in to Paul Allison's program over station WLW.

healing with his voice, visiting the hospitals of Tennessee and reading to the patients, just as he reads now over the air. He broke into radio, however, as a singer on the Jackson station. Announcing followed, and he went to Houston, Texas, in that capacity. In Texas he began a poetry-reading program, and found that his belief in the power of the human voice was justified, when letters poured in from men and women thanking him for the few moments of relaxation and meditation he had given them. Late last year he came to WLW, to resume his program of poetic readings at once.

PAUL always makes his program intensely personal. He never thinks of his listeners as a vague mass of people, but as a group of friends. In fact, the basis of his program is "All the world needs a friend"—and he doesn't mean a single friend to the entire world but a friend to each person in the world.

One would suspect from hearing him on the air that Paul is a quiet, slow-moving Southerner. He's a Southerner, all right, but one who loves airplanes and speed, and is planning a parachute jump—if his wife will let him.

He's almost thirty-six years old, likes food, prefers brunettes, and makes friends with people for what they do and say, rather than how they look. His regular sports activities are boating, fishing, hunting, tennis, and chasing rainbows; and he dislikes only three things: talking on the telephone, unnecessary noises, and insincerity. Very much the family man, he's the father of two children, Dannie, who wants to be a radio comedian, and Barbara.


FOR A LOVELIER MORE FEMININE YOU

Pond's 4 soft SUMMER SHADES



• Fashion's newest plot—to make you as charmingly feminine as an old-fashioned corsage. Veiled bonnets, tiny waists, lighter make-up—all are in the conspiracy! And now Pond's enters the plot with four softly flattering powder shades:

*—for* DAYTIME FUN *with your new "subtle-tan"*

Don't let a dark, brazen tan spoil your soft "prettiness"—keep your tan light and feminine, too! And flatter it with Pond's Sunlight Shades. Not the heavy "sun-tan" shades, they're luminous, more becoming with the new "subtle-tan."



*—for* EVENING *enchantment*

Rose Dawn and Rose Brunette—in lovely blush tones. Perfect for the lighter make-up. Ideal with romantic evening frocks.

**ROSE DAWN**—brings a delicate glow to fair skin.

**ROSE BRUNETTE**—a richer tone (for blondes and brunettes).



**SUNLIGHT (LIGHT)**—for the creamy tan of a blonde skin.

**SUNLIGHT (DARK)**—for deeper tan.

**Pond's Summer Shades**

ROSE DAWN SUNLIGHT (LIGHT)
ROSE BRUNETTE SUNLIGHT (DARK)

Try them today. 10¢, 20¢, 55¢. Or send for free samples of all four Summer Shades. Pond's, Dept. 8RM-PJ, Clinton, Conn.

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# Condemned

Was Joan Crawford's electrifying performance as the heroine of this gripping story inspired by her love for Charles Martin (below) who, Hollywood whispers, has replaced Franchot Tone in her heart?

*Photo by Fink*



SHE rode on the train to the prison, on the last night of Bill's life. Past the dusty windows whizzed the lights of farmhouses, of villages, of homes where women were preparing food for their men. She had not prepared food for her man—she had prepared death.

The chair-car was crowded. A group of reporters, a few seats away, stared at her, whispering among themselves. They knew who she was, and they thought she was a liar. One of them half rose, as if to come and question her, but just then a black-frocked priest walked swaying down the aisle and stopped beside her. She knew him; he was the priest at the church where, once, she and Bill had gone.

"Sit down, Father," she begged.

"You are going to the prison, my child?"

"Yes, Father."

"So am I. Bill wanted me present, instead of the prison chaplain."

"Oh, Father, how can I save him? I tell the truth, and no one will believe me!"

His face, proof against the sins of the world, was kind. "Perhaps I can help you, my child. Tell me. I'll believe you."

"It started," she said, "with a telephone call . . ."

The telephone was ringing in the library of Henry Crane's apartment,

# to Live

**■ The love story Charles Martin wrote for Joan Crawford—a strange drama of secret violence that doomed three people**



*This romantic tragedy by Charles Martin, radio and screen writer, was a CBS Silver Theater presentation entitled, "Train Ride."*

**Illustrations by Vincentini**

and Mary Crane stood beside it, letting it ring.

She knew who it would be. Every day, at this time, that telephone rang. Every day, for the last week. She wanted to ignore it, go back to her reading and forget the sound and what it meant. But you can't ignore a telephone—not when it will go on ringing and ringing endlessly. Henry will come home, and it will still be ringing, clamorously, at carefully-spaced, never-changing intervals, and Henry's brows will come together, and he'll say in that chilly way of his, "What's this?" And he will answer it.

She picked the instrument up, as she had known she would from the first, and put it to her ear.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello, Mrs. Crane," the man said. "How are you today?"

"You must stop this," she said helplessly. "Who are you? Why do you call me every day?"

"Haven't you ever wanted to talk to somebody about the little problems that wage war on your life?" he asked. "Someone you couldn't see—someone you don't know—someone you never will know?"

"No, I haven't. I think you're crazy."

"If you were to meet me—which you never will—you'd say I was quite sane. And after all, Tschaikowsky was in love for twenty years with a woman he had never seen."

"Why don't you write a book on 'The Technique of Telephone Pick-ups'? You could make quite a good thing out of it. . . ."

"I'm not really an authority on the subject." His answer, drained of raillery now, floated to her ears through the wire. "Listen," he said. "You *are* miserable, aren't you?"

Strange, how she wanted to tell the truth. Instead, she asked warily, "Am I?"

"Of course—terribly. One of the cruelest forms of torture for a woman is marriage to a man she doesn't love."

Her hand—her white, soft hand with its carefully tended nails—was shaking; it could hardly hold the receiver to her ear.

"Will you please pick on somebody else?" she asked. The telephone slammed into its cradle. And after that the room seemed very still and empty.

But the telephone rang the next day—and the next—and the next. Only on Sundays, when Henry was home, was it silent at four o'clock in the afternoon. As if the Unknown, wherever he was, really did understand.

There were so many things the Unknown seemed to understand. He understood that as the hands of the clock moved around to four she would begin to listen, against her will, waiting, half afraid that today the phone would not ring; and he understood how to be patient, so that after months when she hung up on him abruptly and angrily, the time would come when a smile would creep to her lips at the sound of his voice, and she would not hang up until (*Continued on page* 56)



# Honeymoons NEED NOT END

**■ Their dreams of a perfect marriage have come truer than they had ever hoped. Their secret is yours—if you're in love**

**By MARIAN RHEA**

ONCE in a while, even in Hollywood, it happens. Once in a while, even in the twentieth century, two people come along to prove that romance isn't dead, that honeymoons don't have to end, that the first year is *not* the hardest. Once in a while, you run across such a love.

I'm not cynical enough to claim that such a fact is big news. There are still plenty of married lovers in the world. The trouble is, we never hear of them. So, for a change, here is a true story about perfect happiness. Call it *good* news—heartening news to make you decide the world is a better place than you thought. That's what I decided, somehow, the other day after I'd talked to Frances Langford and Jon Hall.

They celebrated their first anniversary June 4, Jon and Frances did—that is, their first annual anniversary. They've been having weekly celebrations ever since their memorable elopement to Prescott, Arizona.

One year, and a little more. One year in which they've been separated only once—toward the end of Frances' personal appearance tour, when Jon was called back to Hollywood by Samuel Goldwyn, to whom he is under contract. Then it was only for three days and they vowed it would never happen again, God and studios willing. And when I say they've never been separated, I mean it. Believe it or not, with the exception of those three days, they've not been apart more than three hours at a time. Jon takes Frances to her radio rehearsals and to the broadcast every Wednesday night, waiting quietly in the background until she is through. He takes her shopping. He takes her to the beauty parlor. He takes her to market—when she goes. For the husbands and wives who hold to the theory that it is a good thing to get rid of a spouse once in a while, they hold no brief.

"I have more fun with Jonny than anyone I know. Why should I want to be away from him?" Frances demands.

"Yeah, why?" echoes Jon. Well, who am I to answer that? I don't even try.

There was, of course, the tragic time when it looked as though Sam Goldwyn was going to send Jon to England to make a picture, meaning, of course, that Frances, tied up with her radio contract, would have to stay behind. Those were terrible days—very black days. Jon confronted Sam in his office and told him he wouldn't go. But—

"Whaddye mean you won't go?" Sam came back. "Boy, if we make that picture, you're *going!*" And Jon, mindful of his own contract, could only sputter, futilely. Frances, in turn, thought she might get a leave of absence, but the Texaco people thought differently. So it looked for a while as though love was going to take a sock in the chin—until the war scare came along and Goldwyn called off his European plans.

"Well, war is an awful thing, but I couldn't be entirely sorry it threatened about that time," Frances confided to me. "Certainly makes you believe that saying about the dark cloud and the silver lining. We were pretty low until we heard Jonny could stay here after all!"

But such tense moments in the Langford-Hall household are rare. For one thing, theirs is a completely unsophisticated and therefore wholesome marriage. You have to be with them only half an hour to realize that. (*Continued on page* 85)



■ Never apart for more than three hours at a time—so deeply in love are Frances Langford and Jon Hall.

# Backstage

IT WAS beginning all over again. From her seat on the Empire sofa, Mary Noble watched, and saw it happen.

She should have been warned, the moment they entered and met Catherine Monroe—who, according to their hostess, Larry's mother, was "in a position to do something for you." Catherine was young and slender and lovely as a camellia, with black-fringed eyes that she raised as she said to Larry,

"Washington's the place for you. We need men there these days—real men. Things are happening there. New things. Maybe soon we'll have a Federal Bureau of Fine Arts. And bureaus need directors, you know—" Her smile held infinite promise. "And they're talking of establishing our first National Theater. An actor-manager could make history. . . ."

Oh, Mary should have known, then! And perhaps, instinctively, she had, for she said quickly, "Maybe, after our New York run, we'll play Washington on tour. You see," she explained to Catherine, "we have the American rights to that play of Juan de Leit's that was such a hit in Paris last year. We've already started to rehearse it—"

Larry turned to her with that impatient gesture that always froze her heart. "Let's not try to fool people, Mary. We have no backer—and without a backer we might as well not have the play! You need money, you know, for that sort of thing."

"Oh, but you *have* a backer!" Catherine Monroe's voice was amazingly vibrant, exciting. "I've a plan! Bring the cast to Washington, rehearse there, and the charity benefit I'm arranging for a fortnight from now shall be the opening of your play!"

And with that, control of the situation was swept out of Mary's hands.

"I can't go through with it again," she said to herself a few minutes later, while she sipped her tea and appeared to be chatting with the young Senator from out west who had taken her in tow after Larry and Catherine had drifted away. Wicart, she believed, was his name.

Her thoughts flew backwards, backwards . . . to the day when she had come fresh from an Iowa farm to marry one of Broadway's glamorous stars—Larry Noble, the—No, even to herself she would not use that hateful phrase, "matinee idol."

It wasn't really so long ago. Not in years. But in the things she had learned—had had to learn! It was all very well to be modern and tolerant—to say to herself that she was Larry's wife, bound to him by law as well as love; that the other women meant nothing to him, beyond their flattery; that he loved her in a way he could never love one of them. It was all very well to say these and other things, but there had been so many times when reason didn't help—when jealousy and fear of the future had broken out in violent quarrels, recriminations, bitterness. Until Larry retuned, penitent, ashamed, begging her to forgive him . . . as she always had.

But now, because she had thought those times were over for good, she couldn't endure one of them again. Not because she loved Larry any the less. She would always love him, with heart and brain and soul. But . . . no, she could not go through the agony of watching him drift away from her again.

Until this afternoon, the way to happiness had seemed so clear and straight. Ever since Larry's fall from stardom, all through his slow struggle upward again, there had been no other woman. He had depended on her, needed her both as wife and manager, leaned on her while she comforted him, cheered



**Beginning a new novel of modern marriage, adapted by Hope Hale from the**

# Wife

**As thrilling as its broadcast original—the love drama of Mary Noble and of Larry, her husband, who could not give her the one thing she wanted—faithfulness**



Above, Vivian Fridell, who plays Mary Noble in the radio drama of Backstage Wife, Monday through Friday on NBC at 4 P.M., E.D.S.T.



He stood aside while Bradley said lightly, "I'm terribly glad I found you this morning."

him, smoothed his path for a comeback. . . .

Perhaps—she snatched at a straw of hope—perhaps she was wrong. Maybe it wasn't the old danger starting all over again. Maybe the excitement in Larry's eyes was only for the play—only because Catherine Monroe offered him his one chance of getting the play produced, now that the financial backer they had depended on had withdrawn his support.

Her eyes following Larry and Catherine, across the room, she said to Senator Wicart, "Mrs. Monroe must be quite an influential woman in Washington."

"She is . . . indeed," he answered grimly.

The strange emphasis in his tone made Mary look at him, intently and for the first time. He had a

**famous NBC radio serial, sponsored by the makers of Dr. Lyons Tooth Powder**

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## She couldn't endure it again—the agony of watching her husband drift into the



kind face, handsome in a rugged sort of way, direct and candid. There was something about him that reminded her of home, making her feel instantly at ease with him. "Why do you say that as if you—well, resented it?" she asked.

"Did I?" he said. "I'm sorry." Then he smiled. "No, I'm not, really. Mrs. Monroe has a hobby—of making history—and I suppose I do resent that, in a way. I'm not too fond of the influential type of woman, who handles people as if they were a pack of cards."

"No," she said a bit bitterly. "Neither am I."

"Be thankful," he said—and only, Mary sensed, half in jest—"that your husband isn't a legislator who has to keep himself clear of obligations. They are Mrs. Monroe's specialties."

By the time Larry returned to her side, the Washington opening for the play seemed to be quite settled. Catherine knew of a theater they could have. And they were even to stay, in Washington, in Catherine's home.

Mary was glad, at least, if she must go to Washington, that Senator Wicart would be there too. A good friend to have, Senator Wicart—an ally she would sorely need.



But it was even before they reached there that the Senator's path crossed hers again. He was, she discovered, a passenger on the same train they took two days after the reception. Catherine Monroe was already in Washington, and had promised to meet them at the station when they arrived, while the cast of the play was to follow the next day. Mary tried not to be hurt at the way arrangements were suddenly being made, entirely without her help as manager of the company—tried to remind herself that Larry's rudeness was due only to his excitement over getting the play produced. Yet—she couldn't quite believe it. Instinctively, she knew that — soon — Larry would force her to a decision.

Catherine Monroe met the three of them—Larry, Mary, and Senator Wicart—at the gate in Union Station. But to Mary's surprise, it was not Larry, but the Senator, she greeted most effusively.

"Let Enrico herd your redcaps to the car," she said, signalling to the swarthy young chauffeur who followed her; then she seized Senator Wicart's arm as they crossed under the high vaulted dome of the marble waiting room.

"Now tell me *all* about the Munitions Committee excitement," she demanded.

"How do you know there was any excitement?" he grumbled down at her. "I've got *some* secrets from you."

"You're so bad-tempered," she sighed, stopping before her sleek town car. "Sometimes I want to wash my hands of you."

"Sometimes," he answered, "I think maybe you ought to—"

He broke off suddenly, his eyes on the chauffeur loading baggage into the trunk of the car. "Where is my brief case?" he snapped.

The man turned a blank stare upon him. "Brief—case?"

The Senator's rugged face was stern—and, Mary thought, a little frightened. "A black cowhide case, zipper, gold initials W. W. Where is it?"

"I did not see." Enrico shook his head solemnly.

"You must have seen it," Mary broke in. "It was with his other things. I saw it myself!"

Suddenly Catherine was standing between Mary and the Senator. "If it's his fault, Bill, I'm terribly sorry. I'll go over with him and report the loss. If we don't find it, I'll make it good—"

Senator Wicart looked at her steadily for a long moment. Was it open distrust that Mary saw in those keen gray eyes? "You can't make it good," he said flatly. "Not this brief case—and what's in it—"

Mary and Larry waited in the velvety depths of the car. It crossed Mary's mind that Washington was like this car—sleek, shining on the surface, but propelled from within by complicated machinery, powerful and delicate—and dirty.

The soft breeze of a Washington spring floated in at the window. She slid closer to Larry's side, until she could smell the familiar fragrance of his clean skin, his fresh shirt, his suit and the mingled odors of different tobaccos from the train. Suddenly she pulled his head down against hers. "Oh, Larry—"



But he patted her shoulder briefly and pulled away, and she sank back, chilled. She knew what that preoccupied gesture of his meant—that he had left her, was journeying again in the private world of his own dreams, where she could never, never reach him, and where all his journeyings had only one end . . . danger. Danger to him, to her, to their life together.

But still she tried not to let herself believe. She must not be jealous without cause. It was true that Catherine Monroe was their one hope of getting the play on—and therefore, their one hope of bringing Larry back to stardom.

Why did Senator Wicart distrust her so? Or was that, too, jealous imagination?

The other three came slowly out of the station. Wicart's brief headshake told their story. He was silent on the ride, watching Catherine grimly while she pointed out the sights, and he barely nodded to his hostess when she dropped him at his hotel.

Somehow, Mary got through that first evening in Catherine's elaborate home. She managed to smile and appear interested in the New Deal alphabet agencies whose heads she met, and she tried to appreciate the novelty of meeting attaches of embassies and even a cabinet member. But she was glad, so glad, when at last the guests began to melt away—even though their departure meant that Catherine calmly carried Larry off to the library to look at her father's collection of books on the stage, leaving Mary to talk to Senator Wicart in a small sunroom just off the vast drawing room.

"Has anything been heard of the brief case?" Mary asked him as soon as they were alone.

"No. But it's serving its purpose," he said. "We ought to know soon if our friend Enrico—"

As if he had heard his name called, Enrico himself stepped inside the room. He spoke the one word, "Madame—" breathlessly, before he saw them. Then he stopped. His eyes caught the Senator's, and his dark face turned purple. He began to back out of the room, murmuring some sort of apology.

Wicart caught his arm. "What's the hurry?" There was a steely undertone in his voice.

Enrico's head jerked from side to side as he struggled to get out of the Senator's grasp. His eyes, black on their widened whites, rolled desperately. Then Mary saw them focus. His face suddenly paled to yellowish gray. Mary followed his gaze to the French window. And at what she saw there, she screamed.

The shot crashed into her scream, and the figure outside the window faded quickly into the darkness. Mary whirled, to see Enrico's body twist, then fall. She and the Senator were at his side together, looking at each other for one shocked moment before the room became full of people, Catherine, Larry, the servants, and finally the police.

There was a long period, then, when she did not think at all. She could only lean against Larry's shoulder, hear his blessed thankfulness for her safety, and try to remember what she had to tell these people who were moving before her eyes like blurred pictures.

Then she realized that Catherine was smoothly getting the police officer to the door. "I'm sorry, Lieutenant," she was saying, with her marvelous smile full on his face, "but when we came rushing into the room, after we heard the shot, there was poor Enrico. I'm afraid nobody saw anything that would help you."

"But I saw him!" Mary exclaimed. "I saw the man at the window!"

Catherine was at her side then, her hand on Mary's. "How could you, darling?" she said. "You came into the room with us . . . She's hysterical," she said to the others. Mary could feel intensity in her voice like a threat.

She threw an agonized, questioning glance at Senator Wicart, standing frowning at the other side of the room—and in a flash of intuition she understood. For some reason, Wicart could not contradict Catherine, but—yes, he wanted her to tell the truth. She moved away from Larry's encircling arms—and heard herself saying calmly, (*Continued on page* 62)

Mary saw them then, standing so close together they were almost touching, while his hands closed on the folded paper she gave him.



# ELEANOR RADIO'S FAVORITE

IF YOU could walk down any one of a thousand busy Main Streets and ask those you met to name America's most popular woman, I think you'd hear one name. Not so much "Myrna Loy" or "Helen Hayes" or "Joan Crawford", but the name of a middle-aged married woman, with a nice large family and several healthy grand-children. It would be a woman who is probably the busiest member of her sex in the country and is, at the same time, a loving wife and mother.

The name of Eleanor Roosevelt.

She's not only Main Street's favorite. She is also Radio Row's Number One Person. There isn't a radio executive, an announcer or a studio hand who doesn't say:





By train, plane, bus and taxi, Mrs. Roosevelt keeps her radio dates—and never late once, an astounding record for a broadcaster. Top, pausing in Chicago, left, at the San Francisco Fair, below, graduation celebration of a West Virginia high school.

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

# ROOSEVELT—GUEST

*By Jerry Mason*

"Mrs. Roosevelt? There's no one we'd rather see come into the studio."

Because she *is* the First Lady, because she is willing to lend a hand to a charitable cause, because she never cancels a microphone engagement, and because usually what she has to say has front page newspaper interest, Mrs. Roosevelt is radio's favorite guest. And about the most frequently heard of all nationally important women, with the natural exception of those few stars who broadcast on regular programs.

She is also about as interesting a radio personality as you'll ever find in a broadcasting studio. Her career on the air really got under way in earnest several weeks (*Continued on page* 77)



NBC has learned the best way to reach the busy First Lady when she's in New York—send the message to the florist near her apartment. Above, short wave to South America. Below, being interviewed by her daughter, Mrs. John Boettiger, of Seattle, Washington.



# Is Your Husband



Illustration by John J. Flaherty, Jr.

By

## JOHN J. ANTHONY

**Director of the Good Will Hour, Sunday nights on the Mutual network**

AT some time in your married life, haven't you taken a long look at the person of the masculine sex whom you promised to love, honor and obey, and wished that there were some way you could put him to the test? Some way to find out whether he's really a bargain, or a very inferior piece of merchandise?

Well, here's your opportunity to do that very thing, simply by giving yourself a quiz—a quiz that will reveal the male in your life in his true colors, be they good or bad.

It's the little things that cause trouble in marriage, I've discovered from my work as mediator of the Original Good Will Hour on the air, and as director of my Institute of Marital Relations. Time and again I've found a couple on the verge of divorce, simply because of an accumulation of small complaints against each other. Taken singly, these complaints wouldn't cause any trouble at all—added together, they spell another broken-up marriage.

And because these little things can be so irritating, many times you can't see them in their proper perspective, can't tell just how important they are to your happiness. That's the reason that I've drawn up this list of questions about your husband, based on the most frequent complaints that wives make to me. All are small complaints, because I'm assuming that your husband is a normal and decent human being—he isn't a drunkard, he doesn't beat you, and he isn't unfaithful to you with other women. These three are big complaints, and if he's guilty of them, he *isn't* a bargain.

Answer this quiz, applying the questions to your own husband. Answer each question yes or no impartially and honestly. And when you've finished I'll tell you how to score your husband.

There's another reason I'd like you to take this quiz now, before I go any farther. When you've finished, and when we've given your husband his bargain-score, I have a surprise for you—a surprise that I can almost guarantee will make you into a happier wife.

Here are the questions about your husband for you to answer:

1. When you spend the evening with another couple, does he insist on boring all of you by talking endlessly about his business?

2. Does he get angry when he comes home and finds that you have accepted a social invitation for that evening without consulting him—even though he hadn't planned to do anything but stay at home and read?

3. Does he accuse you of being wasteful and extravagant, and nag you about money?

4. Does he frequently find fault with your relatives?

5. Is he critical of little things that aren't any of his business—the way you keep house, the color of your nail polish, the way you arrange the furniture?

6. Does he think your feminine mind isn't capable of wrestling successfully with weighty masculine problems, such as his work, politics or international affairs, and so pooh-poohs you when you try to express an opinion on them?

7. Does he put off getting a hair-cut until you think you'll have to lead him to the barbershop yourself, or does he forget what the word "manicure" means?

8. Is he frequently guilty of taking that "one drink too many?"

9. When you're out in the car together, does he habitually drive faster than the speed at which you feel safe and comfortable and ignore you when you plead with him to go slower?

10. Does he get out of helping you with the work of raising the children by claiming "That's your job, not mine?" Or, if you have no children, is he indifferent to becoming a father?

11. When you are at a party together, does he forget your presence

**If you want the truth about the male in your life,**

# Really a Bargain?

and leave you to shift for yourself while he has a good time with other women?

12. Does he cling to some purely masculine interest that he had before marriage—golf, baseball, stag affairs or some other hobby in which you have no part—leaving you alone at frequent intervals while he pursues this interest?

13. When you are leaving the house together, does he nag at you to hurry—only to discover, when you have your hat and coat on, that he isn't quite ready yet himself?

14. When you are walking along the street together, does he keep on going, paying no attention to whether you are at his side or not, so that you have to hurry to keep up with him, and have to rush past shop windows you'd love to stop and look at?

15. Does he insist on talking about the girls he used to go with before he married you?

16. Does he criticize your clothes, especially your hats, *after* you've bought them?

17. Does he litter up the house with cigarette and cigar ashes, or—worst of all—half-burned pipe tobacco, because he's too careless to make sure the ashes all go into the ash-trays?

18. Does he forget important dates, such as your birthday or your wedding anniversary?

19. Does he underestimate the amount of work you do at home, and claim that you "certainly have an easy time of it while I slave all day to make both ends meet?"

20. Is he bored and inattentive when you try to tell him how you've spent the day while he was away at work?

21. Does he try to avoid meeting the friends you had before you married him, because he thinks they aren't good enough for him?

22. Does he love an argument so much you want to scream?

23. When he comes home much later than you expected him, does he fail to give you, of his own accord, an explanation?

Well, how did your husband come out on that quiz?

Obviously, every "no" is a point in his favor, and every "yes" a black mark against him. But here's the funny thing about this quiz: If your husband scored only twelve no's to eleven yes's—in other words, approximately a fifty per cent score—you can consider that you *have* got a bargain. Even more surprising, if he answers *all* the questions no, he is *not* a perfect husband. He just isn't human.

Let me explain. In every human being there are traits of personality which may grate on another human being. But did you ever stop to think that it's these very faults that make a human being? Without them, he becomes colorless and uninteresting; with them, he becomes an individual. Perfection in anyone is terribly, terribly dull—and anyway, only a superman could achieve perfection.

That's one reason I say that a man who comes out fifty-fifty on the quiz is a bargain—because he is a good, sensible mixture of good and bad, sour and sweet, even as you and I, and eminently worth living with. But there's another reason too, and it is tied up with that surprise I promised you.

Did it ever occur to you that at least some of your husband's faults may be just as much your faults? That for every black mark you have against him, he has a complementary black mark against you, and that by reforming yourself you can reform him?

This isn't a new idea, but it's surprising how many people forget it. I've discussed it at great length in my new book, "Marriage and Family Problems and How to Solve Them," which will be published this fall, and I've tried to bring it out in many a session of the Good Will Hour on the air. Still it's well worth thinking about right here and now, and the best way I can show you how to think about it is to give you another quiz—this time a quiz on yourself, as a wife. But first let's see how your husband came out.

(*Continued on page* 76)



**take this unique marriage quiz prepared by an expert**

# HOW TO RAISE A MALE QUARTET



**Swallowed golf tees, buried false teeth, and hot licks with a shaving brush—take it from Mrs. Bing, the Crosby foursome is a howling success!**

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

Drawings by Steve Grout

TUNE IN on the Bing Crosbys at home—and you tune in on the All-American family. Folksy, fun-loving, common-sensical. And mad about music. Yes indeed.

"We're what you might call a 'howling' success. If you know what I mean," chuckled Mama Dixie. "It's all right when the Quartet are in the *noisery*. That's more or less sound-proof. But Bing's room is *not*. And that's where the male members of our clan gather every morning. The attraction, you see, is watching Papa shave. Papa also sings. A little flat, to be sure, when he de-whiskers his chin but it's all music to the Quartet. Especially when he lets out a Tarzan-whoop!"

He does this with astonishing frequency. When Gary Evans, for instance, decides that a little toothpaste would blend well with the shaving cream. Or one of the twins does a tumbling act with the brushes for Bing's thinning locks.



What a picnic when the twins had their hair-pulling match!

Then they all whoop. "It's the male chorus from *O-we-let-go*," mused Dixie, "with a little fortissimo flourish . . .

"If Bing is working on a picture, the morning session is about the only one he gets with the boys. Because the rest of the time he's busy on his radio program. The other day somebody asked Gary what his father did. 'My daddy sells cheese,' announced our eldest. 'But we're not allowed to eat it.' If the sponsors had heard that one!"

Since Gary has arrived at the ripe old age of six he is allowed to sit up for the first few minutes of Bing's program (it comes on at seven P.M. here in California.) About three months ago Dixie noticed a strange thing happening. She called in the nurse. The girl's eyes popped. "Mrs. Crosby," she said solemnly, "heaven help you but you've got another crooner in the family!"

No doubt about it, Gary was doing an exact imitation of his father, even to screwing up an eyebrow as Bing does when he sings. When the studio heard of it, they wanted him for his new picture, *The Star-maker*. "Nope," said Bing. "If my kids want to go in the movies later when they're on their own, okay. But not now. They are going to have a regular kid's life like I had."

From the minute the first son came along they made plans. "I want him to be typically *boy*," pronounced Papa. "I hope he gets dirty and tears the seat out of his pants every once in a while and has a few good fights."

Um-hum. That's what Papa said. One day last week he brought home his boss, on a visit here from New York with his wife. All went well until suddenly there was a Comanche yell outside the window and into the living room stalked the dirtiest small object in captivity. He had a beautiful black eye and a bloody nose. "Now Pop," cried the Crosbys' pride and joy, "I guess that fella down the road will say you can sing!" And out he went, giving the boss an excellent rear view of certain wide open spaces.

"Well, I asked for it," admitted Bing later, "—and I got it!"

When the second baby was on its way he just knew it was going to be a girl. One evening he came home with that vastly innocent ex-



"Call the doctor, call the police!" Bing cried, dangling Philip.



Bing says—"If my boys want to go in the movies later when they are on their own, okay. But not now. They are going to have a regular kid's life like I had." Here are the three oldest with their Dad—Gary in the center, with the twins Dennis, left, and Philip, right. Below, Ma Dixie Lee Crosby with the baby Lindsay.

*Paramount*

pression men wear when they're up to something. Out of his pocket he took a small white box. "For Dixie junior," he said. Inside was a tiny gold locket with a cross attached . . . They still have them. On a Friday the thirteenth the twins arrived—Dennis Michael and Philip Lang, all boy from their first lusty bawl. "By the time Lin (Harry L.) put in an appearance I think Bing was resigned," said Dixie. "He told me they'd make a good backfield for some university anyway. And a nice foursome at golf. And the next thing I knew he had brought home a trainer . . ."

Joe is their boon companion. He does everything but make them eat spinach. One of the funniest sights I've ever seen was those four small tykes lined up outside for their "sitting up" exercises (Lin's consist mostly in sitting *down* to date!) Recently Papa made a miniature boxing ring for them. Now his favorite sport is putting the gloves on his sons and "squaring them off." "You can't begin teaching them sportsmanship too young," says Bing.



That's the first thing that impresses you about the Crosby household, the fine, down-to-earth way those kids are being brought up. The older boys already have certain responsibilities. It's Gary's job, for instance, to see that the tropical fish are fed at regular intervals. During the hurricane last winter the nurse missed him from his bed one night. All the electricity in the district was off and they went around with candles searching madly for him. It was Bing who found him—carefully piling sweaters around the fish bowl. "They have to be warm, you know, or the babies die," he explained. And marched back to bed.

"We've tried to call the boys by their right names— considering how a nickname stuck to Papa!" laughed Dixie. "But occasionally there is a slip-up. The last time Bing took Gary out to see Gary Cooper (who likes to check up on his namesake's progress) big Gary asked, 'And what does your father call you?' Expecting, of course, to hear his own name. Instead, our eldest chortled gleefully, *'Bucket pants!'* "

Being a lone woman in a house full of men Dixie is not expected to understand the intricacies of purely masculine ideas. For example—they have a jolly colored cook who hands out sugar cookies by the dozen to the (*Continued on page* 58)

# A TELEVISION SET

NOW you won't have to wait until you have the money to be the first on your block—perhaps in your town—to own a Philco television set! The newest miracle, this decade's greatest thrill, may be yours for the price of a postage stamp (and the few minutes it will take you to answer the questions on this page).

Philco Radio and Television Company is now offering readers of Radio Mirror six of its finest and most beautiful television sets as prizes in this unique and simple quiz. Only recently put on sale, they're an engineering achievement! The latest developments are all here to make reception doubly good. And no strings are attached except those that are wrapped around the set when it's delivered to your door.

And if, perhaps, you live in a section of the country where television programs cannot yet be received, this quiz still carries a prize for you. Any winning contestant can have, if he wishes, a de luxe Philco radio set instead of the television receiver.

In addition, there are six secondary prizes—six of those handy portable Philco radio sets that you can carry around with you. They contain their own batteries, so you don't have to plug them into electric-light circuits, and they don't need aerial or ground wires—ideal for picnics or week-end trips, for the car, the office, the guest room.

This is all you have to do to win a Philco television or radio set: Check the answers on the accompanying quiz. On question eight, write in the name of the movie or radio star you'd most enjoy seeing in a television program, and on a second sheet of paper write down the reasons for your choice in a hundred words or less.

All entries must be accompanied by the question box, filled in with your name and address.

Pencils all sharpened? An extra piece of paper handy for the answer to question nine? Here's hoping, then, that you win the first television set in your neighborhood!

1. Which would you prefer to look at as well as hear:
   Male announcers ☐ Female announcers ☐
2. When the television program is a sports event like a football game or tennis match, would you like:
   The television picture and sound alone ☐
   A commentator describing the happenings ☐
   A commentator only between moments of action ☐
3. If television programs are sponsored, how would you like the advertising to be presented:
   a. As a picture of the sponsor's product ☐
   b. The picture plus a description by announcer ☐
   c. No picture—only the announcer's description ☐
4. Check which types of program you would like best:
   a. A television broadcast of movies, including a Hollywood feature film, cartoon, newsreel ☐
   b. A variety show of singers, comedians, actors, announcer and orchestra and novelty act televised as they perform, direct from the studio ☐
   c. Plays, either Broadway shows televised from the theater or specially produced in the studios, or dramatic programs like First Nighter ☐
   d. News events, such as prize fights, parades, horse races, baseball games, golf matches ☐
   e. Lessons in how to do things—cooking, sewing, etiquette, dancing, beauty make-up ☐
5. When would you prefer to watch programs:
   In the morning ☐ Afternoon ☐ At night ☐
6. What is the most you would pay for a good television receiver?
   $100 ☐ $250 ☐ $400 ☐ $650 ☐ $900 ☐
7. If you could tune in an hour long television show in your own home every night, would you continue to go to the movies as often as you do now? Yes ☐ No ☐
8. The radio or movie star I would most like to see in a television program is:
   .....
9. On a separate sheet of paper give your reasons in 100 words or less for your choice in question No. 8.

Signed .....

Address .....

# FOR YOU--FREE!

**The year's biggest radio news—the last word in television receivers is waiting to be shipped to your home. Be the first in your town to have one. All you need is a sharp pencil and a sheet of notepaper!**

## THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. An entry will consist of an official contest coupon with your answers to the first eight questions checked, in ink, in the space provided, together with a nomination and explanation in 100 or less words completing the ninth item.
3. Entries will be judged on the basis of the reasoning and clarity of thought represented in your answers to questions 1 through 8 and in your nomination and statement in connection with the ninth item.
4. The six highest entries rated upon the above basis will each be awarded a Philco Television set or, if preferred, a Philco de Lux Radio set. The six entries next highest in rating will each be awarded a handy Philco portable radio set. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be made.
5. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry. By entering you agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
6. All entries must be postmarked on or before Friday, September 8, 1939, the closing date of this contest.
7. Address all entries to Television Quiz Board, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

**Below, six of these handy portable radio sets are additional prizes.**





■ This beautiful Philco set, retail value $250.00, is yours, free if you win one of the first six prizes.

# The REAL LIFE adventures of MOLLY GOLDBERG



As Molly, Gertrude Berg sews a button for Jake, played by James Waters.

**Meet The Goldbergs beloved star, a woman who can become at will a waitress, a factory worker, or a farmer's wife—with amazing results**

**By FANNIE MERRILL**

YOU should know Gertrude Berg. Of course, you *do* know her as Molly Goldberg, the kindly and lovable mother of Rosie and Sammyly Goldberg, and the wife of Jake. That's the Gertrude Berg you hear over the Columbia network every day at 1:00 P.M. (EDST).

But I mean the Gertrude Berg who takes the trouble to listen to and sympathize with people everywhere—a little old farm woman in upper New York State, the proprietor of a roadside diner, a Polish bride and groom, a New York garment worker, a lower East Side New York ladies' benevolent society. Not to forget a wailing mother of New York's Ghetto who is still unaware that her eviction was prevented, in answer to her prayers, by the Gertrude Berg I know.

And I also mean the Gertrude Berg who loves to play practical jokes!

First I had better explain that I have been Gertrude Berg's secretary for about eight years. It all started the day my son Howard came home from the broadcasting studios where he was playing the lead in a radio dramatization of "Penrod."

"Gee, Mother!" Howard said to me, "There's a woman down at the studio doing a show called 'The Goldbergs,' and she's *great!* I want you to come down and meet her!"

When I did, I found that Howard was right. Mrs. Berg and I became friends.

But it wasn't until Christmas time when I offered to help her with her Christmas shopping that I became Gertrude Berg's secretary.

I love Christmas shopping and wrapping presents and I had done a lot of it for other friends. But after I had done it for Mrs. Berg, I discovered that I was on her payroll.

Today I take care of all her mail, see that it is all personally answered, keep track of each day's cast and of the transcriptions we make, also the pay-roll, her appointments—and more other details.

I will never forget the first time I accompanied Gertrude Berg on a trip.

It was just before The Goldbergs became a commercial program and Mrs. Berg wanted to take a rest before the new series started. I wasn't at all sure I wanted to go. Remember, I didn't know Gertrude Berg then as I know her now.

We went (*Continued on page* 65)




# Rudy Vallee

■ The perennial Rudy is back again on the scene of his first triumphs, New York City, after a spell in Hollywood appearing with Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power in Darryl Zanuck's "Second Fiddle," which ought to be appearing in your local theater any day now. Between week-end trips to his camp in Maine, he'll go on broadcasting from Manhattan until autumn.

# Perfection



Notice Ann's vivacity while she dances with Cesar Romero.

# in Television





An infinite variety of personalities is Ann Sheridan—the sultry siren opposite, the ingenue above, the sophisticate at right, and the primitive child of nature, right below—but all of them telegenic!




## Experts select Ann Sheridan, the "Oomph Girl," as one movie star who is a television best bet

THE television experts have a word for it—and the word is Telegenic! Translated into everday English, it means beauty over television.

What makes a person telegenic? The answer's in these pictures of Ann Sheridan, Warner Brothers star, who was recently chosen by Philco Television engineers as the movie star whose face, figure and general personality are nearest to perfection for the television camera.

Ann's beautiful, of course—but so are many other girls, and her beauty wasn't the main reason Philco picked her. Her greatest asset, as far as Television goes, is her ability to project her personality and charm into the camera. In other words—that same "oomph" which has already brought her movie fame.

Dead-pan beauty, say the engineers, simply isn't any good in television. Notice the way Ann's face alters its expression and mood in the different pictures shown here. Still another point in her favor is the definition and strength of her clear-cut features.

To be telegenic a girl needs a charming smile—a requirement in which Ann scores 100 per cent, as proved by the picture at the right and the scene from her newest picture, "Winter Carnival," with Richard Carlson, above.

Television's more taxing than movie work—there's no time for the cameraman to experiment and find flattering angles to shoot from—so Ann has an advantage in being equally lovely no matter which side of her face is photographed.

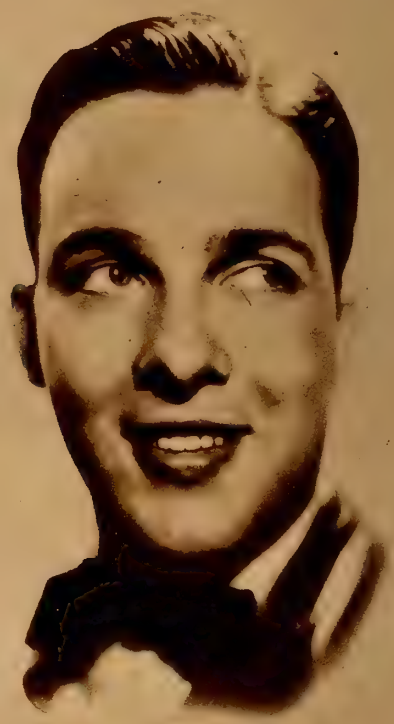
But when all's said and done, Ann's greatest asset is her sex-appeal—her personality—her "oomph"—whatever that intangible something is that makes her a vital, arresting human being.

# Hot Weather

**Presenting the stars of radio's summer**
**all of them guaranteed to refresh you**



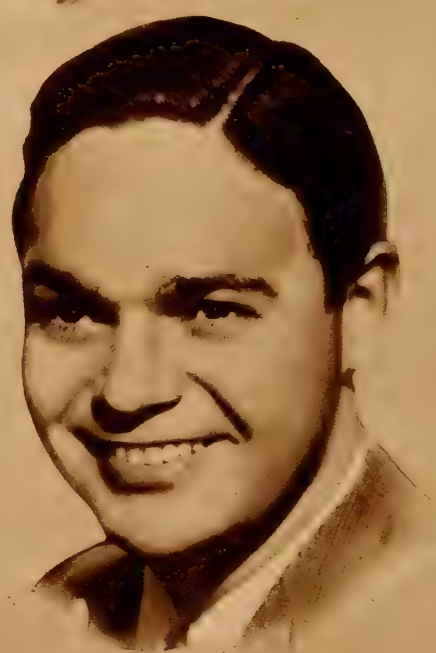




Jane Froman, above, and Jan Peerce, right, sing with Erno Rapee's orchestra on the Gulf Musical Playhouse, heard Sunday nights at 7:30 over CBS.

Bob Crosby's swing band is playing in the interests of a cigarette company these hot Tuesday evenings at 9:30, over the Columbia network.





James Melton, above, and Francia White, left, help Don Voorhees' orchestra bring you melody and romance Sunday nights at nine on the Columbia networks. They're pinch-hitting for the serious music of the Ford Symphony Hour.

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

# Specials

**shows—old favorites and newcomers, and**

**no matter how high the thermometer goes**



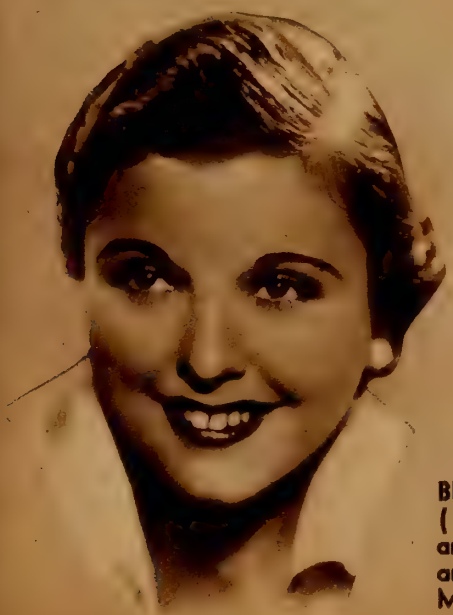




For drama, listen to the stars of the Woodbury Playhouse Sundays at 9:00 on NBC. Gale Page, above, and Jim Ameche, left, are substituting for Charles Boyer.

What's My Name? asks Arlene Francis, above, on NBC's quiz program, Wednesday at 9:00. Edna Odell, below, sings with Alec Templeton while Fibber McGee and Molly take a holiday.



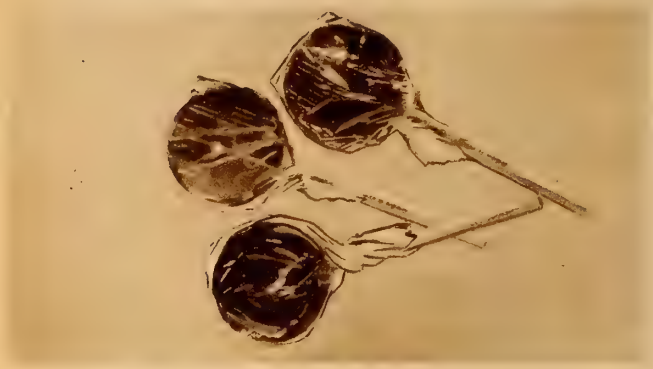


Blondie and Dagwood (Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake) are on the air now! Monday, CBS, 7:30.



*20th Century-Fox*

Alice Faye played opposite Don Ameche in the film "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell."
(1) True ☐ False ☐



*Courtesy of Loft's*

A seersucker is a lollypop, very much enjoyed by kids—and often by many a grown up as well.
(2) True ☐ False ☐




Most lisle stockings manufactured for women are made of a specially treated kind of silk.
(3) True ☐ False ☐

William Powell played the title role in the movie detective thriller, "The Thin Man."
(4) True ☐ False ☐



# "TRUE OR

ONCE more Radio and Television Mirror adapts one of radio's popular quiz programs to the printed page. Here are ten questions taken from the True or False program, heard Monday evenings at 10:00, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over NBC stations. Read the captions under the pictures, check whether the statements are true or false in the spaces provided, and then turn to page 76 to see how many



A chaise-longue (Shez-long) is a bench like the one Jeanette MacDonald is sitting on.
(5) True ☐ False ☐

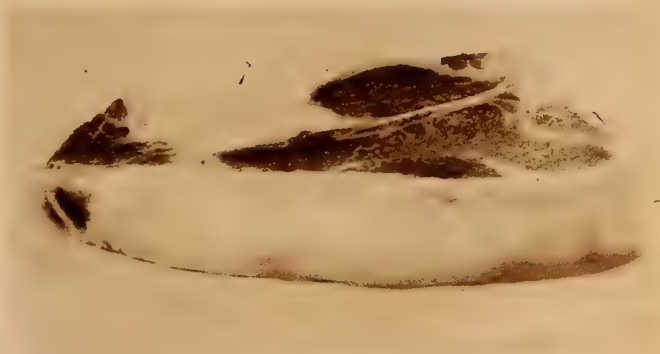
Dr. Harry Hagen has won many trophies as one of America's leading professional golfers.
(6) True ☐ False ☐



# FALSE ?"




A "dead mike" means an Irish comedian (like Walter O'Keefe, above) when he's off the air.
(7) True ☐ False ☐

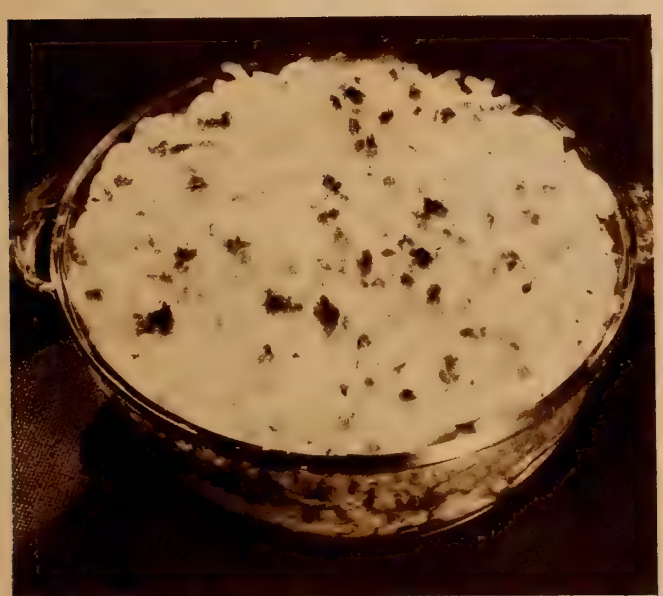


*Courtesy of Swift's Premium Beef*

A Porterhouse steak is one of the tenderest cuts taken from the hindquarters of a beef.
(8) True ☐ False ☐

you got right. We hesitate to lay down any exact rules for the amount of True or False knowledge you should have, but you really ought to get at least seven out of the ten questions correct—even if this is hot weather.

Listen to the Monday night programs, sponsored by Williams Shaving Cream, to which RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR extends its thanks for permission to publish this feature.



Parchesi is frequently grated and served as a garnish, sprinkled over spaghetti or macaroni.
(9) True ☐ False ☐



*Universal*

The short jacket which charming Deanna Durbin is wearing, above, is known as a bolero.
(10) True ☐ False ☐

# Noel Mills

■ Radio's beautiful new star, the heroine of the CBS serial, "When a Girl Marries," is heard at 2:45 p.m., Mondays through Fridays. Noel plays the dramatic role of Joan Fields, a girl in love in spite of her family's opposition. Elaine Sterne Carrington, famous author, is writing the serial.

CBS photo



RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

# MY DAUGHTERS Sing Swing



By
**MRS. FRANCES TILTON**

***—A modern mother who defends her daughters' singing with dance bands and defies you to prove she's wrong.***

I AM the mother of two nice American girls. Their names are Martha and Elizabeth and if it were not for their jobs, they would be exactly like any other lively, pretty, prom-trotting college co-eds.

Both of them happen, however, to make their living singing swing with bands. Until recently, Martha has had what I suppose people in the business would call the biggest job of its kind in the country —featured vocalist with Benny Goodman's Swing Orchestra.

The baby of the family—Elizabeth—who is three years younger than Martha, sings with Buddy Rogers' band here on the West Coast. So far, you can just hear her locally on West Coast stations.

I have always considered myself a pretty typical American mother. But, since Mart and Liz started traveling with swing bands, I have become aware that some people, finding out that I am the mother of two swinging daughters, look at me as if they thought I might be out of my mind, permitting my girls to be exposed to what I am sure these people feel are the dangers of swing music in general—and swing musicians in particular.

And as for allowing Mart and Liz to travel—the only girl with twelve or thirteen men—allowing them to stay up all hours of the night in public places where liquor is sold, allowing them to ride unchaperoned in buses or trains with drummers and trumpet players and saxophonists—well, I guess there's many another mother in America who thinks I am sending my daughters straight down the path to perdition.

I can only insist that they are quite wrong. And I think I can tell them why.

To me, there is nothing either dangerous or frightening about my girls' jobs. The hours they work—usually from about nine at night to two or three in the morning—may seem a little strange to people who think of jobs as day-time propositions. But you can't always choose the (*Continued on page* 51)



Martha was the first to leave home. Elizabeth followed soon after. Would you have given them your blessing? Inset, Martha and Elizabeth (right).

# Interrupted



*This is the story of Alice Drake and Bob Borden, two fine young people I've known ever since they were born. It's one of the strangest stories I've ever told on my CBS radio program, and it proves something that most folks are likely to forget—that misplaced chivalry and nobility can sometimes rob you of everything that's valuable in life. But suppose I let you read the truth about the scandal that marred Alice's wedding day, told just as Alice herself told it to me.* AUNT JENNY

**THE STORY OF ALICE DRAKE AND BOB BORDEN AND THE SCANDAL THAT BROKE UP THEIR WEDDING WAS FIRST BROADCAST BY AUNT JENNY ON HER CBS MORNING PROGRAM, SPONSORED BY THE MAKERS OF SPRY**

UNTIL those dreadful three days when life suddenly turned itself upside down and became a nightmare, I'd never thought much about the effect one person can have

# Wedding

**Four lives on the verge of ruin — all because of one man's warped ideals of love! Aunt Jenny tells another dramatic real-life story**



She shook her finger in Bob's face. "You're going to marry my daughter! And you thought I wouldn't find you!"

on other people's lives. Oh, I'd realized that some people were bad, some good, but I'd never understood how much harm even the good ones can do, given the opportunity, and given the wrong conception of what's the right course to follow.

And before I learned, one man's mistaken notion of nobility had almost wrecked four lives—one of them his own, two of them mine and that of the man I loved.

I wasn't even slightly nervous on my wedding day. The white roses and bridal wreath I carried lay quietly against my arm. I was only sorry that my mother, who died when I was twelve, couldn't be with us. And Bob wasn't nervous either. When father and I came up the aisle to him he was quick to smile. He was an eager bridegroom. Loving each other the way we did, we both felt we had waited too long. The last year, especially, had been endless. Bob had been supervising the construction of a bridge in Nebraska, and we had been separated for twelve long months.

The organ swelled, then faded away, and the beautiful words of the marriage ceremony filled the hushed church.

"Dearly Beloved. . . ."

And then it happened. That harsh, high-pitched voice cut through the minister's words.

"Bob Borden can't marry that girl!"

A woman had rushed up the aisle to stand behind us. And her face was the right face for her voice. Her eyes were small and close and pale and her mouth was moist and greedy. She shook her finger in Bob's astonished, shocked face.

"You're going to marry *my* daughter," she told him. "You thought I wouldn't find you, didn't you?"

In the hush that followed her words, the scene imprinted itself indelibly on my brain. It is strange, all through those three horrible days, how some incidents were etched on my memory as if with acid, while others, mercifully, grew blurred and fuzzy almost as they occurred.

The minister came to our rescue. He held up his hand and addressed the congregation. "There has been a tragic misunderstanding," he said soberly, "and I ask you all to leave. This—this will be explained later."

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But even as he said it, I saw the beginnings of that doubt I was so soon to find on every face.

We were herded into a little room behind the altar—Bob, my father, the woman, and I. Bob reached for my hand while he spoke to my father.

"Mr. Drake," he said, "I'm not to blame for this. This woman owns the boarding house where I lived in Harmony, Nebraska, while I was working on the bridge. But it isn't her daughter she's talking about—it's her step-daughter."

"It's—it's all right, Bob," my father said—although even then I knew that his pride had suffered a severe blow through this scandalous interruption of his daughter's wedding. "We'll stand by you."

As for me, I could only trust myself to squeeze Bob's arm, in token of my trust.

BUT the woman saw my gesture, and it enraged her. She stood close to us, thrusting her face too close to ours. "Don't try to lie out of this," she screamed at Bob. "You know you made love to my daughter! You took her out in an automobile, and wrecked it—and now she's crippled and disfigured! And a lot you care. You ran away!"

Bob's voice was low and strained. "I never made love to your step-daughter. I wasn't driving the car when the accident happened. And when I left Harmony I believed your daughter was recovering."

"You're lying," she said. "To protect your skin so you can marry Miss High and Mighty here. She's rich, I suppose. And my poor girl isn't."

Bob was haggard—years older than he had been fifteen minutes before. "Mr. Drake," he said, "take Alice home. I don't want her subjected to this any longer. I'll come along later, when I've got things straightened out with Mrs. McCreagh. And I'll explain everything."



"I'd rather wait with you, Bob," I pleaded. Some premonition of further disaster warned me not to lose sight of him.

His lips brushed my cheek. "I can't bear to have you here," he said. "Go with your father, like a darling. I'll see you soon."

We waited, father and I, in the living room. Hours dragged by. Again and again I went over the same ground, re-enacting that frightful scene in the church, trying to find some sense in it. The woman was obviously mad. How could anyone take her seriously? And yet, as the clock ticked maddeningly on, I saw my father's lips become pinched and stern, his eyes cold and remote.

I think he was better prepared than I for the message the minister brought with him when he came at last—alone.

"Bob wants me to tell you he felt it wise to return to Nebraska with Mrs. McCreagh. He will write you."

When he had gone, my father took my hand in his and said gravely, "Alice, there's something very wrong here. I've tried to be patient—but it's clear to be seen that Bob wouldn't have gone back to Nebraska with that woman if he didn't have to."

"But it can't be true!" I exclaimed. "Bob and I have been in love since we were children—he wouldn't do this to me!"

Father's eyes were sad. "Young men away from home, having their first taste of freedom, sometimes—sometimes let freedom go to their heads. . . ."

He threw his shoulders back. "I want you to go to New York tomorrow for a long visit with your Aunt Emily—until the talk around town dies down. And . . . Alice . . . I think you'd better forget Bob."

Poor Father—even in the midst of his anger and humiliation (for in a town the size of ours, what had happened to us was a juicy scandal, and Father knew it very well) he tried to be gentle. I know he was relieved when I docilely assented to his plan and boarded the train, the next day, for New York.

But I was not being docile. In the midst of the whirling darkness of my thoughts, one fact shone clear and steady, like the beacon of a light-house. Bob would not—*could* not—deceive me. And I could not desert him.

At the first station I could I left the east-bound train and exchanged my ticket to New York for one to Harmony, Nebraska.

The green fields whirling past the car windows gave way to long, rolling brown plains, stretching away into the dim horizon. Somewhere in that vast panorama was Harmony, and in Harmony was Bob, needing my help. In my soul, I had already pledged him my marriage vows . . . "in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow" . . . Was that the way the service went? Mine had been interrupted before it got that far. It didn't matter. My husband, my lover was in trouble; I could not understand, but I could be at his side.

I was frightened when I got off the train at Harmony, a desolate little town set in the midst of the surrounding flatness. But I was determined. I found a taxi and told the driver to take me to Mrs. McCreagh's.

"Mr. Borden?" repeated the slovenly maid who admitted me into the big frame house the taxi driver stopped at. "Sure, he's around."

When Bob came and saw me there his face brightened. But only for a moment. Then that dreadful gray, set look returned. "Alice!" he said. "Darling, you shouldn't have come here."

"I don't understand what has happened," I told him, "but you're in some kind of trouble. And it's serious or you never would have come back here—and if you're in trouble, so am I."

The harsh lines around his mouth softened at that. "Darling. But I will not have you dragged into it."

"Just explain to me, Bob," I begged. "Then, if you say so, I'll go away. But—it's all so crazy, so mixed-up—I've got to know what happened."

HE rubbed his hand over his forehead, across his bloodshot, weary eyes. "All right, dear. I'm in a spot. I *was* in the car the night Georgia—that's Mrs. McCreagh's stepdaughter — was hurt. I even hired the car, in my name. Mrs. McCreagh can prove that. But I wasn't driving it — the accident wasn't my fault. And—" he looked steadily at me—"I've never, never made love to Georgia. You believe that, don't you?"

"Of course I believe it!" I breathed. "Only—only, who was driving the car, Bob?"

"That . . . I won't tell you," he said slowly. "Because I won't have you getting mixed up in this business. There may be a law suit over it. I don't know. Mrs. McCreagh says she'll sue me if I don't—marry—Georgia. And it would kill me if you knew anything that got you brought into court."

My head was whirling. Law suits—threats (*Continued on page* 74)



Gene Autry's visit to the CBS Star Theater brought out a rash of cowboy clothes. Left to right, Gene, director Bill Bacher, David Broekman, Kenny Baker, Jimmy Wallington

# HOLLYWOOD
## RADIO WHISPERS

**By GEORGE FISHER**

■ Listen to George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night over Mutual.



Dorothy Lamour is dating 'em all these days. Above, dancing with Bruce Cabot.

FUNNIEST surprise of the month was the birthday party tendered Norris Goff, the "Abner" of the "Lum and Abner" team, after one of their broadcasts. "Lum" wheeled a brand new motor bike right into the studio and presented it to Goff, with the one stipulation that he must "ride it out." The result was the first motorized tour of the CBS Studios, when Goff zoomed out of the studio doors . . . without first learning how to stop the machine. After circling the lobby for five minutes, he finally escaped through the auditorium door into the adjacent auto parking lot, where attendants brought it under control.

* * *

SIZZLING WHISPERS

Wayne Morris is not at all happy over his forthcoming radio appearance for Warner Bros. Wayne's slated for the lead in a boxing series . . . but he'd rather be the romantic type!

* * *

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler are making their second stork visit to the Evanston Cradle . . . they'll adopt another baby boy.

Georgie Stoll, who maestroed the Camel Caravan for so long, is giving up his MGM music making work to preside musically over another network show this Fall! Georgie's last picture work was directing the music on Mervyn Le Roy's "Wizard of Oz."

* * *

The "Circle" in Hollywood circles, is considered the radio dud of the year. A great idea that fell through. PREDICTION: "The Circle" will have many copiers next year . . . but good.

(*Continued on page* 67)

# I Married

**Where did her loyalty belong?—with her unborn child, with the man who preferred fame to her love, or with the pitiful woman who had first claim on him?**



PART II

MY STORY:

Because Greg Dean was on the threshold of success as a radio and screen star, we agreed to keep our runaway marriage a secret. We were almost successful—only one person found out. He was Ralph Mont, the Hollywood gossip broadcaster at the radio studio where I took small parts in dramatic programs, and where Greg sang on a local variety show. But because Ralph was my friend, he agreed not to use the information on the air, and I did not even tell Greg he knew our secret. As the weeks passed, I found that Greg was changing. He was working in his first picture under a contract at one of the studios, and it seemed to be more and more difficult for him to find time to see me. On the night the picture was previewed, he didn't tell me about it, and I wouldn't have seen the preview if Ralph hadn't taken me. Watching the picture, we knew that Greg was a coming star, and when it was over and I caught sight of him coming out of the theater, I couldn't help running up to him. He was with some other people and he pretended not to know me. The next day I delivered an ultimatum to Greg: this secrecy must come to an end. But he persuaded me to wait a while longer, because the studio was sending him on a personal appearance tour to build up his popularity. I consented, and he left on the tour. But three weeks later Ralph came to me with terrible news. Greg's first wife had appeared, and was planning on contesting Greg's Mexican divorce on the grounds that it had been illegally obtained. It was news that shocked me into telling Ralph something that even Greg did not know—that I was going to have Greg's baby.

* * *

RALPH'S expression didn't change. He said slowly: "A baby. Well—that makes things different, doesn't it?"

# Outside the Law



I felt numb and sick. Everything she said had painted a new and horrible picture of Greg for my eyes.

"Ralph," I said, "she can't do this to us. What does she want to do—ruin Greg's career?"

He shook his head. "No—she just wants money, more likely. The way I figure it, she was satisfied to let Greg go until he began getting famous. Then she must have decided she'd better cash in on him."

"Who is she? Is she here in Hollywood?"

"Yes, she's in town," he told me, "but I don't know much about her. I just got the tip tonight from a fellow in the *Record* office. He wouldn't have told me, of course, if I'd been going on the air tonight."

I took a deep breath. "Can you find out where she is? I want to see her."

"Wait a minute, Kay," he protested. "I don't think that's a good idea, at all. She doesn't know Greg has married again—and if she finds it out, then she has him in a really tough spot. She could have him arrested for bigamy."

"I won't let her find out. . . . Please, Ralph, see if you can't get her name and address."

Unwillingly, he went to the telephone, where he carried on a short, low-voiced conversation. When he hung up he handed me a slip of paper on which he'd pencilled a name, Mrs. Beatrice Boerland—Greg's real last name—and an address on a street in the poorest section of Los Angeles.

"I'll drive you down there," he said, "and wait for you outside. Unless you'd rather I went in with you."

"No," I said, "I think it would be better if I saw her alone."

"She must really be down on her luck, or she wouldn't be living at that address," Ralph pointed out as we got into his car. "Either that or she's putting on an act."

THE tumbledown frame building before which we stopped thirty minutes later certainly didn't look like a place anyone would choose to live in. Gaunt and rickety, it was a relic of Los Angeles' oldest days. Once, perhaps, it had been some wealthy *caballero's* home, but now the city had crowded in on it, jostled it until it was unsteady on its foundations, dirtied it with grime and dust.

"Whew!" Ralph murmured. "I'd better help you find her." And I was glad of his company up the unsteady front stairs and into the shadowy hall. I stood there while he knocked on several doors without receiving any answer. At last one of them opened, and a sullen man in undershirt and trousers directed us to a room on the second floor for Mrs. Boerland.

Clinging to Ralph's arm, I went up another (*Continued on page* 70)

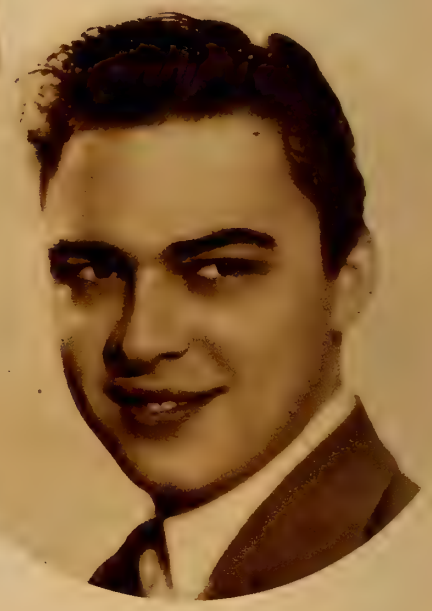
# FACING the MUSIC

BY KEN ALDEN





Behind that trombone is radio row's latest favored swing leader—Glenn Miller. Glenn's playing at Westchester's popular Glen Island Casino, with a network wire over NBC. The lovely blonde is Marion Hutton who is Glenn's vocalist. Below, Ray Eberle also sings with the band.



CHARLIE BARNET dropped his entire band for a week recently just to fly west and play patty-cake with Dorothy Lamour. Then he came back and rehired the band all over again. The love bug has surely bit him. In order to catch the westbound plane Charlie hired an ambulance so he could pass all the traffic spots.

* * *

If the Lombardos really break precedent and hire a girl singer you can bet she will be a Lombardo relative.

* * *

We told you that Bob Crosby was headed for a coast-to-coast commercial. He replaced Benny Goodman in June.

* * *

Pete Viera, 32-year-old middle western pianist replaced Bob Zurke in the Bob Crosby Cat-clan.

* * *

You'll never recognize the Benny Goodman and Hal Kemp bands—there have been so many replacements.

* * *

Kemp's organization must be a great training school for future batoneers. Look at the graduates: Skinnay Ennis, John Scott Trotter and now Saxie Dowell.

Little Jack Little is back with a new band. His old one is now operated by Mitchell Ayres.

* * *

Al Donahue stays at the Rainbow Room in Radio City until October 10.

* * *

Hal Kemp returns to the Waldorf-Astoria in August.

* * *

Radio listeners and tin pan alley mourn the passing of swing band leader Chick Webb, of "A Tisket, a Tasket" fame, who died of tuberculosis.

* * *

Buddy Rogers will try again to lead a band when he returns from Europe with his wife, Mary Pickford. Having failed to click with a swing and sweet band, Buddy will groom one along the lines of a presentation outfit, a la Heidt and Waring. His manager is lining up musicians and soloists and has designs on the talents of those 17-year-old Steele Sisters who chirped on the Musical Steelmakers program over MBS. These kids recently had a professional tryout with Heidt.

* * *

Those band feuds have never materialized. This summer Garber and Lombardo were both in New York at the same time and never crossed swords. Earlier this season Kyser and Kaye played in Gotham simultaneously and never came to blows.

* * *

The hit tune from Billy Rose's Aquacade "Yours for a Song" is a Jesse James on Snow White's "One Song."

(*Continued on page* 79)

# Penny for penny your best Cigarette buy

**By burning 25% *slower***
**than the average of the 15 other**
**of the largest-selling brands tested**
**— slower than *any* of them —**
**CAMELS give smokers the equivalent of**

## 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!






Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

### PUFF BY PUFF YOUR GREATEST SMOKING PLEASURE

The next time you light up a Camel, notice how *slowly* it burns . . . and be glad. For —

*With slow-burning Camels you get* — a cooler, milder smoke. Fine fragrance, too — and what a delicate taste!

*With slow-burning Camels you get* — added moments of smoking. The pleasure is prolonged!

*With slow-burning Camels you get*—smoking pleasure at its best. For Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos!

Smoke Camels and enjoy what Camels have to give — rare smoking pleasure and *more* smoking in every pack!

IN APRIL, 1939, a group of scientists made some unusual tests of cigarettes. They applied the same tests—*impartially*—to 16 of the largest-selling cigarette brands. Here are the results:

1. ***In the Weight Test*** — Camels were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2. ***In the Burning Test (or Smoking Test)*** — CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3. ***In the Ash Test*** — In this test, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.

Camel, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, is the luxury smoke *every* smoker can afford. Truly, penny for penny your best cigarette buy!

SMOKING IS BELIEVING . . . Jean Martin and William Bishop enjoying Camels at the New York World's Fair. "I've often noticed that Camels burn more slowly," says Jean. "I think that's one reason why they smoke cooler and milder. As far as I'm concerned, smoking is *believing!* I *know* that Camel smoke is cool on my throat. And Camels have such a delicate taste!"

# Camel's expensive Tobaccos... So inexpensive to Smoke

# Everybody's talking about the extra care, brilliance that Luster-Foam "*bubble bath*" gives the teeth!



**BETTY:** That Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the new Listerine Tooth Paste is marvelous . . . my mouth feels so fresh.

**BETH:** And did you ever see anything like the way it makes teeth sparkle?



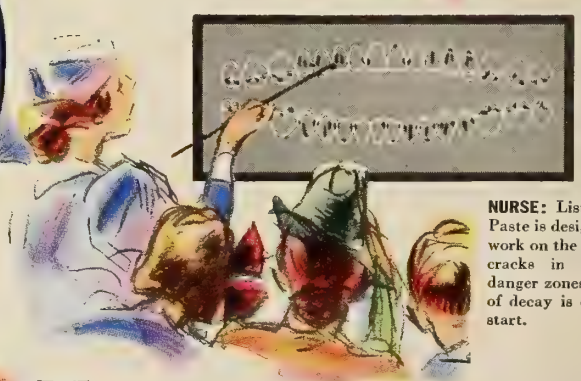
**1st REPORTER:** Ever see a smile so dazzling? All these glamour girls have it—I wonder why?

**2nd REPORTER:** It's the dentifrice they use—the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. It's swell!



**JIM:** Even if I am your husband, I've got to admit your smile gets more gorgeous daily.

**JOAN:** Honey, it's that Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the New Listerine Tooth Paste that does it.



**NURSE:** Listerine Tooth Paste is designed to go to work on the tiny pits and cracks in enamel—the danger zones where 75% of decay is estimated to start.



**LARRY:** Will we ever save enough to own one?

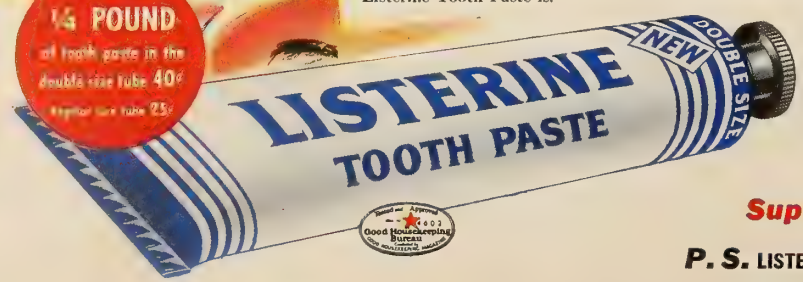
**LOU:** Leave it to me! I'm budgeting everything, including tooth paste. And what a money-saver this New Listerine Tooth Paste is.

## When are you going to try it?

Don't be so wedded to old favorites that you miss out on the utterly different, wholly delightful action that you get with Luster-Foam detergent in the New Listerine Tooth Paste. You'll wonder why you ever used any other paste.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into an aromatic, dainty, foaming "bubble bath" that wakes up the mouth. It surges over, around, and in between the teeth to accomplish cleansing that you didn't believe possible. And what dazzling luster it gives.

You know this new dentifrice must be delightful, because six million tubes of it were sold in 90 days. In two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big double-size at 40¢, containing more than ¼ of a pound of tooth paste. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Missouri.*



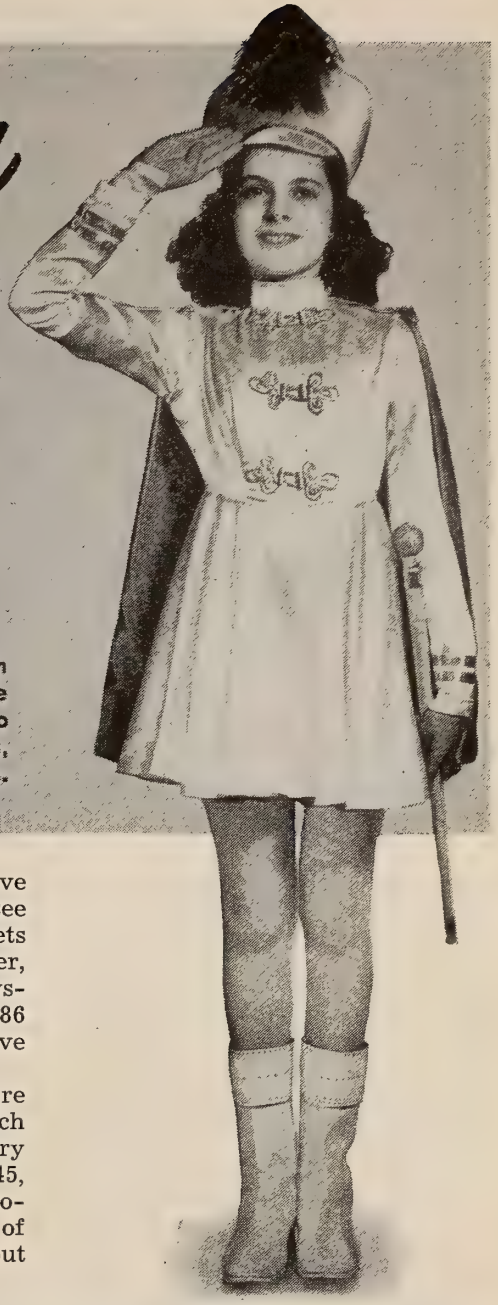

**THE *NEW* FORMULA**

***Supercharged with* LUSTER-FOAM**

***P. S.*** **LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS LUSTER-FOAM**




# Summer School



For the March of Games contest on CBS, little Sybil Trent, right, the Drum Major, leads the contestants to the mike, while young Arthur Ross, left, puts them through their paces.

WHILE the summer sun beats in at the closed windows of the school house, the CBS March of Games program sees to it that you don't let those cobwebs settle on your brain while you're having a good time. For the March of Games is a quiz show for everybody between the ages of eight and sixteen—although its questions can make some of the older folks scratch their heads for an answer. If you don't believe it, try this game:

In the box below are 14 questions especially prepared by Natalie Purvin Prager, originator of the show. Try the quiz yourself, and then give it to your mother or father—and see which member of the family gets the highest score. But remember, this game is run on the honor system—the answers are on page 86 but it's no fair looking until you've finished.

After you've done the quiz, you're sure to want to listen to the March of Games program, on CBS every Tuesday and Thursday at 5:45, Eastern Daylight Time. It's produced by Nila Mack, director of children's programs at CBS, but only children take part in it.

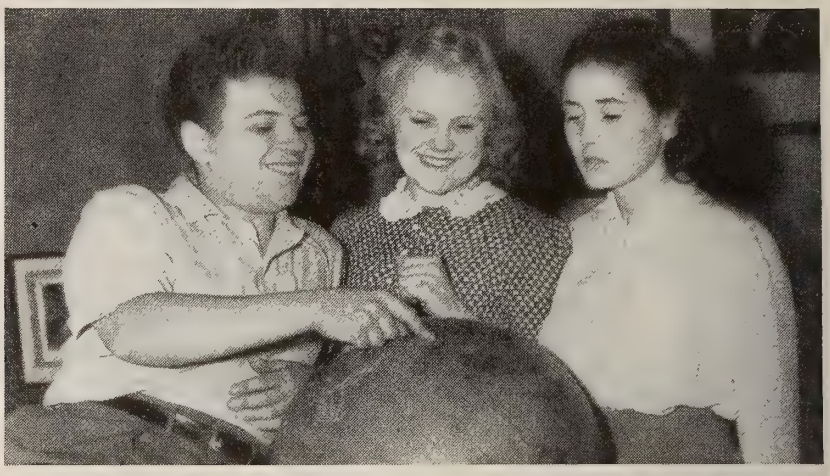


1. Right or Wrong: An Indian mother carries her caboose on her back?
2. A giant is always very big, little or cruel?
3. What would one do with a coronet? Eat it, play on it or wear it?
4. Indian is to Teepee as eskimo is to . . . . . ?
5. Right or Wrong: A water moccasin is a fancy bathing shoe?
6. Would you write, ride or eat an avocado?
7. The Pilgrims landed at Fort Ticonderoga, Plymouth Rock, or Massachusetts Bay?
8. Right or Wrong: The little people with whom Gulliver dwelt in "Gulliver's Travel's," were called Hottentots?
9. Would you look for kohlrabi in a mine, in a garden or at the Zoo?
10. Spot the word that does not belong in this group:
    Hockey, Checkers, Lotto, Chess, Backgammon.
11. What did the following nursery rhyme characters eat?
    A. Miss Muffet . . . . B. Jack Horner . . . . C. The Knave of Hearts . . . .
12. Right or Wrong: Napoleon Bonaparte was a Frenchman?
13. Name three songs that have a girl's name as the title?
14. In what country would you look for the following:
    A. Jinricksha . . . . . B. Windmill . . . . . C. Gondola . . . . . .

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | **8:00 A.M.** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Peerless Trio** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Organ Recital** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Four Showmen** |
| | | | **8:45** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Animal News** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **From the Organ Loft** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Turn Back the Clock** |
| | | | **9:15** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Red: **Tom Teriss** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Aubade for Strings** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Crawford Caravan** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| | | 9:00 | CBS: **Church of the Air** |
| | | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Highlights of the Bible** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| | | 9:30 | CBS: **Wings Over Jordan** |
| | | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Russian Melodies** |
| | | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Children's Hour** |
| | | | **11:00** |
| 10:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **News and Rhythm** |
| | | | **11:05** |
| | 9:05 | 10:05 | NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen** |
| | | | **11:15** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell** |
| | | | **11:30** |
| 8:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **MAJOR BOWES FAMILY** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Southernaires** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **News** |
| | | | **11:45** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Vernon Crane's Story Book** |
| | | | **12:00 Noon** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Walter Logan Music** |
| | | | **12:30 P.M.** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle** |
| | | | **1:00** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **Church of the Air** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Blue: **Waterloo Junction** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Red: **Music for Moderns** |
| | | | **1:30** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Sunday Symphonette** |
| | | | **2:00** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Democracy in Action** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's** |
| | | | **2:30** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **It Goes Like This** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table** |
| | | | **2:45** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Kidoodlers** |
| | | | **3:00** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: **CBS Symphony** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Sunday Drivers** |
| | | | **3:15** |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Blue: **Bookman's Notebook** |
| | | | **3:30** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Blue: **Festival of Music** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Name the Place** |
| | | | **4:00** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: **Musical Fun** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **National Vespers** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Rangers Serenade** |
| | | | **4:30** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **The World is Yours** |
| | | | **5:00** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Blue: **News from Washington** |
| | | | **5:30** |
| | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **The Spelling Bee** |
| | | | **5:45** |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ray Perkins** |
| | | | **6:00** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour** |
| | | | **6:30** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **Gateway to Hollywood** |
| | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Red: **Grouch Club** |
| | | | **7:00** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Alibi Club** |
| 7:30 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **The Aldrich Family** |
| | | | **7:30** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Musical Playhouse** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Blue: **Radio Guild** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon** |
| | | | **8:00** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **Ellery Queen** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **NBC Symphony** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **DON AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **Ford Show** |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **HOLLYWOOD PLAY-HOUSE** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| 7:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **Walter Winchell** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music** |
| | | | **9:45** |
| 7:15 | 7:45 | 8:45 | NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Knickerbocker Playhouse** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | MBS: **Goodwill Hour** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Cheerio** |
| | | | **11:00** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Dance Orchestra** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: **Dance Orchestra** |

# SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ From the play, "What a Life"; Ezra Stone, Marguerite Lodge, Ann Lincoln

**Tune-In Bulletin for July 30, August 6, 13 and 20!**

July 30: If you like to solve mystery puzzles, be sure to listen to the Adventures of Ellery Queen, on CBS tonight at 8:00.

August 6: And another quiz program—this time about music—is the Hour of Musical Fun, on CBS at 4:00 this afternoon.

August 13: NBC has a couple of sports events for you—the National Soap Box Derby from Akron, Ohio, and the finals of the Eastern grass court tennis tournament.

August 20: The largest army maneuvers since the World War are on the air today, over CBS—the U. S. Army war games from Plattsburg, N. Y.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Aldrich Family, starring Ezra Stone as Henry Aldrich, on NBC-Red from 7:00 to 7:30, Eastern Daylight Time (rebroadcast to the West at 7:30, Pacific Time), sponsored by Jell-O.

Old star-maker Rudy Vallee is responsible for this half-hour weekly serial, as he is responsible for so many radio successes. With the help of Rudy, The Aldrich Family "just happened."

It all started with the play, "What a Life," which was a Broadway hit from the minute it opened more than a year ago. In the natural course of events, Rudy Vallee presented a scene from the play on his NBC program—and scored such a success with it that he asked Clifford Goldsmith, who wrote the play, to write another Aldrich Family sketch for use the next week. This original sketch was funnier than the scene from the play, so Author Goldsmith wrote another, also for the Vallee Hour. By this time radio agencies were bidding for the services of Goldsmith and Ezra Stone, and the successful bidder was the Young and Rubicam agency—which promptly put The Aldrich Family on Rudy's competing program, Kate Smith's Hour. There it stayed until this summer, when it took Jack Benny's time.

The Aldrich Family consists of Henry, played by Ezra Stone, his sister Mary, played by Ann Lincoln, his mother, played by Katherine Raht, and his father, played by House Jameson. Ezra Stone and Ann Lincoln are the only members of the radio cast who are also in the Broadway play—and in that Ann is only an extra. She was so good when she auditioned for the Mary part, though, that she won it in competition with twenty-five other actresses.

Like Orson Welles, Ezra Stone is a youthful theatrical genius—but unlike Orson, he's not spectacular. It's hard to believe that this modest young fellow—only 22—is already one of the trusted lieutenants of the famous theatrical producer, George Abbott. He lives quietly with his parents in Brooklyn, but they probably don't see much of him, he's so busy acting Henry Aldrich on the stage and over the air, speaking at high schools and clubs, and helping run the business affairs of the stage play. Some time ago "What a Life" would have closed, but Ezra talked Producer Abbott into letting the cast take it over on a co-operative basis, and since then he has been practically the business manager as well as the star. By this time all his different responsibilities should have put a few gray hairs into his head—but as Ezra himself points out, you couldn't see them anyway because for his role of Henry he has to keep his naturally dark brown hair dyed a bright golden red.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

**ELLIOTT LEWIS—leading man and master of ceremonies on the Knickerbocker Playhouse, on CBS tonight at 10:00. Elliott's been called the radio find of the year. He's only 21 years old, and was studying law in Los Angeles when he started acting on the air to earn tuition money. Then he discovered he loved acting, and now he's given up the study of law entirely.**

INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| 8:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| 8:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| 8:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins** |
| 8:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| 8:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch** |
| 8:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| 8:45 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood** |
| 9:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Martin** |
| 9:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| 9:15 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| 9:15 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| 9:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| 9:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| 9:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **When a Girl Marries** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Time for Thought** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | 5:00 |
| | | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony** |
| | | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Billy and Betty** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:05 |
| | | 5:05 | CBS: **Edwin C. Hill** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce** |
| 7:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Blondie** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 6:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| 6:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Red: **Larry Clinton** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| | 6:00 | 7:00 | **Tune-Up Time** (Aug. 21) |
| 8:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **AL PEARCE** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **Howard and Shelton** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **Magic Key of RCA** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **George McCall** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: **Guy Lombardo** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **True or False** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Contented Hour** |

# MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Tom Howard and George Shelton ponder a knotty argumentative point

**Tune-In Bulletin for July 31, August 7, 14 and 21!**

July 31: The racing season opens today at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and CBS' Bryan Field is on hand to describe it for you.

August 7: You can hear great stage star Margaret Anglin in Orphans of Divorce on NBC-Blue now, at 7:00 tonight.

August 14: Ted Husing describes the play in the National Doubles Tennis tournament at the Longwood Cricket Club in Boston—over CBS.

August 21: Andre Kostelanetz and Walter O'Keefe return on CBS at 8:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Model Minstrels, with Tom Howard and George Shelton, Ray Bloch's orchestra, and the Eton Boys, on CBS at 8:30, E.D.S.T., with a re-broadcast at 7:30, Pacific Coast Time—sponsored by Model Smoking Tobacco.

As proof that arguments can be both funny and profitable, take Tom Howard and George Shelton, who have been arguing for years on every subject under the sun, and have made money out of it. As stars of the Model Minstrels, they stage two bitter arguments every Monday night, exhausting themselves and their listeners.

Tom Howard lives with his wife and daughter in Red Bank, New Jersey; George Shelton maintains a residence on Long Island but spends most of his time in Red Bank, working with Tom on their comedy scripts. Tom, of course, is the zany, loud-voiced fool who always gets things wrong; George is the patient, long-suffering friend who tries—and fails—to put Tom right. Privately, Tom and George get along very well, and only argue in public. They write their own scripts during the week, come into New York on Monday to rehearse with Ray Bloch's orchestra, and keep changing the scripts right up to broadcast time. In fact, since they never use scripts on the air, their broadcast version is frequently at least half ad libbed.

People who listen to Howard and Shelton frequently send them ideas for arguments, but Tom and George wish they wouldn't. All too often someone suggests a subject for argument they've already used, or are working on at that very moment, or had thought of for a future broadcast. In the latter two cases they're afraid to go ahead with their plans for fear the person who suggested the topic will want to be paid for it. So their usual procedure is to send suggestions back unopened—except that frequently a suggestion looks like innocent fan mail, and only reveals its true character after the envelope has been torn open.

Tom and George have been the comedians of Model Minstrels only since the first of this year—but four years ago, when the program first went on the air, they nearly got the job. They were runners-up to Pick and Pat, the successful candidates who left the show last winter.

Out in Red Bank, Tom is considered a solid citizen, one of the pillars of the community. Both he and George are in constant demand to appear at local benefit and charity shows—requests that they never, never turn down. Perhaps more than anyone else on the air, they're typical of their background. Both are real vaudeville troupers, with years and years of work on all kinds of stages behind them. Nothing glamorous about either of them, and they're thankful for it—they're just simple, big-hearted people.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**BETTY LOU GERSON—who plays Julia Meredith in Midstream, the serial on NBC-Red this afternoon at 4:45, Eastern Daylight Time. She's been heard on many network broadcasts, and was Don Ameche's leading lady when he worked in Chicago radio. Betty Lou's a Southern girl, is married to radio director Joe Ainley, and enjoys keeping house and cooking.**

**Complete Programs from July 26 to August 24**

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | | | NBC-Red **Do You Remember** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 9:45 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
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| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **When a Girl Marries** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
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| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Where to Look for Help** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
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| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
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| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
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| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
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| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
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| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red **Ma Perkins** |
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| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
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| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
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| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
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| | | | 5:00 |
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| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony** |
| | | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Billy and Betty** |
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| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:05 |
| | | 5:05 | CBS: **Edwin C. Hill** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| 7:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Red: **Quicksilver Quiz** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **HELEN MENKEN** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **The Human Adventure** |
| 6:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **The Inside Story** |
| 7:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **INFORMATION PLEASE** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **We, the People** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Artie Shaw** |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: **Bob Crosby** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **TRUE STORY TIME** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Alec Templeton** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Hal Kemp** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **If I Had the Chance** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Mr. District Attorney** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Uncle Walter's Doghouse** |

# TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Some of the Waring Gang: Poley McClintock, Patsy Garrett, Paul Gibbons

**Tune-In Bulletin for August 1, 8, 15 and 22!**

August 1: If you missed the opening program last week, here's your chance to listen to the second in a new series on CBS called The Human Adventure. It's exciting stuff about science and the men who work with it . . . Freddie Martin and his orchestra open at the luxurious St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco—listen on both Mutual and NBC.

August 8: True Story Time, with Fulton Oursler, editor in chief of all Macfadden Publications, is a good bet for 9:30 on NBC-Blue.

August 15: More of the National Doubles tennis matches you heard yesterday—on CBS, with Ted Husing announcing.

August 22: For swing fans, there's only one choice tonight at 9:00—Artie Shaw's orchestra on NBC-Blue.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT—Fred Waring in Pleasure Time, sponsored by Chesterfield Cigarettes on NBC-Red from 7:00 to 7:15, Eastern Daylight Time, with a re-broadcast at 7:00, Pacific Coast Time.

To get this fifteen-minute variety show on the air every night except Saturday and Sunday, the services of seventy-five people are required, in one of radio's most complex organizations. Fifty-six of the people are performers—the other nineteen are writers, secretaries, music arrangers, press agents, and even a cook.

Fred Waring has a whole floor of an office building on Broadway, where the affairs of the Waring gang are transacted. A big rehearsal room, just like a radio studio, is equipped with microphones and control-room—and even with recording equipment, so rehearsals can be put on wax and then played back so mistakes can be corrected. In addition, there are several smaller rehearsal rooms, where trios and soloists can practice. There's a ping-pong table, for relaxation when rehearsal hours are long. And off Fred's private office is a compact kitchen, where his personal cook prepares the dinner that Fred and one or two guests eat between the first and second broadcasts.

Every afternoon the Waring gang deserts all this magnificence and repairs to Radio City, where it rehearses some more until it's time to go on the air. Fred always prepares twice as many numbers as he'll need, and never selects a complete program until the very last possible minute—a system that helps keep the show spontaneous and lively. In the gang there are twenty-one "entertainment units"—that is, soloists or specialty combinations; obviously all twenty-one can't be used on a fifteen-minute show, so Fred has devised a mysterious staggering system, understood by no one but himself, for using different acts on different nights.

The whole broadcast is staged exactly as if it were meant to be seen as well as heard. NBC's Studio 8-G, where the gang broadcasts every night but Wednesday, when they use the larger 8-H, has a stage with a curtain; and Fred has the curtain raised at the start of the show and lowered at the end. He also uses different lighting effects for the various numbers. All this for the reason that he wants to keep his entertainers accustomed to acting for audiences as well as for the mike.

Studio audiences at Pleasure Time get a double measure of enjoyment, because after the broadcast a further informal entertainment is always given by the gang—Fred thinks fifteen minutes of fun isn't enough repayment for the trouble of getting a broadcast ticket, going to Radio City, and settling yourself in the studio.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**RUTH CARHART—whose lovely contralto voice is heard on Story of the Song, over CBS at 3:30 this afternoon, and on other CBS programs. Ruth was born in Ellsworth, Kansas, and revealed musical ability when she was very young. She won a scholarship given by Mme. Schumann-Heink and later attended the Curtis School of Music. While she was in the Curtis School, "Roxy" discovered her and presented her on the air. CBS signed her to a contract soon after, and has recently renewed it for a fourth year, making her one of the few soloists to remain with one network for that long a time.**

# In the Social Whirl —IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

## Both thrilled over the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care* they can give their skin today



***Before Her Guests Arrive***—Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III, busy member of Philadelphia's young married set, steals a moment for an interview.

**QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:**
Do you have to spend a lot of time and money on your complexion, Blanche?

**ANSWER:**
"No, I can't! I haven't much of either. But thanks to Pond's two creams, it isn't necessary. I cream my skin with their cold cream night and morning and when I freshen up at lunch hour. After this cleansing, I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base."

**QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:**
Mrs. Drexel, how do you ever find time to keep your skin so smooth and glowing?

**ANSWER:**
"It takes no time at all. To get my skin really clean and fresh, I just cream it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Now that it contains Vitamin A, I have an added reason for using it! Then to smooth little roughnesses away, I pat on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—one application does it."



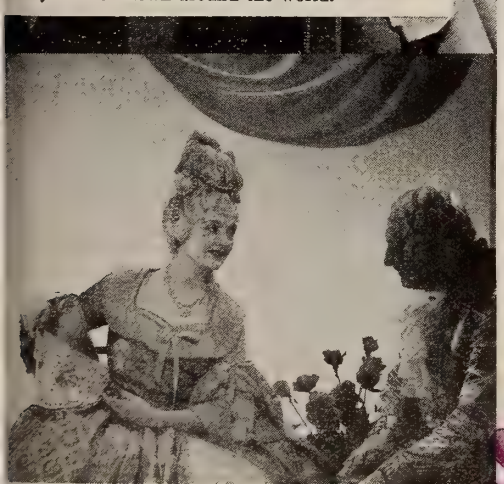
***Yachting Enthusiast***—Mrs. Drexel enjoys cruising in southern waters off Nassau. The family's palatial yacht is known around the world.

**QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:**
Don't sun and wind roughen your skin?

**ANSWER:**
"Not when I protect it with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just one application smooths little roughnesses right away."

**QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:**
Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your cold cream?

**ANSWER:**
"Because it's the 'skin-vitamin'—skin without enough Vitamin A gets rough and dry. So I'm glad I can give my skin an extra supply of this important 'skin-vitamin' with each Pond's creaming."



***Belle of Masquerade***—Mrs. Drexel's regal costume holds every eye. After hours of dancing, she still looks fresh and charming.

**QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:**
What steps do you take to keep your make-up glamorous all evening?

**ANSWER:**
"Before I go out on a date, I get my skin good and clean with Pond's Cold Cream. That makes it soft, too. Then I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream so my skin takes make-up evenly—holds powder longer."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.






***Landed Gov't Job***—Blanche Brewer of Clarksdale, Miss., keeps books. Starred in recent beauty "survey" among capital employees.



***Sunday Afternoon Canoe Trip***—Blanche flashes a winning smile at her admiring escort as he talks to her across the paddle.



***After the Movies***—Blanche says a lingering "good night" on the front steps. She and her sister share small apartment in Washington.

**SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT**

Pond's, Dept. 3KM-(.VJ, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

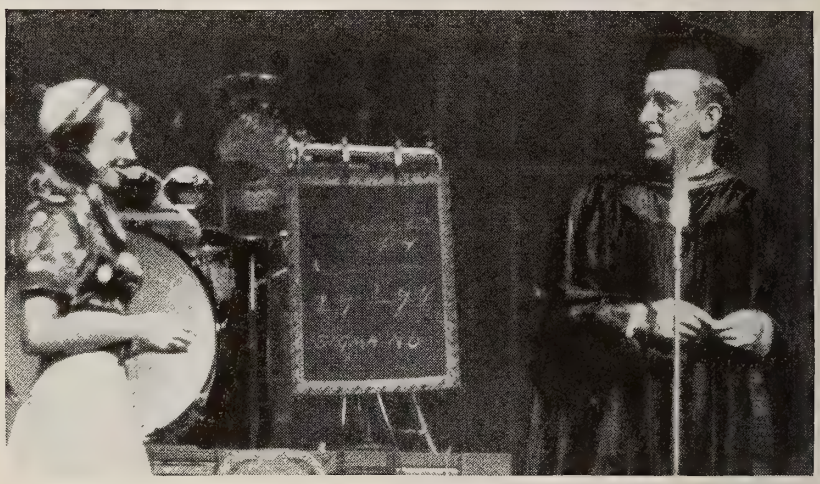
Name_____
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Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Do You Remember** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **When a Girl Marries** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Blue: **Primrose Quartet** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
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| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | 5:00 |
| | | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony** |
| | | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Billy and Betty** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:05 |
| | | 5:05 | CBS: **Edwin C. Hill** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| 7:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Michael Loring** |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **People's Platform** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 6:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **Phil Baker** |
| | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **Hobby Lobby** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Tommy Dorsey** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **Stadium Concert** |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red. **What's My Name** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE** |

# WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Professor Kyser quizzes a willing—and beautiful—pupil

**Tune-In Bulletin for July 26, August 2, 9, 16 and 23!**

July 26: That expert New York Philharmonic Orchestra plays tonight from Lewisohn Stadium, over CBS at 9:00.

August 2: Paul Whiteman's orchestra is on the road now, and tonight's his first broadcast on tour. It comes from the Art Museum in Detroit, on CBS at 8:30.

August 9: Carmel Snow, fashion authority, talks today over CBS, giving you the latest slant on what they're wearing in Paris.

August 16: You can listen to the great Arturo Toscanini today, conducting his second program over NBC from the International Music Festival in Lucerne, Switzerland.

August 23: It's NBC's turn today to broadcast some of the U. S. Army maneuvers.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Kay Kyser and his College of Musical Knowledge, on NBC's Red network from 10:00 to 11:00, Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

If all temples of learning were as much fun as Kay Kyser's College, not a youngster in the world would object to going to school. It's not only a constant series of laughs for the studio and radio audiences, but provides just as much fun for the "faculty"—Kay, his orchestra and soloists, the producers, control room and sound effects men, and even the page boys. There's a general air of hilarity running through the entire studio, from the first minute of rehearsal Wednesday afternoon to the last note of the broadcast.

Although the College is a quiz program, with questions concerning popular music, it does have to have a rehearsal, because of the numerous orchestral and vocal numbers that intersperse the questions. The first hour of band practice is usually directed by one of the men in the orchestra, for then Kay is backstage with his secretary, his arrangers, his research staff and announcer Ben Grauer, going over the script and suggesting last-minute revisions or additions. Also, he makes sure that every piece of music has been arranged in the right key for his pretty girl vocalist, Ginny Simms, or for one of his other two vocalists, Harry Babbitt and Ish Kabibble.

Finally Kay emerges from the conference room and takes over the band for more rehearsal, after which the quiz part of the program is timed. Everybody in the studio has a lot of fun during the timing process. Standing opposite Kay at the microphone is Ben Grauer. Kay asks him the first question and Ben gives a funny answer in return. He ad libs his way through the entire script, giving crazy answers to the questions and often sending everyone into helpless laughter.

Getting the questions together in the first place is no laughing matter, though. It's one of the toughest parts of Kay's job. He employs a large staff of researchers, and insists that they check at least five different sources to be sure they have the right answer to every question—well knowing that it's all too easy to pull a blunder.

If you want to be one of the active participants in a Kay Kyser musical quiz, there's only one way for you to achieve your ambition. Get a ticket to the broadcast, and go to it. The stub of your ticket is deposited in a huge goldfish bowl (without any water in it) which is set on the stage beside Kay, and before the broadcast he has a girl select stubs from the bowl until three girls and three men have been found to broadcast the quiz game. If you're one of the lucky ticket-holders you'll get your chance to display your musical knowledge (or ignorance) to the whole country.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**EDWIN C. HILL—a star reporter for twenty-five years. He got his first newspaper job after graduation from Butler College in Indiana, and soon after that came to New York with $100 and lots of ambition—and was a success with his very first news story. He's been a success on the air, too, since 1931, and tonight at 6:05 you'll hear him broadcating the news over CBS (that is, if you live in the East). His greatest joy is fishing, he usually carries a walking stick and prefers gray suits and gray hats, and he writes all his own broadcasts at top speed on a battered typewriter.**

# Jerry is a grand job of Baby-Raising!

## A big gain in the first year...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS










**"When baby specialists approve,** it's so reassuring," says Gerald Wright's mother. "I never doubted that Clapp's was right for Jerry.

"After all, the Clapp people *should* know most about baby foods—they were the first to make them 18 years ago, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else. They know just what flavors and textures babies will like!"

**"You could almost see Jerry grow** after he began to get the full menu of Clapp's Strained Foods. Look at the difference between these pictures—the way he filled out and hardened up!

"On the average, he grew about an inch and gained more than a pound a month. There surely must be lots of vitamins and minerals in those Clapp's Strained Foods!"

### 17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

**Soups** —Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

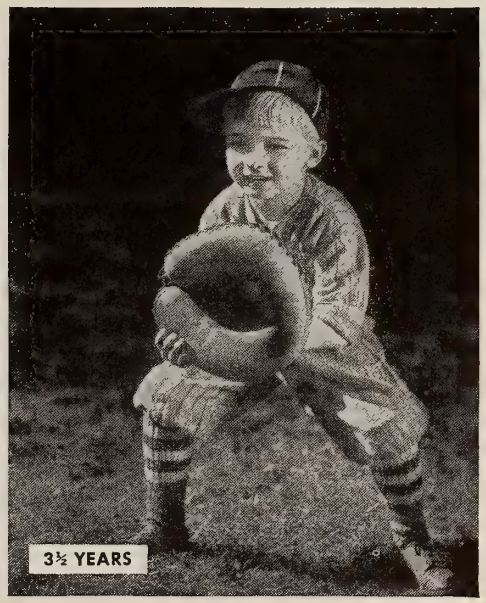
**Vegetables**—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

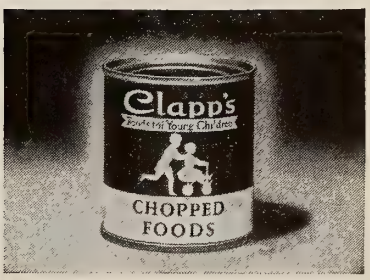
**Fruits** —Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

**Cereal** —Baby Cereal

## Fine progress ever since...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS




**"He's never been a fussy eater** like so many little tots. Not even when the time came to go on coarser foods—he changed from Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods without a single hitch.

"Of course, the Chopped Foods have exactly the same good flavors, and they're cut so evenly —never any lumps or stems. You just can't get home-prepared foods so even—and babies don't take to them so easily, I'm sure."

**"See what a wide choice** you get in Clapp's Foods. Jerry gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods. Some of them are so good I often take a bite myself—those hearty Junior Dinners, for example, or the new Pineapple Rice Dessert.

"Jerry's quite a ball-player now—you ought to feel his muscle! I often say that if you want a baby to grow up strong and husky, there's just nothing like Clapp's!"

### 12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

**Soups** —Vegetable Soup

**Junior Dinners** —Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables Liver with Vegetables

**Vegetables** —Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

**Fruits**—Apple Sauce • Prunes

**Desserts**—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

**Free Booklets**—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

# CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Do You Remember** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 9:45 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **Southernaires** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **When a Girl Marries** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **American Life** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS **This Day is Ours** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Sunbrite Smile Parade** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Blue: **Rhythm Auction** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red. **Midstream** |
| | | | 5:00 |
| | | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony** |
| | | 4:30 | NBC-Red **Billy and Betty** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | CBS: **March of Games** |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:05 |
| | | 5:05 | CBS: **Edwin C. Hill** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| 7:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 7:15 | 9:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Music by Malneck** |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 7:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Joe E. Brown** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Blue: **Goldman Band** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **RUDY VALLEE** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **It's Up to You** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **MAJOR BOWES** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Toronto Symphony** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **America's Lost Plays** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Workshop Festival** |
| 6 00 | 8 00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red **KRAFT MUSIC HALL** |

# THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ The Workshop cast assembles for the first rehearsal of a play

**Tune-In Bulletin for July 27, August 3, 10, 17 and 24!**

July 27: On the Columbia Workshop drama festival tonight—CBS at 10:00—"A Trip to Czardis," adapted to radio from a short story of the same name by Edwin Granberry . . it's one of the eight Workshop repeat broadcasts selected for this summer.

August 3: Tonight's Columbia Workshop play—a revival of "The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet," by Pauline Gibson, featuring Karl Swenson as the ghost who doesn't like to hount people. . . . Arturo Toscanini directs a symphony orchestra in Lucerne, Switzerland, today, and NBC brings you his music by short wave.

August 10: The Columbia Workshop play at 10:00—an original script by Dorothy Parker, famous writer. . . . Also at 10:00, Jose Iturbi is a guest star on the Kraft Music Hall, NBC-Red.

August 17: "A Drink of Water," by Wilbur Daniel Steele is the Columbia Workshop play—the story of a girl who suffers from a strange fear of men. . . . Ask-It-Basket, the popular quiz program with Jim McWilliams, returns tonight—on CBS at 8:00.

August 24: Irving Reis directs his own play, "Meridian 7-1212" tonight on the Columbia Workshop festival.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Columbia Workshop, heard on CBS from 10:00 to 10:30, Eastern Daylight Time.

This month of July marks the third birthday of one of radio's finest unsponsored programs, the Columbia Workshop, devoted to experimental radio drama, and to celebrate, it's presenting several of its most popular broadcasts all over again, plus some new plays specially written by famous authors. You'll find the program for the five Thursdays covered by this issue of your Almanac in the Tune-In Bulletin above.

The Columbia Workshop was the brainchild of a young CBS engineer and writer, Irving Reis, who experimented with unique methods of writing and presentation until he was wooed away from the Workshop, and from radio, by Paramount Pictures in December, 1937. After that, William N. Robson took over the series for six or seven months. Then CBS decided to make the Workshop a general Columbia project in which all its directors could participate.

Many are the tricks the Workshop has originated. One program compared the way a play sounded on the air when its actors huddled around a microphone reading scripts, with the way it sounded when the actors moved freely around the studio and memorized their lines. It had lots of fun with sound-effects, even inventing some sounds for things you can't hear, such as the sensation of drowning, or sea-sickness, or fear, or fog. It even put a real human heartbeat on the air for the first time, as background for Edgar Allen Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart."

At least ten new radio writers have been discovered by the Workshop—including Milton Geiger, a Cleveland druggist whose first radio effort, "Case History," was bought two hours after the postman delivered it to Workshop directors; Pauline Gibson, who wrote "The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet"; William Merrick, an Associated Press correspondent who wrote "Forgot in the Rains" and "Flight from Home"; and Norman Corwin.

If you haven't been a Workshop listener in the past, this summer is a fine time to introduce yourself to it, because in the "festival" you can be sure of hearing those plays that have proven themselves most popular and exciting in the past.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**MATTY MALNECK—whose sensational swing orchestra is on CBS tonight at 7:15 Eastern Daylight Time, with a rebroadcast reaching the Pacific Coast at 7:15, their time. Matty was first violinist in Paul Whiteman's orchestra for eleven years—but all the time he was developing his own unique style of musical interpretation. When he had it worked out to his satisfaction he got together his own orchestra of eight pieces, and its success was immediate. He's appeared in three moving pictures, and his band was signed for this radio program only four months after its first rehearsal.**

## My Daughters Sing Swing

(*Continued from page* 33)

hours you work on any job, and singing with a band just means that you work while other people play—to your music.

When Mart was eight and Liz was five, their father gave them a ukelele. That started something definite. In two hours, Mart had picked out the chords to one of the latest song hits and taught Liz to sing with her in harmony.

In no time at all, they were giving concerts in the back yard—singing duets to Mart's uke accompaniment, just like any other kids of the time.

THEN came the inevitable move to singing for money instead of just for fun. Right after Martha finished high school, a band leader named Sid Lippman asked her to join his band at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles. In some ways, this did introduce a problem. Martha was only eighteen and the hours at the Cocoanut Grove were long and late. But that's what she wanted to do, and if she was going to be happy at it, her father and I didn't see why we should interfere.

One rule we have always had, however. We would never have consented to let either of the girls sing with any of these pick-up, fly-by-night bands that work in questionable neighborhoods or cheap cabarets. Such places are sometimes not even safe for the musicians, let alone for girls Martha's age.

As it worked out, Martha loved singing with Lippman's band. She got valuable experience in stage presence, in adapting herself to the hours you work with a band.

But her next offer introduced a problem of a different kind. Hal Grayson, a West Coast band leader, asked Martha to tour with his band. I felt exactly the way any mother would feel when her daughter considers leaving home for the first time. But I couldn't stand in the child's way. The only thing I could see to do was to go with her.

Our tour took us up the West Coast as far as Seattle. We couldn't have been more business-like if we'd been selling furniture. Most afternoons there were rehearsals that Martha had to attend. That would be when we were staying one place for a week. If we were doing one-nighters, we'd usually spend the days travelling. Any free time we had, we did just what any other mother and daughter would do—shopped or went to the movies.

I didn't always go with Martha when she went to work at night. I can't keep up those late hours. But, if I didn't go, the boys would see that she got there all right. And see that she got home again safely. Actually, it seemed to me that she was a lot safer with all those boys than she would have been with a single escort. When, as sometimes happens in any dance hall, some over-enthusiastic youth would try to bother Martha, there would be a dozen musicians ready to take care of him. The men Martha works with have always realized that she takes her job as seriously as they take theirs. Many of them are married, you know, and most of the single ones are likely to look on her as a sort of little sister.

(*Continued on page* 53)




**"I hate to discourage you,** Miss Ostrich, but I've never noticed anything to eat in that sand...What? You're not looking for things to eat? Then why?...Oh, you're HIDING! . . . H'm . . . Well, it seems to me you're making a mistake . . ."



**"First place,** there's no danger, so why hide? Secondly, if there *were* some danger, you aren't very well hidden."



**"Attagirl!** Now look—sand in your beak —and all scratchy down your neck! . . . Never mind—we'll soon fix that . . ."



**"Hocus-pocus**—just like magic your chafes and scratchy places and prickly heat will feel soothed . . ."



**"'Cause, see?** Here comes my Mother with some soft, velvety Johnson's Baby Powder!...Me too, Mother? Me too?"




**"Crazy about it?** I knew you would be. Everybody is. Such wonderfully soft, fine talc in it! And such an inexpensive way to make a baby comfortable!"

# JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | Eastern Daylight Time |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Central City** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 1:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Scattergood Baines** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **When a Girl Marries** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance o. Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **At Home in the World** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk It Over** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Blue: **Women in America** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | 5:00 |
| | | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony** |
| | | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Billy and Betty** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:05 |
| | | 5:05 | CBS: **Edwin C. Hill** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 7:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **The Parker Family** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Michael Loring** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 6:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **Johnny Presents** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **99 Men and a Girl** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Plantation Party** |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Waltz Time** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER** |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Death Valley Days** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Grand Central Station** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Lady Esther Serenade** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Bob Ripley** |

# FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Energetic Conductor Raymond Paige, of 99 Men and a Girl

**Tune-In Bulletin for July 28, August 4, 11 and 18!**

July 28: For midwestern listeners only—the St. Paul open golf championship games, broadcast by CBS in the midwestern territory.

August 4: Bing Crosby's Del Mar race track is the scene today of the Motion Picture Handicap. NBC broadcasts the doings.

August 11: Artie Shaw opens with his orchestra tonight at the Ritz Carlton Hotel in Boston. You can listen on NBC.

August 18: For some swell music, listen to the Cities Service Concert, on NBC-Red at 8:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Raymond Paige, Ninety-nine Men and a Girl, on CBS at 9:00, Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by the United States Rubber Company.

The title of this program states the exact truth. There are ninety-two men in Raymond Paige's orchestra—commercial radio's biggest—and six in the male sextet. That makes ninety-nine altogether. And they fill the stage of CBS Playhouse Number One so completely that when the program first went on the air six rows of seats in the theater had to be torn out and the stage extended, to make room.

Drilling an orchestra of ninety-two men, with only one day a week allowed for rehearsal, is a pretty tough job. Most symphony orchestras have an equal number of men, and they rehearse several times a week, so you can appreciate Paige's achievement. Here's the way he does it, to save time and also to help himself in hearing the tonal qualities of the orchestra. He splits the full orchestra into three sections—the strings, violins, cellos, and so on; the brass, trumpets, trombones, etc.; and the wood-winds or reed instruments, saxophones, clarinets, oboes — and rehearses each section separately during Friday morning. Friday afternoon is spent rehearsing the whole band together, plus the girl guest star, a new one each week.

Because by the time the first program of the series went on the air Paige had almost lost his voice from shouting instructions, he now uses a public-address system during rehearsal. That helps his voice, but his energetic method of conducting still melts weight off faster than a series of gymnasium courses.

All the musical numbers you hear this orchestra play are specially arranged, and so are not printed music, but hand-written with pen and ink. If your musical education never progressed farther than a little home piano-playing, you probably wouldn't even be able to read the long sheets of manuscript score which the Paige musicians whip through every week. It's a full-time job for ten men, plus Paige himself, to supply them with these scores. Working under Paige's instructions, five arrangers make new orchestral versions of the numbers he selects for playing. Then five copyists work most of the week at writing out enough copies of each number to go around to all the musicians.

In the shadowy balcony of Playhouse Number One, late on a Friday afternoon, you're likely to see a hundred or so silent high school children—a sight not visible at other broadcast rehearsals, which are usually as carefully guarded from intrusion as the United States Mint. These youngsters are there at the special invitation of Raymond Paige. They're music students at New York's various high schools and it's part of their class work to watch the big symphony orchestra rehearse. Their presence is good for the musicians too, Paige has discovered—they respond to an audience and do better work.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**MICHAEL LORING—new CBS baritone, who is heard tonight at 7:30, and Mondays and Wednesdays at 7:15, Eastern Daylight Time. If Michael looks familiar it's because you've seen him in the movies—though never in very prominent parts. Born in Minneapolis 29 years ago, he originally planned to be a physician, but gave up his study of medicine to join the road company of the play, "Journey's End." Eight years of ups and downs followed, including a year in Hollywood—then he came to New York to appear in musical comedy and revues. His favorite songs are Negro chants and Irish ballads.**

(*Continued from page* 51)

I can't say I was quite prepared to have both my girls decide to go in for swing-singing careers, though. I suppose my trouble was the usual mother's malady of refusing to think the baby of the family would ever grow up.

Then one day, a neighbor stopped in and said, "Well, I certainly enjoyed Elizabeth's act at the Orpheum. Really, Mrs. Tilton, she was great!"

I wasn't going to give Elizabeth away, so I just blinked and said, "Yes, I guess she's following in her sister's footsteps." The Orpheum? I didn't know a thing about it.

After the neighbor left, I asked Elizabeth about it.

"Well, Mama," she said, "I just got tired of sitting around while Martha had all the fun, so I went into the Orpheum amateur contest."

WHAT was I to say? In the first place, I was sort of tickled at the child's nerve, going into that contest all by herself.

"Well, honey . . . . " I began.

"Listen, Mama," Elizabeth said, "you won't tell Martha that I borrowed her white evening dress to do it, will you?"

Yes, Elizabeth was growing up. And when Martha realized it, she reacted almost exactly as I had.

A young chap named Gil Evans who had a local band made up mostly of college students, called Martha one afternoon that summer to ask her if she would sing with them at a dance hall at Balboa Beach. Martha wanted to rest after the Grayson tour, so she turned down the offer. When she came upstairs to tell us about it, Elizabeth let out one screech.

"Why didn't you tell him about *me!*"

It had never occurred to Martha to mention to Gil that she had a kid sister who sang. She looked over at me. I smiled.

"Why not?" Martha said.

She went right downstairs, called Evans back, and herself took Elizabeth out to the beach next Sunday.

That was Liz' first job and she learned a lot from it. By this time, Martha and I had developed a few rules that we thought a girl singer ought to bear in mind. They were just simple things, but we passed them on to Elizabeth. Things like never go out on the street alone. Take a taxi to get home if you happen to be by yourself when the job is over. Never go out with men you don't know. Simple rules that most nice girls follow anyway.

Soon after Liz started singing, Martha got her offer from Benny Goodman. What happened was that Martha was singing in the chorus that was part of the Jack Oakie College portion of Benny's CBS radio program. She was singing mostly straight lead parts and Benny had no way of knowing that she could sing swing. But one day, the chorus director asked Martha to take a solo lick in a song called "Let's Have Another Cigarette." She sang it natural voice, and Benny liked it. He signed her up.

Liz was still in school, when a telegram came from Gene Krupa. By this time, Gene had left Benny to form his own band. He knew Martha, of course, and he'd heard about Elizabeth. He probably figured, "like

(*Continued on page* 55)


# Which Soap Gives Your Skin THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE?



**Before you use any soap to combat body odor, smell the soap! Instinctively you will choose Cashmere Bouquet Soap, for its fragrance appeals to the senses of men**

A MAN loves with all five senses, and smart girls—those serenely confident females who seem to conquer men almost without trying—are fastidious about the fragrance of their bath soap.

How confident and carefree you can feel when your skin suggests a breath of romance. Why slave for perfection in make-up, hair-do and costume, only to risk it all because the fragrance of your bath soap is not equally alluring.

Yes, go by the smell test when you buy soap to combat body odor. Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love. A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume. Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

**3 *for* 25¢** *Wherever finer soaps are sold*



| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | Eastern Daylight Time |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | **8:00 A. M.** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Cloutier's Orch.** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | **8:15** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Dick Leibert** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-tete** |
| | | | **8:45** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Tony, Juanita, Buddy** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | **9:05** |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Red: **Texas Robertson** |
| | | | **9:15** |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Fidler's Fancy** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Red: **Cloutier's Orch.** |
| | | | **9:25** |
| | | 8:25 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | **9:45** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **The Crackerjacks** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Hill Billy Champions** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Morin Sisters** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Wise Man** |
| | | | **10:15** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Amanda Snow** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **No School Today** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Barry McKinley** |
| | | | **10:45** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **The Child Grows Up** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Armchair Quartet** |
| | | | **11:00** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Mel'ow Moments** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Ross Trio** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **American Air Quartet** |
| | | | **11:30** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Our Barn** |
| | | | **12:00 noon** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **Romanelli Orchestra** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Manhattan Melodies** |
| | | | **12:30 P. M.** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Let's Pretend** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Call to Youth** |
| | | | **1:15** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Calling Stamp Collectors** |
| | | | **1:30** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Little Variety Show** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Campus Notes** |
| | | | **2:00** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **What Price America** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Blue: **Morton Franklin Orch.** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Kinney Orch.** |
| | | | **2:30** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Blue: **Indiana Indigo** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Matinee in Rhythm** |
| | | | **3:00** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies** |
| | | | **3:30** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Cosmopolitan Melodies** |
| | | | **4:00** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| | | | **4:30** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Laval Orchestra** |
| | | | **5:30** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | CBS: **Topical Tunes** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Summertime Swing** |
| | | | **5:45** |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Three Cheers** |
| | | | **6:00** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Red: **Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten** |
| | | | **6:05** |
| 2:05 | 4:05 | 5:05 | CBS: **Instrumentalists** |
| 2:05 | 4:05 | 5:05 | NBC-Blue: **El Chico Revue** |
| | | | **6:30** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **This Week in Washington** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Blue: **Renfrew of the Mounted** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Red: **Art of Living** |
| | | | **7:00** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Americans at Work** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Larry Clinton's Orch.** |
| | | | **7:30** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **County Seat** |
| | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Blue: **Uncle Jim's Question Bee** |
| | | | **8:00** |
| 6:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **Brent House** |
| 8:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Avalon Time** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE** |
| 7:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **National Barn Dance** |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Vox Pop** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Arch Oboler Plays** |
| | | | **9:45** |
| 5:45 | 7:45 | 8:45 | CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Benny Goodman** |

# SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Soloist Henry Burr and Leslie Clucas, of Barn Dance's male octet

**Tune-In Bulletin for July 29, August 5, 12 and 19!**

July 29: A couple of horse races for you this bright summer Saturday—the Yonkers Handicap at Empire City, over CBS, and the Arlington Futurity, on NBC.

August 5: Still interested in horse races, your loudspeaker today offers the Saratoga Handicap for three-year-olds, on CBS from 4:30 to 5:00, Eastern Daylight time. The winner will get a purse amounting to about $20,000. . . . NBC prefers tennis, and broadcasts the Eastern grass court meet.

August 12: Bryan Field announces the Champlain Handicap from Saratoga, over CBS.

August 19: Another $20,000 purse goes to the winner of the Travers Stake horse race, broadcast this afternoon on CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Alka Seltzer National Barn Dance, on the NBC Blue network from 9:00 to 10:00, Eastern Daylight Time, with a rebroadcast from 7:00 to 8:00, Pacific Time.

It was fifteen years ago last April that an old-time fiddler and square-dance caller broadcast an "audition" over Station WLS in Chicago. From that humble beginning has come the Alka-Seltzer National Barn Dance which today is one of the most popular of network programs—a real radio and national institution.

The Barn Dance is based on the theory—and it seems to be a sound one—that the American public likes a variety show of old-time folk tunes and cowboy ballads, with just a sprinkling of modern music.

Until July 15, 1933, the Barn Dance remained on WLS as a local program. Then it was extended to stations in Detroit and Pittsburgh, and made such a hit that the following September it went coast to coast, where it's been ever since.

It's unique among broadcasts in that its studio audiences pay to get in—and both Saturday night shows always play to packed houses. For a studio, the Eighth Street Theater in Chicago is used, and it holds 1200 people, but all seats are invariably filled long before the first curtain.

The Barn Dance is genuinely rural in its setting. The stage represents a real barn, with plenty of hay around, and all the entertainers appear in character—dressed in overalls or gingham. Genial Pat Barrett, who as Uncle Ezra is the star of the show with his homely philosophy and quaint style of wit, not only dresses the part but makes up for it too, with white wig, chin whiskers and grease paint. In reality, he is quite a young man, but as Uncle Ezra he looks at least seventy.

The various entertainers rehearse separately on the Friday before each program—singer Henry Burr, who holds a record of having made more than nine million phonograph records; the Hoosier Hot Shots, who are Frank Kettering, Kenneth and Hezzie Trietsch and Gabe Ward; baritone Skip Farrell; basso Joe Parsons; harmonica wizard Bob Ballantine; contralto Lucille Long; Arkie, the Kansas Woodchopper, who sings Western songs; the girl vocal trio, Anne, Pat and Judy; the Maple City Four and the male octet; and Glenn Welty's orchestra, several members of which play with symphony orchestras in other days of the week.

After these individual rehearsals, the whole cast gathers at the theater on Saturday at 4:30 for a dress rehearsal with Uncle Ezra and the master of ceremonies, Joe Kelly, and there they work right up until two hours before the broadcast. Between the first and second broadcasts there is always a table in the wings of the stage, loaded with a buffet lunch, where the members of the cast gather round to gossip and eat.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**LOUISE TOBIN—the small, dark and vivacious singer with Benny Goodman's band on NBC-Red at 10:00 tonight. Louise is a Southerner—born in Texas and raised in Tennessee. She's been a blues singer all her life, and began her career over Southern radio stations, then came to New York, where she met Harry James, famous swing trumpeter who now has a band of his own. They fell in love and married, and it wasn't until last year that Louise resumed her career, singing in a Greenwich Village night spot. Benny heard her there, liked her, and when Martha Tilton left the band he sent her a hurry call.**

(*Continued from page* 53)

Martha, like Elizabeth." So he wired Elizabeth an offer to join his band.

Well, that *was* a time. It took the combined efforts of the family at home and Martha's air mail letters to keep Elizabeth from quitting school and skipping out on us.

As if this weren't bad enough, Buddy Rogers came to the Palomar just about this time. He, too, had heard about Martha Tilton's little sister. One night when Elizabeth was dancing at the Palomar like any other girl on a date, Buddy asked her to sing a chorus with the band. She did —and he offered her a job right away.

BUT Elizabeth showed her natural good sense. Without a word to anybody, she turned down the offer, went back to school, and graduated.

Then, the very day after graduation, she left to join the band of a friend named Ken Baker in Portland, Oregon.

I didn't go with her. I figured she'd learned all she needed to know by now and could take care of herself.

Later, when Elizabeth returned home, she found that Buddy Rogers had not forgotten about her. He had wired her to join him in Memphis, Tennessee. Together Liz and I made the plane reservations—and I had to realize that my second daughter was grown up and started out in the world on her own.

Regrets? Well, hardly. I've tried to make it clear to you that I don't consider my girls are in any more moral danger singing in a night club than they would be typing in an office. They probably make more money than do most stenographers and their work is less confining and more fun. They have learned a great deal of self-reliance from being on their own as they are and from being financially independent at such an early age. Of course, I miss them—the house seems very quiet when they are away —but they write me oftener, I'll bet, than do many girls who work away from home.

Neither of the girls drinks or smokes. As a matter of fact, they rather disapprove of my taking a cigarette now and then. They're happy, doing good work at jobs they like. And by now, they've got over the terrible homesickness that goes with traveling with a band at first.

Why should I worry? If other mothers in America have daughters who are crazy to sing swing with bands, I can only say to them, just be sure you know that your daughter really wants to sing, that she isn't carried away by the notion that singing with a band is just an exciting, grand picnic of dressing up in evening clothes every night, spending your time among the bright lights, and having a lot of men around all the time.

Try to make her see it as a job like any other for which she must have real ability, real ambition, a lot of good sense, and a knowledge of how to conduct herself as any nice girl would. And I think she ought to finish high school at least before she even considers taking up such a career.

Then, if you have been close enough to her, so that you know you can trust her under any circumstances, and she *still* wants to sing swing with a band, I say, why not?

I have two daughters who sing swing with bands. I'm proud of them.


# Why Can Hair Make a Woman Look So Young?



**Halo, a new soapless shampoo, brings youthful sparkle and manageability to even dry hair— *with no scalp irritation!***

IF you long to possess that "little girl" look so evident in all late styles of dress and make-up, then start with your hair!

Because hair that sparkles with highlights—seems to breathe with life and vitality, keys-up your whole appearance with a breathless, expectant note of youth.

Yes, hair can have an electric effect on the rest of your make-up, provided some old-fashioned shampoo is not robbing you of its natural beauty. Because many old-style shampoos so often leave an unrinsable film of soap or oil to actually dull the hair and cover up its natural brilliance. That's why women used to need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Why your hair so often looked dull and dead, unmanageable and stringy.

How lucky for all women that a scientist made this discovery now in Halo Shampoo —a way to make rich, creamy shampoo lather without the use of either soap or oil.

Here at last is the ideal shampoo for dry, oily or normal hair. One shampoo with Halo demonstrates perfectly how it removes all trace of dull film left by those old-style shampoos. How radiant and full of luster it leaves your hair, eliminating any need for lemon or vinegar rinse. How silky-soft and manageable it leaves even "wild" hair. How clean and fragrant your scalp, without irritation. In fact, even loose, flaky dandruff is safely removed.

Buy Halo Shampoo from any drug, department or 10c store in the 10c, 50c or $1.00 size and discover how beautiful your hair can be. Halo is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.




**HALO SHAMPOO**

*Fine Weather for the Country*



If you're the outdoor type—active, athletic —here's a semi-up hair-do for your kind.

High off the face showing hair line and exposing entire ear. Back of hair is long, hugging the neck, forming a soft roll.

***REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR***






**MEAT CASSEROLE A LA MILANAISE**

2 cans Franco-American Spaghetti
1½ cups left-over beef, lamb or pork
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Buttered bread crumbs

Chop Franco-American Spaghetti a little. Grind meat and add seasonings. Arrange in alternate layers in greased casserole, finishing with spaghetti. Cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) about 20 minutes, till casserole is heated through and crumbs slightly browned. Serves 4 generously.

# THRIFTY WIVES—Learn this priceless secret!

• Get acquainted with Franco-American Spaghetti. It puts *flavor* into your foods! Serve it with less expensive meat cuts. Combine it with left-overs and see the welcome they get. Franco-American has a wonderful cheese-and-tomato sauce, made with *eleven* different ingredients.




Serve it as a main dish, too. Junior will love it for lunch—a *big* plateful! Give it to him often, mother. There's good, wholesome nourishment in it and loads of energy! Only 10¢ a can. Order several from your grocer today.

**Franco-American SPAGHETTI**

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

*Send for* **FREE** *Recipe Book*

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 439
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

## Condemned to Live

(*Continued from page 9*)

he had said "Good-bye." He understood that one day she would want to hear him call her "Mary," and to be told that his name was Bill.

And—wonderfully—he seemed to understand that it was good not to meet, not to know each other except as disembodied voices.

A month — two — three — a whole year. And then one day her husband came upon her as she was talking on the telephone. He was home early, and he entered the room quietly, secretively, as he always moved. He was at her elbow before she was aware of his presence, startling her so that she stammered guiltily, and put down the telephone sooner than she had intended.

"Who was that, Mary?" he asked. He had a small, tight-lipped mouth that seemed to let words go out of it reluctantly, and whenever he spoke he watched the words with a pair of light blue eyes, watched them until they reached the person he had spoken to, and watched to see their work upon that person.

"YOU wouldn't be interested," she said, but he paid no attention and repeated his question. She knew he would ask until he received an answer, so she said:

"I don't really know."

"You would not talk to someone you didn't know."

"I talk to *you*," she said. "I don't know you. We're strangers, Henry."

"That's nonsense," Henry Crane said. "We are man and wife, and you know I have no time for sentimentality."

"Is it sentimentality to want love and affection? Laughter? Children? . . . Henry, we don't mean anything to each other, any longer. Please—*please*—let me have a divorce!"

"I've told you before," he said patiently, "you can't have a divorce. I intend to be elected senator from this state, and it must me obvious even to you that a divorce at this time is impossible."

"You're so ugly!" she exclaimed.

Quite unruffled, he remarked, "I have a love letter from you in which you called me handsome."

"Inside, you're—you're hideous!"

Crane turned away, as if he had lost all interest in the conversation. "Please go and dress now," he said. "I have a guest coming for dinner—Mr. Everhart. I wish you to be polite to him—charming. I want him to write my speeches for the campaign. After he leaves—" the thin lips curved in a slight smile— "you can go to bed with a book of love stories. To feed your romantic mind. . . ."

When, dressed in a midnight-blue gown of pebbled crepe, with only her pearls for jewelry, she entered the drawing room, Mr. Everhart had already arrived. He was younger than most of her husband's acquaintances; only a year or so older than she was herself. Her first sight of him showed his long, straight back as he stood talking to her husband. Her second, as he turned, revealed widely-spaced, candid eyes, filled with a gravity that went oddly with the humorous line of his mouth.

"This is a great pleasure, Mrs. Crane," he said in response to Henry's introduction.

"Henry says you are an excellent speech writer," she remarked in confusion.

"Not too excellent. I'm really an electrical engineer, and just drifted into politics."

"He still carries on his electrical experiments," Henry said, managing to make the pursuit sound faintly discreditable. The butler entered, with word that Mr. Crane was wanted on the telephone. "I'll take it in the library," he said, and left the room.

"Let me look at you, Bill," Mary whispered.

"Are you disappointed?" he asked.

"No. I knew you the instant I saw you. I didn't even have to hear your voice."

"I hoped you would," he said.

"Why did you come? Why did you allow us to meet?"

"I had to," he said simply. "Just as I had to start calling you up. You didn't know—but I saw you a year ago. One day in your husband's office. I was leaving—you were coming in. Ever since that day . . . I've loved you."

She shivered. "You mustn't say that, Bill."

"Why not? It's true."

The latch of the door clicked behind them, and Henry Crane came into the room. "Mary, will you ring for cocktails?" he asked politely.

THE days when she could not see Bill were meaningless, now. Somehow, she knew she must persuade Henry to give her a divorce. Perhaps he would, when he understood. He *must!*

She and Bill went to the country, one afternoon while Henry was in Washington. Clouds floated over their heads; the field where they stopped the car was edged with trees whose leaves were just beginning to be flecked with autumn colors. But Bill looked at their beauty with unseeing eyes.

"I'm sorry I had to see you, Mary," he said. "I shouldn't have forced my way into your life, to complicate it."

"Complicate it!" She laughed. "I've only begun to know what life can be like."

He shook his head. "Mary—you have to know. Once I killed a man."

"You . . . what?"

"I killed a man—and ran away. The people who talk about conscience are so right, Mary. I haven't slept for years. I ask myself—how can I live without sleep—without peace?"

She held him to her breast in a passion of tenderness. "I'll bring you peace, Bill. I'll find some way. I'll talk to Henry—and together we can—"

"No—not Henry. That's the power he has over me—over us. You see, Mary, he's the only person in the world who knows that I am a murderer. He was there when—when it happened."

"Oh—no!" she whispered. "No!"

"That's why I tried to stay away from you—and yet tried to be with you. I thought it would be enough to talk to you on the telephone, without letting you know who I was. But it wasn't enough—and now this isn't enough, either." He moved away from her, sat up straight. "There's only one thing left—to confess to the murder. That will break his power

over me. It's the only way."

"You mustn't! Let me try—I'll see him tonight. He's got to understand. He's never given me anything I wanted—he must see that he owes me this." She was speaking in short, broken sentences, her hands twisting together in agony.

But that evening, when she entered Henry's room, she was calm. Be calm—that's your only chance, Mary. . . . Emotional scenes infuriate him, you can speak to him only with logic.

"I'm going away, Henry."

He looked up from the desk where he was working on one of his campaign speeches. "A little vacation?"

"No—forever, Henry."

"Bill?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, Henry."

He carefully placed his pen in its rack. "You'll never go away with Bill, Mary. You and Bill are impossible for each other. He's not really a free man."

"You mean because he once committed a murder?"

HE had not expected this. His voice was surprised: "He told you about that?"

"Yes. But it doesn't matter to me. We're going away just the same. To be together for as long as Bill can live in freedom."

His eyes watched his words, watched her. "Bill can't live in freedom if you go away with him, Mary—because I'll send him to the chair."

"The scandal would ruin your chances to be senator. But if we went away quietly, together, no one would know." Against her will, a note of emotion, of pleading, crept into her voice. "Please, Henry! I promise, no one would know!"

He could still smile. "You'll forgive me if I doubt that. Such things get around, very quickly. And naturally, I should not accuse Bill of murder myself—his indictment would come through the usual channels. I'd merely be a witness. I believe, as a matter of fact, the publicity would be an excellent thing for my campaign."

Listening to that careful, self-contained voice, she knew that he spoke the truth. He was not bluffing; Henry never bluffed. He would bring about Bill's execution as coldly, as logically, as neatly as he had brought about everything he had ever wanted.

Fury shook her at his power. He was not human—he was a gigantic machine of power and ambition. But he could be stopped—there was one way. . . . This machine was built of flesh and blood. It could die!—even though its death at her hands meant her death too.

In his dresser drawer there was a pistol. She had seen it there, only a week ago. She whirled, tore the drawer open. Yes, there it was. She took it out, pointed it at him, saw the cold eyes widen for the first time in fear . . . and pulled the trigger.

The explosion echoed about the room. It blended with the sound of the doorbell. Why didn't the butler answer? Then she remembered—he was off for the evening, and so was the cook. The pistol still in her hand, she walked through the apartment, opened the door.

Bill stood outside.

"Good evening, Mrs. Crane," he began formally, as he always did in this house. Then his eyes found the pistol. "Mary! What—"

"I've just killed him," she said. "He threatened to send you to the chair—


# "Bill Henry, you'll spank this child over my dead body!"



***A modern wife finds a modern way out for her child***



**1. But, Mary** . . . I tell you I'm tired of pampering him. He needs it and I'm going to give him some if I have to ram it down his throat—or else . . .



**2. Oh, no, you're not!** He hates that nasty-tasting stuff and I think it's a crime to force him to take it just because it's around the house. You just wait a minute while I call the doctor!



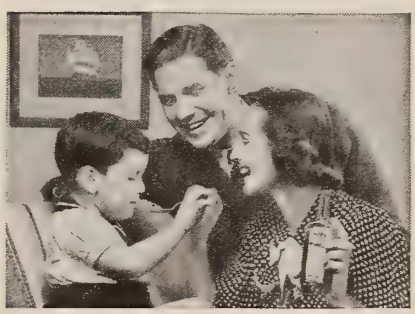
**3. Oh, I see!** Yes, doctor . . . uh-huh . . . WHAT?. . . Heavens! I didn't know that! Yes, indeed, I'll do it right away! Thanks so much, doctor.



**4. There, Smarty!** The doctor said never to FORCE a child. He said to give him a GOOD-TASTING laxative. But NOT an "adult" one. He said a grown-up's laxative might be TOO STRONG for a tot's delicate "insides". . . and could do more harm than good.



**5. He said to give him** a *modern* laxative made especially for children EVEN TO THE TASTE. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria because it not only tastes good—it's *safe*, too. It has no harsh drugs, and won't gripe. I'll get a bottle now.



**6. Wow! Will you look** at him go for that Fletcher's Castoria! Thank heaven, we won't have any more fights over a laxative in *this* family.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

**The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children**




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First you blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids. This adds depth and brilliance to your eyes. Next, taper your brows gracefully with the Maybelline perfectly pointed Eyebrow Pencil. Notice how expressive it makes them. Then Maybelline Mascara for your lashes and just look—you'll be amazed by their appearance of long sweeping loveliness, luxuriant and dark to the very tips! This modern Mascara is a joy to use—harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

Give yourself thrilling added beauty *today*. Introductory sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at all 10c stores.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in smart gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades—Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (easily applied without water) in zipper case. Same shades.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Shades—Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

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Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

and I shot him. I don't care. I'm glad!"

He rushed down the hall, into the bedroom. In a moment he was back, his face chalky white. He went to the telephone.

"Operator, get me Police Headquarters."

"Bill!" she cried. "What are you doing?"

"This is it, Mary," he said. "This is the time when I'm to be punished for the murder I committed."

"Bill! Don't!"

"Hello," he said into the telephone. "Police headquarters? This is William Everhart. I'm at 201 Grove Avenue. I've just killed a man."

SO Henry fulfilled his promise after all," Mary said to the attentive listening priest. "He is sending Bill to his death—tonight. I tried telling the judge, the district attorney, the governor—I told them all that Bill was lying, to save me. And none of them would believe—they believed Bill instead. . . . Don't you believe me either, Father?"

"I believe you, Mary," he nodded.

"Father, how can I save him?"

"You must make him talk. Tonight. You must make him tell the truth."

The train was going slower, stopping. A cab took them up a winding road to the prison, and Mary followed the priest down brightly lighted corridors of steel and concrete. For a while she waited at a barrier, and then she saw Bill enter the room on the other side. He came near her; they could talk through a slit in the glass.

"Bill," she pleaded, "there's still a chance to save your life."

"I don't want my life, Mary. For eight years I've been living on borrowed time."

The tears were falling on her hands, clasped in front of her; she let them fall. "You sound as if you *want* to die!"

"I do, Mary."

"But you're going for something I did."

"I'm paying for something *I* did, Mary. If I choose to assume your debt as well as mine, you can't stop me!"

"But I should be punished!" She felt as if she were talking to him in a language he did not understand, for he only smiled and said:

"For loving me? For my loving you? If our love was at all beautiful, live on the memory of that. That's all life is, really—a collection of memories that we store up to take with us on another journey. Take mine with you—as I'll take yours with me—and be thankful that we've shared something . . . beautiful."

The door opened behind him. In the shadows she saw the priest's figure, waiting for Bill—and though she beat and tore at the barrier until her hands were bruised and bleeding, she could not follow them.

"Bill, who killed you? Henry? I? Did you know you were dying—that first day you saw me? Or the first day you picked up the telephone to call me? You were dying all through our love. And now I've died too. I can walk, and talk, and I suppose some time I must sleep, but I'm dead.

"No! I have to live! I have to make someone believe me. I have to let the world know that I was guilty, not you. . . ."

* * *

ON the busiest corner of the city, late at night, a woman stood. Her coat was thin and old, it was no protection from the icy wind, but she did not shiver. Watching her, the priest saw her lay her hand on passersby, speak a few words before they shook her off and hurried on their ways.

"Mister, can you wait a minute? I want to tell you a story."

But no one would listen.

The priest stopped beside her.

"Good evening, Mary," he said.

Her worn, lined face, with the graying hair straggling out from under the battered hat, turned to him, and the tired eyes softened.

"Good evening, Father. Do you know what it is to tell the truth and not be believed?"

"Yes, Mary," he said. "I know what it is."

"Every night I come here—I try to talk to people, and tell them the truth. But they don't care, they won't listen, and if they do listen they won't believe me." She looked around in confusion, at the hurrying people. "They don't believe me. Do you believe me, Father?"

"Yes, Mary. I believe you. I've been believing you for five years."

"Five years?" she asked. "Is it so long since they took Bill? . . . Father, won't someone punish me?"

"You have been punished, Mary."

"Have I?" she asked in bewilderment. "How?"

## How to Raise a Male Quartet

(*Continued from page 21*)

youngsters. They return her affection with gusto. But the other day cook's false teeth were missing. One minute they'd been sunning on a window sill, the next they were gone. The Quartet was hauled up and questioned. Dennis squirmed. "I buried 'em," he finally acknowledged. At his mother's look he backed away hastily. "Mother, it was a x-periment. *You* wouldn't understand. Please wait till Daddy gets home!"

The teeth were duly excavated and they waited for Bing and the Explanation. Dennis made it standing in the middle of the kitchen. "Papa, I was just trying to see if they would grow. You said teeth growed but I've been waiting a week for my two front ones and they ain't in yet. So I took cook's. . . ."

No, there's never a dull moment in *that* house. If you noticed that one of Bing's broadcasts started off a bit hectically not so long ago there was a reason! As a rule he rehearses straight through on Thursday afternoon until he's on the air. But this time he dashed home for something or other. Only to find a frantic family. Philip had swallowed a golf tee. . . .

Bing dangled him by the heels while Dixie called the doctor. Dennis screamed. Gary kept going around saying, "*Do* something, somebody!" Finally the doctor arrived with the stomach pump. Nobody but Papa could hold Philip's head. It was only when the tee was dislodged that they remembered to look at the clock. Ten of seven! And they're miles from the radio station. The police came to the

rescue with an escort. Bing got there just as Bob Burns was about to sing his opening number!

Next year Gary is going to the regular district school. There will be no *foobilahs* (coined word a la Crosby) about the boys' education. No fuss or fancies. Bing's sons are going to know economic values. Everything about their upbringing is simple, plain. You walk into their nursery and you won't find one elaborate note—unless you count Gary's bed. That is an exact duplicate of his dad's, a mahogany four-poster. But there are no expensive toys. The youngsters have to make up their games just as Bing and Dixie had to. "You have to learn to live with yourself," is their father's theory. "And it helps to be thrown on your own resources a little. Kids with everything become too easily bored."

IF one of them shows signs of "temperament" he is ignored. It soon brings him around! Last Sunday while the whole family was having a picnic in the back yard the twins had an argument. An argument of the hair-pulling variety with ample sound effects. Bing looked up, surprised. "Hey," he said, "you fellows don't belong in this camp, do you? We don't act like that here. Come on, mama." They made a movement to go, and the noise stopped.

Saturday afternoon movie shows are the "gold stars" for weekly good behavior. But sometimes they're a headache to Mama! The last time she took them to see one of Bing's pictures Papa was being chased by a lot of policemen. "Mom," yelled Gary at the top of his lungs, "is my Pop going to jail?" In another sequence it showed Bing kissing a girl. She heard a queer little sob beside her. "That isn't you, Mom," Gary pointed out. She tried to explain that Papa was only acting, but that night it was hours before he would go to Bing. And now the producers are wondering why Bing doesn't like kissing in the scripts!

Holidays are really their specialty though, Dixie confided. "If you have solid-steel nerves and are not allergic to fog horns, fire alarms and radio static, you have a fairish chance of living through them. Take Christmas, for instance. . . . It begins at five A. M. —with carols. That is, with what the boys fondly *think* are carols. From then on—bedlam.

They do pretty well with "America" too, on the Fourth of July. Papa, of course, leads the parade and they all play drums (including Papa.) Luckily they are usually at the ranch for this occasion so no neighbors have turned in riot alarms as yet.

An amusing thing happened at the ranch this summer. Bing has a big hay wagon and he and the Quartet—all in overalls—do a lot of joy-riding around. They were crossing the state highway this day when a car pulled up. "Could you tell me the way to Oceanside?" asked the driver. The small girl beside him regarded the hay riders with upturned nose. "Poor farmers, they don't have *any* fun, do they, father?"

Whereupon young Dennis Michael Crosby shouted, "Sissy! Bet you can't even milk a horse!"

"Our home life?" says Dixie. "Yes indeed. It's made up of *Bing*—and four little bangs!"







WOMEN all around you—some of them your best friends—are using Tampax regularly. Clubwomen, socialites, business women, housewives, actresses are enjoying the new freedom that goes with the use of Tampax. Over 150,000,000 have been sold in 63 countries. Don't let another month pass without discovering this modern, *civilized* sanitary protection for women!

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# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Luise Barclay plays Kareen Adams in The Woman In White.

WITH so many lovely ladies in the field, Luise Barclay has plenty of competition, but I'm sure our readers will agree with me that she should be included in the ranks of the most charming. Miss Barclay is Kareen Adams in The Woman In White, heard Mondays through Fridays at 10:45 EDST over the NBC Red Network.

Born in Philadelphia May 23, 1912, Luise, as a child, wanted to be a concert pianist. Attended a Philadelphia high school where she studied literature and later joined the Leland Powers School of the Theater . . . took courses at the Cincinnati and Philadelphia Conservatories . . . studied piano twelve years; dramatics four years. Luise made her radio debut in Philadelphia over a small station. She speaks French fluently, rides horseback, skates and walks for exercise . . . is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 133 pounds and has brown hair and eyes.

**Jean, Sydney, Nova Scotia**—Below is the cast of One Man's Family:

| *Character* | *Actor or Actress* |
|---|---|
| Henry Barbour | J. Anthony Smythe |
| Fanny Barbour | Minetta Ellen |
| Hazel Barbour Herbert | Bernice Berwin |
| Bill Herbert | Bert Horton (inactive) |
| Pinkie Herbert | Richard Svihus |
| Hank Herbert | Bobbie Larson |
| Claudia Lacey | Kathleen Wilson |
| Capt. Nicholas Lacey | Walter Paterson |
| Joan Lacey | Eleanor Taylor |
| Paul Barbour | Michael Raffetto |
| Teddy Lawton Barbour | Winifred Wolfe |
| Clifford Barbour | Barton Yarborough |
| Anne Waite Barbour | Helen Musselman |
| Jack Barbour | Page Gilman |
| Betty Carter Barbour | Jean Rouverol |
| Beth Holly | Barbara Jo Allen |
| Wayne Grubb | Sonny Edwards |
| Laura Parker | Lucy Gilman |

**Thomas Ashe, Waterbury, Conn.**—Below are the theme songs of the orchestras you requested:

| *Orchestra* | *Theme Song* |
|---|---|
| Larry Clinton | "Dipsy-Doodle" |
| Benny Goodman | "Good-Bye" |
| Will Osborne | "The Gentleman Awaits" |
| Guy Lombardo | "Auld Lang Syne" |

**FAN CLUB SECTION**—We have been requested to make the following announcement: "We should appreciate your advising fans who inquire, that the address of Mr. **Charles Boyer** is 9423 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. Mr. Boyer is not under contract to any studio and we have been experiencing difficulty in handling his fan mail, which seems to be increasing steadily. Requests for photographs have become so numerous that keeping his fans supplied with pictures has definitely become an item, and we therefore are forced to make a charge of twenty-five cents for each 8x10". (Signed) G. A. Lovett, Business Office of Charles Boyer.

The **Jack Baker** Dixie Friendship Club is anxious to enroll all Jack Baker fans in their fan club. If interested in becoming a member, just drop a card or letter to Miss Gertrude Turner, 403 South Eleventh St., Gadsden, Alabama, who is National Secretary; or to Mrs. Hattie C. Privette, President, 14-14th N.E., Atlanta, Ga.

Write to Kay Browning, President, of the **Bing Crosby** Fan Club for details on how to become a member. Address her at Camden, Miss. No local address is necessary.

## What Do You Want To Say?

(*Continued from page 3*)

helping one to overcome nervousness?

I have had that experience during the past year. I suffered a very severe attack of the measles and, as a consequence, had a nervous breakdown.

My doctor sent me to the country and for several months I made little headway towards recovery. The loneliness was terrible and worried me greatly. I suggested a radio but the doctor vetoed my suggestion, as I was to have quiet. But I got the radio anyway. It helped me almost immediately.

Within two months, I was well enough to return to my work, and even the doctor had to admit that a large part of the credit for my early return was due the radio and its splendid help in helping me forget my troubles.

C. W. Raymond
Parkersburg, West Va.

### FIFTH PRIZE

**What A Man!**

At last, a comedian with brand-new quips on every program! Bob Hope is the one I'm talking of. He has people running to turn on their radios at ten o'clock—instead of running to turn them off! He strives to get something new into each broadcast, he's not content to twiddle along with the same gags and material as the next fellow. In fact, he's even waking up other comedians. They're even trying to inject new life into their rutted spots.

Hooray for Bob Hope! Beware Fred Allen and Jack Benny—Hope is a challenger not to be sneered at.

E. M. Murphy
Lewiston, Maine

### SIXTH PRIZE

**Reading Was a Bore, Until—**

Radio works wonders. Up until a year ago you couldn't have *forced* my kid brother to read a book or a short story or a play. The only "literature" he ever read was the daily newspaper comic strips.

My mother, a school teacher, was worried about kid brother's English grades. He seemed to think the study of English was just one big bore.

Then we got him interested in radio stories, One Man's Family, Hilltop House, Pepper Young's Family, Star Theater, Hollywood Playhouse and other such radio features, in an effort to increase his desire for reading.

And it worked! As this is written, he has read seven of the nation's ten best sellers and has even gone back into the past for "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone With the Wind."

Thelma Louise Smith
Memphis, Tenn.

### SEVENTH PRIZE

**Just Two Cents Worth!**

I think it's just fine to let these movie stars like Tyrone Power off the air, for they have plenty of money, and just think of all these young people who are out of school (studied hard too), and step out and try to get work. But can they? No! Just because sponsors want someone who has "box office" *umph!*

Well, I guess I spoke my piece and feel much better now. Thanks a lot for having a soft shoulder.

Marjorie Nyboe
Anaheim, California





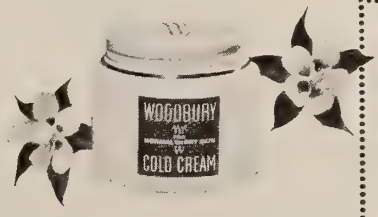
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*Name*_____

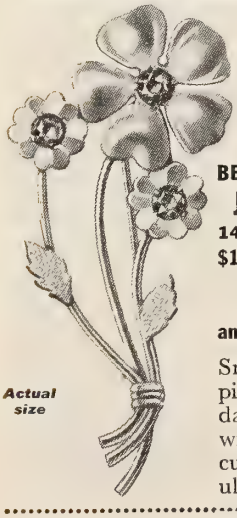
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# Backstage Wife

(*Continued from page 15*)

"It's true. I did see him. I saw him shoot."

Then began the nightmare of questioning, until at last she had told all she knew. That the man had been young, with a heavy, roundish face covered with dirty blond stubble, a small reddish mustache. His eyebrow—the left, yes—seemed partly missing, she had noticed when he frowned just as he shot, and another scar cut up across his forehead and made a path through his thinning sandy hair. His clothes were dark and she had not seen the light accent of a shirt collar. Yes, perhaps he had worn a muffler . . .

It was over, at last. But the police had hardly gone, with the warning that they would want Mary again later, when Catherine turned on her.

"I suppose you realize what you have done," she said coldly. "It was unnecesary to involve me in this."

Mary stared. Involve Catherine! When it was her own house, her own chauffeur who had apparently stolen important government papers, and had then been shot! She turned to Larry. Surely he would point out to Catherine how unfair, how unscrupulous, her words had been.

BUT he was only turning away from her, angrily and bitterly.

It was incredible.

Or . . . was it? And suddenly she knew that it was not. It was merely proof of how right her fears had been. She remembered other times when he had lost his lightning perception, had been blind to her moods and needs—and always it had meant that she was losing him, losing him to glamour.

But this time was the last. It had to be, if she was to retain a single shred of self-respect.

"I'm sorry," she told Catherine quietly. "Perhaps it will make it simpler for you if I move to the hotel with the rest of the cast."

Catherine assented with a curt nod.

Of course she knew Larry, in his present mood, would accept her decision. But it hurt, when he did not follow her to their room until she had nearly finished packing.

"You're being quite silly," he said. "It's rude and childish to flare up just because Catherine hates the idea of all this publicity."

Her teeth clenched tight against a bitter retort. Instead, she said, "I suppose you are not coming with me?"

"No, I think I'll let you be alone until you come to your senses."

"I have come to my senses," she said, as she closed her suitcase.

There was no quarrel this time. They were miles apart, too far for passionate anger. "I've lived through this sort of thing often enough before," she said, "but I still don't seem to have enough practice to enjoy it. And I happen to know you don't really want me around, just now."

"Not in your present mood, certainly," he growled.

"I'll see you at the theater in the morning," she said.

A sleepy obsequious butler in the deserted hall downstairs summoned a taxi for her, and she was driven to the hotel they had selected for the rest of the cast who would arrive in the morning.

She walked to the theater, the next day, aching in every muscle as if she had been beaten the night before. She had slept very little, and there was a dull throbbing in her temples.

Ahead of her as she turned into the alley back of the theater, she saw four figures, and caught her breath in sharp pain. Two of them were strangers, men. The other two were Catherine and Larry, and she thought wryly: "Perhaps he doesn't even want me as business manager, now."

The four of them watched her approach. "These men from the police want you, Mary," Larry said, as coolly as if they had not parted forever the night before. "You've got to go to headquarters and speak your piece again."

The old Larry would have offered to go along with her. Today's Larry turned and went into the theater, with Catherine.

He hadn't, of course, known what she was going into. Even Mary, sitting in the rear seat of the car between the two men, staring unseeingly at the flowers outside in blurred bright patterns, did not know that the way to police headquarters could not conceivably lead through miles of park. Still, when the car rolled onto the bridge over the river, she sat up straight.

"Where are we going?"

"Repose yourself," came the quick answer. She felt his hand on her wrist, tight, hurting, and turned to look at the man. He was middle-aged, with sagging face and tired eyes beneath short-clipped mouse-gray hair. Somehow neither he nor his companion any longer looked like detectives.

THE hand of the man on her right closed over her mouth as her scream started. She was pushed back heavily against the seat. Four hands held her there helpless. She stopped struggling.

The car turned south on the broad highway beside the Potomac, then turned off to the right, twisted through narrower and narrower back roads leading between high cut banks of bright red clay. This was Virginia, that she knew. But even as she thought this, one of the men tied a handkerchief over her eyes.

It seemed hours later that they led her out of the car, across soft turf and then into the resounding rooms of a great house.

She knew it was afternoon by the light in the upstairs room where they removed the blindfolds and left her. She opened the window that looked out on rolling hills and gardens. But one of those inconspicuously barred screens which ironically keep babies safe from kidnapers imprisoned her. There were two doors to the room, the one leading to the hall securely locked. The other door led to a bathroom equipped with the same impregnable screen. From it a door apparently led to another bedroom, from which came the faint sounds of conversation in a language that surely was not English.

As she listened someone entered her room and she came out to confront the man who had been on her right in the car. He carried a tray of sandwiches and coffee. "You will find it useless to consider methods of escape," he told her. "You will not de-

part until we wish it."

"And when will that be?"

"It will be—*if* I receive a message that the police have released the suspect whom they hold in the death which you were so unfortunate, my dear lady, as to witness." He bowed formally, with a faint click of heels. "I am sorry," he said.

Dusk came down over the hills, and Mary sat without moving, watching and thinking. Yet she thought of her own danger, oddly, almost not at all.

Larry . . . Larry . . .

Should she have held her peace, stood by, waited until his madness was over? As she had always done before? No . . . instinctively, she knew that this time was subtly different—that Catherine Monroe was a stronger antagonist than any of the others she had met, and vanquished. And so it had been right to let him go, even though it meant the death of something within her. Better death than unending torture.

WE shall go now." The guard had come back.

"Do you mean—I'm free?"

He shook his head and shrugged slightly. "Not in the sense I would wish," he said cryptically.

Again blindfolded, Mary rode beside him in the car. After an hour she smelled a misty soft saltiness in the air. The car stopped and she heard the gentle lap of water against a retaining wall.

"Where are we?"

"By the Potomac. Step into the boat, please."

Mary saw the skiff in the dim light, bobbing against the wall. She stepped into it. "Lie down," he ordered her.

Prostrate, Mary lifted her head. Swiftly he knotted her hands together behind her back. And then he stepped out of the boat.

"You're—you're not putting me adrift—alone," she gasped. "Where are the oars—I'm tied—"

"I'm sorry," he said again gently. "But in the morning the Chesapeake fishing boats will find you."

His foot pushed the boat away from the wall. At first Mary could not believe it had happened. Surely she would soon hear the chug of a motor boat, some light would sweep over the water, and she would be lifted into dry, warm safety. Her position was cramped, she ached all over with cold, the ropes cut painfully into her wrists. But there was still a new terror for her. At first she had thought the small waves lapping against the side of the boat had splashed over, or that the rain had settled into pools between the cleats in the bottom of the boat. But after a while she knew. The boat was leaking.

Afterward, Mary realized that the night had been mercifully shortened by unconsciousness. From time to time she roused herself enough to find the water higher, and to hitch herself farther upright against the gunwale, to keep her head in the air.

By dawn the boat was awash, rolling deep down in the water. It couldn't possibly stay afloat much longer—not until the fishing boats were out. She closed her eyes.

Was that a distant humming sound? Her eyes flew open again. Yes! the bright shape of a plane streaked overhead, against the gray dawn sky. But the light was still too dim for them to see her, and she couldn't signal.

Then she saw the plane dipping,




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turning. It was circling lower. She fought to cling to consciousness, for relief was almost too much for her. The plane loomed lower, huge. She saw a man creep out on the wing, saw pontoons magically appear. And then the great ship was cutting across the churning water toward the boat.

What happened between that time and the moment she found herself in a clean, hard hospital bed was never very clear in Mary's mind. A strange man—young and keen and alert—was leaning over her.

"I'm Lieutenant Bradley," he explained. "I picked you up out of the Chesapeake this morning. How do you feel now?"

HER thanks were inadequate, because words came hard. There was only one thought in her mind. Larry. Would he come?

Lieutenant Bradley told her Larry was on his way. Although she didn't remember it, she had had strength enough after her rescue to identify herself, and they had already telephoned him.

Minutes later, while Bradley still sat beside her, Larry stepped through the doorway. He was haggard, years older than when she saw him last. "You—came," she whispered.

But he did not touch her. He stood there, eyeing Bradley while she performed the introductions. His thanks were stiff, and he stood aside while Bradley touched her hand and said lightly, "You know, I'm terribly glad I found you this morning."

Then Bradley left the room.

"Thank God you're safe," Larry said huskily.

That was all. And she understood what he meant—that he cared enough for her to be concerned for her safety, but that he had also accepted their separation. Her adventure had not changed that.

When he had left, she lay there, dry-eyed, watching the leaf-dappled sunlight on the opposite wall, trying not to think.

It was a week before she left the hospital. The staff doctor had insisted that she stay at least that long, to recuperate from the shock and exposure. She might have stayed even longer, but one afternoon, when he came in on his daily visit to her, Bill Wicart's face was grave.

"Washington needs you, Mary," he said. "Do you suppose the doctor will let you go today?"

"Of course. He'd have let me go before, if—if Larry had wanted me." There was no need to pretend with Wicart—she was grateful for that.

"He does want you, whether he knows it or not," he replied. "More than that. He needs you."

"What—what do you mean, Bill?"

"You get dressed and I'll tell you all about it in the car."

As they swept out of the hospital drive, Bill glanced at Mary's expectant face. "So, just out of some darned female pride, you left a perfectly good husband in Catherine Monroe's hands!"

"Then—then you know she's—in love with him?"

"In love with him!" The young Senator's voice was gruff. "If that was *all* she could do to him!"

"Bill, tell me everything you're getting at. I want to know."

So it came out—all the things she had half suspected, many that she hadn't known at all. That Wicart suspected Catherine of being a member of the gang that had killed her chauffeur. That the gang's leader might well be a certain Baron Zenoff whom Mary remembered having met at Catherine's home that first evening.

And further, that there was a definite connection between this spy ring and a vigilante group that called itself the League for Modern Freedom.

"The League's run by an ex-gangster called Voigt," Wicart explained. "Just what it's supposed to accomplish is rather vague. But one of the things it *has* accomplished is to throw a monkey wrench into your husband's plan for opening that play—"

"The play! But—why?" Mary gasped.

"It seems the League for Modern Freedom doesn't care for the propaganda in the play."

"Why, the only propaganda is *for* freedom!"

"They use strange labels these days to accomplish their purposes, Mary. At any rate, the League managed to get at the scenery, and tear it to pieces, and Larry won't be able to open until new sets have been built."

"Oh . . . poor Larry!"

THE Senator went on: "That's not his biggest trouble. This morning I was backstage at the theater. I wanted to see Larry, try to warn him. But first I caught sight of Catherine standing behind a wing with Voigt, the League boss. She was so busy with him that neither of them saw me. And I saw her hand him a long, tube-shaped package . . . I happen to know her house has been watched for months now. The theater would come in handy for a meeting-place."

She gripped the Senator's arm.

"We've got to keep Larry from being mixed up in it!"

"My idea exactly. But you're the only one that can—by getting him away from that woman!"

A few minutes later, standing with Wicart at the stage door, Mary's heart was hammering. She had been wrong. She could not desert Larry—even though never before had she been up against so complex, so strange an enemy as Catherine Monroe. It would be the hardest fight of all. But—she felt Bill's solid strength beside her—this time she had an ally.

They walked through the darkened stage, toward a light that shone from a lamp placed in one of the wings. It wasn't until they were almost upon it that they heard Catherine's voice, not bright and sparkling, this time. It was low, tense. "Here it is, Larry. Remember I'd never give it to anyone else. Use it, Larry, when I—tell you—"

Mary saw them then, standing so close together they were almost touching, yet not quite, except for his hands closing over the folded paper she was giving him. He looked down into her eyes as if he would never have enough, and then he answered as if the words were part of the spell that was on him.

"I—I promise, Catherine."

*What secret is in the paper that Catherine has just given Larry? Does it mean that he is already hopelessly enmeshed in the intrigue she is carrying on, and that Mary is too late to save him? Read the next chapter of this thrilling story in next month's Radio Mirror.*

(*Continued from page 24*)

to a little farm house in upper New York State. There was no running water, no electricity, no modern convenience of any kind—which rather disturbed me, but never bothered Mrs. Berg one bit. She was born and raised on a farm, you know.

The little old woman who owned the farm house had a queer, cracked voice and an accent all her own. I noticed Mrs. Berg listening to her, as she always does to new voices, before we went to bed.

THEN, just as I was dozing off, and while Mrs. Berg was getting ready for bed in the next room, I heard our hostess' voice through the paper thin walls of the house. She was discussing her shopping list for the next day, giving prices, recipes, and making little personal comments that I knew Gertrude Berg would love to hear.

I told her about it as soon as she returned.

"I'll bet you could use a character like that in a broadcast," I said.

"Maybe," she said calmly.

Then she climbed into bed and tucked her flashlight between her chin and shoulder to read by. When she had finished, she flashed off the light. And, in the dark, I heard once more the voice of our hostess, going over her shopping list.

It came from the bed beside me—and I realized that it had been Mrs. Berg all the time, imitating our hostess' voice, playing a joke on me.

But, aside from her love of practical jokes, Mrs. Berg is never too tired or too busy to enter completely and realistically into the lives of people she meets.

On another trip to the country, we stopped at one of those roadside diners for something to eat. We sat down on stools at the counter. I started to open my mouth to order a hamburger.

"Do you think there is any place around here where a waitress could get a job?" Mrs. Berg was saying. "I had to leave New York on account of my health!"

I was too surprised to say a word. She listened attentively while he told her all about his last waitress, about the people who came in there to eat, about the people who lived in the neighborhood. In the end, he offered her a job!

Once we were eating in a little cafeteria in New York's famous garment center, the core of the cloak, suit, and dress business of America. It's in the upper thirties in Manhattan, west of Seventh Avenue. Mrs. Berg likes to go there because the neighborhood is so full of vigorous humanity.

We took our trays to a table in the corner and sat down next to a woman of about forty, with a tired, unhappy face.

Mrs. Berg smiled at her, then turned to me and said, "If I don't soon find a job, I think I'll kill myself!"

I was too startled to say anything, but our table neighbor looked up.

"You don't look as if you need a job, Miss," she said.

"Oh, that's just because my rich sister here helps me out," said Mrs. Berg. "But she can't do it forever, you know. Do you think there would be anything for me in your shop?"

"No, I don't," the woman answered. "You see, we do piece work in my shop. It takes me all week to make eight or ten dollars. That wouldn't do you any good. I *know*. But what's a woman to do?"

She was lonely, discouraged, and without that necessity of the human heart—somebody to tell her troubles to. She found that somebody in Gertrude Berg, a perfect stranger in name, but a sympathetic friend in mind and spirit.

BY way of the universal road of understanding, we three became old friends in a few minutes. And two of us learned more about the people in the garment industry in an hour than we could have learned by reading a whole library full of books.

Gertrude Berg would hoot at anybody who mentioned anything so high-falutin' as the study of human nature to her. She can no more help drawing people to her than she can help breathing.

Her concern for people is the most all-embracing one I have ever seen. It's no wonder that characters in The Goldbergs come over the CBS mike as such *real* people.

I've seen her stop in a filthy little hut in Tia Juana, talk to the people in sign language, pick up the children







in her arms, and, finally, when a horribly dirty glass of water was brought to her, drink it right down. And make me drink one, too! Never mind if the water was full of typhoid germs! The people had been kind enough to get it for us. We had to drink it!

I'VE seen her go into little dance halls in Mexico—not the fancy, high-priced places, but the places where ordinary, poor people go. And she made friends with the people, danced with them, talked with them, and listened while they talked to her as if they had known her all their lives.

Mostly, though, we do our adventuring around New York City, mostly down on the lower East Side, too, in New York's so-called Ghetto.

Occasionally, we go to visit a particular kind of people. Like the time Mrs. Berg wanted to write a Polish character in her script.

We looked up a Polish wedding over on Second Avenue—a typical wedding with its colorful costumes, its exciting music, and its vivid, lively people. When we got to the door, a man stopped us and asked us who had invited us.

We were not prepared for such a reception, but Mrs. Berg immediately murmured something about "the bride." So what did that doorman do but call the bride over. Of course, she didn't know us from Adam.

"Was it the bride, you said?" Mrs. Berg asked me, "or the groom?"

"The groom, of course!" I said quickly.

Well, if they didn't call over the groom! For a minute it looked as if we weren't going to get in at all. Then Mrs. Berg said, looking right in his eyes, to the man at the door, "But you know *me!*"

And in a few minutes, she convinced him that he did—and we went in. We had a marvelous time. We danced, we ate and drank, we congratulated the happy couple, we were one of the family by the time we left. And Gertrude Berg felt that she could honestly present a Polish character on the air and feel as much at home with him as she had felt with those Polish people at the wedding.

One night we followed a group of women into a large building down on the lower East Side. It might have been a church service, a funeral, a concert, or a party. We didn't know. When we got inside, we discovered that it was a meeting and grocery shower given by a ladies' benevolent society for the benefit of an old people's home. Of course, somebody asked us if we were members.

"My mother," murmured Gertrude Berg.

So we went in and sat down. The chairwoman was reading out loud.

"Schwester Lena dooz drei dollar . . . Schwester Ruth dooz drei dollar," was what it sounded like to me. I wondered what it was that all these Schwesters were doing.

Not Mrs. Berg, though. She raised her hand.

"I want to pay my dues, too," she announced.

And so she became a member. Half an hour later, she was on the floor, making suggestions about ways to raise money for the Home. Before she left, they wanted to make her president of the society, and she had to excuse herself on the grounds of helping with her husband's business.

She is still a member. To this day, not one of them knows that their helpful sister is radio's Molly Goldberg.

Once we ran into a near-tragedy. It happened on the lower East Side. Across the street from us, a crowd was gathered before the steps of a tenement house. On the steps of the house stood an old, torn mattress, tied up with a string from which several pots and pans hung. And beside the mattress a little old woman was wailing and praying.

"Let them evict me!" she moaned between sobs. "Let them evict me! Somewhere will I find to sleep. But don't let them take my children away from me because I have no home!"

We stood across the street, too moved to go any closer.

Quietly, then, Gertrude Berg said to me, "Go, Fannie, go and see how much the poor woman needs to stop this calamity!"

"How much?" the old woman's daughter asked me. "Twenty dollars back in the rent we are!"

Twenty dollars was all Mrs. Berg had in her pocketbook. But she gave it to me quickly and slipped away.

I pressed the money into the old woman's hands. She looked up at me—dazed. Her daughter made her understand it was for the rent. They could go back now to their home.

"It is the presence of God!" said the old mother. "Now I can keep my children yet a while!"

Back upstairs went the old, torn mattress, the pots and pans banging against each other.

This is the Gertrude Berg I know. I wish you could know her, too.

## Hollywood Radio Whispers

(*Continued from page 37*)

Joe E. Brown fooled us all . . . and remains on the air for the full year. I still don't understand how he does it, but Joe's fans are faithful, and that's what counts!

* * *

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO YOU!

Doris Mayer, a radio writer, was introduced to a producer at a party the other night. "Your name sounds familiar" said the producer. "Haven't I heard about you before?" "I don't think so," replied Miss Mayer. "My only claim to fame is that I'm the only girl in Hollywood Rudy Vallee hasn't discovered."

* * *

SHIRLEY ON AIR?

Darryl Zanuck, in spite of his recent radio retreat, happens to be mulling over an idea that may bring Shirley Temple to the networks. Since her pictures have fallen off at the movie temples, Zanuck, I hear, feels that her stock can be boosted via the airlanes. And he's probably right!

* * *

Charlie McCarthy's ordered a new full dress suit . . . preparing for an early visit to the preacher with his boss Edgar Bergen, who may take the vows with Mary Healey.

* * *

Mickey Rooney does a jitterbug dance in his next film: he's been taking lessons at the Palomar, where Artie Shaw has been teaching him the rhythms.

* * *

"Boat Talk" predominates around Hollywood radio studios these days, with the annual race to Honolulu just around the corner. Announcer Jimmy Wallington, of the Star Theater, spends each week-end practicing for the event in rented boats, and plans to buy a super-speed job for the race? Film and radio schedules permitting, Dick Powell will accompany Lee Tracy as a crew-member on Tracy's boat. Meantime Frances Langford and Jon Hall, are full of talk about their new 63 foot ketch the "Katapui," in which they'll sail to the South Seas next year.

* * *

Don Ameche, who sings now and then on the Charlie McCarthy hour, has received so many letters protesting against his vocal ambitions, that I wouldn't be in the least surprised to hear that he has given up song for chatter.

* * *

SUCCESS STORY

Don't say that Alice Eden and John Archer aren't appreciative of the "break" given them by Jesse Lasky in his "Gateway to Hollywood" series. Alice and John won the finals of the first series, and thus earned the leading role in the film "Career." But they certainly haven't forgotten what Lasky did for them. Each week finds them on hand at the CBS Playhouse in Hollywood to watch newcomers in their try for fame, and to report their activities of the past week to Mr. Lasky.

* * *

Dorothy Lamour had herself a real time a few Sundays ago. Dorothy invited 200 guests to celebrate her mother's birthday . . . and nearly 500 showed up. Which is typical of Hollywood parties. Those on the guest list included Cesar Romero . . . without Ann Sheridan; Howard Hughes, alone but very hopeful: no matter what you hear Dorothy has not yet had a date with him, and confidentially he's done everything but stand on his head to attract her attention. Dotty divides her time between Randy Scott and Bruce Cabot. Party was one of the best of the season, combining Hollywood's Cafe Society with the movie crowd.

* * *

Mike fright and an engineer's resourcefulness put Edgar Bergen in an enviable spot the other Sunday. Annabella, the vivacious bride of Tyrone Power, lost some of her composure when she faced at the same time, a glittering microphone and a frankly staring Charlie McCarthy. Mike fright caused her to move away from the microphone, and the NBC engineer sent a director out to remedy the situation. Being a practical young man, the director simply placed Bergen's right arm around the young lady. Bergen was pleased as McCarthy was jealous, until the time came to turn the page of the script. Then it looked as though the comedian would have to choose between Annabella and Charlie. But the director re-appeared in the nick of time. He turned the page, and left Bergen free to support his guest.




BARBARA STANWYCK
*in Columbia's*
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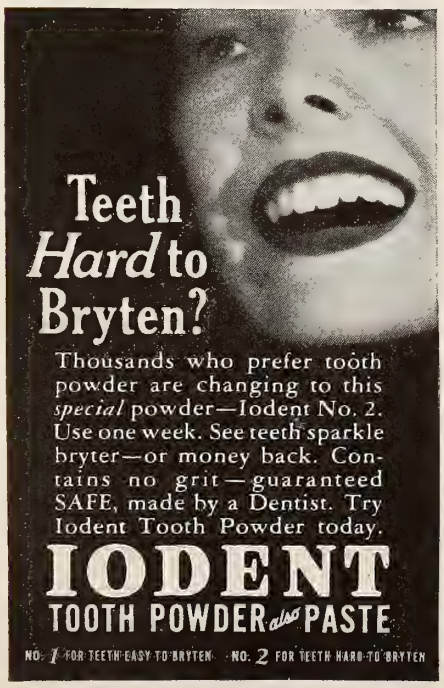
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| Fair ☐ | Gray ☐ | BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Creamy ☐ | Green ☐ | BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Medium ☐ | Hazel ☐ | REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐ |
| Ruddy ☐ | Brown ☐ | *If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐ |
| Sallow ☐ | Black ☐ | |
| Freckled ☐ | LASHES (Color) | |
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| SKIN Dry ☐ | Dark ☐ | |
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Bob Burns is busy explaining to Bing Crosby, Ken Carpenter and everyone else, that his two sons do NOT have the same names. When the newest Burns arrived May 30th, he was given the name Robin Burns. Bob's first son, now 16 years old, is named Robert . . . usually called Bob Burns, Jr. In spite of all he can say Burns can't get away from the fact that since Crosby often addressed him as Robin, the new and real Robin is frequently tagged with a Junior.

* * *

Star Theater fans got the surprise of their lives when they attended the show of which Gene Autry, the number one Cowboy, appeared as guest star. Every member of the company, including the band and Ken Murray was clad in a cow-boy outfit, complete from high heeled boots to a ten gallon Stetson. Frances Langford wore a cow-girl skirt and spurs; Ned Sparks sported a pair of six guns; Bill Bacher hid his Harpo Marx shock of hair under a big hat . . . and Kenny Baker's chaps were the envy of Autry himself.

* * *

WIN, PLACE OR SHOW?

Bob Hope called the manager of the Lakeside Golf Club the other morning for a favor, and before he was half way through the conversation he had been touched for a ten dollar contribution to the "Calcutta Pool," the club was having. Of course he agreed to pay. "Honestly," murmured Bob as he walked away from the phone, "I get caught on these things twenty times a day. I'm Hollywood's Number One Sucker." Later in the afternoon, the manager phoned Bob to tell him he'd won the $500 prize!

* * *

Here's an item which proves the value of the recent Screen Actors' Guild program and tells a human interest story as well:

This is the story of two hard working, ambitious Hollywood extras. They were fortunate enough to get steady employment, the girl as stand-in for Dolores del Rio, the boy as stand-in for Joel McCrea.

After they had been working for a while, they married; but shortly afterwards the girl contracted tuberculosis, and was forced to stop work. For a year and a half her husband devoted himself to her, worked hard and nursed her. When he couldn't meet the huge doctor bills, the Motion Picture Relief Fund, which gets a great deal of its funds from the Screen Actors' Guild program, stepped in and paid them. Finally the doctors gave the girl up, but her determination to live was so great that she recovered sufficiently to be allowed to go to the desert, with the possibility of a complete recovery. Again the Relief stepped in, and provided money enough for the couple to spend four months on the desert. Joel McCrea furnished a brand new station wagon for the happy couple, and personally wished them God-speed, good luck and a quick recovery! With the future so bright, these two youngsters left Hollywood, leaving for the time being their cares behind them. But the long arm of fate caught up with them two hours later . . . and the boy died instantly from a heart attack. His wife, literally shocked to death died three minutes later. I tell you this story simply to reveal that Hollywood is not all glamour and glitter, but is a town with its share of tragedies, just as every other town in the world!

# WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

THE CRAIGS—Sandwiched in between stock market reports of interest and value to farmers is a little five-time a week serial, entitled "The Craigs." It is a part of the new CBC policy of supplying information and entertainment exclusively to rural listeners, and may be heard every weekday, except Saturday, over the CBC Ontario network at 1:30 P.M., EDST. Funny thing about The Craigs is that, while designed for the farmers, it seems to have also caught on with the city slickers. This is due to good writing, good production and good acting, plus the fact that there are too few daily Canadian serials.

FRANK PEDDIE, the father of the Craig family, is one of the CBC's most reliable actors; hardly a show of any consequence goes on the air without his services; born 42 years ago in Scotland; educated at St. Andrew's University, and the University of Edinburgh; went through on scholarships; was a prisoner of war in Germany, and would like to forget his tunnelling to freedom (he was caught); some of his more important radio characterizations have been in "Forgotten Footsteps," "The Family Doctor," "The Dream Detective," "Tribute to a Song."

GRACE WEBSTER, the mother of The Craigs; although she has never been one in real life, she has played more mothers on the radio than any other Canadian actress; a very charming person; was born at Hamilton, Ontario, 44 years ago, and educated in Toronto; started acting as a child, but took it up professionally only in 1927; played in Toronto stock at the old Empire Theater and the Victoria.

ALICE HILL, the daughter of The Craigs; a nineteen-year-old blonde, with blue eyes, five-foot two and weighing 102 . . . her aunt, Alice Yorke, appeared in the original "Chocolate Soldier," her uncle, John Yorke, now appearing in "Leave It to Me" (or has that show closed, too?); thus comes by her acting talent honestly; educated at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto; likes badminton, swimming, and dancing; played professional stock, principally "Helen" in "Merrily We Roll Along."

GEORGE MURRAY, the son of The Craigs, is not only an actor, but also a singer; twenty-six years old, and tips the scales at one hundred and eighty-five; nudging six feet; has guested as vocalist with Music By Faith; born at Winnipeg and educated there; played football and basketball; should have a nice future in radio, with his combined talents.

DEAN HUGHES, the author; one of the better Canadian scripters; Toronto-born 31 years ago, but doesn't look his age; started his career in a bank, but wasn't much good at figures (that is, adding them), so hiked out for a harvester's job in Alberta; worked as "spike-pitcher" and engine-oiler; started in radio as an announcer, then gravitated to scripting; wrote a book of poetry when he was 21, which was published; hopes some day to live that down.

SYDNEY S. BROWN, producer of the program; better known as Syd; up-and-coming CBC producer; after you've known him for a while, you discover to your surprise that he saw four years of service in the Great War; has been with the CBC since '34, starting as "Algy" in the famous "Rainbow Revue" series out of Ottawa; his ambition was to get into production, and so there he is; showed what an audience-getter he can be personally, when he starred as "Mr. Jack" in his "Stars of Tomorrow" program, a show bringing out the talents of Canadian children; has an infinite capacity for taking pains with his productions; will shortly produce a new series written by yours truly entitled, "It's a Racket!"

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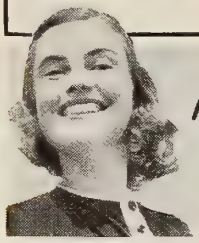



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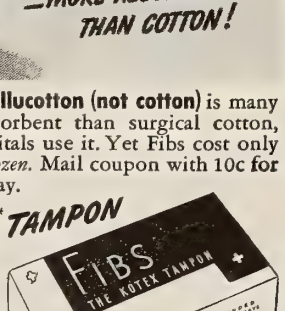
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## I Married Outside the Law

(*Continued from page* 39)

flight of stairs and knocked at the greasy panel of the door the man had indicated.

A woman stood on the threshold, looking at me steadily from a pair of deep-set gray eyes. For a moment those eyes held mine, seeming to pull me far down into bottomless wells of sadness.

"Yes?" she said, standing very still.

She didn't ask me what I wanted. She just waited, questioningly.

"I'm Kay Moore," I said. "A friend of Greg Dean's."

"Of Greg . . . ?" she said uncertainly. And then the change in her face was pitiful. It suddenly came alive with eagerness, and she held the door open wide in invitation as she burst out: "Of Tom's? Did he send you? Will you tell him I must see him?"

"I can't," I said, entering the room and closing the door behind me. "He's away. And he didn't exactly send me. I just heard that you were going to contest his divorce and—and so I came to see you."

Her eyes widened, and she sank down on the cheap iron bed that stood in the corner of the little room. "But I'm not!" she exclaimed. "That is—I don't want to. All I want is to see him—talk to him. Will he be back in Hollywood soon? You see, I only found out yesterday that he was Gregory Dean. . . ."

I SAT down on the one old chair the room contained, feeling weak and afraid. Something was terribly wrong here. I had come prepared for arguments, anger, bitterness; ready to fight with a scheming woman. And I found. . . .

I looked at her more closely. She was taller than I, and very thin. Even in the dim light cast by the overhead bulb, I could see the hollows in her cheeks and the pallor of her lips. Her brown hair was dull and lifeless, and her black dress was several years old. Yet, in a worn, emaciated way, she was lovely. There was a sweet and pitiful dignity about her which didn't square at all with my preconceived notions of the sort of woman who was trying to blackmail Greg.

"Suppose you tell me all about it," I said as gently as I could. "I'm a—a very good friend of Greg's. He'd want me to help you."

She pressed a delicate, blue-veined hand against her forehead. "I can't . . . I don't understand it very well, myself. Tom and I were married five years ago. . . ."

But I can't reproduce her story, in the way she told it—haltingly, timidly, filled with pauses and gaps which I had to fill intuitively.

She had been a stenographer when Greg married her. She must have been pretty then, in an unassuming way. Wildly in love with Greg, she hadn't minded paying the bills for their apartment while he studied music, for there was nothing in the world she wanted so much as to see him become famous. When he made up his mind to leave New York and come to California, she followed, uncomplainingly; and in Los Angeles she got another job. But things didn't go well. California wasn't the land of opportunity Greg had thought it was. She began to lose her health, but she struggled


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on, saying nothing, until the inevitable breakdown came.

"I—I don't remember much after that," she said in meek apology. "Only a sort of nightmare existence. They told me, later, that I'd had a complete nervous breakdown. But, anyway, that was about two years ago, I guess. I've been in a sanitarium since then."

IN a sanitarium, without any news of Greg. He might have vanished from the face of the earth, as far as she knew. I could only imagine her life there, as a charity patient in a state institution. But at last they told her she was well again, and let her go, almost penniless, into the world. She could do nothing but search Hollywood and Los Angeles for traces of the man she knew as Thomas Boerland. She might have searched forever, if she had not happened to meet a reporter who knew that Thomas Boerland was Gregory Dean. And it was this reporter who, tomorrow, was going to publish the news of Gregory Dean's destitute wife.

"They say he divorced me—but I didn't know. I was never told. I can't understand why. . . . It can't be legal, can it, if I wasn't told?"

She was pleading with me now, as if I had been Greg himself.

"Perhaps not," I said. "But if you contest the divorce—at least, before you see Greg—don't you know it will ruin his career?"

She sat up straight. "Oh, but I wouldn't want to do that! I wouldn't hurt him—not for anything, not for anything at all. The only thing I've ever wanted was to see him again—" Her voice broke. "He's my *husband!*"

Then, for a while, there was silence. I felt numb and sick. Everything she said had painted a new and horrible picture of Greg for my eyes—and everything she said had its deadly parallel in my own relations with him. She had sacrificed for his success—so had I. He had lied to her—and to me. And in spite of it all, she still loved him and wanted him, while I— Did the parallel continue, even there? I didn't know—but I couldn't believe that Greg could really be guilty of such inhuman treatment.

I roused myself. "The first thing we have to do," I said firmly, "is to get you into a decent place."

She looked around the room in bewilderment. "But I've no money—"

"Don't worry about that," I said. Greg had given me a generous check, and it gave me a grim sort of pleasure to spend it on his other wife.

I called Ralph, and together we packed her few poor possessions, and got her into the car and then to a quiet furnished apartment house on Third Street, near Hollywood. After we'd fed her and put her to bed, Ralph drove me back to my own apartment while I told him the whole story.

HE listened in silence and without looking at me, his eyes glued on the traffic ahead of the car. It was impossible to read his thoughts, but when I'd finished he chuckled ruefully. "We had things doped all wrong, didn't we?" he remarked, "making her the villainess."

"I'm afraid so," I said—miserably aware of what my words implied: that if Beatrice Boerland was not the villainess, then Greg must be the villain. "Ralph," I went on hurriedly, "I was just wondering—could you get that reporter not to run his story? At least until we've talked to Greg?"

"Oh?" He glanced at me quickly. "Trying to save Greg's skin?"

"No," I defended my request. "All I want now is to help that poor woman. But if the story came out, then we'd have nothing to hold over Greg except his marriage to me. And I don't want to use that."

I CAN'T blame you for that," he agreed. He sighed deeply. "Oh, well, I might have known it. A reporter shouldn't have any friends. Sure, I can get him to kill the story—but I'll have to swap. I'll have to give him a scoop I dug up all by myself, that I was going to use on my broadcast."

"Ralph, you're a darling."

"I wish I thought you meant that," he said. "If I get that story killed, will you call Greg long distance and tell him to come right back here?"

My thoughts flew to Greg. All those years of struggling, of trying to get somewhere in radio and the movies—and now, just when he was on the brink of success, must I force him to cancel the tour that was to have brought him so much?

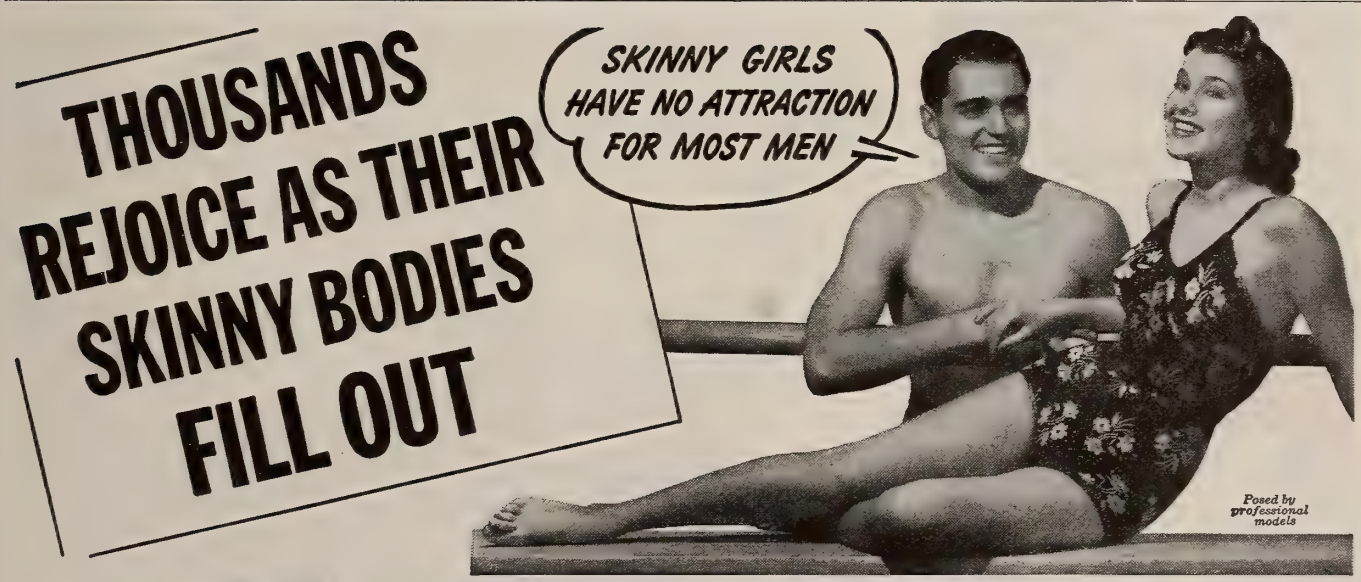
"It doesn't seem fair," I said. "Can't we wait until the tour is over?"

"No," Ralph said with a determined shake of his head. "This is something that has to be settled right away."

"Yes," I agreed with a sigh. "I suppose you're right. I'll call him."

So, after Ralph had called his reporter friend and got him to agree not to print the story, I picked up the telephone and called the hotel in New York where Greg was staying.

Buzzes, clicks, the voices of the operators, dead silence—and then his


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voice was there, at my ear. My heart throbbed at the memory of that voice —the magic it had had for me once. This was not the long-distance call I had wanted to make to him.

"This is Kay, Greg," I said, trying to speak steadily.

"Why, darling—this is sweet of you—"

"No," I said, "I'm afraid it isn't. Greg, you've got to come back. Right away. I've just talked to—" it was hard to get the words out— "to your wife. She's ill, and poor, and she needs you."

I heard him gasp. Then he said tensely. "I can't come back. You know better than to ask— You didn't tell her—anything, did you?"

"Are you coming back?" I asked, choosing to ignore his question.

"I can't! I've got a contract for five appearances a day here."

WELL," I said, speaking slowly and distinctly, "I think you'd better come, Greg. Get out of the contract somehow. Because I don't think your divorce from your first wife is legal. So we're not married. And—I didn't want to tell you until you got back here—but I'm going to have a baby. I think you'd better come home."

"My God!" he murmured.

"When can you get here?"

"I'll catch the morning plane," he promised.

Ralph watched me as I hung up. "Think he'll come?" he asked.

"I think so." Weariness was overcoming me; an unseen hand seemed to be pressing my eyelids down.

Strange, I remember thinking . . . something must have happened to the lights . . . they were growing dim . . . and dimmer . . . and Ralph's face was receding into the distance.

I remember thinking that—and then I stopped thinking.

I was being cradled in strong arms, lifted and carried in them through the air—as if I were flying. Against my cheek I felt the roughness of tweed . . . and in my dream I felt so safe, so secure. Oh Greg, Greg, you've come back, you're with me again, you do love me . . . I whispered his name.

Then I felt myself being lowered, and the arms were no longer around me. My eyes opened. Ralph was leaning over me, in his face a look of brooding tenderness.

"No, it's not Greg," he said with a little smile. "But don't worry—he'll be here soon. . . . You still love him, don't you?"

I turned away, pressed my cheek against the pillow of the sofa where I was lying. "I don't know, Ralph," I confessed miserably. "I—I just can't believe he could do such a terrible thing to that woman . . . I keep thinking there must be a mistake."

But there was no mistake. I learned when Greg arrived in Hollywood.

"I've made an awful mess of things," he said abjectly. "I know it—I've known it for months. I had no real right to marry you—I knew I'd got my divorce without Beatrice's knowledge or consent. But I loved you so. I couldn't let you go. And I thought Beatrice would be in . . . that place . . . for the rest of her life."

I looked at him—at his handsome face, at the dark rings of sleeplessness and worry under his eyes, at the thumb and forefinger tugging nervously at one ear—and I saw him as a child, incapable of directing his own life. He was not strong, not wise. He could not look ahead. And in spite of all this, knowing his weakness, I still loved him.

"She wants you back, Greg," I reminded him. "She's lonely and ill, and completely lost in the world without you. You've treated her abominably."

"I've got you to think of, too," he went on in a lower tone. "You—and the baby."

"Oh—" I said. "I can get along somehow." But even as I spoke I felt a warm surge of happiness. Since I met Mrs. Boerland, I had sincerely been more worried over her problems than over my own—but it was inexpressibly comforting to know that I was still important to Greg.

"But I don't want you to get along somehow," he said with concern. "Listen, darling— I have an idea. Just give me a little time. I'll send you out of town—to New York, say—to have the baby. In the meantime, I'll get lawyers busy here, to find out a way of freeing me from Beatrice, and providing for her. Those things can always be fixed, you know, if you get a smart lawyer. I suppose it'll all come out in the papers, that I'm married to Beatrice, but I don't care about that any longer. Just as long as you aren't dragged into it. And then we can get married again—really married, this time."

His face was alight with new hope, his eyes begging me to believe him.

"I've learned my lesson," he insisted. "I'm going to get things all straightened out this time. Please, Kay! Just give me time! I've treated you badly, I know. But you've got to give me a chance to make up for what I've done."

"I will, Greg," I said. For I wanted to believe.

He seized my hand and put it to his lips, then jumped up. "Now I'll have to run. I'll see my lawyer and then I'll come back and we can have dinner together." He looked at his watch. "I'll be back in about an hour."

When he had gone, I stood in the middle of the room, aimlessly gazing around me.

I SHOULD have been happy. I honestly believed that Greg would try, now, to straighten out the mess that had been made of three lives—his, mine, and Beatrice Boerland's. I had been assured once more of his love, by his eagerness to take me to New York, care for me.

Yes, I should have been happy. But I wasn't.

A knock on the door interrupted me as I was trying to make a list of the things I must do before I could leave Hollywood. It was Ralph.

He came in, looking around the room curiously. "Isn't he here?"

"Greg? He's been here." And then, more and more haltingly as I watched his stony face, I told him what we had decided to do.

He made an impatient gesture when I finished. "This has got to stop," he said. "I don't believe a word of it. Kay, if you let him talk you into going to New York, he'll let you down. I know it!"

I couldn't believe my eyes or my ears. In a flash the kind, easy-going Ralph I'd always known had changed into a ragingly angry stranger.

He put both hands on my shoulders and drew me close, looking down into my face. "I love you, and I'm not going to sit back and let you throw

yourself away on that rotter!"

With a tremendous effort of my will as well as my body, I twisted away.

"He isn't a rotter!" I cried. "He's made mistakes, but he's sorry now, and he's going to repair them. He promised me, just an hour ago!"

HE was lying to you—and if you weren't deliberately pulling the wool over your own eyes, you'd know it!"

Suddenly I realized we were standing there in the middle of the room, shouting at each other at the top of our voices. I said more quietly, "Ralph, let's not quarrel. I'm sorry that you—that you think you love me. And you know I'm terribly fond of you. But—Greg is the father of the baby I'm going to have. I want to be with him when the baby is born."

"It isn't possible," he insisted. "Greg will never acknowledge that baby—or you either. Oh, he may think he will, now. Maybe he's being perfectly honest when he promises to free himself of his wife and marry you. But I'll bet he's just playing for time—stalling because he doesn't know what else to do. And when it comes to the showdown, he'll leave you high and dry."

"I can't believe he'd do that to me!" I exclaimed.

"If you like," he said quietly, "I'll prove it. Just as soon as Greg gets back here."

Half an hour later Greg knocked on the door, and when I opened it he rushed in eagerly—to stop short at sight of Ralph.

"Oh—hello, Mont," he said. "Glad to see you."

"Let's skip the formalities," Ralph said, "Kay told me about you two being married, and about the baby."

Greg cast a reproachful glance at me but said nothing, and Ralph went on:

"And I found out something today that ought to make things a lot easier. There's a law in this state that makes it possible for you to go before a judge and swear that you married Kay in good faith, not knowing that your other divorce wasn't legal. The judge can then declare the baby—yours and Kay's—legitimate, and annul your marriage to Kay. Later, if you succeed in divorcing your first wife, you and Kay can remarry."

"Isn't there one thing you've forgotten?" Greg asked slowly. "How about Kay? I didn't want to drag her name into this mess."

But my relief at hearing that there was a way to end our troubles quickly, without waiting for long months of suspense and uncertainty, was so great that I burst out:

I WON'T mind, Greg. It wouldn't hurt me—after all, it would all be legal and aboveboard—"

Greg shook his head. "No, my plan is better," he said. "It's better for Kay to go to New York."

"But suppose you can't?" Ralph insisted. "Suppose it takes longer than you think to free yourself of your first wife? Suppose she puts up a fight? Then Kay's left in New York, with a baby on its way or already born, and no husband."

"It won't take that long," Greg said stubbornly. "And there won't be any trouble about getting the divorce."

"Are you sure of that?" Ralph asked. "Or are you just kidding yourself, because you don't want to admit publicly that you married Kay when you already had a wife?"

"I resent that!" Greg flashed at him. "I don't think I have to explain my reasons to you—for anything!"

"Maybe not to me—but you should to Kay," Ralph answered. "Look here, Greg, this isn't a romantic movie you're playing a part in. This is real life, and things aren't going to turn out right for you just because you want them to. You've got to get your teeth into the situation and do something about it. Don't you know the hell that Kay would go through, sitting in New York, wondering what was going to happen, waiting and waiting—with no assurance in the world that you'd ever be free so you could marry her again? You say there won't be any trouble about getting a divorce from Beatrice, but I'm not so sure. You're in a spot there, too. As far as I can see, you haven't any grounds at all for divorcing her, and she isn't the kind that'll let you go without a struggle. But if you'd do as I say, you could at least make sure of Kay's security!"

We waited for Greg's answer. I had a cold feeling in the pit of my stomach. I knew now that Greg's next words would tell me plainly whether he loved me or his career.

"No," he said sullenly. "I won't do it. If Kay loves me—she'll just have to trust me, and wait."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I guess you were right, Ralph. Greg, I'll let you work things out by yourself. Take all the time you like. But when you're finished—I won't be waiting for you."

ALL this happened a month ago. I have been in Dune, the little town where Greg and I were married, since then. I came here on Ralph's advice, to secure a quiet annulment of my






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marriage, and after the court had freed me I stayed on for a while, unwilling to return to Hollywood. It is peaceful here in the midst of the desert, and I am living with the principal of the little school and his wife. They are kind and understanding, and although they must be curious about me, they never ask questions. Before I leave, I will tell them everything.

I've spent the long hours in writing down what happened to me, in the hope that, once these memories have been transferred to paper, they will leave my thoughts.

There is only one memory I want to keep. Ralph's face, bending over me as I lay on the sofa. I'll never forget that. I couldn't if I wanted to.

It's three o'clock now, on a Saturday afternoon, and I'm glad I have finished—because in a few minutes I'll see Ralph's noisy little car come scuttling up the road from the west. I want to watch for it, and I want to be dressed in my best when I see it.

For a very special reason. . . . Today is my wedding day, and Ralph is the bridegroom.

THE END

## Interrupted Wedding

(*Continued from page* 36)

—cars—accidents—none of it seemed to make sense.

"But Mrs. McCreagh—why don't you tell her you weren't driving?"

"She knows. I'm sure she knows. But she doesn't care. She's a madwoman, Alice. All she cares about is that I've got money. Don't you see, darling, it's a vicious, horrible net?"

YES, I saw. It *was* a net. Around him, and around me. And, in a moment of intuition, I saw that instead of helping Bob, my presence hindered him.

But there must be some way out! Innocent people, surely, couldn't be trapped this way. If I could only put my hand out, grasp the missing key to the puzzle . . . it must exist.

"If you really want to help me," Bob was saying, "you'll go home. Only, whatever happens, believe in me. Things—" he tried to smile—"may not be as bad as they look. I may be back for you in no time at all. But right now I've got to stay on and I've got to stay on alone."

"I'll go—right away," I said. "And I promise, Bob—whatever happens, —I'll still be waiting."

Quickly he kissed me. "Dearest . . . darling, good bye," he said.

I walked down the dusty street toward the railway station. And now I knew that in spite of his false optimism, Bob had lost all hope. If the net had been a real one, made of rope, Bob could have burst through it with his glorious strength; but it was a net of lies, a gossamer net whose strands had been spun by Mrs. McCreagh.

Somewhere that net had its weak point—but where?

There wasn't another train east for three hours, so I stepped into the shadowy drug store for a cool drink. It was empty except for the clerk, and he was hungry for conversation. It wasn't hard to lead our casual talk to Bob Borden and Georgia McCreagh.

"Nice fella, Borden," the clerk said. "We all liked him real well when he was working on our new bridge a while back. But I must say Mrs. McCreagh gave the town the surprise of its life yesterday when she said Bob had come back to marry Georgia.

"Around here," the clerk was continuing lazily, "we always figured Georgia and Sam Burton would get hitched."

I set my glass down carefully on the marble counter, my hand shaking. Of course! Here was the weak spot in the web, the key to the puzzle—Sam Burton. "Is he a Harmony man?" I asked casually.

"Sure—works at the garage down the road."

Careful not to hurry, I paid my check and strolled out of the store—but my thoughts were racing ahead of me, to the ugly garage on the corner.

It seemed deserted when I got there. I peeked into the littered interior; from somewhere in the back came a sound of pounding. Then, going closer, I saw the figure of a young man in dirty overalls, bending over a tire.

"Are you Sam Burton?" I asked.

He straightened up and turned to look at me. I don't know what I'd expected—a wicked-looking brute, I suppose—but he was only a sandy-haired, blue-eyed boy, about twenty-two, with an unhappy mouth.

"Yes," he said, cautiously.

"I'm Alice Drake," I said. "I'm the girl who was being married to Bob Borden two days ago, when Mrs. McCreagh stopped the wedding."

"Yeah?" he said. "I didn't know about that." He bent once more to the tire.

"Won't you help me?" I cried above the sound of his renewed hammering. "They're saying now that Bob's going to marry Georgia McCreagh."

He dropped the hammer with a clatter. "Look here, lady," he said angrily, "I don't know what you're talking about. It's none of my business who marries who."

I burst out at him: "It *is* your business! You're in love with Georgia yourself—and you were driving the car the night she was hurt!"

WHO told you that?" And now I saw that he wasn't sure of himself at all—he was only a frightened, unhappy boy.

"Nobody," I said. "I guessed it."

"Well, it—it isn't true," he mumbled. Somehow, I knew he was lying.

"You're afraid to speak the truth!" I accused him. "Well, I'm not. I'm going up to the court house right now and lodge a complaint against you!"

For a second I was afraid my bluff wouldn't work—for it had been sheerest, most desperate bluff. But as I turned to go, his grimy hand grasped my arm.

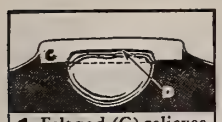
"Lady—don't do that!"

"Will you tell me the truth then?"

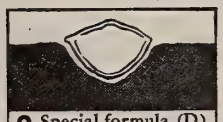
He gulped. "Yes. I was driving the car, all right. Bob hired it, and pretended to Mrs. McCreagh that he was taking Georgia out—just so Georgia and me could see each other without Mrs. McCreagh knowing. I was driving, but I was so glad to see Georgia I guess—I guess I was looking at her, not the road . . ."

"And then when I saw Georgia lying there, after the accident—I lost my head. I thought she was dead. I

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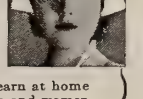
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didn't know what to do. And Bob said for me to go home and he'd take care of everything."

"Come with me!" I cried. "We've got to tell Mrs. McCreagh!"

And then, with his next words, I realized for the first time how much harm the wrong conception of nobility can do. Until then, Mrs. McCreagh had been my enemy, with her evil strength—but now I saw that the real enemy was Sam Burton, with his weakness that made him willing to destroy himself—and Bob—and me—and the girl he loved.

"No!" he said stubbornly. "I'm not telling anybody else but you. I *want* Georgia to marry Bob. She's got to have doctors, and treatment, and I can't give them to her. So I won't do anything to break up that marriage."

I felt helpless, bound hand and foot. Salvation was so near—the whole puzzle was spread out, solved if this stubborn man with his twisted ideas of chivalry would only let it be solved.

"You're a fool!" I told him. "How happy do you suppose Georgia's going to be, married to a man she doesn't love? It doesn't matter how well he can take care of her—she'll be miserable! And you'll be miserable, too—and Bob—and me! Four lives torn to pieces—just because you won't tell the truth—because you want to dodge the responsibility of marrying a crippled girl and taking care of her—"

Suddenly his eyes were blazing in the pallor of his face. "You take that back!" he said tensely. "I'm not dodging any responsibility!"

YOU are! You are! If you weren't, you'd tell the truth!"

There was a long silence, there in the dusty garage. I saw his jaw muscles working. "All right," he said at last. "You win. If you can fight this way for the guy you love, I guess I can fight for Georgia."

Together we set out for Mrs. McCreagh's.

She opened the door for us herself and, though she tried to bar his way, Sam brushed past her into Georgia's room.

"Sam's going to marry Georgia himself, Mrs. McCreagh," I told her. "And he's going to tell the truth, if you make any more trouble."

Her hand went to her throat. Her pale eyes stared into mine. Then they dropped. She turned and went silently out of the room.

The door of Georgia's room was flung open, and Bob came out. One sight of his face told me that the nightmare was at an end.

"How did you find out about Sam?" he demanded.

"I'll answer that question later on," I said. "Right now, Bob Borden, I should think you'd have the decency to take me home to our minister, so he could finish the ceremony he began the other day. Remember?"

Bob didn't answer. He sat down and began writing a check. "Just a minute," he said. "I've made myself responsible for Georgia's doctor bills. And I'm going to see about a better job for Sam later on. But right now I want to leave this for them—for a wedding present."

He tucked the check in Georgia's door and came back and folded me in eager arms. "What's all this nonsense you're talking about going back home to be married?" he asked. "Just as if I'd wait that long? Just as if there weren't ministers in Harmony?"



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# Is Your Husband Really a Bargain?

(*Continued from page 19*)

YOUR HUSBAND'S BOX SCORE

23 No's—He's too perfect to be human.
18-23 No's—Aren't you sometimes afraid of him?
12-18 No's—He's a real bargain.
9-12 No's—No bargain, but worth the money.
5-9 No's—He begins to look doubtful.
0-5 No's—You have our sympathy.

Don't grade yourself on this next quiz. Just answer its questions, marking down a yes or no after each one. And when you've finished, compare your answers with those on the first quiz. I'll wager that you'll find a fault in yourself to correspond with at least half of your husband's faults.

1. Do you make an effort to take an interest in your husband's work, and listen attentively to his troubles?

2. Are you careful never to accept invitations to see people that your husband doesn't find congenial?

3. Do you budget your household and personal allowances, and keep to the budget?

4. Do you see to it that your relatives, including your parents, do not enter your home or your life any more than is absolutely necessary?

5. Are you careful to give him his way in small things which make his life more pleasant, even though they aren't really any of his business—the way you keep the house or the color of your nail polish?

6. Do you make a real effort to keep your mind keen and alert, well-informed on all the subjects which interest him, so that you won't be left behind while he forges ahead?

7. Do you make a point of telling him how handsome he looks whenever he's just had a haircut and put on his best suit?

8. When he takes one drink too many, do you let next morning's headache be his only punishment, or do you add a few reminders of his sin on your own account?

9. When you're out in the car together, do you do too much "back seat driving?"

10. Are you careful to give him the impression that no matter how much you love the children, you love him a great deal more, and that the children are something that belong to you *both*, as partners?

11. Realizing that men don't like anything that cramps their style, can you enjoy yourself at a party without making him dance attendance on you?

12. Though you are convinced that golf (or baseball or some other hobby of his) is silly, do you humor his enthusiasm for it, and find some personal interest of your own which you can pursue while he's on the links?

13. Are you always ready on time when the two of you are going somewhere together, or do you make such a practice of being late that you give him an excuse to dawdle too?

14. If your husband doesn't like to look at shop windows, are you considerate enough to do most of your window-shopping when you are alone?

15. When your husband talks about the girls he used to know, do you remember that you're the girl he married?

16. Do you flatter him by deferring to his taste in women's clothes, having them sent home on approval so he can see them before you plunk out the cash?

17. Do you see to it that there are plenty of ash trays around the house, and that they are all large enough to do their duty properly, remembering there is nothing a man hates as much as a postage-stamp size ash tray; and if he smokes a pipe, do you provide him with a special big ash tray with a post for him to knock the pipe against?

18. Do you tactfully and subtly remind him that a birthday or wedding anniversary is imminent a week or so before it is due, thereby sparing him the embarrassment of forgetting it?

19. Have you complained so often about the amount of work you do at home that he's developed an immunity to the subject, and doesn't hear you any more, out of self-defense?

20. Do you use reasonable judgment at night in telling him the events of your day—or do you just tell all endlessly?

21. Do you respect his likes and dislikes in the way of friends, and make arrangements to see people he doesn't like at times when he's busy somewhere else?

22. Do you make a note after every argument you have with him that such-and-such a subject is a dangerous one, to be avoided if possible?

23. Do you give him the trust you expect him to give you, so that if he comes home later than you expect him, you take it for granted that he had good and sufficient reasons for the delay, even if he doesn't explain them at once?

## "TRUE OR FALSE?" -:- -:- -:- ANSWERS

1. **FALSE.** Loretta Young played with Don Ameche in "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell." In this scene, Alice Faye played with Don in "Alexander's Ragtime Band."
2. **FALSE.** Seersucker is a thin striped fabric.
3. **FALSE.** They're made of cotton.
4. **FALSE.** He played the detective, Nick Charles. The title role of the scientist was played by Edward Ellis.
5. **FALSE.** It's a type of couch usually found in bedrooms. The phrase literally means "long chair."
6. **FALSE.** He is the master of ceremonies of the "True or False?" program. Walter Hagen is the golf professional.
7. **FALSE.** A "dead mike" is a disconnected microphone.
8. **TRUE.** It is a very tender steak. (This name, which is of American origin, is said to have originated when Charles Dickens was served an excellent steak during his tour of America by a tavern keeper named Porter.)
9. **FALSE.** Parchesi is a parlor game. Parmesan cheese is often used as a garnish.
10. **TRUE.** It's a short jacket, with or without sleeves. It's also a Spanish dance.

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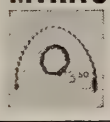
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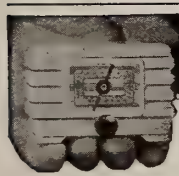
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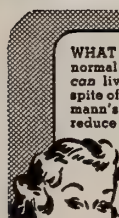
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## Eleanor Roosevelt— Radio's Favorite Guest

(*Continued from page 17*)

before November, 1932, when the National Broadcasting Company made a date with her. She was then just the wife of one of the presidential candidates. But when the calendar had swung around to the appointed time, the American people had made her their First Lady.

She kept her date with NBC, though. She appeared in their studios at exactly the hour arranged weeks before. When she arrived, the studio looked like an over-active movie set. Newsreel cameras leered at her from every angle. Newspaper cameramen with flashlight bulbs, set to explode, crouched and weaved in and around microphones. But they didn't disturb Mrs. Roosevelt's gentle poise.

AFTER the broadcast, she posed for as many pictures as the photographers wanted. They used hundreds of feet of film and bulbs. It was hot in that studio, too. But she just patted her forehead with a tiny handkerchief, smoothed her hair and took whatever poses the boys wanted. After they were all finished, Margaret Cuthbert, head of NBC's Women's Department, walked over to Mrs. Roosevelt and, very apologetically, said:

"Mrs. Roosevelt, I hate to ask you to take more pictures—but NBC would like to take some of you in our own studio. Would it be asking too much to come down to our photograph department now?"

The First Lady smiled: "Miss Cuthbert, if you're worried because you think those pictures which were just taken are not good, that doesn't matter. But if you want other pictures of me taken by your own photographer, I'll be glad to do it."

And because Miss Cuthbert said NBC would like to have its own photographs, Mrs. Roosevelt went uncomplainingly through another thirty minutes or so of posing under hot blinding studio lights.

After working with her for almost seven years, the networks still marvel at the down-to-earth simplicity and understanding of the First Lady. She is far easier to reach, for example, than most radio or Hollywood stars. To obtain her for a program, both NBC and CBS usually write her directly at the White House. Within a day or so, an answer, in which she either accepts the invitation or explains why she can't, comes back. CBS sometimes, too, contacts her through its Washington department but that's only for convenience's sake.

A few months ago Miss Cuthbert wanted her for a program. She knew that Mrs. Roosevelt was in New York. When she is in Manhattan alone she usually stays at the apartment of Melvina Thompson, her assistant.

There is no way of reaching Miss Thompson's apartment by 'phone. But an intimate of the White House had told Miss Cuthbert that all important messages would be delivered to Miss Thompson by the florist who has a shop near her apartment. The NBC executive asked the neighborhood flower dealer to pass on her request to Miss Thompson. In five minutes, Miss Cuthbert's office 'phone rang. It was not Miss Thompson calling back—it was Mrs. Roosevelt herself!


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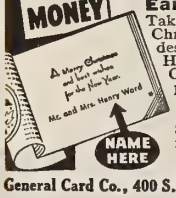
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.....

.....


VERY often Mrs. Roosevelt appears on the air at the request of various organizations and charities. They, too, write directly to the White House. Even if it means keeping on the go night and day, she does her best to help every worth while cause—from national charities to local youth organizations. Since 1932, she has been heard on NBC 95 times and almost as often on CBS.

Once she agrees to speak for an organization, the networks are called by the group and asked for time on the air. From then until the broadcast, one letter to Mrs. Roosevelt giving the time, place and subject is enough. She has never been late for a program, has never missed a cue, has never run over the time set aside for her.

There was the time three years ago when Mrs. Roosevelt was in New York to appear as mistress of ceremonies on a peace program. It was an important broadcast and its subject was close to the heart of the First Lady. When she arrived, eight minutes before broadcast time, she seemed as gracious and collected as always. She looked particularly lovely that night in a black gown.

She spent her eight minutes learning the names and background of the eight people she was to introduce. It was a half-hour program and she conducted it perfectly. After it was all over, officials rushed up to congratulate her. Her explanation of why she had to hurry away caused them to look at her with a new kind of admiration and respect. On her way to the studio a telegram had come telling her that her sons James and Franklin had been in an automobile crash in Boston. She still had no idea how badly they were hurt. Yet there was no time to find out—she had concealed a mother's burning anxiety to do what she could for a great humanitarian cause.

All network special events men have worn their nerves ragged wondering whether a scheduled speaker will show up at the last minute. They have long since ceased worrying about Mrs. Roosevelt. She has never cancelled a broadcast which she has promised to make. Usually, too, when the networks are dealing with some unusual personage they have to bother about escorts and special studios. But with the First Lady, the broadcasters forget all their worries.

She comes to the studios alone. No state troopers hovering in the background, no anxious brood of secretaries. A cab drops her at one of the entrances and she boards any elevator that happens to be ready to go up.

Usually, she broadcasts from the network studios in New York or Washington. Most of the broadcasts, naturally, come from the capital. When some special occasion doesn't permit the using of CBS's station WJSV or NBC's WRC-WMAL there, the pick-up is made from the White House. The Old Diplomatic Reception Room has been permanently wired for radio equipment and is always used for the President's fireside chats. Microphones are set up there for his wife, too. Occasionally, though, her voice is picked up from her sitting room or the portico and then the radio engineers merely string a few extra feet of wire down the White House halls.

When in New York, she uses any one of the NBC studios that is most convenient. But, over at CBS, they have a special room for visiting dignitaries. It's called, by an odd coincidence, the Blue Room and was designed by Mrs. William S. Paley, wife of the CBS president. The Blue Room is completely different from every other radio studio. It looks exactly like a comfortable, luxurious living room. When Mrs. Paley originally designed it, everything in it was a soothing shade of blue. She re-decorates fairly often, though, and now it has a combination of blue, gray and green colors.

The idea of the Blue Room, obviously, is to immediately chase away any symptoms of mike-fright. There is even a framed picture which can be swung into place to conceal the small control room from nervous eyes. No one has yet caught the First Lady with a case of air-jitters, but CBS likes to have her use its special Blue Room, anyhow.

Mrs. Roosevelt possesses one radio virtue broadcasters always admire: she is able to speak ad-lib—without notes or script—perfectly. Carleton Smith, NBC's Washington presidential announcer, recalls one occasion when the First Lady turned the page of her script—and found the next page missing. She ad-libbed perfectly until a harried production man finally found the absent section.

BACK in February, 1936, Mrs. Roosevelt appeared as mistress of ceremonies on America's Town Meeting of the Air. The discussion that night was to center around the youth problem—"Young America Looks Forward." There were four other speakers. The first three talks were rather dull and audience and listeners had settled down to a listless sort of attention. But interest perked up when Mrs. Roosevelt introduced Mrs. Eugene Meyer, staunch Republican and a bitter enemy of the Roosevelt administration. Mrs. Meyer spoke caustically and pulled no punches. As she lashed out at the National Youth Administration and the WPA, sections of the audience booed. Mrs. Roosevelt stood up and waved down the booers with her hands. She did this three times. During most of Mrs. Meyer's attack, the First Lady took notes.

George Denny, conductor of the program, looked a little worried during the talk. He hadn't quite anticipated such hectic events. He kept his eye on Mrs. Meyer and, as soon as she finished he rushed over to sign off the program as gracefully as possible. But Mrs. Roosevelt beat him to the microphone. She clasped Mrs. Meyer's hand and publicly thanked her for her suggestions. After Denny had signed off, she told Mrs. Meyer that she had carefully made notes and would carry a report back to Washington.

There were seasoned newspapermen in that audience. They were even more stunned than Mrs. Meyer.

As Mrs. Roosevelt started to leave the auditorium, a policeman came up to her:

"Mrs. Roosevelt, there's a tremendous crowd out front waiting for you. But I've cleared the back way and you can get right away."

Her answer is a complete revelation of the character of the simple, unassuming woman who is America's First Lady. She smiled as she said:

"Oh, Spinach—I'm going the front way."

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Quick, spare-time money-maker. New! Exclusive! 21 beautiful Christmas Folders with sender's INITIAL in Metallic Gold and Silver Seals—only $1. Make 100% profit. Extra Bonus. Also sell Personal Christmas Cards—name-imprinted—50 for $1. Many other big-value Christmas Card Assts., retail 50c up. Write for Samples.
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## Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 40*)

### DYNAMITE IN RHYTHM

DYNAMITE in rhythm is the best way to describe the powerful musical hi-jinks concocted by Glenn Miller, latest of the swing scions to shoot up like a World's Fair comet in the favor of the nation's jitterbugs.

This syncopated strength was not inherited overnight. It is the pent-up musical emotion garnered through the years by the slim, bespectacled westerner who looks like Benny Goodman and talks like Don Bestor.

Glenn is not new in the band business. Most of his thirty years have been spent in it.

Around radio row Glenn is rated as a musician's musician. The Norvos, Nelsons, Nobles knew him but you didn't. Tucked behind a shiny trombone was Glenn, his head spinning with arrangements and plans that were years ahead of their time.

The futuristic arrangements that Glenn devised were carefully tucked away in the back of his long head. The mechanical ones were sold to Goodman, Dorsey, Casa Loma, and others.

The big-shot bandleaders always took Glenn into their confidence. He was a good listener. The assorted maestros liked that type. Glenn was sympathetic and more than that, awfully helpful.

"Glenn, if I could just find a good tenor sax man what a band I would have," was a typical plaint that reached Miller's ears.

Stamping out a burning cigarette, Miller would answer softly: "I'll see what I can do about getting you Tony."

Next day Tony would be working for a new band.

MILLER'S miraculous ability to spot ace musicians in orchestras spread across radio row. He was enormously helpful in organizing the Dorsey Brothers band, enlisted Ray McKinley, the drummer, Skeets Herford, tenor sax, and Don Mattison, trombone. When Ray Noble came to the United States he could not bring his English-born musicians. So Ray sought out Miller, the band-maker, made him key arranger and assistant leader. Glenn accepted, started his methodical tour of Lindy's, Dave's Blue Room, rehearsal halls and broadcasting studios, and formed Noble's American band.

Miller stayed with Noble several years. Then he went back to radio work as a trombonist.

His reputation grew but strictly in the profession. He was still just a good trombonist in a very neat tuxedo to the average dancer.

Most bandleaders will tell you that they got the idea to lead their own band out of a clear blue sky, and quicker than you can say "Paul Whiteman" they were waving a baton.

Not Miller.

"I've always wanted to lead a band—but lead the kind of a band that would mean something. I could have started ten years ago. So what? It would never have meant a thing and I'd still be playing every honkey tonk this side of Passaic. I kept thinking about it, working it out in my mind. The arrangements I couldn't sell other leaders because they sounded too




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Also: Varady Face Cream—Oil of Youth—Face Powder.

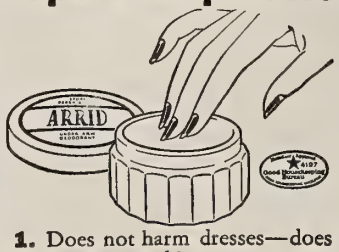
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*safely*
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revolutionary I kept for myself. Any musical tricks I concocted became my own secret."

That secret began after Glenn left the University of Colorado, a timid student from the mid-west. Glenn worked his way through school playing in a band.

It seems every good musician has worked at some time or other with Ben Pollack. Glenn was no exception. He played alongside Gene Krupa and Benny Goodman. Pollack came east from California and Glenn went with him. In those pre-swing days Glenn was already playing real swing. Few knew it. The great Bix Beiderbecke knew and he hired Glenn to work with him on phonograph records. So did the Dorseys, Casa Loma, and Red Nichols.

ABOUT a year ago Glenn organized his own band. This time grateful bandleaders whom Glenn had helped, played turn-a-bout. Goodman recommended Hal MacIntyre, an alto man, and he was the first to join the 15-man personnel. "Chummy" MacGregor, a fine composer and pianist, was next. "Texas" Beneke, a comedian and tenor sax star, came next to form the nucleus. They are still with Miller.

Although the style of the band was perfected shortly and Glenn soon had a library of important arrangements, his unit was far from ready for the big-time. He played such places as the Paradise Restaurant where the floor show always over-shadows the bandstand, Atlantic City, Asbury Park, and Wildwood, N. J.

Bookers showed mild interest so Glenn kept polishing. Effort was placed on the brass section and rhythm department. Lovely, blonde Marion Hutton, sister of jitterbug Betty, and Ray Eberle, whose brother Bob sings with Jimmy Dorsey, were hired.

Last winter Glenn returned to the Paradise. But this time he had a radio wire, the oasis in the floor show desert.

Styled directly as a dance band, Glenn's versatility made it possible for jitterbugs as well as dance fans to acclaim this music. The power shot like a bolt from coast to coast. His five-man sax section—the "saxotones"—in which the clarinetist takes the lead—is the star style item, and the one that got people talking about Miller.

For the "pretty tunes," as Miller calls them, he innovated the "brass choir,"—a combination of three trumpets and three trombones.

All saxotone and brass choir tunes are arranged by Miller. But that's hardly enough. Bill Finnegan, a Jersey killer-diller, supplies other arrangements.

The important dates followed quickly.

Then to Glenn came the plum summer spot in the east—Glen Island Casino. To up-and-coming bandleaders Glen Island has more tradition than Buckingham Palace. From this roadside retreat in New York, the Dorseys, Casa Loma, Ozzie Nelson and Larry Clinton went on to major victories. If you're a good boy they give you five broadcast shots a week. Buckingham Palace can give you only the Changing of the Guard.

Off the bandstand Glenn is more like a college professor. I guess you have to blame his glasses for that impression. He is married to the girl he "fell for" on the college campus.

Unlike most bandleaders I've met, Miller's favorite form of dancer is the jitterbug, but he won't play for them all night.

Plans for the future are particularly rosey. He goes into the Paramount theater, New York, in mid-September. Now you can hear him over NBC from the Glen Island Casino in Westchester, New York. That man you see engaging Miller in long and serious conversations between dance sets, is from an advertising agency representing a large cigarette company.

The initials missing in Glenn Miller's name are T.N.T.

## OFF THE RECORD

**Some Like It Sweet**

**Whistlin' In the Wildwood; Boom** (Decca 2449) Guy Lombardo—The kind of tunes Lombardo plays best.

**In the Middle of a Dream; You Grow Sweeter** (Victor 26226) Tommy Dorsey—Jack Leonard blends his baritone with the Dorsey trombone for a smooth doubleheader in wax.

**A Fool and His Honey are Soon Parted; You Grow Sweeter** (Brunswick 8359) Eddy Duchin—The Radio Mirror popularity winner shows off Oscar Levant's latest tune. The composer is known to radio listeners for his "Information Please" puns.

**How Warm It Is the Weather; My Heart Ran Away** (Vocalion 4819) Mitchell Ayres—An inventive band fashions warm weather rhythms on a better than average tune. Nice crooning by Mary Ann Mercer.

**Lady Needs a Change; Honorable Mr. So-and-So** (Victor 26242) Gray Gordon—Brightest lyrics of the month on the front side. The reverse strikes these ears like that old favorite, "Bill."

**And the Angels Sing; S'posin** (Decca 2413) Bing Crosby—Now listen to Bing carol this hit tune and throw in a sentimental oldie for good luck.

**Yours for a Song; I Can Read Between the Lines** (Vocalion 4818) Red Norvo—The stilted, serious vocalist Terry Allen comes through like a Boy Scout on these two tunes. Sensible rhythms by xylophonist Norvo.

**Some Like It Swing**

**Sheik of Araby; Persian Rug** (Brunswick 8370) Jack Teagarden—A swing Sheik that has no connection with Valentino, but is certainly as torrid. Watch this Teagarden trombone troupe.

**Rose of Washington Square; I Never Knew Heaven Could Speak** (Decca 2464) Bob Crosby—A fine example of solid swing, fringed with Dixieland tempo and professional warbling by Marion Mann.

**Runnin' Wild; But It Didn't Mean a Thing** (Bluebird B10269A) Glenn Miller. The swing sides of the month. Dancing dynamite.

**Snug As a Bug; You're So Indiff'rent** (Bluebird B10215) Art Shaw. Not the top-drawer Shaw but still acceptable. Tony Pastor contributes a jig-saw puzzle lyric. Plenty of clarinet ranges.

**Rock, Rock, Rock-a-bye Baby; How Much You Can Suffer** (Decca 2414) Andrew Sisters—The World of Tomorrow mother will probably swing her offspring to sleep like the Andrew Sisters. A jitterbug lullaby that will bring down, cradle, house, and the neighbors.

**Opus ¾; Sugar** (Victor 26240) Benny Goodman—The Goodman Quartet comes out of hiding for a neat rendition reminiscent of past efforts. Not for dance enthusiasts.

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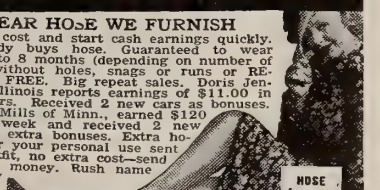

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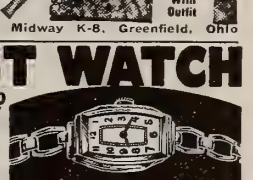
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Simulated diamond. Ring is 14K—R. G. P. with beauty of yellow gold.
Empire Diamond Co., Dept. 832, Jefferson, Iowa

## What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 6)

busy dating up every pretty girl he meets.

* * *

Mary Mason, who plays Nancy, Dr. Susan's niece in the CBS serial, Life and Love of Dr. Susan, has discovered a new kind of skeleton in her closet. One of those firms which make a specialty of investigating family trees has found out that Mary's ancestry goes back to Welsh kings of the Fifth Century—and also that one of her forebears was burned in New England as a witch. Mary says it can't be hereditary—she never has any desire to ride a broomstick around Hallowe'en time.

* * *

Pat Friday, the seventeen-year-old singer who is on Bing Crosby's program while the Old Groaner takes his vacation, was such a sensation after her first appearance on the show that she'd hardly gone off the air when agents and managers began besieging her with contracts. She turned them all down, which was right in the Pat Friday tradition—because she started out by turning down Bing himself.

Bing happened to be in a Beverly Hills night club one amateur night, and heard Pat then. After her song, he asked her if she'd like to be his guest on the Kraft Music Hall—and Pat said no thanks, it would take too much time away from her studies at the University of California. Bing, startled and very much intrigued, sent his brother and manager, Everett, to renew the attack. Pat still insisted that she'd do nothing to interfere with her school work, but finally she said she'd sing for them during the summer vacation, and that's the basis on which they finally signed her up for fourteen weeks. Then her radio debut was delayed three weeks because she had a cold—but Larry Crosby pointed out that this was a good omen because Bing's own radio debut, back in the old days, had been delayed precisely that length of time for precisely the same reason. And look where Bing is now.

* * *

Here are two more things you'd like to know about the people on the Kraft Music Hall. Lucille Ball, a recent guest star, mystified everybody by demanding that two of the funniest lines in the script be cut out, or she wouldn't go on the air. She had her way, to everyone's mystified disgust—and then revealed that she'd undergone an appendicitis operation only ten days before, and knew that if the lines were left in the audience would laugh, and they'd make her laugh—and that would hurt her side . . . Bazooka-tooter Bob Burns has been ordered by his physician to confine his practicing on the famous instrument to ten minutes a week. It's so hard to play that it puts a dangerous strain on his heart, the doctor told him. On the other hand, maybe the doctor is only a lover of good music.

* * *

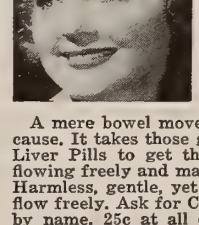
This never happened to me, and now that I know its significance, I'm glad it didn't. Edgar Bergen used to study osteopathy—which, in case you're not up on your medical terms,

(Continued on page 83)

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Wake Up Your Liver Bile—
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.
A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.



**The beauty-wise woman will see that her hands are well groomed. Joan Edwards, who plays and sings for Paul Whiteman, tells how it's done.**

# Hands Play a Part

**By Dr. GRACE GREGORY**

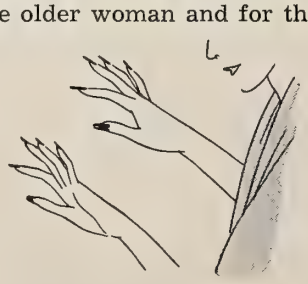
IF you really want to know about a woman, watch her hands, not her face. Are they well groomed? Youthful? Smart? Interesting? If she is really beauty-wise, they are.

Meet Joan Edwards, concert pianist, singer, and all-around musician. There is a regular girl for you! She was born and bred to music. Her father is a music publisher, and her uncle is the famous Gus Edwards. After a thorough training in harmony, theory, and general musical principles, she went to Hunter College. While she was there, in addition to a full college curriculum, she directed the glee club and broadcast regularly. Now you may hear her lovely voice over the radio, with the Paul Whiteman hour, on the Chesterfield program, over CBS.

Hands? Joan has very definite ideas about hands. Hers are the musician's hands, beautifully formed, flexible and expressive. She always carries hand lotion or hand cream with her, and frequently rubs down her subtle, powerful pianist fingers. They are not pointed fingers (creative artists seldom have that type). Long nails and piano keys do not go together.

If Joan could do as she pleases, she says she would wear her nails long, and color them with all the smartest shades—a different color to harmonize with every costume.

One of the most alluring touches in modern beauty culture is the coloring of the nails in jewel-like tints that accent the hands. Only, if you are going to call attention to your hands, be sure to do it correctly. There are a wide variety of beautiful shades of nail polish from which to choose. Keep several in your manicure kit, and select the right one for the right occasion. In general, the natural shades are best for the older woman and for the work-a-day manicure. The deep, rich shades of red are charming for dress-up at any time, and especially for evening, provided you select the one that goes best with your costume and your coloring.



RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

Hands that are accented by colorful polish must be exquisitely kept. Use a water softener and a mild soap whenever your hands go into water. Keep a hand cream or hand lotion ready for use afterwards. And in cutting, shape the long nails so that they taper the fingers without going to a claw-like extreme.

## CUTICLE CARE

NEVER, never cut the cuticle! To do so makes it harsh and ragged, and is quite unnecessary. If you use hand lotions or hand creams as frequently as you should, the cuticle remains soft, and is easily pushed back with an orange-wood stick. There is a special cream for cuticle softening, which should be used generously whenever you manicure. After the cuticle has been gently pushed back, dip the orange-wood stick into cuticle remover, and get rid of any bit of skin that may have clung to the nail. Do not try to scrape away cuticle with a metal remover. You will bruise the nail.

(Continued from page 81)

is the science of treating diseases by manipulating the patient's bones. He still uses this knowledge on himself. When he's tired he takes the top of his head in his left hand, his chin in his right, and gives his head a sudden twist that makes every bone in his spine crack loudly and frightens spectators into conniption fits. Edgar claims the process relaxes his throat muscles and helps him in his job of making Charlie McCarthy talk, but the truth is he uses it more often during interviews and conferences as a signal to his secretary, Mary Harahan. When Mary sees him grab his head and chin, and hears a crack, she knows that he's calling for help—he's tired of talking and wants her to break things up, on any pretext, and give him a chance to get away.

* * *

NEW ORLEANS—Years ago when Beverly Brown was a teacher in an Iowa country school house he certainly didn't dream that some day he'd be drawing on his experiences for radio. Yet today listeners to New Orleans' WWL know Bev as the kind and patient master of The Little Red School House, heard every Saturday night.

There aren't many programs like The Little Red School House, which is built on the theory that Saturday-night listeners would appreciate something a little "different." Its broadcasts vividly depict the happenings in any little school house of seventy-five years ago, when boys and girls trudged barefoot to study, carrying tin dinner buckets, pencil and slate, McGuffey Readers and Blue Back Spellers, and clad in gingham, calico and overalls. The listeners write in, giving school-day experiences of their own, and a cash prize is awarded for the best incident broadcast each week.

After Bev stopped teaching he drifted into dramatic work, and became director of the Atlanta Little Theater. In the line of duty, about eight years ago, he was called on to read a script in the character of Santa Claus, over the air. He was so realistic that a department store hired him to publicize old Saint Nick, and since then he's spent six months of every year writing and acting in Santa Claus scripts which are recorded and broadcast all over the United States, Canada and Mexico. Besides, he is WWL's official continuity director.

Bev's intimate friends call him "Baldy," and he loves work and cigarettes. He doesn't indulge the latter hobby, though, because he swore off for a while and discovered he began gaining weight he badly needed.

* * *

CINCINNATI—One of the country's oldest radio stations celebrated its birthday here recently. It is WSAI, which has been continuously on the air since 1923. Founded by the American Playing Card Company, WSAI was later purchased by the Crosley Corporation, its present owner, and Powel Crosley, Jr., president of the company, was one of the principal speakers on the anniversary program.

The master of ceremonies on the show was Stewart Finley, youthful WSAI announcer, who was just four years old when the station broadcast its first program back in 1923!





*Romance for Andrea Leeds and David Niven in the Samuel Goldwyn production "THE REAL GLORY." Her soft hands appeal! Read (below) how Jergens helps you.

## Sun, Wind, Water often make HANDS look older. Worth while to prevent this

YOU CAN HAVE "Hollywood Hands"—thrillingly soft, smooth as satin! Just don't let wind and water dry out the skin.

Supplement the depleted natural moisture by using Jergens Lotion. So marvelous for helping beautify your hands. Many doctors—to help soften harsh, rough skin—use 2 of the very ingredients you have in Jergens. Regular use of this fragrant lotion helps prevent unattractive roughness.

No stickiness! Such a simple, quick way to have romantic hands. Start today to use Jergens Lotion like thousands of lovely girls. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢,—$1.00 for the extra economy size, at beauty counters.



**CUPID'S ADVICE:**

Help prevent unattractive roughness—furnish beautifying moisture for your hand skin with Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION




NEW! *For Smooth Complexion*—Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Vitamin blend helps against drab, dry skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, at beauty counters.

**FREE!... PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE**

See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. *Mail this coupon today to:*

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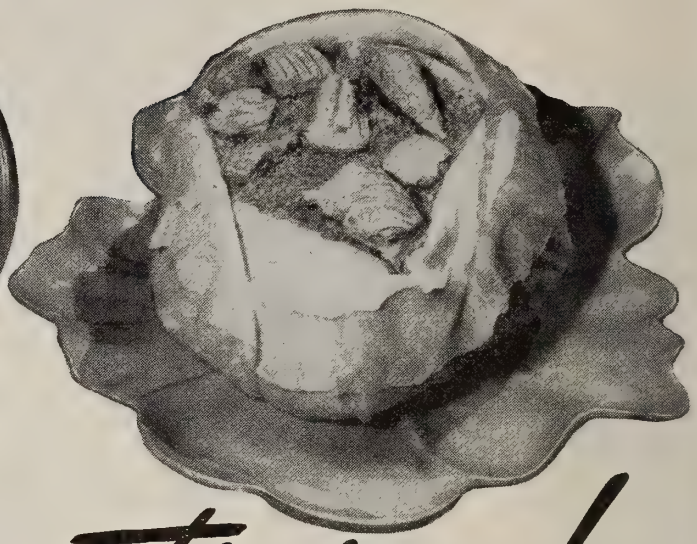
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Left, canned salmon plays the main role in these attractive canapes. Below, a meal in itself, Curried Salmon in Cabbage.



# MAKE IT *Appetizing!*

## By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

I'VE never been sure whether or not the belief that fish is a brain food is really founded on fact, but here is one fact I am sure of: the brainiest women of today—the wisest housewives and the smartest hostesses—have set the seal of their approval on one kind of fish—rich, tender, rosy canned salmon. They are serving it in a variety of ways—as it comes from the can, ice cold and garnished with lemon slices; in sandwiches and salads, or in the form of the curried salmon in cabbage pictured above.

Men, too, prefer salmon. Conrad Nagel, well known Hollywood star, now master of ceremonies on the Alec Templeton program, over NBC, makes a point of serving hot salmon hors d'oeuvres with cocktails. They're called Cockleburs and you'll see them impaled on toothpicks on the little wooden fish, above. He also serves cold canapes, called Salmon Tempters and Canape Royale.

### COCKLEBURS

½ *can salmon*
½ *cup crushed potato chips*
¼ *tsp. mustard*
*Speck of cayenne pepper*
2 *eggs (separated)*
½ *cup flour*
1½ *cups bread crumbs*

Flake salmon and combine with potato chips, mustard, cayenne and egg yolks. Form into small balls. Roll balls in flour, dip into slightly beaten egg whites, then roll them in bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat until golden brown. Serve hot.

### SALMON TEMPTERS

½ *can salmon*
½ *cup mayonnaise*
1 *tbl. lemon juice*
2 *tsps. minced green pepper*
1 *tbl. minced pimiento*
1 *tbl. minced sweet pickle*

Flake salmon and blend to a smooth paste with mayonnaise. Add lemon juice, pimiento, green pepper and pickle. Spread on toast which has been cut into small stars. Garnish with pimiento strips and slices of stuffed olives.

**Radio's Conrad Nagel knows the secret of savory hors d'oeuvres.**



RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

### CANAPE ROYALE

To the recipe for salmon tempters, above, add one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Spread mixture on small toast rings and garnish center with hard-cooked egg yolk (sieved), pickled pearl onions and parsley.

### CURRIED SALMON IN CABBAGE

1 *can salmon*
1½ *cups white sauce*
2 *tbls. lemon juice*
1 *tsp. curry powder*
½ *cup buttered crumbs*
1 *medium cabbage*
2 *tbls. butter or margarine*

Flake the salmon, reserving a few good sized bits for a top garnish. Saute salmon lightly in butter or margarine. Add lemon juice. Add curry powder to hot white sauce and combine with sauteed salmon. Remove coarse outer leaves from cabbage and cook in briskly boiling salted water for fifteen minutes. Remove center leaves, drain, and stuff with salmon mixture. Top with salmon bits and buttered crumbs and bake in hot oven for ten minutes or until crumbs are brown.

### TOMATO JUICE

These hot days you can't serve anything better than a delicious ice-cold tomato juice cocktail. For additional zest and sparkle, add a few drops of lemon or lime juice to the tomato juice. And for a long, cooling drink, try mixing tomato juice with an equal quantity of dry ginger ale. It's a grand combination, guaranteed to quench a stubborn thirst.

## Honeymoons Need Not End

(*Continued from page* 11)

For another, lucky enough to be a couple of extroverts, they undoubtedly have never in their young lives over-dramatized themselves and probably never will, which means that whatever difficulties come their way will be kept in proper proportion. For a third, to them career, besides being the pleasant source of a good income, doesn't mean a thing. They will—and do—work hard and conscientiously but they will never be ridden by purely selfish ambition. And it seems to me that these three factors alone contrive a pretty firm foundation for any marriage.

TAKE their honeymoon—which wasn't a real honeymoon at all. Many a young married couple would have found that period a real hurdle—but the Halls took it in their stride.

It coincided, you see, with a personal-appearance tour which Frances had signed up for and couldn't get out of. The bride was playing five shows a day at the New York Paramount, with Jon always introduced at the last of her act, so they had almost no time to themselves. Yet they never once thought about whether or not they were having it tough. It simply didn't occur to them to feel sorry for themselves. Frances had signed for the tour; it was up to her to keep her bargain and make the best of it. Besides, they were together, which was what really counted.

At the Paramount, Frances told me, she first began to appreciate what a very special guy she had married. The first act was at ten in the morning and the crowd of fans outside the theater was always so big that to get through was really an ordeal. Consequently, once she was in the theater, Frances stayed there until after the last show (close to midnight) and Jon, unwilling to leave her alone, stayed with her. Sometimes, he'd brave the fans and go out and buy them a coke or a candy bar, but mostly he sat around in her stuffy little dressing room, never uttering a word of complaint.

And sometimes at the close of her act, when the fans would over-run the stage, threatening to mob Frances, Jon would put his arm around her and get pretty mad at their friendly but robust attentions. "I know they mean well," he'd mutter, "but you're so *little*." Well, of course, she is—a regular half-pint, although just this month she managed to tip the scales at a hundred.

Today, a year later, if you ask Frances if she's still as happy as she was then, she'll say, "Of course. Why shouldn't I be?"

They live in Beverly Hills, in an attractive house, Italian in motif, with a lovely garden which they have made themselves. They have a couple of servants to take care of them. But theirs isn't an "ordered" household. They get up in the morning when they feel like it. They eat breakfast when they feel like it. They do everything else because they happen to feel like it. Although he's under contract to Goldwyn, Jon hasn't appeared in pictures since "Hurricane," and Frances' radio appearances don't demand a lot of her time. So all they have to do, practically, is to do as they please. . . . Which they accomplish with the utmost grace.


# Neatest Trick of the Month!



● **VANILLA ICE CREAM — CREAMY SMOOTH *AND THRIFTY!***

***(For Automatic Refrigerator)***

⅔ cup (½ can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup water
1½ teaspoons vanilla
1 cup whipping cream

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, water, and vanilla. Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency. Fold into chilled mixture. Freeze in freezing unit of refrigerator until half-frozen. Scrape from freezing tray and beat until smooth, but not melted. Replace in freezing unit until frozen. Serves 6. (With this recipe you can make *two batches* of ice cream from *one can* of Eagle Brand.)

• Only 3 ingredients . . . only 1 cup of cream . . . no cooking . . . only 1 stirring! Yet it's creamy-smooth and free of ice splinters! *But remember*—evaporated milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.* Just remember the name *Eagle Brand.*

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As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.

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I drove out there one day a few months ago with a mutual friend. We weren't expected and we found a most entertaining situation. Deciding that the servants had been having a difficult time of it, "picking up after us and never being able to serve meals on time and being waked up in the middle of the night to fix suppers and things," they had given the pair of them an extra day off and were themselves cooking, at three o'clock in the afternoon, a veritable Thanksgiving dinner—not that it was anywhere near Thanksgiving.

JON was attending to the roast pig, very small and succulently appetizing when slid out of the oven for basting. Frances was making Yorkshire pudding, not because it goes especially well with pig but because she loves it and makes a very delicious variety. Later they would whip up a salad and Jon would display his talents as a gravymaker. No, they hadn't planned to have company—unless we would stay? They were very polite in asking us, but somehow we sensed that here was a situation in which four would be a crowd, and begged off. As we left, we heard a peal of laughter and saw Jon chasing Frances out of the back door, apron tied around his middle, gravy spoon in hand. Apparently, she had "insulted" him and he was bent on revenge.

They scarcely ever "step out," young Mr. and Mrs. Hall. True, before he became a Benedict, Jon was something of a night-clubber, a gay young blade in a modest way. But marriage has changed all that. For one thing, neither of them is interested in drinking. For another, neither understands the high-geared intensity characteristic of Hollywood at play.

"People work so hard at having a good time," Frances said to me. "It would wear me out."

And yet, don't get the idea that Jon and Frances have settled down to fireside and slippers—yet. It is just that their special brand of fun is different. Not long ago, Jon waked Frances in the middle of the night. "What do you say we drive down to Palm Springs? It ought to be kinda nice making the trip by moonlight."

So Frances hopped out of bed and they set out, stopping at a hot dog stand for breakfast. Spent three days at the Springs, not at a swanky place like the Desert Inn, but at a pretty little auto camp—and almost laughed themselves sick riding those crazy little motor scooters.

On the day I called to collect statistics on the Langford-Hall marriage, I asked Frances privately to describe her happiest memory to date. She had to think a minute. "I'm so *darned* happy all the time," she said. But after a minute she went on: "I guess it was the day before last Christmas. I had been down to the store and Jonny didn't hear me when I came in. I remember stopping in front of the door between the hall and the living room and seeing him sitting before a card table, his back to me. The table was piled high with things and he was wrestling with a package—trying to wrap it up in tissue paper and tie it with ribbon . . . Yes, the things he had there were Christmas presents for me and somehow, seeing him trying patiently, clumsily, to wrap them up *himself*, made a lump come into my throat. . . . And I thought, 'Frances, you are a very lucky girl. Frances, you have *everything*.' And I suddenly knew I was so happy I had better pinch myself to make sure it was real."

Nor have the Halls ever had a quarrel. Not even a tiff or tiny disagreement. "Jonny wouldn't fight if I would," Frances said. "Besides, what is there to fight about? We don't flirt. We don't drink too much. We don't get on each other's nerves. We have enough money to support us nicely. We are young and healthy and in love . . . For the love of mike, why *should* we fight?"

"And what about children?" I said. "Will you have a family?"

Frances spoke first. "Me—I'd like to," she told me tentatively. "But Jonny—"

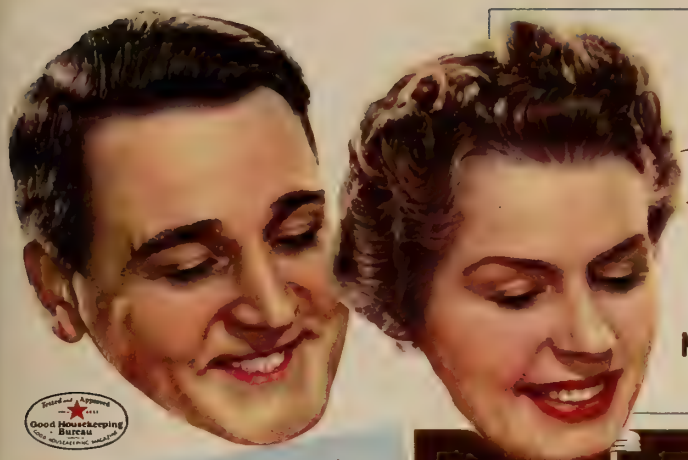
Jon interrupted. "Well—" he said stumblingly, blushing but determined, "well, I don't think so. You see, she's—you see, a thing like that is—well, it's hard and sometimes dangerous and—" He was finding it tough going. "She's so *little!*" he finished half defiantly, as if daring me to disagree. But of course I didn't. I liked him for his fierce protectiveness.

WHEN I took my leave they walked to the gate with me. They said Frances' mother was coming to lunch and that they thought they'd hide in the hedge and snap some candid camera pictures of her as she arrived. Photography is a hobby of theirs. So I left them crouched there in the shrubbery, giggling like a pair of school kids.

And as for me—well, I drove back to Hollywood, feeling pretty glad about knowing two such people . . . pretty strong and proud from having come into contact with such happiness . . . and pretty much disposed to sneer at the next divorce headlines I read, and say, "That's all very well—but I know a story worth ten of that!"

## ANSWERS TO THE SUMMER SCHOOL QUIZ

1. Wrong. She carries her papoose on her back.
2. Very big.
3. You would wear it in the hair.
4. Igloo.
5. Wrong. It is a snake.
6. You would eat an avocado.
7. Plymouth Rock.
8. Wrong. They were called "Lilliputians".
9. In a garden. (It is a vegetable).
10. Hockey. The others are parlor games.
11. A. Curds and Whey. B. Christmas Pie. C. Tarts.
12. Wrong. He was an Italian (Corsican).
13. Rosalie, Margy, Suzanna.
14. A. Japan and China. B. Holland. C. Italy (Venice).



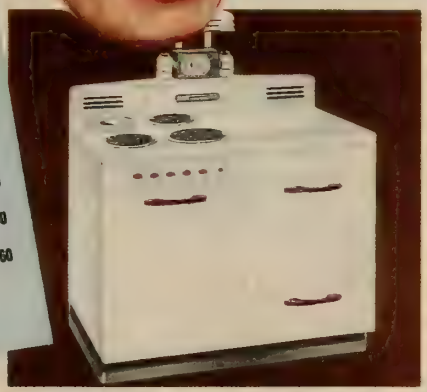
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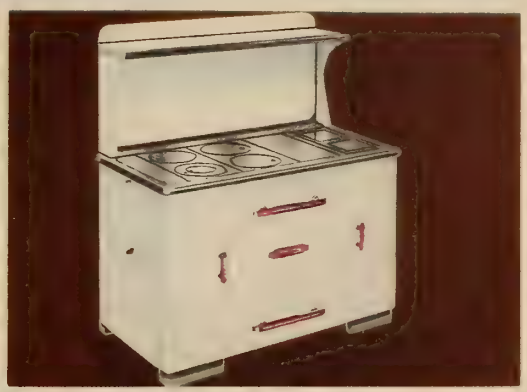
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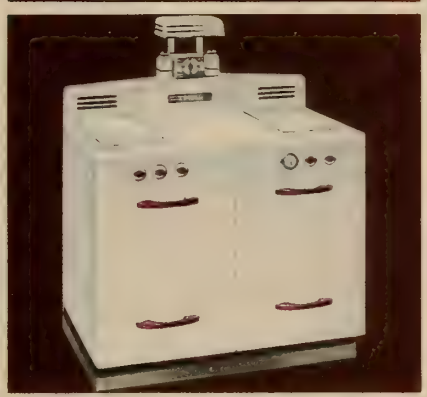
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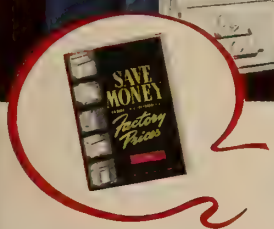













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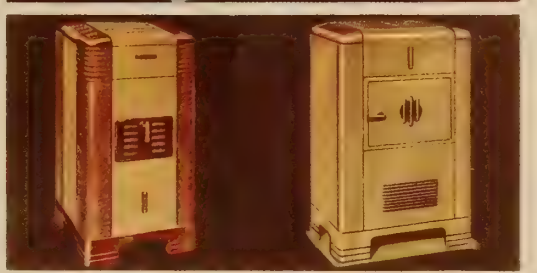
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***Over 250 Display Stores in 14 States. Send for address of Factory Store nearest you.***



## MAIL COUPON TODAY

**Kalamazoo Stove & Furnace Company**
**469 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.**

Dear Sirs: Send FREE FACTORY CATALOG.
Check articles in which you are interested:

☐ **Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges**
☐ **Coal and Wood Ranges** ☐ **Gas Ranges**
☐ **Electric Ranges** ☐ **Coal and Wood Heaters**
☐ **Oil Heaters** ☐ **Oil Ranges** ☐ **Furnaces**

*Name*.....
(*Print name plainly*)

*Address*.....

*City*..... *State*.....




# IT'S A DATE... *with* Chesterfield

***... the cigarette that's different from all others***

**It's the RIGHT COMBINATION of mild, ripe, home-grown and aromatic Turkish tobaccos .. the world's best .. that makes Chesterfield the milder and better-tasting cigarette ..**

***A HAPPY COMBINATION for MORE SMOKING PLEASURE***

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# Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

OCTOBER



Meet Blondie
Radio's Newest Hit

**Special!**
Complete Words and Music of Johnny Green's Newest Hit Tune in This Issue

Beginning **WOMAN IN LOVE** by **KATHLEEN NORRIS**
Read Radio's Enthralling Novel of Lost Innocence

**WIFE AGAINST MOTHER** The Story of a Forbidden Marriage told by the Woman in White



FROM

# 16 to 60

# IT'S EASY TO HAVE *Beautiful Eyes*

Regardless of your age, there's a very simple way to make your eyes appear much larger, more luminous—your eyebrows truly graceful and expressive — your lashes a vision of long sweeping loveliness. It takes just about three minutes to give yourself this modern Maybelline eye make-up. And it's so natural-looking—never obvious.

First, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids and note the subtly flattering effect. Next, form trim, tapering brows with the Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. It's perfectly pointed and just soft enough for best results. Then darken your lashes to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara. Either in Solid or Cream-form, it goes on beautifully—is tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless. Now your own mirror will show you the thrilling difference.

At any age, your eyes will be noticed and admired when you use Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—the eye make-up in good taste. Prove it, today! Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores. Just be sure to insist on genuine Maybelline.




Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills, including new brush, 35c. Shades — Black, Brown, and Blue.




Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (easily applied without water) in dainty zipper case. 75c. Shades—Black, Brown, and Blue.



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous shades — Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.




Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).

# *Maybelline*

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

ROUGH COPY



*Sleeveless tennis dress of white piqué with zipper closing and brief, contrasting bolero.*

# Her trim tennis dress first drew his eye but it was her smile that won him completely!

*Your smile is your own priceless possession! Guard it with Ipana and Massage!*



## Don't take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage helps to promote healthier gums, brighter smiles!

A "LITTLE GIRL" tennis dress, snowy-white against sun-bronzed skin, can stop almost any man's glance. But it takes a bright and sunny smile to hold him for keeps!

Not even perfect style sense can win for the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush." For a dull, pathetic smile soon discounts other charms.

Avoid this tragic neglect. Remember no other aid to charm is more important than care of your teeth and gums. For on them depends the beauty of your smile.

### Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If *your* tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink," it's your cue to *see your dentist at once!* It may not mean anything serious. Often, he will tell you that your gums have become lazy from lack of vigorous chewing—and you can frequently blame our modern soft-food menus for *that*. And, like so many other modern dentists, he's likely to advise "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in lazy, weakened gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. See how much Ipana and massage can help you to have brighter teeth, healthier gums, and a lovely, winning smile.




# IPANA TOOTH PASTE



"Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*



Money-Back Guarantee!

Amazing *new* WINX is *guaranteed* to be the finest you've ever used. If not *more than satisfied,* return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour ...makes them appear youthful, moist... *the appeal men cannot resist!* Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. *For a new thrill,* wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, *today!*



MAGIC HARMONY! Winx LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!



OCTOBER, 1939 — Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR — VOL. 12 No. 6

ERNEST V. HEYN, Executive Editor — BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR — FRED R. SAMMIS, Editor


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RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR, published monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. General Offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and advertising offices: Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd Street, New York. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Chicago office: 333 North Michigan Avenue. C. H. Shattuck, Mgr. San Francisco office: 1658 Russ Building. Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 14, 1933, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price in United States, Canada and Newfoundland $1.00 a year. 10c a copy. In U. S. Territories, Possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, $1.50 a year; all other countries $2.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. Unaccepted letters for the "What Do You Want to Say?" department will not be returned, and we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. All submissions become the property of the magazine. (Member of Macfadden Women's Group.)


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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

### FIRST PRIZE
IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

A lot of radio fans have been moaning because favorites are being taken off the air for their annual summer vacation. I, for one, think this annual summer lay-off is a good thing.

First, it is a good avoider of monotony—Jack Benny's feud with Fred Allen has a fresher sound after a few months' rest.

Second, the summer lay-off of the stars gives unknowns and beginners the well-earned chance they otherwise wouldn't have if the stars were hogging the airlanes the year 'round.

So, thanks to summer for bringing new programs and stars.

JOHN C. TREUDEN,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

### SECOND PRIZE
ALL ALONE!

After the children were married, my father and mother moved to a little farm by themselves. I was feeling so sorry for them because I thought they would be lonely after living in town so long.

I visited home and was really surprised at the happiness they got out of life—thanks to radio.

In the evening when all the work is done, they sit in their comfortable chairs, mother knitting, listening to their favorite radio programs. They are as well informed of world events as anyone living in the city. So they really haven't changed, only they are getting old and enjoy staying at home.

What a blessing for people who stay at home to have such a wonderful, priceless gift, as a radio.

MRS. N. R. TAYLOR,
Dickinson, Texas

(*Continued on page 78*)

## THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize . . . . . $10.00

Second Prize . . . . . $ 5.00

Five Prizes of . . . . . $ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than Sept. 27, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.


# Boy Friend? Even the girls dodge dates with Ann!



**Ann could have dates galore if she'd guard her charm with MUM!**

ONE DAY is just like another—to Ann. No one drops in to see her. Men never take her out. Even the girls avoid her!

What would *you* do—if you knew a girl lovely in *other* ways—but careless about underarm odor? Of course you'd avoid her, too! Nobody wants to be around a girl who neglects to use Mum!

Too bad the girl who offends this way so rarely knows it herself! No one likes to tell her, either. Nowadays you're *expected* to know that a bath is never enough! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor before it starts. Hollywood says Mum... nurses say Mum... *you'll* say Mum once you've tried this pleasant, gentle, *dependable* cream!

**QUICK!** Mum takes 30 seconds, can be applied even after dressing or underarm shaving!

**SAFE!** The seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Mum is safe for skin.

**SURE!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Be sweet for that movie or dancing date. Be popular *always!* Use Mum!

**MUM GIVES THOROUGH UNDERARM CARE**




**For Sanitary Napkins**

*More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum frees you from embarrassment, is gentle and safe!*

# MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

# HOLLYWOOD
## RADIO WHISPERS



The Jon Halls (she's Frances Langford), launch their new boat.



She's christened the "Moonglow," and there he goes for the test.



Above, the hatch into the galley; below, all set for the first sail.




4 *Photos by Fink*

**By GEORGE FISHER**

■ Listen to George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night over Mutual.

IS IT going to be the altar for John Conte, handsome radio announcer, and Ann (OOMPH) Sheridan? It would seem so to me judging from the fact that John has been Ann's exclusive boy friend for two months, and they are seen together frequently at Hollywood's nightspots. And just a short time ago, John was pinch-hitting for Tony Martin by squiring Alice Faye places in Tony's absence.

* * *

The Voice of Experience (Dr. M. Sayle Taylor) came to Hollywood this summer with no fanfare, and leased most of an entire floor in one of the office buildings near Hollywood and Vine. His office has no number on it and his telephone number is guarded with deep, dark secrecy, because the airlane veteran doesn't want to be bothered by those seeking charity. He dispenses thousands of dollars but wants to do it in his own way. "The Voice" will broadcast from Hollywood's KHJ over Mutual this fall.

* * *

Harry Kronman, author of most of the Big Town scripts, will take his romantic troubles to a preacher, this September: the lucky girl is Gladys Taylor—a non professional!

* * *

Edward G. Robinson and his wife are en route from the Continent, where they vacationed between pictures and radio broadcasts. Eddie returns to Big Town September 19th!

* * *

Martha Raye passed up a vacation this summer to sing with hubby Dave Rose's orchestra at Billy Rose's original Casa Manana, Fort Worth, Texas. They'll visit with Elliott Roosevelt while in Fort Worth and make guest appearances over Elliott's own Texas State Network!

* * *

Hollywood is whispering that Gill and Demling, comics on the Joe E. Brown show, are writing a Broadway play, which will star Brown and the comics, too!

(*Continued on page* 68)

# There's ONE NEGLECT* few Husbands can forgive

## . . . but "Lysol" can help correct it!



***Do you neglect his Home?*** He may forgive indifferent housekeeping, if you aren't indifferent about keeping *yourself* attractive.



***Do you neglect his Food?*** He may forgive uninteresting meals and poor cooking, if you yourself are sweetly fresh.



***Do you neglect his Expenses?*** He may even forgive extravagances, if they help to make *you* more attractive.



***Do you neglect his Comfort?*** He may forgive carelessness about *his* clothes, if you're careful about your own person.



***Do you neglect his Pride?*** He may forgive you for embarrassing criticism, if you are above reproach yourself.

***BUT...do you neglect yourself?***

**MOST HUSBANDS *CAN'T* FORGIVE THAT**

***Carelessness** about intimate cleanliness. Make it a regular habit to use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. Avoid this *one neglect!*

---

CARELESSNESS about feminine hygiene, say many doctors and psychiatrists, may be the cause of many marriage failures.

The intelligent modern woman uses "Lysol" for this important habit of personal cleanliness. You ought to use "Lysol" in *your* routine of intimate hygiene.

For a full half-century, "Lysol" has earned the confidence of thousands of women, hundreds of doctors, nurses, hospitals and clinics. Probably no other product is so widely used for this purpose. Some of the reasons why "Lysol" is so valuable in feminine hygiene are . . .

**1—Non-Caustic** . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

**2—Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

**3—Spreading** . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

**4—Economy**. . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

**5—Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

**6—Stability** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

1889—50th ANNIVERSARY—1939



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

**What Every Woman Should Know**

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. R.M.-910, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

LOVABLE LIPS are free from LIPSTICK PARCHING



• If you want lips of siren smoothness—choose your lipstick wisely!

Coty "Sub-Deb" does *double duty*. It gives your lips ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching. It helps lips to look moist and lustrous.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades; 50¢ or $1.00. "*Air-Spun*" *Rouge* in matching shades, 50¢.

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK




*Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.*

# WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST



Abbott and Costello, the mad comedy stars of Kate Smith's show, celebrate ten years of theatrical partnership as well as wedded happiness—Mr. and Mrs. Lou Costello (left) and Mr. and Mrs. Bud Abbott (right).

EDGAR BERGEN isn't going to like this, but here's how you can tell whether you are looking at the real Charlie McCarthy or a substitute Charlie. (That is, assuming you're ever lucky enough to get a good look at either of them.) The substitute Charlie, carved since the little man became a national institution, needs a haircut badly. His hair where it shows under his silk hat is bunchy and ragged; the number-one Charlie's is neat and smoothly clipped. Also, number-two Charlie has a nail in his right temple. You can just see it, nestling in the hair, if you look closely.

* * *

That was a pretty nice present Bob Hope's sponsor gave him, along with a contract renewal that brings the Hope antics back to the air on NBC for another year. When the sponsor found out Bob didn't know exactly what he'd do for a vacation, he handed the comedian round-trip tickets to Europe, first-class, for himself and Mrs. Hope—plus a letter of credit for $2,500 to cover expenses. Mr. Sponsor must agree with a few million radio fans that Bob did a wonderful job last season.

* * *

Did you know that when Don Ameche sings he has more than a little difficulty in keeping his voice on key? That's the reason a violinist from the orchestra always stands right next to him during his solos, playing the melody into Don's ear. He even goes along if Don does a broadcast or two in New York.

* * *

Jim McWilliams, who used to sail an eight-dollar catboat on Lake Erie when he was a small boy, has just paid about $62 a foot for a new and ultra-seaworthy fishing boat for use in the waters of Chesapeake Bay, near his Virginia Beach home. He's named it the C-A-I-B—for Colgate's Ask It Basket.

An airplane fight caused a traffic jam one hot summer day at the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-second Street in New York. From overhead, in the bright summer sky, came all the sounds of a big dog-fight in the air—planes zooming and roaring, machine-guns rat-a-tatting, crashes, whines. But not a plane was in sight. When traffic was nicely jammed up, the noises stopped. It was only the CBS sound-effects department, on the third floor of the building there, trying out a new record of an airplane fight, and leaving all its windows open because of the heat—quite unaware of the havoc it was causing.

* * *

John Hix was caught once—but now he spares no expense in checking the accuracy of every statement he makes on his Strange as It Seems program, the new show Thursday nights on CBS. In the early days of his career, he used the tale of a marvelous homing pigeon. Seems that this pigeon, a resident of Baltimore, was released in Minneapolis during a storm, and that the storm blew its feathers off. Weeks and weeks later, it turned up in its Baltimore loft, undaunted—but with calluses on both feet. Since he published that remarkable story as a fact, John has learned to be more skeptical.

* * *

Now that Bing Crosby's vacation is about over, his pet Irish setter is soon going to have a chance to show off his favorite trick again. Every Thursday night, while Bing is on the air, the setter stays quietly in the house, listening. The minute the broadcast is over, the dog whips out of the house and goes to the garage. He recognizes his master's singing and talking voice, and knows that a few minutes after the radio is switched off Bing's car will drive up to the garage. The dog's always there, waiting.

**By DAN SENSENEY**

Jackie Cooper has grown up, and proof of that is the presence in the radio studio, whenever he does a broadcast, of several of his pals. "Until I grew up," Jackie explains, "I couldn't invite any of my friends to a broadcast because they'd wave their arms at me while I was reading dramatic lines. Or they'd throw spitballs or talk out loud. Now we've all grown up and they don't do that any more."

* * *

James Melton didn't object to having everyone know that he collects old automobiles as a hobby, because he thought the publicity might help to find a few choice specimens, but now he's beginning to wonder if it was a good idea after all. Two young owners of an antique Model T Ford drove up to his home recently when Melton wasn't there, and while they waited for him to return they went into his garage to inspect the collection. They had a pretty good time, too, trying out all the springs and horns (and breaking one horn), knocking tools off shelves, and leaving the hoods up on most of the cars. When Jimmy showed up, walking right into the midst of the mess they'd made, they were surprised because he was in no mood to buy their car from them.

* * *

Lawrence Tibbett always stands on his head before a broadcast. So does Robert Regent, who plays Peter Bradford in The Life and Love of Dr. Susan, the CBS serial. Seems it's part of Yogi practice, and produces mental health and physical poise.



Movie star Johnny Mack Brown is on CBS' Under Western Skies.

Vincent Lopez, the orchestra leader, did his best to cool off people during the summer months. He played swing arrangements of Alaskan Indian rhythms. Most popular of the new dance tunes from up north is the "Ice Worm Wiggle," or "Ku Tu Wu Yeh, Cheechakos."

* * *

Joan Tompkins, young ingenue on the CBS serial, Your Family and Mine, is making a terrible prediction. She says that television make-up will be all the rage with the girls this fall —and if she's right, every man in the country is due for a shock. Television make-up is copper colored, and people who wear it look like Indians.

* * *

LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—He gives thousands of Bibles away, receives as many as 1200 fan letters in a single day, has no sponsor, and doesn't make a cent of money out of his program.

This unique radio star is Uncle Mac of Station KLRA at Little Rock, who in private life is the Rev. James MacKrell, pastor of All Souls Church at Scott, a suburb of Little Rock. He is thirty-six years old, married, the father of three children, and he quit a hundred-dollar-a-week commercial job to found the Bible Lover's Revival, heard every day on KLRA at 6:30 A. M. His salary as pastor of the church is $100 a month, and he does not retain a cent of the $2,000 it costs every month to run his program.

The purpose of the broadcast is to encourage Bible reading and to furnish free Bibles to anyone not financially able to purchase one. Recently Mac mailed out 350 Bibles in one day, to persons in thirty-six states.

Uncle Mac was born in a poor district of Houston, Texas, and for the first fourteen years of his life saw the underprivileged side of existence exclusively. Then his family moved to the boom oilfield town of Goose Creek, where life was wild and unrestrained and lawless. He entered the ministry at twenty, serving student pastorates while taking a correspondence course in theology.

Five years later, though, he quit the ministry and became an announcer in radio. It was after he became suc-

(*Continued on page* 8)


*Fresh charm, new beauty* — **can come with a Lovelier Skin!**



**READ CHARMING MRS. CONNORS' BEAUTY ADVICE:**

*Camay helps my skin look its very best—and I can't ask more than that of any beauty care! If you want to help your skin look its loveliest, just be faithful to Camay!*

*Weehawken, N. J.* (*Signed*) MARGARET CONNORS
*April 28, 1939* (*Mrs. Vincent J. Connors*)

WOULD you expect to help bring out the hidden beauty of *your* skin without giving it expert care—a *beauty* care? Of course not! Nothing is more important, according to charming Mrs. Connors, than thorough, but gentle cleansing—and *she* recommends Camay!

You'll like Camay, too! For Camay's searching beauty bubbles cleanse skin completely . . . yet their caressing *mildness* makes even sensitive skin grateful for such gentle care! *For your beauty bath, too,* you'll find Camay a wonderful help in keeping skin on back and shoulders lovely—a refreshing aid to daintiness! Yet Camay costs so little! Get three cakes today! Watch *your* skin respond to its gentle care!

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.




THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

# Your OPPORTUNITY of 1939

# $25,000.00

# TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST

## *Three Special $1,000 Bonus Prizes*

During the three months beginning September 1 and ending November 29, 1939, fifty men and women are going to be made richer to the extent of fifty big cash prizes ranging from $250 up to $2500 in the great true story manuscript contest now being conducted by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

In addition there will be three special bonus prizes of $1,000 each, one to be awarded to the best true story received in each of the three months of the contest term.

Here is opportunity indeed for you personally. It would be a great pity not to take advantage of it. Somewhere in your memory may be waiting the very story necessary to capture the big $2500 first prize which with the $1,000 bonus prize that goes with it automatically would net you $3500 just for putting into words something that already exists in your mind. By all means start writing it today. **Even if your story should fall slightly short of prize winning quality we will gladly consider it for purchase at our regular rate provided we can use it.**

In writing your story, tell it simply and clearly just as it happened. Include all background information such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to give the reader a full understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly and above all do not refrain from writing your story for fear you lack the necessary skill. A large percentage of the nearly $600,000 we have already paid out in prize awards for true stories went to persons having no trained literary ability.

No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure or success, if it contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how skillfully written they may be.

Judging on this basis, to the best true story received will be awarded the great $2500 first prize, to the second best will be awarded the $1500 second prize, etc.

If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. Also do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. Remember, an early mailing may be worth a $1,000 bonus prize to you regardless of any other prize your story may receive. Also, by mailing early you help to avoid a last minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

**----------COUPON----------**

RM-10

**Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 39C**
**P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station**
**New York, N. Y.**

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories."

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... State .....

(Print plainly. Give name of state in full.)

### PRIZE SCHEDULE

| | |
|---|---|
| 1st Prize | $2500.00 |
| 2nd Prize | 1500.00 |
| 3rd Prize—3 at $1000 each | 3000.00 |
| 4th Prize—15 at $500 each | 7500.00 |
| 5th Prize—30 at $250 each | 7500.00 |
| 50 Regular Prizes | $22,000.00 |
| 3 Bonus Prizes of $1000 each | 3,000.00 |
| Total | $25,000.00 |

### CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING, THE *TITLE* AND THE *NUMBER* OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON. OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unaccepted stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. ***If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container.*** We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for the balance due, if any, will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscripts to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

**This contest ends Wednesday, November 29, 1939.**

**Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 39C, P. O. Box 629, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

(*Continued from page 7*)

cessful in this profession that he gave it up and returned once more to the church.

In spite of the very early hour that his program is on the air, it is one of the most famous in the southwest. Once each year listeners come together in Little Rock for a rally. They come not only from Arkansas but from all sections of the United States to the big brick tabernacle of the Central Baptist Church, in crowds that rival those at a football game or a Hollywood premiere.

* * *

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—It was an influenza epidemic that brought Colonel Jim Healey to radio—the luckiest influenza epidemic in the world, as far as he was concerned, because now he is the newscaster of WGY, Schnectady, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at 7:30, sponsored by an oil company.

Back in 1930 Colonel Jim was Sunday editor of the Albany Times-Union. The paper had a news spot on WGY, and when the epidemic sent both regular broadcasters to their beds, the managing editor asked Colonel Jim to fill in for them.

Healey happened to have ideas of his own about news broadcasts. He felt that the bare bulletins should be interpreted and interspersed with philosophy, opinion, comment and even poetry. Interpretation of news bulletins is generally practiced nowadays, by all our famous commentators, but then it was a new idea, and when Colonel Jim started doing it, listeners approved at once. Within two months the editor-commentator-philosopher had a commercial program. In 1933 he was hired by his present sponsor.

Colonel Jim was born in Albany in 1894 and attended Christian Brothers' Academy and Manhattan College. During the World War he served as sergeant-major, and then returned to take up newspaper work. He's still a reporter at heart, but his radio programs and the speaking engagements to which they have led have forced him to retire from active newspaper work.

* * *

CINCINNATI—If listeners are still on the lookout for new variations on the quiz program idea, they ought to tune in two of WSAI's shows. One comes from the dance floor of the Old Vienna Restaurant in Carew Tower, and the other from various Greater Cincinnati neighborhood theater lobbies.

Bandstand Baseball is the one from the dance floor. A baseball diamond is laid out on the floor, with the microphone at home plate. Contestants step up to the mike to answer questions about baseball, asked in musical fashion by the band. The questions are rated singles, doubles, triples and home runs, according to their difficulty, and an announcer describes the activities in play-by-play manner, as if he were announcing an actual diamond battle.

When a contestant answers a question correctly, the announcer shouts the number of bases he gets, and the player runs to the proper base and stands there while another member of his team takes a turn at the microphone. A "hit" by the next player advances the first one a base, just as in ordinary baseball. Each team has

(*Continued on page 78*)

# Farmers' Friend

WHEN Ed Mason, WLW's farm specialist, left a small station in Missouri last November to join the staff of the Nation's Station in Cincinnati, he regretted leaving behind so many friendly people, and shed an honest tear at having to give away Red and Rowdy, "the two best coon dogs in the Ozarks." It's this same sincerity, remaining with him in Cincinnati, that has made him WLW's ace reporter of anything that has to do with farms or farming.

Ed was born on a farm and almost all his life has been a farmer. He talks the farmer's language, knows the farmer's problems, and thinks the same way a farmer does.

He was born in Ringgold County in southern Iowa twenty-eight years ago, and attended a rural school two miles away from his home, walking down the dirt road night and morning like the farm boy in picture books. The high school was eight miles away, and when he entered it he rode horseback to and from his studies. During the summers and after hours on school days he worked on his father's farm along with the hired men.

Somehow, though, he found time to take part in lots of school activities—debating, dramatics, track and basketball and football. It was football that started him on the road to radio, for in one game he received a severe leg injury that kept him out of school for more than a year, and during his convalescence he began listening to




He's WLW's rural reporter—Ed Mason, farm specialist.

radio and studying Iowa farm problems. It occurred to him that one way to solve the problems was by using radio to disseminate information and education.

Later, he graduated from the University of Iowa, where he'd been a writer and farm editor for station WSUI, on the University campus. In 1937 he joined KFRU, Columbia, Missouri, specializing in all farm broadcasts, and then went to WLW.

Among his many broadcasts at WLW are Everybody's Farm every Saturday morning; Truly American, which he writes; the six-weekly three-hour Top o' the Morning programs, on which he is the commercial announcer; and the two-hour stage and radio show, Boone County Jamboree, which he writes and produces; as well as numerous special events. Listeners coast-to-coast heard him this summer when the sudden and disastrous flood hit Morehead, Kentucky, and WLW sent him there to bring out the first radio story of what had happened.

ANOTHER of his programs, just recently started, is the R.F.D. Mailbox, heard every day except Sunday at 7:15 in the evening. It's a news program especially for farmers, made up of letters Ed receives from fans which tell him of soil, crop and general farm conditions in different localities.

Ed's greatest ambition, like that of most radio stars, is to own and live on a farm, and work quietly in the out-of-doors. His reason, however, is different from most—he wants to go back to farming in order to get more first-hand material for his broadcasts.

When Ed has a day off he likes to go hunting or fishing. But when he does, it's always in farm country where he can lean on the fence and talk to the man who owns the land.


What they say about that small miracle

LUSTER-FOAM*

in the New

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



ADA: "You look almost ecstatic."

ANN: "I am. This new Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam is simply thrilling."



JANE: "Quit smoking, Jim? Your teeth look so bright!"

JIM: "No. Just that new Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. Sure gets after fresh stains."



MOTHER: "No serious cavities? Do you suppose Luster-Foam in the new Listerine Tooth Paste has something to do with it?"

DENTIST: "It's a fine dentifrice, Mrs. Jenkins."



MAN: "Am I crazy or are we spending less money for tooth paste?"

WIFE: "Less, my dear. That new Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam goes so far! It's simply amazing."

***Energizing agent gives a dainty "bubble bath" for cleansing teeth a new thrilling way**

The new formula Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam detergent looks no different. But, when it comes in contact with saliva and brush, what a miracle of cleansing takes place!

That magic Luster-Foam detergent forms into a dainty aromatic "bubble bath" (20,000 bubbles to the square inch) of amazing penetrating power. Hence its super-cleansing ability.

How important this is when some authorities say more than 75% of all decay starts in remote and hard-to-reach areas . . . between the teeth . . . on front and back of the teeth . . . on the bite surfaces,—with their tiny pits, cracks and fissures.

And what a wonderful feeling of stimulation follows the Luster-Foam "bubble bath." Your mouth feels clean and fresh for a long time.

Try the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste. In two big economical sizes.

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube 40¢ Regular size tube 25¢



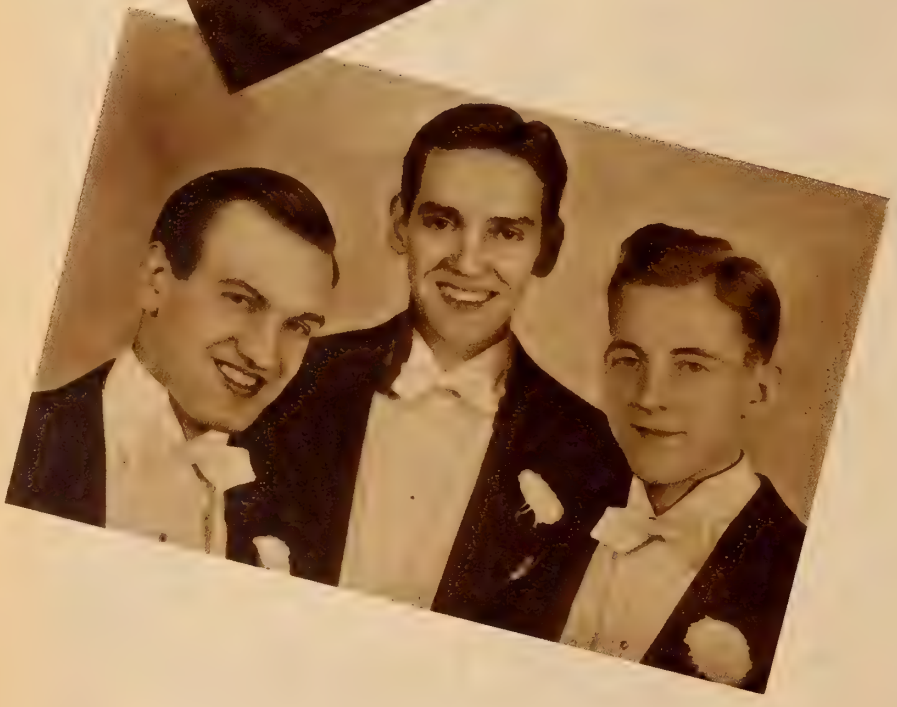

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Accepted Good Housekeeping Bureau

P.S. LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS LUSTER-FOAM







# FACING the MUSIC

BY KEN ALDEN

In the midst of the swing craze, Sammy Kaye stuck to sweet music—and prospered. Above, reading downward, the band, Sammy Kaye himself, and The Three Barons, vocalists—Charlie Wilson, Tommy Ryan and Jimmy Brown.

THE Johnny Green blessed event should have arrived by the time you read this. Johnny's wife is the former Betty Furness, movie siren.

* * *

Flushed with his success as a bandleader on the Phil Baker CBS series, chorus-master Lyn Murray will play a series of one-nighters in September. Murray replaced Harry Salter on the Baker broadcasts. The latter had other commitments.

* * *

Al Kavelin, who turned up with a bright idea in musical effects known as "Cascading Chords," was signatured to a 10-year managerial contract by the Music Corporation of America.

* * *

Horace Heidt settled $25,000 on his ex-wife in a recent Renovation.

* * *

Gray Gordon, now playing via NBC from the Westchester Country Club, will be heard commercially this fall on electrical transcriptions.

* * *

Ruby Newman who has played at more White House receptions than any other batoneer, including the Roosevelt-Clark and Roosevelt-Cushing nuptials, says that President Roosevelt's favorite tunes are "Home on the Range," "Yellow Rose of Texas," and "Boots and Saddles." Jimmy Roosevelt's favorite is "Why

(*Continued on page* 75)

# NEW, SCIENTIFIC DANDRUFF TREATMENT

## A NATION-WIDE SUCCESS!

**Enthusiastic letters received from all parts of the country describing quick results . . .**





**"UNTIL I TRIED LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** I wouldn't have believed there was anything that would really get rid of dandruff."

*Mr. Jack Carletto, Pittsburgh, Pa.*



**"THANKS A MILLION FOR LISTERINE!** It is the only dandruff treatment for me from now on."

*Mrs. G. A. Marion, Mt. Airy, N. C.*



**"I BEGAN USING LISTERINE** a few weeks ago. Now, with continued daily applications, I am absolutely free from dandruff."

*Mr. Elmo Howell, Bexar, Ala.*

**"ALL I CAN SAY IS,** you have underestimated the wonderful effects of Listerine Antiseptic. In a short time my husband was relieved of his dandruff and is his cheerful self again."

*Mrs. R. Swanson, Chicago, Ill.*

### Easy, delightful home treatment cleaned up symptoms in 3 to 4 weeks in many cases.

If remedy after remedy has failed to give you real relief from ugly, itching dandruff . . . *do not be discouraged.* The most pleasant, stimulating dandruff treatment you have ever tried—Listerine Antiseptic and massage—is now a *proven* success as shown by test after test . . . and countless letters from all parts of the country corroborate its brilliant results.

### *Kills the Dandruff Germ*

Recently, the most intensive dandruff research ever undertaken brought to light a startling fact . . . dandruff is a *germ* affliction. It is caused by the tiny "bottle-bacillus," Pityrosporum ovale. *And Listerine Antiseptic kills this stubborn germ!*

Time and again, in laboratory and clinic, Listerine has shown a positive record of dandruff control. It has killed Pityrosporum ovale in laboratory cultures . . . it has banished dandruff symptoms in clinical tests on human beings.

In one typical test, 76% of a group at a New Jersey clinic who were told to use the Listerine Antiseptic Treatment twice daily showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a single month.

### *Don't Delay*

If you have the slightest evidence of dandruff, don't wait until it assumes serious proportions. Start today with Listerine Antiseptic . . . the same Listerine you keep on hand as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle. Feel the invigorating tingle as you massage . . . as Listerine Antiseptic strikes at the seat of the trouble, *the germ itself.* And even after dandruff may be gone, enjoy an occasional treatment to guard against possible infection.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*



### THE TREATMENT

**MEN:** Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.* **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

*Genuine* Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.




# LISTERINE

**The safe Antiseptic**

# Woman in Love

## BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

*Beginning..an enthralling novel of lost innocence*



Illustrations by Carl Mueller

*Copyright 1934, 1935 by Kathleen Norris.*

PART I.

DID Mother Laurence send for you yesterday and go into her specialty dance about being a good, true, fine woman worthy of Saint Bride's?" Pauline van der Venter asked suddenly. Tamara Todhunter only laughed a little shocked laugh, but Helena Frost answered carelessly:

"She talks that way to all the graduates, doesn't she? I imagine she always does. Yes, she gave me quite a little monologue."

"Oh, now, no fair! I like Mother Laurence," Tamara said suddenly and shyly. "She was awfully sweet to me all the time I was at Saint Bride's."

"I can't stand the woman!" Helena said, in her negligent, superior way. She stifled a yawn. "I always hated her," she said, the words stopping another yawn. "How long were you at Hell Hole, Tamara?"

"Five years. My mother brought me there when my father died, and I've been there ever since."

"Vacations and all?" Helena asked.

"Well, all except one. My Aunt Tamara was at Lake Louise that year, and I went there to be with her."

"The only Tamara I know is some actress named Tamara Townsend," Helena said.

"That's Tam's aunt; didn't you know that?" Pauline asked.

"No! Is that so?" The splendid Helena was interested for a moment. "Didn't she—" she hesitated —"didn't she die?" she asked, in a lower tone.

"Last year, yes. She was killed in a motor accident in Florida."

"What was her big play, now?"

"'The True Lie.' It played a whole year in New York, and Aunt Tee—we called her Aunt Tee—had gone down to Florida in January for a rest, and was killed."

"Your mother's an actress, too," Pauline encouraged Tamara.

"Well," Tamara said hesitatingly, "Mother was. But I don't believe she's been acting lately. She—she keeps house for my brother and sister; they're both on the stage."

"Your brother and sister are?" Helena demanded, surprised.

**■ At last, radio brings listeners the works of America's favorite writer! Here, in its original novel form, is the story now on the air—the drama of convent-bred Tamara, rudely thrust into the bitter world of reality**



■ "With your face, you'd be wonderful in pictures," Mayne Mallory told Tamara.

*Originally published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.*

"Lance and Coral, yes. They may not," Tamara added, in strict honesty, "they may not be acting now, but they're both actors."

"Like the Barrymore family," Helena said, in admiration.

"Not exactly. At least we're not at the top," Tamara explained honestly, with a fine wrinkle between the dark clear wings of her eyebrows. "But the whole family's been in the profession, always, I guess. My aunt, and my father—my father was Billy Todhunter—"

"Where does your mother live, Tamara?" Helena asked.

"I don't know San Francisco at all, I've never seen their apartment," Tamara said. "But I know the number—two twenty-two Turk Street."

Helena laughed.

"Oh, no, you don't know the number, my dear!" she said lightly. "That isn't it; nobody lives 'way down on Turk Street, except perhaps people who aren't anybody!" Helena said. "You've got that wrong. Are you going on the stage too, Tamara?" she asked.

"I think my mother rather expects me to. But Mother Laurence said she earnestly advised me not to, and that she was praying for me not to, and that it was a terrible life for a girl," Tamara explained, in her soft reedy voice that had so many notes of appeal and indecision in it.

In her pleated white skirt, bluejacket's blouse, and flying silk scarf, Tamara Todhunter had been conspicuously the beauty of Saint Bride's; she would be conspicuously the beauty wherever she went. Just as Helena's blue and gold and scarlet coloring did not add up into loveliness, so Tamara's mysteriously did; her purple eyes were deeply set, her wide mouth showed fine big square teeth when she smiled, and when she brushed the dark gold of her loosely waved hair severely from her low forehead, as she had done in the dusty, weary heat of the Seattle to San Francisco train this afternoon, she wore an air of freshness and sweetness like that of a baby.

The train had left Benicia behind now, and was running southwest. Villages were thickening on both sides; in the shabby late afternoon light everything looked rather gray and ugly. They were passing bay-windowed cottages with radio antennae on their roofs; apartment houses set at odd angles against empty lots between straggling, advertisement-plastered fences; boys were screaming like wild birds as they swooped about corners. A hot sun was setting off toward the hazy

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west; it glittered in the windows of a thousand modest homes on the rising hills behind Berkeley; it spilled through the low branches of oaks like poured fire.

Oakland, and good-byes to Helena. On the boat there was another parting, this one almost without words. Tamara was looking for Lance, and Pauline was absorbed by an elderly woman and a handsome little boy of ten, who carried her off upstairs. There was no Lance to be found. Tamara felt somehow a little chilled, although of course her brother would meet her at the San Francisco ferry after the twenty-minute trip. She hadn't seen him for five years. Would she know him?

GULLS circled the boat; other boats came and went with toots and whistles; the gray waters of the bay were moving in briskly from the Gate, and when the *Piedmont* finally made her pier, waves churned busily among the rocking piles and washed with noisy slaps against her hull.

The lean boy in the slouched felt hat was Lance. Tamara knew him at once, surrendered her baggage and herself to him, and gave him a kiss. They made their way through the surging crowds at the ferry to a taxi, and Lance gave the street number: "Two two two Turk." She had been right after all, and Helena wrong, and Helena had lived all her life in San Francisco, Tamara thought amusedly.

"How's Mother?"

"She's fine. She said to tell you she'd have come if she hadn't had a cold."

"Oh, I'm sorry she has a cold."

"Oh, 'snothing," Lance said. Tamara had felt her heart sink a little, chill a little, upon first finding him, she could not quite think why, or would not think why. Now she asked herself if he had said "'Tisn't nothing." But no, Lance wouldn't say that.

"Coral home?"

"Sure; where would she be?" Lance needed a shave; that was it. That was partly it, anyway. And his clothes needed pressing; that was partly it, too. And his hair looked rather long and straggly; perhaps he was playing a poet's part or something.

"Are you working, Lance?"

"Hell, no," he said mildly enough, but Tamara winced at the unfamiliar word. "Nobody's workin'," Lance added, and there was no mistake about it this time, he distinctly dropped the final *g*. "They say there are seven thousand actors—darn good troupers, too—walkin' up and down Broadway lookin' for jobs, and askin' their friends for a dime to buy a sandwich," he said.

"That's awful. I know things are bad there."

"They ain't as bad as they are here," Lance said morosely. "Well, what do you think of the city? Some city!"

Tamara did not answer at once. She was studying the great gore of Market Street as they drove along: handsome big buildings, handsome big shops; everyone going home at this hour; motorcars moving toward the ferry in streams, and the pink fog coming down over the steep, strange hills and dropping soft veils over the roofs.

They turned into one of the gores that ran at a northwest angle from Market Street, and stopped in a horrid neighborhood of shabby hotel doorways, garages, candy and delicatessen shops, cigarette and fruit stands. The sidewalks were full of people. For a moment Tamara's heart failed her.

"Is this it?"

"Sure. It's the fifth floor, Apartment Five B," Lance said. "You work the elevator yourself. Tell Ma I'll be home for dinner, late. Listen, Tam, got any money?"

She opened her purse willingly enough; she could even manage a faint maternal smile. But her soul was sick within her. Lance picked the only large bill from the little sheaf she produced.

"Can you let me have a twenty until tomorrow night? Honest, can you? . . . Say, you're keen, Tam. All right, see you in the movies! Wait a minute, I'll put these in the elevator for you."

Tamara had worked automatic elevators at school; she pressed number five with a firm gloved thumb. Once she swallowed deliberately and felt the swallow, somehow, tingle in her eyes, but she was smiling when she stumbled through a dark upper hallway and rang the buzzer to apartment number Five B. She could hear voices all about, and something sizzling and steaming; the thick close air was scented with dust and the odor of frying onions, carbolic acid and old carpets, and wash-day operations in laundry tubs. She was home.

"That you, Tam?" called a voice she knew from behind the door. "It's open, honey!"

Tamara went into a small sitting-room that had two draped and curtained windows looking into Turk Street. Through the dirty glass and looped lace, and past the chenille fringes, sunset light was streaming. There was no fog yet this far uptown; every ugly detail of the ugly room was illuminated by the hardest and least merciful light it ever knew.

Tamara set down her bags, went to the couch, sank down beside it and took her mother into her arms. After their kiss they looked at each other. The girl had an impression of uncorseted softness, perfume, hair artificially reddened and curled into a mop beneath which the graying straight wisps were protruding, powdered face, loose painted mouth, magnificent eyes filled with laughter, amusement, affection, and welcome, and pudgy soft small hands whose nails were painted dark red.

HER mother wore a colorless nondescript garment that had perhaps once been a nightgown of peach satin, with bows on the shoulders and lace at the breast. Over this was a draggled thin silk kimono of a creamy ground splashed with great red poppies and black daggers. She lay in innumerable cushions, all limp and dirty; satin pillows, baby pillows showing faintly pink and blue under soiled linen cases, velvet pillows. Beside these on the couch was a once-elegant cover of pale green satin, and a woolly Canadian plaid.

"Lance meet you, lover?" Mrs. Todhunter said.

They exchanged brevities. Had the graduation been lovely? And had the trip been hot? And how was Coral?

At last Tamara asked, "where do I sleep, Mother? I'll take my things in and get unpacked."

"In the back room, lover. You can have the lounge, or you can double up with Coral. Lance sleeps on this."

Tamara went into the bedroom; there were three rooms in the apartment, unless one counted the dining alcove that occupied one side

**Over a local station, "Woman in Love" is already being broadcast as a daily serial, and preparations are now being made to put another of Kathleen Norris' popular novels on a network from coast to coast during the fall and winter months. For all those who aren't fortunate enough to hear the current broadcasts, Radio Mirror is happy to present the original novel by Mrs. Norris, in serial form.**

of the kitchen as a separate room. There was also a small bathroom smelling of wet wood and scented soaps, and the bedroom.

The bedroom was dark; after a few moments Tamara got accustomed to the gloom in there, and emptied her smaller bag, and found room for her large one under the big double bed. There were already boxes and bundles under the bed; the one shallow closet was bursting with clothes; the one strip of wall that had neither windows nor doors in it was embellished with a row of hooks from which more clothing hung. All about the mirror on the dresser photographs of men were stuck at angles; the dressing table itself was closely littered with pots and jars, cigarette boxes and ashtrays, brushes, jewelry, small articles of apparel. Kid and satin slippers, discolored and twisted and collapsed, were in a row on the table; the room was in complete disorder and the bed not made.

AN odd expression came into Tamara's face as she set about what superficial ordering and straightening might be immediately accomplished. It was a look of intense seriousness and resolution. Steadily, without stopping, she moved chairs, hung garments on hooks already bulging with garments, made the dreadful bed and plumped the sodden pillows. She hung up her coat and hat; washed her face.

But she felt bewildered and shocked and surprisingly babyish—ready for tears. She felt like a traveler making his way cautiously across a bog in the dark. Each step might indeed be tested, but there was no definite hope of reaching safety and security after all the steps.

Coral came in, and the sisters kissed each other and laughed nervously as they sat talking awkwardly of trifles; after five years they could not be easy with each other all at once. Tamara felt another shock when she saw Coral. It might be only Coral's strangeness, she might get over it, but she seemed talkative and shallow and affected, somehow. The words did not come to Tamara, but she felt their meaning. A tremendous and desolating sense of disillusionment in her sister swept over her. This was not the gay successful young actress she had pictured as laughing over fan letters in her dressing room, evading unwelcome callers at the stage door.

"How d'you think Mama looks?" asked Coral. "She's been deathly ill. I didn't write you, I'm *the worst* letter writer . . ."



■ Tamara had the thrill of watching a play from the wings.

Inasmuch as her sister had never written her at all, Tamara could not politely deprecate this.

The sisters went into the kitchen together, and Tamara had her first meal at home. She was presently to discover that all her meals would be like this one, eaten casually from paper bags, from bowls in the icebox, from the saucepans and coffee pots on the gas stove. No table was ever set in the Todhunter house, and no meal was ever served. Each member of the family ate when and what he liked; the coffee pot simmered on the pilot light all day. Coral hospitably assisted her in finding food, sat watching her as she ate. But Coral ate nothing herself; she was going out later to dinner.

"Mama, want anything?" she presently shouted.

Mrs. Todhunter came heavily to the kitchen door.

"I don't believe I'll have anything," she said. "I may go out later with Ray; he phoned awhile back. My check hasn't come and I'm flat! I'm going to have Cutter go see Jesse."

Jesse Straut was known only vaguely to the girls as the man who

(*Continued on page* 54)

# Why be a Flop as

As Broadcast by
ELSA
MAXWELL



Elsa's in movies, too, with a featured role in "Hotel for Women."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Elsa Maxwell says she resents her reputation of being the world's biggest party-thrower, because she weighs only two hundred pounds. However, that's not quite what the title means. In a world where you can make a profession of almost everything, she has made a profession of giving parties—and has grown famous for it. Whenever some social leader wants to entertain at a particularly amusing or important affair, she calls in Elsa, who gets a brilliantly novel idea that immediately makes this party into something the guests think and talk about for days afterwards. Elsa gave her own secrets for successful party-giving on a recent NBC Inside Story broadcast, from which the following article was prepared. The Inside Story, sponsored by Shredded Ralston, is heard on NBC's Blue network Tuesday nights at 10:30, E.D.S.T.*

WHATEVER else a party is, it ought to be fun. If it isn't fun, for everybody concerned, there's no excuse for having it.

That seems to be an easy enough rule to remember, but I think a lot of people forget it. And usually the person who does the forgetting is the hostess. She doesn't have time to remember to have fun, because she's too busy worrying.

Are *you* one of these anxious hostesses? Do you fret before every party you give, worrying about "how it will go off," wishing it were over,




Burlesque Ball: Reggie Gardiner, Elsa, Bert Lahr and Bea Lillie.



Formal Party: Elsa as she talks to William Rhinelander Stewart.



Barn Dance: Keystone cops Mrs. William Gaxton, Charlie Knickerbocker and Ethel Merman beat up singer William Gaxton.

# a Hostess?

**You'll have the whole town talking if you're brave enough to follow the shocking rules of the world's most famous party giver**

looking on the whole thing as a terrible ordeal?

Don't be ashamed if you are. There are so many women in the same boat with you that I've learned to recognize an expectant hostess as soon as I see her. She always has a far-away look in her eye, a crumpled list in her hand, and a tendency to shy when spoken to unexpectedly. She won't be happy until the last guest has gone home and she can kick off her shoes, throw herself down in the nearest chair, and sigh, "Thank goodness, *that's* over."

And I'm willing to bet her party will be an awful flop.

The hostess who dreads her own party is licked before she starts. All too often you can pick out the host and hostess at a party—they're those two miserable-looking people with their fingers crossed. They don't look like that at a party that's going over with a big bang, though. *Then* they're the merry-looking couple who are obviously having twice as much fun as anyone else.

When you give a party, you're a salesman, and nothing else. A salesman can't get anyone to buy a product he doesn't believe in himself—and a hostess can't persuade other people to have a good time if she's miserable. You have to sell the party—so put some enthusiasm into it. The guests will soon follow your lead.

Oh, I know what you're thinking. "How about those people who just (*Cont'd on page* 51)



Mrs. Anne Laurie Meilziner and Clifton Webb at the Burlesque Ball.



Also in costume for the Barn Dance: Kay Francis and Douglas Fairbanks Sr. at a table with socialite Jay O'Brien.



In Hollywood: Edmund Goulding, Mrs. Zanuck, Fairbanks Jr., and Elsa.



Lovely Luise Barclay, radio's Woman in White

# Wife against Mother



**A mother's selfish love forbade their marriage—but radio's fascinating heroine, the Woman in White, solves one of humanity's most heart-perplexing problems**

EVEN in the midst of our first frenzied activity, while Dr. Jarrett and I struggled to save the life of the fragile, white-haired woman in the big four-poster bed, I knew that something was wrong. There was an oppressiveness, a sense of strain and uneasiness about the atmosphere of that gloomy, old-fashioned house on Lake Shore Drive—even more than could be accounted for by the fact that in it a woman was creeping painfully back from the brink of death.

I had time, too, while I handed the doctor his instruments and prepared injections, to wonder fleetingly how in the world anyone could possibly have taken such a large quantity of sleeping tablets. And in the middle of the afternoon, too! That morning, her son said, the glass vial in the medicine closet had been full, or almost so—and now at least thirteen tablets were missing.

But Mrs. Gray was my first case, and for a while I was almost inclined to believe that my doubts were merely my own fevered imagination. My first case! There was magic even in the words. So often in my training days, tingling with weariness after a day in the hospital, I had lain awake, dreaming of this moment when I would be caring for my first patient. So often I had wondered, "Will I be worthy, in that first test?"

For I knew that nursing was not merely a matter




**THE ADVENTURES OF KAREN ADAMS, THE WOMAN IN WHITE, WRITTEN BY IRNA PHILLIPS AND SPONSORED BY PILLSBURY FLOUR, ARE HEARD MONDAYS THROUGH FRIDAYS OVER THE NBC-RED NETWORK**

of taking temperatures, smoothing pillows, keeping a neat chart for the doctor to see, administering medicine at the proper times. All this was important, but there was more—

"A good nurse, Karen," the Superintendent had said to me once, "never forgets that every patient has a soul as well as a body, and that sometimes—often—the soul is sicker than the body. It will be your job, much more than the doctor's, to cure your patients' souls—to look into the inner lives of the people you are called on to help."

Strange words, from the practical, brisk Miss Curtis! But I had never forgotten them. And now, with my very first patient, I was to learn their truth.

I had my first inkling of what was really wrong after the doctor had left. Mrs. Gray, though still in a deep stupor, was out of danger. Her son, Donald, and his wife had entered the room and were standing by the bed looking down at the quiet, pale face. It seemed to me that Donald looked not only frightened but faintly guilty as well—and that his wife's concern was mingled with a strange sort of defiance.

"It won't be long now before she's conscious," I said, hoping to cheer them up.

Instead, I saw a quick, secret glance pass between them. "Perhaps I'd better leave, then," young Mrs. Gray said.

"Oh, no," I reassured her. "I'm sure she'll want to see you."

"And I'm sure," the girl remarked firmly, "that she won't." With that, she turned on her heel and went out of the room.

To my surprise, I saw that her husband was immensely relieved. Handsome, tall and well-built though he was, there was still something about Donald Gray that I couldn't quite define. It wasn't

weakness, exactly. Immaturity, perhaps—a little-boy quality that immediately awoke the protective instinct of any woman.

"You're quite sure she'll be all right?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course, Mr. Gray. The doctor wouldn't have left if he wasn't sure."

I SUPPOSE he had to talk to someone. The burden of guilt he felt on himself was too much for any man to bear without confession.

"She took those tablets on purpose, Miss Adams," he said tensely. "She wanted to die—because she found out this morning that I was married."

"Oh, you must be mistaken—" I began, but he paid no attention to me.

"Two years we've kept it a secret from her—all because I was afraid something like this would happen. Miss Adams—" his tortured eyes burned into mine—"have you any idea what it means to live with someone who loves you so much that she depends on you entirely—builds her whole life about you—wraps you in love as if—as if love were a chain, so that you can't move?"

"Yes," I said to comfort him, "I think I understand."

"Gladys and I have gone through two years of agony—wanting to tell her, and not daring to. And then, this morning, she found out. One of our *friends* told her. If she should die—!"

In my pity for him, I wanted terribly to help. But at the moment, all I could do was say:

"You mustn't think of that, Mr. Gray. Just remember that she'll be well soon, and then perhaps you can make her understand."

"I don't know," he said wearily. Then anxiety sprang once more into his face. "Miss Adams—you don't think she'll try it again, do you?"

"No, of course not. And anyway, I'll always be with her."

"Thank you," he said. "And thanks for letting me talk to you. You see . . . Gladys is almost at the end of her rope, too. We don't even seem to be able to talk to each other about this business any more."

And remembering the look of defiance in the girl's pert little face, I could believe him.

If it hadn't been for that talk with Donald Gray, before his mother recovered from her coma, it would have been several days before I learned the reason for the strangeness of that house. My patient, when she woke, didn't even seem to know, at first, that I was in the room.

"Where's my son?" she asked weakly. "Donald! Will you please ask my son to come to me?"

But I had already sent Donald out



of the room, and I had some hot coffee ready for her. "Here, drink this," I urged. "It will make you feel so much better."

Her bright blue eyes, shrewd even in their weakness, lingered briefly on my face. "I don't care whether I feel better or not," she said flatly. Her hands moved in an aimless way over the covers. "But I must see Donald. . . . I must talk to him . . . we have to decide. . . ."

Without the coffee, which she refused to drink, drowsiness was overcoming her once more. "I feel so sleepy," she murmured. "Please bring Donald . . . right away. . . ."

Her eyelids fluttered down. For another moment or so her lips moved feebly, and then once more she was asleep. In all that huge house there wasn't a sound.

I moved quietly around the room, straightening up. My mind was going in circles. A secret marriage—an unwanted daughter-in-law—a mother whose love was slowly devouring her son. At first, I had been all sympathy with Donald, but now—Even in the few seconds that Mrs. Gray had been conscious I had seen how pitiful she was, how securely trapped by emotions she could not control.

Mrs. Gray made a beautiful recovery—a remarkable recovery, in fact. Within two days the doctor announced that there was no further need for either his services or mine. But just then Mrs. Gray made an unusual request. She begged me to stay on for a while longer.

"I'm not really myself yet," she said in explaining. "Even though I am out of danger, I'd be so thankful if you'd stay, Miss Adams. Not as my nurse, entirely, but—well, more as my friend. I—I feel unsure of myself. And I do feel terribly alone, since—" her eyes misted with tears— "since I learned about Donald's marriage. In another day or so Donald and I must decide several things, and I'd feel so much better if you'd stay."

"Of course I'll stay," I assured her.

That afternoon, I met Donald in the downstairs hall. He had spent nearly all of the two days since my arrival at home, seeing his mother whenever he was allowed to do so, and he was showing the strain of worry and fatigue. I hadn't seen his wife since that first afternoon; she had left the house then and hadn't returned.

Donald greeted me with a smile. "Mother tells me you're staying on for a while," he said. "I'm very glad. I—I want you to help me, if you will."

Under other circumstances, it would have seemed strange to hear this tall young man asking me to help him; now I saw nothing unusual. How could he fight that fragile woman upstairs, bound to him by ties of love and duty and affection?"

"I hope I can help," I said simply.

"You see," he stumbled on in embarrassment. "I've tried to talk to Mother the last day or so—to make her understand that I'm a man, not a boy, and have a right to a wife and home of my own. But she only says over and over, that Gladys tricked me into marriage—that she's sure (*Continued on page* 70)



# BING'S GIRL Friday

■ **A seventeen-year-old co-ed is the summer's biggest radio hit—but if it hadn't been for those sorority sisters—**






Below, don't be fooled by Pat Friday's air of attention as she listens to Bing Crosby run over a song. She's probably busy wondering how to work out that problem in chemistry.

## By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

I WOULDN'T believe it if I hadn't seen it happen. I mean the case of Helen Patricia Friday.

Not that Pat Friday isn't good. She is—unbelievably good. So good that she's a nugget of pure gold found in the Beverly Hills by one Bing Crosby, Prospector. But that's the point. How in the world could a modest taffy-haired college Freshman who never in her brief life seriously thought of singing for a living become overnight the sensation of no less a program than Bing's Kraft Music Hall? (And two or three movie companies, too, wistfully looking for new talent.)

How could she have such poise? Such a sweet, strong, even voice? Such personality? Such presence of mind? How could this utter novice to radio, as innocent of microphone technique as a canary, successfully take over the job of luring melody-minded listeners to tune in the Kraft show all summer long while Bing is on vacation?

Well, there's only one answer to all those questions: I don't know, but (*Continued on page* 66)



# Meet the Blondie

**■ She's Penny Singleton—who sends motor cops off about their business, manages to be neighborly even in Hollywood, washes her own windows, and calls her husband "Scroggs"**

A PERT-FACED blonde was spinning her inexpensive coupe down one of Hollywood's main boulevards at an extra-legal clip the other day when she spied a motor cop stationed at the next corner. Slamming the brakes she pulled the car to a stop alongside of his motorcycle.

"Officer," she announced in a matter of fact voice, "I'm in an awful hurry. Would you mind going off on some other street to watch for speeders?"

The cop stared in astonishment, then roared with laughter at the unbelievable impudence of the request.

"Okay, Blondie, you win!" he said and rode off around the corner out of sight while Penny Singleton continued her dash to the CBS studios and a rehearsal of the new Camel show heard on Monday night.

Even Chic Young, the creator of the Blondie of the comic strip could not have tied that one. But Penny, who created the character on the screen in the Columbia Pictures series and now with Arthur Lake as Dagwood is bringing the funfest to radio audiences, saw nothing extraordinary in it. It was, she insisted, the sensible and logical thing to do!

Everything she does seems logical to Penny, whatever her friends may think. Even things like worrying herself into a fine state of nerves over the baby of an unknown fan in Philadelphia who got the measles. Or flying cross country with only a bottle of spring tonic, a pair of scissors, a spool of black thread and a package of No. 9 needles for luggage. Or blithely discarding her established stage and screen name of Dorothy McNulty for the unknown monicker of Penny Singleton a month *before* she married the handsome young dentist, Dr. Lawrence Scroggs Singleton. Or, for that matter, insisting on calling him Scroggs in preference to Lawrence.

Strangely enough, by the time she has finished telling you about them, they seem logical to you too. There is something about her wide-eyed approach to life that defies argument because she makes it work so beautifully. Take the example of her first stage appearance at the age of eight years.

The children of her neighborhood in Philadelphia were talking about an amateur contest to be held at a certain theater. The admission price was a nickel and the first prize was five shiny dollars.

"I decided to sing *They Called Her Frivolous Sal* which my father, a newspaperman, had taught me," Penny related. "By the time I got to the first *Sal* the audience started to laugh. It made me mad, so I stepped up to the footlights and told them off. I said they shouldn't laugh at me that way because I wanted to win the $5.00 so (*Continued on page* 87)

# Bumsteads! Dagwood



**By KAY PROCTOR**

**■ And he's Arthur Lake—who dotes on jitterbug contests, loves to keep folks guessing about his age, and cheerfully admits that he has no goal in life except spending money**

ARTHUR LAKE half tumbled into the room in much the same breathless fashion Dagwood Bumstead makes the morning eight-ten.

"Gosh I'm sorry I'm late," he apologized, "but Charlie Chan bit one of the neighbors and I was in a jam again."

Charlie Chan, he went on to explain, is an untrustworthy little Pekingese which belongs to his wife and at present is the chief bone of contention in the modest Lake household. If he had his way, the wretched little beast would be booted out *toot sweet* but you know how women are about such things. You have to humor them if there's to be any peace around the place.

And as if that wasn't enough to harass a man, Patricia Van Cleve, his wife, wasn't speaking to him that morning. It seems they were entered in a jitterbug contest which was a cinch for them to win when the management ups and makes him one of the judges! Nothing could convince Pat he hadn't fenagled it on purpose just to take a bow!

"Women are the darndest!" he concluded unhappily.

To make matters worse, he continued, he and Pat had discovered they were $14.65 over the budget in the *Entertaining and Miscellaneous* division and there had been a few connubial words about that. And to top it off, they both had planned to use the one family car that afternoon, Pat to go to a kitchen shower for a bride and Artie to get down to the CBS studio for a scheduled script conference for next week's Blondie show.

In other words, he was sorry he was forty-five minutes late for an appointment.

On first meeting you are apt to think Artie Lake is putting on a swell act. It's too pat to be true. It's the sort of thing you read about in books and see every day on the screen. It is incredible, you argue with yourself, that anyone with his years of experience in knocking around the world could be so ill at ease with a stranger, so inarticulate in expressing his thoughts, so uncertain of himself, so perfectly the shy young man who giggles nervously and fumbles with a key ring to mask his embarrassment. It is impossible, you tell yourself, that any man of his age, be it 25 or 35, could be so supinely content with life and so unaffected by the major problems of the world today. Peter Pans, you say, went out with bustles.

After a while it dawns on you it is not an act. After a while you realize you are witnessing a minor miracle —a fictional character come to life.

Whether Chic Young had Artie Lake in mind when he first created the comic strip character of Dagwood Bumstead, husband of (*Continued on page* 88)




# Cathleen

**■ The tender story of a father who had to be taught there is no loneliness in all the world like that in the hungry heart of a child**

*From the radio drama by Kay Van Riper, first presented over CBS on the Texaco Star Theater, with Virginia Weidler in the role of Cathleen Bradford.*

**Illustration by B. Rieger**

THEIR "conversation" had started with Cathleen's school report card, gone on to the way she talked, and ended, for a climax, with the bowl of white lilacs beneath her mother's portrait.

"I wish you'd drop the habit of speaking like your nurse," Allan Bradford was saying. "You're thirteen now, Cathleen, and it's time you were learning to express yourself correctly. It's ridiculous for an American school-girl to be talking in an Irish brogue. . . ."

And then his eyes had fallen on the flowers, and the weary exasperation in his face hardened suddenly into fury.

"Who put that bowl of lilacs there?" he demanded.

"I don't know," Cathleen said. From each side of her bent head short braids dangled; she caressed the scuffed toe of one shoe with the sole of the other.

"You're lying, Cathleen. . . . I told you never to touch anything in this room. It was presided over by your mother—and I want no additions made to it."

Cathleen raised her head for one swift glance about the perfectly appointed, gracious room, as if looking for some trace to be left there of the mother she had never seen. "A bowl of flowers!"

Allan Bradford's legs were long; they carried him across the room in two strides. He plucked the flowers out of their bowl and threw them violently into the wastebasket. And then the roaring in his ears ebbed away, as swiftly as it had come, so that he could hear his daughter's heart-broken sobs:

"They were for her! May's her month— Oh, I hate you!"

"Please go to your room now," he said quietly. "I'm—sorry about the flowers. You don't understand."

"Yes, father." Cathleen's teeth clamped down hard over her lips, over the words.

"And about your school—" He hesitated, trying to find words. Always, when he talked to Cathleen, he was trying to find words for what he wanted to say—and failing. "See if you can't do better," he finished lamely.

"Yes, father."

When she had gone, he sat for a while watching the dusk rob color



from the room. It wasn't that he didn't love the child. . . . Or *was* that the trouble, after all? Could you love that which had taken the life of one so beautiful?

"Cathleen!" he cried into the darkness, meaning not his daughter, but her mother. The name itself was a constant barb, thrust into his heart. He would never have called the child Cathleen, if—*she*—hadn't begged him to, that night just before she died.

He knew he must forget all that. It was over, and from tonight he was starting afresh. Hope Cabot would be here soon—tall, cool as a breeze from her native New England, quietly wholesome—and this was the night he would ask her to marry him. He must not be unfair to her: he must not remember, too much, what was past.

Would she accept him? He believed she would. She was not young, but she was strong and courageous; she would not shrink from a household like this, with a man like a tree half-shivered with lightning, and the very air sick with the hatred of a bitter child.

The butler stood in the doorway. "Miss Hope Cabot," he announced.

WHEN the door banged in the nursery, Nora said to Cathleen, "Well—and that must be relieving of your feelings considerably."

"A bang, Nora, can be relieving of the feelings," Cathleen told her somberly, "but not of a deep pain in the heart."

Nora's broad Irish face was unimpressed. "Ah," she remarked, "so you and your dear father were speaking out again?"

"School, school, school! I hate school. They never teach anything that interests you—the teachers are all ugly to look at—and who's there to talk about what's in my head?"

"Aaaah!" said Nora. "And if I haven't dropped my thread!"

Resignedly, Cathleen retrieved the errant spool. "Why do you mend my middy blouses?" she complained. "Why can't you be letting them rot like the bones of the shipwrecked at sea?"

"So you *did* get that book out of the library!" Nora said accusingly.

"Why can't girls always wear pink organdy dresses . . . with white tulle veils . . . and a train of violets . . . ?" Cathleen wandered to the window, looked out to the purple-gray flood of the Hudson flowing past Riverside Drive and the Parkway. Soon the stars would be out. . . . "And in my hair," she went on, "that great star. Nora, did I tell you the star visited me last night?"

"And what did he say?" murmured Nora, still sewing.

"First he just shimmered. With gold. Like the sky after sunset. And then he said, 'Why Cathleen—if you aren't as beautiful as your dear mother whom I've just visited not ten minutes ago!' " She paused, then, her voice a-brim with grave conviction: "That's what he said, Nora."

"And then what did you say?" Nora asked, in a voice that seemed curiously muffled, as if she had a frog in her throat.

"Why, I sang him a song. Like the one my mother used to play." She pronounced the difficult words carefully: "Claire—de—Lune, by De-bus-sy. Isn't that right, Nora?"

"Aye—and like a wild sweet bird she sang that Frenchman's song, her white hands drifting on the piano keys like flowers on a stream."

Cathleen's own hands beat together in rapture—for this was a ritual, and she knew what came next. "And then, sometimes she'd say, Nora—"

"She'd say," Nora took up the tale, " 'Now I'll be singing for our lonely Irish hearts a Gaelic song, written by another Frenchman long ago.' " Rocking back and forth in her chair, the sewing forgotten in her lap, Nora crooned:

*"Ta ribin o mo cheadhsearc ann mo phoca sios—"*

"There is a ribbon from my only love in my pocket deep," sang Cathleen, her eyes far away on some dream land; "and the women of Europe, they could not cure my grief, alas!"

"It's time you were going to bed, Mavourneen," Nora said abruptly. "For tomorrow's the fine day you go to the dentist."

"What!" Blazing, Cathleen snapped back to the present. "Saturday afternoon is mine. Everybody in the world knows it's mine! I won't go, do you hear me, I won't go!"

"Your respected father said—"

"To hurt me, to hurt me, that's all! *I won't go*!"

"Now then," Nora said sternly, "to bed!"

THE NEXT afternoon she was almost late, and all because she had to pretend to Nora that she was going to the dentist's. The clock in the jeweler's window next door said exactly three when she hurried into the little music store on Madison Avenue, and Mr. Ted looked up from behind the counter and said, "Well, Cathleen, I was afraid you'd passed us up today."

"Oh, no! I wouldn't!" Cathleen said in a shocked whisper.

Mr. Ted, who waited on her every Saturday afternoon, led her to one of the sound-proof booths in the back of the store. "And how's your father today?" he asked.

"He's better," she told him primly. "I brought him some white lilacs yesterday, and he just smelled and smelled them, and then he smiled—you know, I've told you about my father's dear smile—and



**ABOUT VIRGINIA WEIDLER: The eleven-year-old star of "Cathleen" has been in the movies since she was three, but in spite of all that professional experience, she's still a normal, healthy girl, a little on the tom-boy side, and passionately interested in her pets—a lovable dog named Laddie, and two love birds.**

then he said, 'Well, Cathleen darling, how did you know they were *just* what I wanted?' "

"He must get tired of lying in bed all the time," the young clerk said sympathetically. "I hope some day he'll walk in here with you, well and strong."

"I hope so too, Mr. Ted," Cathleen agreed.

"He's lucky to have a little daughter like you."

Her eyes sparkling, Cathleen said, "That's what he says. He always puts his arm around me when I read to him and says, 'You're Daddy's girl—' "

Ted March raised the lid of the big electric phonograph and put in a new needle. "Well," he asked, "what music does your father want you to hear today?"

"Some—some De-bus-sy, today. *And*—"

She paused, to let him know that something important was coming.

"*And*—he gave me the money to buy the album! So now you can make a *ten dollar sale!* Isn't that wonderful?" She burst into excited happy laughter, and in a second he joined her, so that the little cubicle rang with their merriment.

"Because it's my birthday, and he says he wants me to have whatever makes me happy!" Cathleen explained. "He's so—so understanding, my father is. . . ."

Ted March said quietly, looking down at her radiant little face (funny, she was such a homely little thing, really, but right now she was almost beautiful): "He must be a swell guy."

"And now, please," Cathleen said, with a breathless note in her voice, "Can we begin our wonderful Saturday afternoon?" Quickly she drew three chairs up in a row facing the phonograph, and perched herself on the middle one. "There. Here I am in the middle, with—my mother on one side and my father—on the other."

Almost reverently, Ted placed the phonograph needle at the edge of the whirling disk, and tiptoed from the room at the first notes of "Claire de Lune."

But Cathleen paid for her wonderful Saturday afternoon that evening.

YOU may as well stay," Allan Bradford said to Hope Cabot; "you may as well see at first hand the family group. From Childhood—nothing but waywardness, wilfullness, secretiveness—until she's grown into what they call a 'problem child.' "

"I have no faith in such labels," Hope said crisply, in her deep, rich voice. "Allan, dear, you're taking this thing much too seriously."

"Stealing — deliberate disobedience? Can you take them too seriously?" he asked bitterly. "Well, we might as well get it over. I'll have Nora send her in here."

But before his finger touched the bell, they heard another sound—the melody of "Claire de Lune" being played fumblingly, inexpertly, on the piano in the music room. Allan's face went chalky.

"Her mother's piano! She's been forbidden—" He flung open the door to the hall. "Stop that!" he shouted.

The melody was silent, on the middle of a note.

"Come in (*Continued on page* 59)

**ABOUT KAY VAN RIPER: Ten years ago the author of "Cathleen" graduated from the University of Minnesota and headed at once for Hollywood—not because she had any movie ambitions but just because its balmy climate appealed to her after years of Minnesota blizzards. She arrived with just $40 in her pocket, and her first move was to audition for a dramatic part on Station KFWB. To her own intense surprise, she got the job, and from acting she drifted into radio writing, working so hard and enthusiastically at it that she became responsible for many of the station's best programs—as well as its publicity agent! Her most famous series during that time was English Coronets, dramatizations of the lives of British rulers, in which she also played leading roles. It was this program which led a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent scout to give her a movie writing contract. At first she had the contract but nothing else; nobody gave her anything to do. Then she was put to work on an unimportant play called "Skidding"; she finished the script and it went into production—to emerge as the fabulously successful "The Hardy Family." Kay has been writing steadily about the Hardys ever since, doing a few radio plays, like "Cathleen," in between times because she still loves writing for the air.**

# SWINGING INTO *Campus Style*



Radio helps you select your college clothes! Take a peak at the modish outfits Helen Carroll, of the famous Merry Macs, heard on the Fred Allen show and the Hit Parade, recommends for the well-dressed co-ed.



Start the day with a song in your heart—and on your sweater (above). The white angora-embroidered musical notes are on a ground of blue. A "must" is this wool plaid sports jacket (left), with a pleated skirt.





For those impromptu hen parties, you'll want one of these latest lounge suits of royal, wine or copen, with a double row of shiny brass buttons.



*Photos exclusive to Radio Mirror by Robert K. Weitzen*

The fitted British tweed sport coat is the thing for the first crisp fall days. Helen's is green (above). Left, a smart black and white sheer wool dress, with a fitted Danger Red jacket. All these styles were especially designed for Helen Carroll, and can be purchased in leading stores of the country. They bear the label, "The Merry Macs Swing Style."

# DON'T GIVE



Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, the devoted but sensible parents of Norman and Baby Ellen.

YOU AND your husband are at a party. You've just had your hair done, your gown is a new one, the room is full of interesting people, the music is wonderful. You've been looking forward to this evening, because it's your first night out since Baby was born. You ought to be having the time of your life.

But you aren't.

You are perfectly miserable, you can't keep your mind on what people are saying to you, and you wish to goodness you were home.

There's only one reason for your misery, and it's a very little—but a very important—one. You can't get your mind off that precious bundle of humanity at home. Is King Baby perfectly safe? Is the nurse you have staying with him while you went to the party really reliable? Is he covered lightly enough if it's a warm night, warmly enough if it's chilly? *Is everything all right with him?*

And just at this point you catch sight of another young mother who seems to be enjoying herself hugely, not a thought of her baby in her mind. And you think resentfully, "I don't see how she does it! Has the woman no heart?" But the thought brings you little comfort, and the party is spoiled and pretty soon you go home. And after that you and your husband don't go to any more parties. You stay home, comforting your dullness with the thought that you're doing your duty and being a good mother and placing your infant's welfare before your pleasure.

But are you?

Joan Blondell Powell, devoted mother of Norman and Ellen, says you're not.

"New mothers should not be too devoted to their babies!" she told me. Excessive, twenty-four-hour-a-day devotion to babies is bad, without qualification—bad for the mother, for the father, and for the babies themselves. I know—how well I know!" Joan added ruefully, "that this over-absorption in our babies is the most difficult habit young mothers have to break. All the more difficult because we don't really *want* to do anything about it!"

Joan flung out a hand in a despairing gesture. "I know what happens to a mother who lets herself be simply *eaten* by her babies. I know because of what's happened to me. I have to fight, continually, because I'm one of those mothers who believes instinctively that no one but myself can really take care of my babies. If I spent a million a year on nurses, tutors, and governesses, I'd *still* think that unless I pinned on the baby's diaper the pin would stab her!

"And it's all wrong! I shouldn't feel that way, and I know it. When you have a baby your life, your own life, is apt to stand still while you're watching and waiting for the baby's next little sign of progress. My life did. At first I'd find myself thinking, 'In six more days Ellen may walk . . . I'd better not plan to do anything, I'd better not leave the

# IN TO *Motherhood*

**By GLADYS HALL**

**Love your children—but learn to "neglect" them too! Read Joan Blondell Powell's amazing recipe for a really happy and successful parenthood**



"It's your duty as a mother to have a good time," says Joan as she dances with Dick.

*Fink Photo*

house for fear I won't be here at the precise moment!' Then it was, 'Soon now she'll say her first word and I'd better be here for *that!*' Now it's, 'Any minute she'll begin to play with Normie and I *couldn't* miss that!' Next I'll be thinking that soon she'll be ready to go to kindergarten and since she'll leave me so soon I'd better stay with her every minute. . . .

WHICH is all fine and dandy, except that one day I'll come out of the cloud of talcum powder and the coma of watchful waiting to the realization that the baby is practically to have a baby of her own and that I've spent my whole life living her life, while the years have passed me by."

Joan ended her outburst without the little half-laugh which had accompanied its beginning, and I knew that she was talking of a very real and serious problem in her life—a very real problem in every young mother's life, whether she realizes it or not. (And many mothers, unhappily, are not as clear-sighted as Joan.) Her last words sketched, vividly, the picture of the woman who has given herself with a kind of selfless ecstasy to her children, letting that ecstasy blind her to what is really best for the children, to her duty to herself and to her husband—and then finds, too late, that her devotion is unwanted, unwelcome.

And yet, our very surroundings symbolize the other side of the picture. We were sitting in the living room of the chintzy, homey, completely delightful Blondell-Powell house in Hollywood. It was an afternoon when Joan was "between servants," and the babies were, to put it literally, under foot. In the course of our talk Joan tripped over a couple of marbles left on the floor by small Miss Ellen Powell, aged eleven months; Dick, coming in the front door, tripped over a broken bicycle left there by young Mr. Norman Powell, aged four; Joan rescued Miss Ellen from eating two marbles; (*Continued on page* 63)



Johnny Green, maestro and star of the Philip Morris programs, and composer of this new melody.

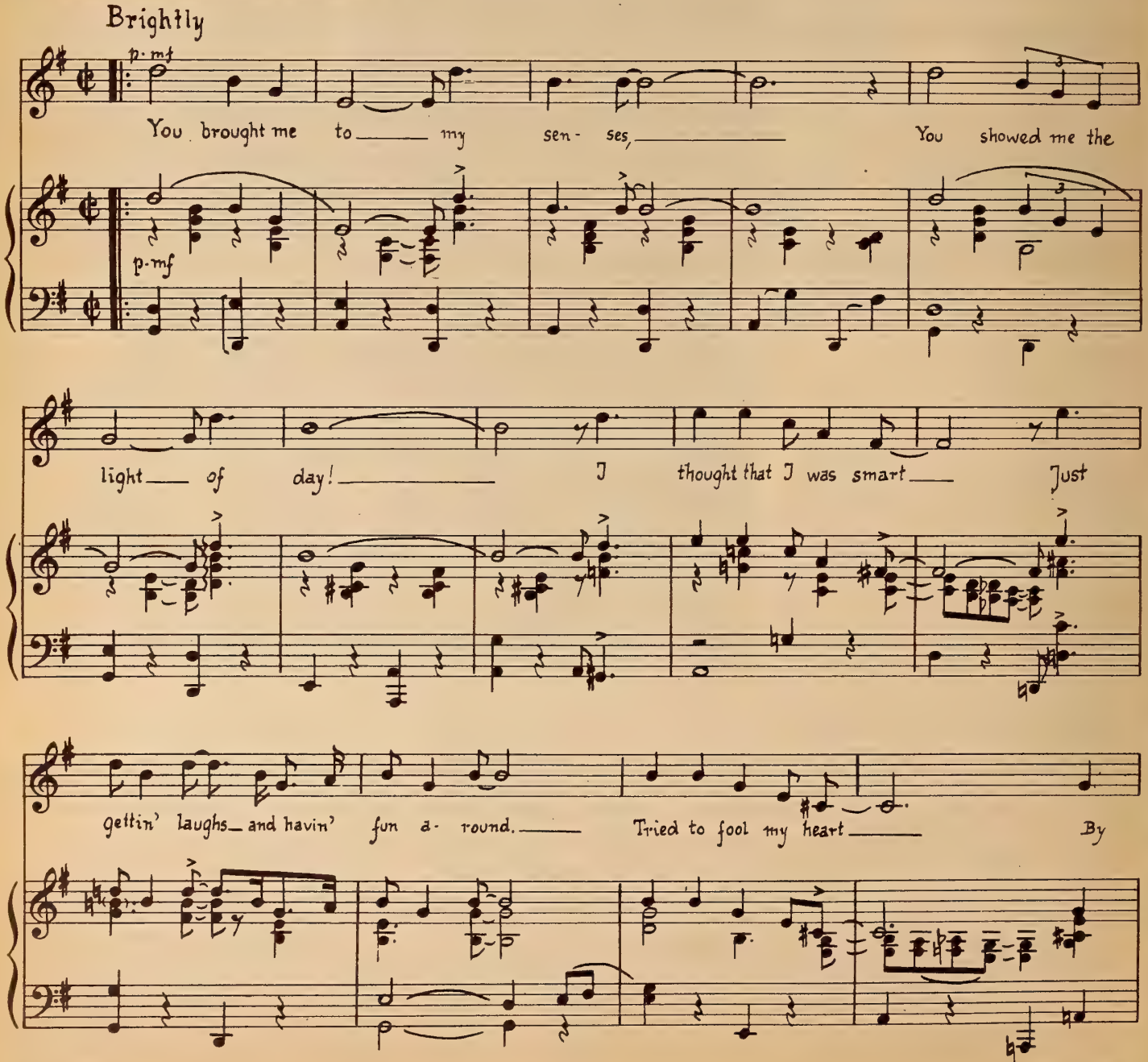
# Special!

## YOU BROUGHT ME TO MY SENSES

Music by
JOHNNY GREEN

Words by
BENNY DAVIS

**■ Radio Mirror introduces the newest song sensation—by the composer of such hits as "Body and Soul," "Coquette," and the current favorite, "You and Your Love"**

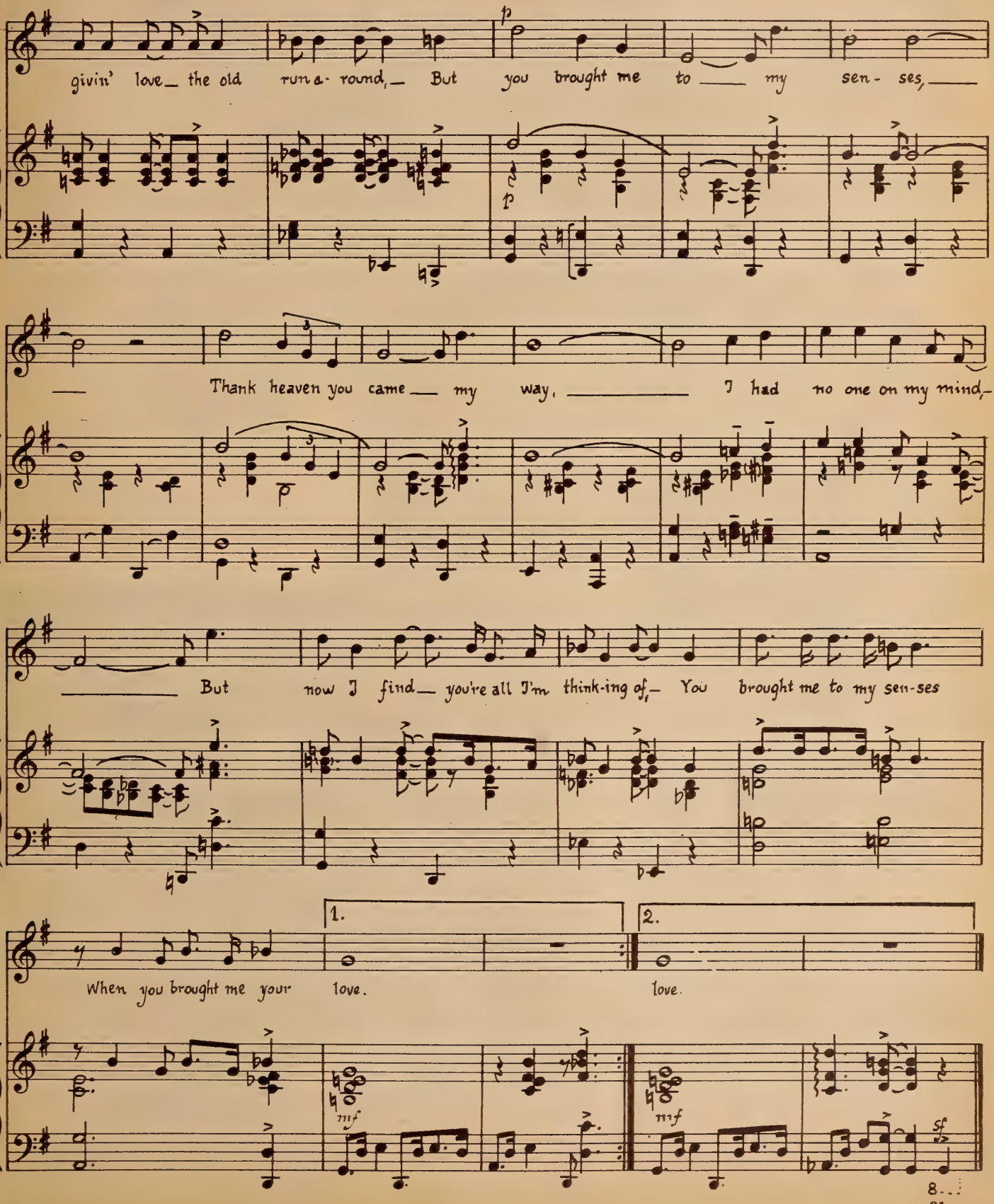





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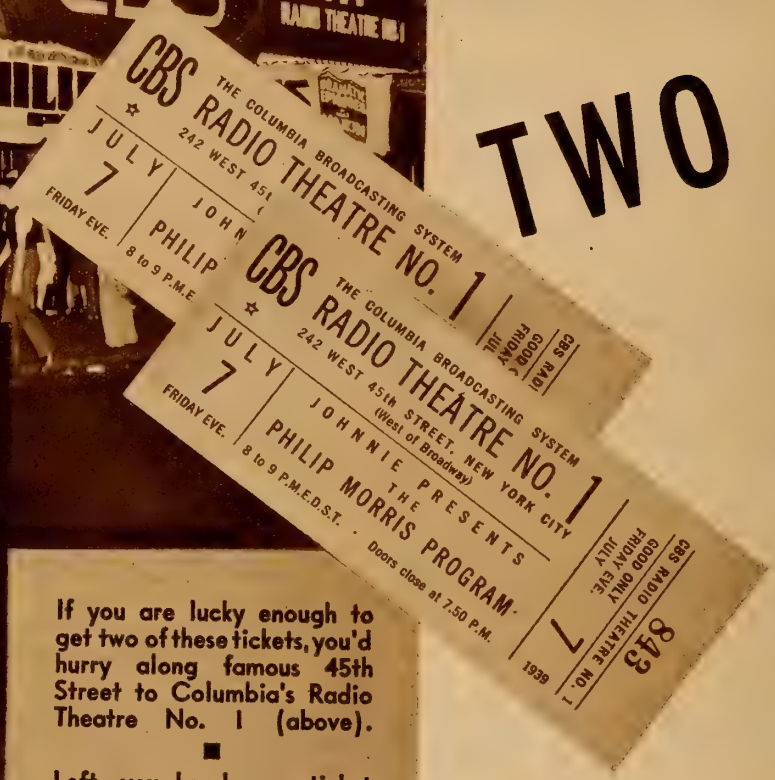
# PREVIEW OF A HIT





# TWO ON






If you are lucky enough to get two of these tickets, you'd hurry along famous 45th Street to Columbia's Radio Theatre No. 1 (above).

■

Left, you hand your ticket to the courteous page-boy and try to find a good seat way down in front—if you can. Better come early.






Above, you become one of a most unusual crowd of people—people from every state in the union. You applaud as announcer Charles O'Connor steps upon the stage (right) and welcomes you to the Columbia Playhouse. He makes you feel at home and tells you to relax and enjoy yourself.

# HE AISLE

IN ordinary times, it isn't too easy to get a ticket to a radio broadcast—but all this summer, as crowds from out of town poured into New York to visit the Fair, the coveted bits of pasteboard have been scarcer than ever. So RADIO MIRROR presents this picture-visit to one of the popular broadcasts—the Philip Morris program, Johnny Presents. If you're lucky enough to visit it, the pictures will add to your pleasure; if you're not, we hope they'll make you feel as if you'd been there. Like most CBS programs, Johnny Presents is broadcast from a regular Broadway theater, leased by the network. Playhouse Number One, the theater we visit this Friday night, is a busy one, in use every night but Wednesday. It's just off Times Square. So hurry for this half hour of exciting music by Johnny Green with vocal arrangements by Ray Bloch and those thrilling dramas produced and directed by Jack Johnstone.



This is Johnny the call-boy, with two cardboard replicas behind him on the miniature stage from which he steps at the beginning of the program.

■

Right, maestro and star Johnny Green is a composer as well as an accomplished pianist—as you can tell from his song on page 30





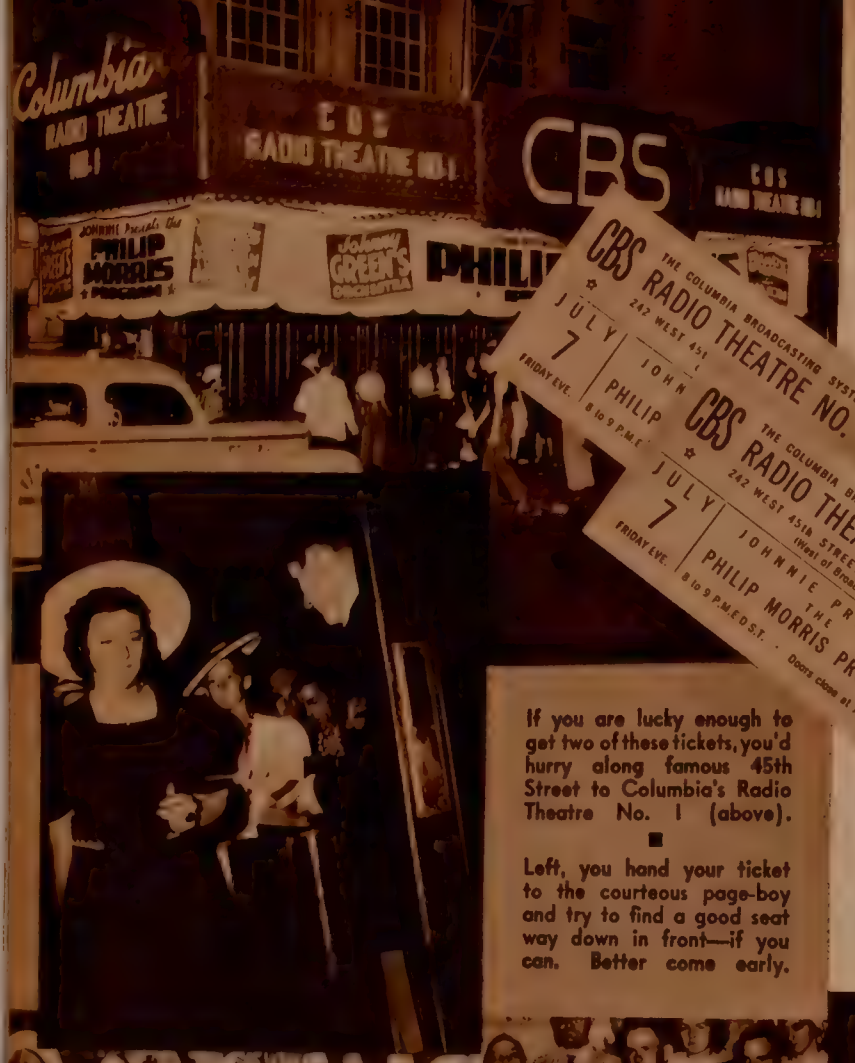
RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

*Photos by David Scott, CBS staff photographer*

While you're getting yourself comfortably seated in the air-conditioned theater, the cast is preparing for the broadcast. Left, Johnny Green rushes through the backstage alley to open the show, and the girls of Ray Bloch's Swing Fourteen (above) pretty up in their dressing room.

# TWO ON THE AISLE

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# Fairest





That smile caught the judges' eyes, too. That's why Caryl Smith (above, left) was chosen the Fair's Television Queen. Above, right, finalists await their turn before the cameras.







One at a time they step before the NBC television camera, while Jack Frazer (right) announces them.





Above, Eleanor Troy turns on the personality, holding up her identifying number. Right, contestants could wear either street clothes or show costumes. Left, a cute little model in Mexican dress that certainly was never made for a rear view.

# of the Fair

IT took three days of telecasting and the combined efforts of nearly a dozen judges to pick the first Queen of Television—Caryl Smith, tall, brunette and twenty-one, of Seattle, Wash. NBC sponsored the contest on the grounds of the New York World's Fair, limiting it to employees of the Fair.

According to the judges, Caryl Smith possesses, more than any of the hundred entrants, television's mysterious "X-Appeal"—a mixture of beauty, charm, pleasant voice, graceful carriage and the "oomph" Hollywood has been talking about. Caryl's an actress, working this summer in the Fair's Amazon show, where she plays The Girl on the Wheel. Before that, she toured with Gertrude Lawrence in "Susan and God." She's 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 123 pounds. Her prize was an RCA television receiver.




Below, the Fair's tattooed lady poses in the Court of Centaurs, while (left) judges tune her in on a television set in the RCA Pavilion. The scene traveled more than fifteen miles to the receiving set, from the Fair to the transmitter in New York and back again, although the contest was being held less than a mile away. The judges, left to right, are John Gannon, advertising agency art director, Syd Hydeman, magazine art director, and McClelland Barclay and Russel Patterson, famous illustrators.

*Pictures by William Haussler, NBC.*

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

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*Pictures by William Heusslor, NBC.*

# COMEDY

**■ It's refreshing—try this special dog-days broadcast and you're bound to laugh yourself into a cooling breeze**



The kid everybody wants to get rid of—and everybody enjoys—Baby Snooks, as played by Fannie Brice.

LATE summer's dog days make you want to loll around and be entertained—but where are those rip-roaring funsters that help you shoo your blues away and make you forget the heat? They've been entertaining you all winter—and it's not an easy job to make millions of people laugh every week. So what happened? They got tired and needed a rest. Because we knew you'd miss them, we're presenting this special March of Dimes broadcast which was presented by Hollywood in honor of the President's birthday, starring those mad comedians, Bob Hope, Baby Snooks, George Burns and Gracie Allen, with Eddie Cantor as master of ceremonies.

If you like to laugh, you'll read and treasure this, one of radio's most novel programs. Our thanks go to Vick Knight, the producer of the March of Dimes broadcast, for his help in making the script available.

And here comes Eddie Cantor.

EDDIE: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen—this is Eddie Cantor, whose privilege it is to introduce tonight some of the greatest personalities in the entertainment world.

And it's a real pleasure to present our first guest star—that kid everybody wants to get rid of—Fanny Brice as Baby Snooks! Tonight, Daddy Snooks, played by Hanley Stafford, is in a bad way. He went to a stag affair at his lodge last night, and is now trying to recover from the horrible after-effects of the wassail bowl. He is resting in his study as Baby Snooks enters. Let's hear you groan, Daddy.

(*And Daddy does groan, long and loud.*)

BABY SNOOKS: Hello, Daddy.

DADDY: Oh, *you're* here. Go away,

# CAVALCADE



*Paramount*

Burns and Allen put their heads together for one of the funniest skits they ever broadcast. Below, Bob Hope (with his dog) in a ferocious mood.

Snooks—Daddy's trying to rest. My head's splitting.

SNOOKS: Why is your head splitting, Daddy?

DADDY: Because—because I worked too late in the office last night.

SNOOKS: Oh! How was the smoker, Daddy?

DADDY: All right, you little snooper! So I went to a smoker and don't ask me to tell you what a smoker is, and don't bother me at all—just get out of here.

SNOOKS: Awight. (*Daddy goes on groaning, and suddenly Snooks yells:*) DADDY!

DADDY: Owww! What do you want?

SNOOKS: How'd you get sick?

DADDY: Well, at this party last night there was so much—so much smoke that it got into my lungs and caused this headache. Now do you know what's the matter with me?

SNOOKS: Uh-huh. You got a hangover!

(*Daddy tries to answer that one, but he's too weak. Instead he just says:*)

DADDY: Snooks, please leave me alone for a half hour. Just one half hour. Please.

SNOOKS: Awight . . . Daddy?

DADDY: Ohhhh! Now what is it?

SNOOKS: Where did you go last night?

DADDY: To my lodge. It was our annual smoker.

SNOOKS: Did you take Mummy?

DADDY: NO!

SNOOKS: Why?

DADDY: Because no women were allowed there—only Elks!

SNOOKS: Then why did *you* go?

DADDY: Because I'm an Elk.

SNOOKS: Wahhhhhhhhhhh!

DADDY: What are you hollering about now?

SNOOKS: 'Cause I think you're crazy.

DADDY: What's crazy about me being an Elk? A lot of people are Elks. My boss is not only an Elk—but he's a Lion, a Moose, and an Eagle.

SNOOKS: (*Very interested.*) How much does it cost to see him?

(*That crack adds a couple more shooting pains to Daddy's head, and after a* (*Continued on page 73*)



# Backstage Wife



Continuing the fascinating story of a dangerous love, adapted by Hope Hale from the popular NBC serial sponsored by Dr. Lyons Tooth Powder

**When should a woman cease fighting for her husband's love? Mary knew Catherine was winning Larry away and yet when she learned—**

*The story thus for:*

MARRIAGE at first had meant the most complete happiness Mary Noble had ever known. A stranger in New York, she had conquered where so many others had failed, by becoming the bride of Larry Noble, Broadway's handsome matinee idol. But Mary soon learned that she must fight for her husband's love, for women did not cease to seek him even after marriage. Yet never had she had an adversary like Catherine Monroe. Catherine, one of Washington's social leaders, entered Mary's life in the guise of a friend, offering to back the play in which Larry Noble hoped to make a successful Broadway comeback after several disastrous years; but Mary realized almost at once that Catherine's interest was not entirely in Larry as an actor. In Washington, where they went to try the play out, Mary witnessed a murder that was committed in Catherine's house, and when she described the murderer to the police Catherine rebuked her sharply for dragging her into unnecessary publicity. When she saw that Larry was taking Catherine's part in the argument, Mary, disillusioned by his disloyalty, left him and stayed at a hotel. The next day two men, pretending to be detectives, lured her into the country and made an attempt upon her life, presumably to silence her concerning the murder she had seen. She was rescued from the leaky boat in which they set her adrift on the Chesapeake, but during her convalescence from shock and exposure Catherine wormed her way more fully into Larry's confidence. At last Bill Wicart, a Senator from the West, warned Mary that she must get Larry away from Catherine if she did not want him to be seriously harmed. Catherine, he told her, was suspected of being part of an international spy ring. Mary tried to laugh off his fears, but upon arriving at the theater she saw Catherine and Larry in the wings. Catherine, whispering to Larry, was handing him a folded piece of paper.

MARY swayed, clutched the prop of a piece of scenery to keep from falling. What she had just witnessed was in itself a frightful confirmation of all Senator Wicart's warnings. Those warnings that she had tried to tell herself were sheer melodrama! Yet here was Larry, her husband, plainly under the spell of Catherine Monroe, plainly her confidant and—perhaps her dupe.

As she watched, the scene ended. Catherine's eyes came away from Larry's, and saw Mary and Bill Wicart standing there. "Look, Larry!" she began. "The lost are found—"

But Mary gave her no opportunity to say more. Quickly she stepped toward her husband and Catherine. "May I talk to you a moment, Larry—in your dressing room?" she asked in a low voice.

Catherine stared—then said brightly, "Heavens! I'm late. Will you drop me at my hairdresser's, Bill?"

A moment later Mary closed the dressing room door behind her and Larry. "Larry," she said, "don't you think this has gone far enough?"

The face he turned to her was hostile. She stifled her pain and distress at those frowning brows, the bitter curve to his lips. No longer was it a question of their love, hers and Larry's. That was gone; she had said goodbye to it. But somehow, she had to save him from the material harm Catherine would do to him. For all doubts had vanished from her mind—Bill Wicart was right. Catherine Monroe was a professional spy.

"Please, Larry," she hurried on, "I don't want to quarrel with you—only to warn you. You mustn't—oh, you mustn't!—get mixed up in what Catherine's doing. This spy business—"

"Who told you that?" he asked sharply.

"Bill. He has good reason to believe that's what she is. And he's a Senator—he ought to know."

"No doubt. But in this particular case he doesn't." Larry's tone was curt, forbidding. But perhaps he saw the misery in her eyes, because the next moment he said more kindly, "I'm sorry, Mary. Probably Catherine's actions do look suspicious. But they're not what they seem. And I can't explain. . . . In another day or



Ken said, "You've everything but the knowledge of your own value. Marriage has taken that away."

two—maybe in a few hours—you and Wicart will both find out how mistaken you are."

"Oh, don't you see that's just the way she would want you to think!" Mary pleaded. "She's probably even told you she's not really working with this gang, but just gaining their confidence so as to trap them!"

LARRY bit his lip, and Mary knew that her random shot had gone home. "I—I can't talk about this," he said lamely.

"I don't care whether you talk about it or not!" she cried out. "I just don't want you mixed up in it. You're an actor. You've got a play due to open soon. If you get any deeper with Catherine and her—her work— Why, I—I'll do something about it myself!"

"Mary! If you make any trouble now it may cost Catherine her life!"

"How?" she said quickly. "Then you do know—"

He shrugged, wearily and impatiently. "I can tell you this, Mary. Catherine *has* been working with Baron Zenoff's gang in order to round up the whole spy ring for the Government."

"I don't believe it! She's just fooling you, leading you around to suit her own plans—"

And at that instant, watching Larry's face, Mary knew that she had failed. Rage smouldered behind his dark eyes, but his voice was level as he said: "Please give me credit for some judgment, Mary, even if I am your husband! And since you're here, will you take charge of rehearsal for me?—the cast ought to be getting here now. I may be back before you're through."

"Larry!" Oh, this was fear, now, that she felt — real, stark fear. "Where are you going?"



Ken Griffin plays the part of Larry Noble in Backstage Wife.

"Out," he said briefly. With swift, sure movements he was changing into street clothes. As if she hadn't been there at all, Mary thought dully. And in a moment, without another word, he was gone.

Where had he gone? Where? Where? All through the rehearsal, all through the lonely, anxious hours that followed, that question drummed through Mary's brain. That his errand was in connection with Catherine Monroe and her activities, she could not doubt. Repeated telephone calls to Catherine's home brought her nothing but the information that neither Catherine nor Larry was there.

Throughout the night she lay awake in her hotel room, pictures flashing through her overwrought imagination. The picture of Larry and Catherine, standing close together in the wings of the theater . . . the picture of Bill Wicart's grave face . . . the picture of Larry in danger, in disgrace, perhaps—but at this thought she turned again in the tumbled bedclothes—dead.

Morning came at last, and with it the newspaper, dropped at her door by a thoughtful hotel management. There, staring up at her from the front page, were the headlines: "Spy Ring Trapped!"—and underneath, the photographs of two people. "Hero and Heroine of Zenoff Espionage Scandal." Catherine . . . and Larry.

Unbelievably, it was true. Her hands trembling, she read the excitedly-worded newspaper account —learned how Catherine, on the afternoon before, had kept a crucial assignment with Baron Zenoff. Zenoff, growing suspicious of her, had been on the point of taking her life. But in the meantime, Larry, worried by her absence, had called Secretary of State Woring's private telephone number, which Catherine had given him (so that was what was on that folded paper!) and had arrived with help just in time to save Catherine's life and jail the entire spy ring.

At first, she could feel only one emotion—overwhelming, joyous relief that Larry was safe. It was only later, as she read more of the newspaper story, grasped more fully its implications, that confusion and apprehension came.

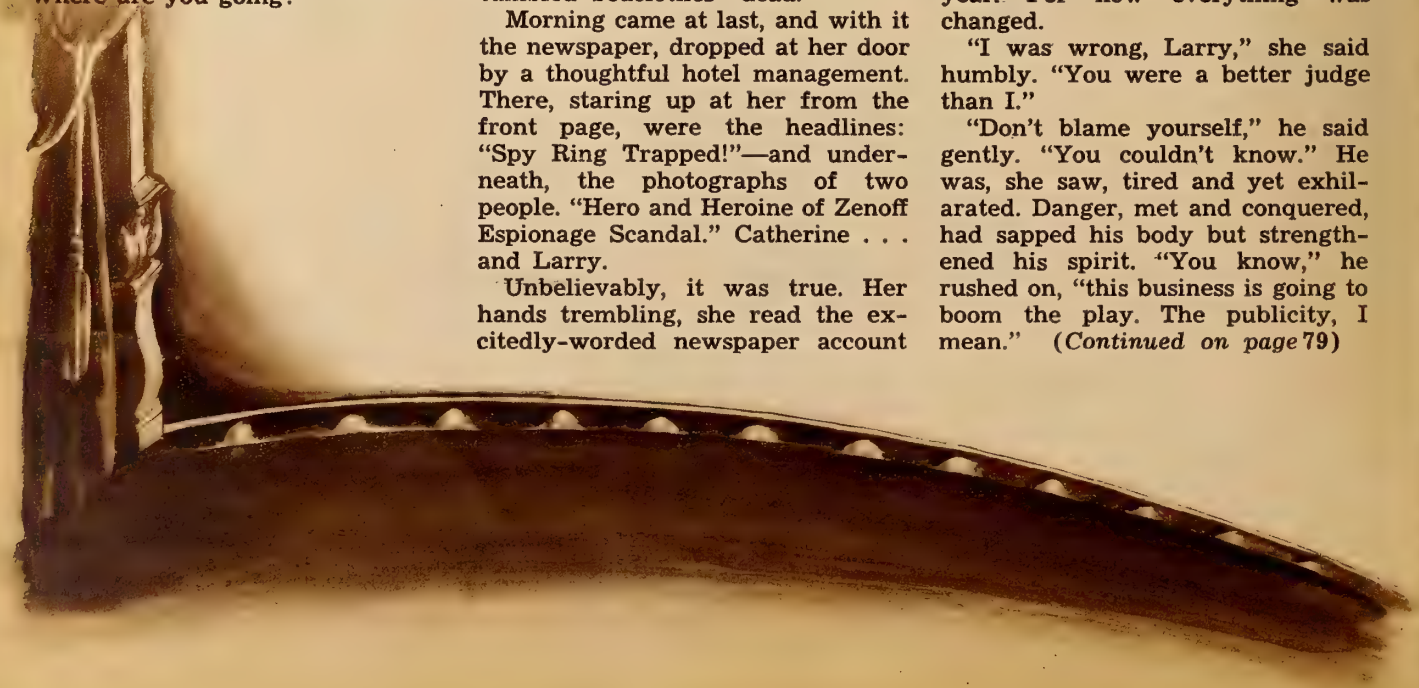
She tried to tell herself that she was glad Catherine had been vindicated, proud of Larry, happy that his judgment had been right. But she knew it was a lie. Woman-like, her mind had asked only one question: "Will Larry forgive you for being wrong—for quarreling with him when he needed your help and sympathy?"

SHE must know the answer to that question at once. She tried to call Larry on the telephone, but Catherine's butler told her that Mr. Noble was sleeping and could not be disturbed. Well, she could understand that, and she waited impatiently for the time to come when she could see him. He did not come to rehearsal at the theater—a rehearsal that buzzed with talk of his exploit. It was late in the afternoon before, at last, he arrived. Gratefully, she realized that he was alone.

Once more they talked in Larry's dressing room. Only a day had passed since their last conversation there. Only a day, but it seemed a year. For now everything was changed.

"I was wrong, Larry," she said humbly. "You were a better judge than I."

"Don't blame yourself," he said gently. "You couldn't know." He was, she saw, tired and yet exhilarated. Danger, met and conquered, had sapped his body but strengthened his spirit. "You know," he rushed on, "this business is going to boom the play. The publicity, I mean." (*Continued on page* 79)



# Excuse it, Please

## "Never again!" swears this well known writer who made the mistake of matching wits with the Information Please experts

By
**HEYWOOD BROUN**

*Copyright, 1939, by Connecticut Nutmeg, Inc.*

NEVER again will I sit smug and snug in front of my radio and say, "Why can't the bums answer that one?" For I have been a guest on Information Please and was I good and lousy!

I can testify that nobody slipped me so much as a comma, let alone a question, before the fun began. All the slips were my own and in the error column. Indeed, the management of Canada Dry was very kind. As the last notes of the program began to die away there was some commotion in the back of the room among the patrons. I understand that they were forming a posse and it seemed to me that I caught the word "rail" and the phrase "tar and feathers." One of the officers of the corporation spirited me away down a back stairway and shipped me to Stamford in a plain sealed envelope.

When I got home all the members of my family had gone to bed and pulled the covers over their heads. They have never mentioned the matter to me, but I understand they are making a valiant and pathetic attempt to convince the neighbors that papa must have got hold of a bad oyster just before he went on the air. With touching loyalty they maintain that the old man couldn't have been as terrible as all that had he been in his right mind.

All I can say for myself is that I meant no harm and that I did it only for the dough with which I had hoped to buy Connie a bonnet for Christmas. She doesn't want it now. Indeed, she did depart from her charitable reticence long enough to say, "Don't buy me a hat with your Information Please money. It would gag me."

Would that my good angel had done the same for me when I was first asked to appear as a guest upon that famous program.

During the final week my terror mounted. I prayed steadily for laryngitis but all I got was a light case of palsy. Of course, I had known that the program was one of the most popular on the air but I had not realized just what that entailed.

Relatives whom I hadn't seen for years called up on the telephone in those last few days to ask how I was feeling. There was even a postcard



Heywood Broun, famous columnist, who learned what mike-fright is.

from Aunt Carrie asking for a ticket to the studio. And that was queer because the police have had her on the list of missing persons ever since she disappeared ten years ago with Uncle Clarence's Buick, a reliable chauffeur, thirty-one dollars in cash and my grandfather's gold watch. Aunt Carrie said that if it wasn't any trouble she would like to have an extra pair of seats for two of her girls. I don't know whether she has married or opened some sort of business establishment. Aunt Carrie always was impulsive. She sent her address and the directions, "knock three times and say that you're a friend of Minnie's" But I didn't mail her any tickets. I knew that my relatives were all behind me and I wanted to keep them there and not have them out front gaping.

I WAS scared right up to the minute Mr. Fadiman, the interlocutor, looked in my direction and said, "Mr. Broun." Then I was petrified. It was a combination of mike fever and stage fright.

A friend of mine who had once been through the mill and come away with nothing but a slight concussion tried to reassure me the night before I walked that long last mile. "You're probably right in assuming that you don't know any of the answers, Heywood," he said. "But what of it. All you need do is to throw in a couple of wisecracks."

But when I sat there, stripped down to my intellectual nakedness, I might as well have been told to toss in the Grand Central Station and Grant's Tomb. A numbness started in my toes and settled in my head. Two hours after it was over, and I had rubbed myself with alcohol, I did think of something I might have said.

But even if I had scored that triumph I doubt if it would have been sufficient to get me by. In addition to having a phobia about the popping of ginger ale bottles I also jump whenever a cash register rings. During such times as I was trying to answer questions on Information Please it almost seemed as if the bells of St. Mary's had gone into swing.

Naturally, this was by no means the first time I ever flopped as a public entertainer. Once upon a time I appeared in a show (under my own management, naturally) called "Shoot the Works." But after the first night my ineptitude got around only by word of mouth. I made an awful chump of myself during eight performances a week for seven weeks but those who witnessed the sad spectacle would not have extended from the last row to the box office even though I had laid them in the aisles.

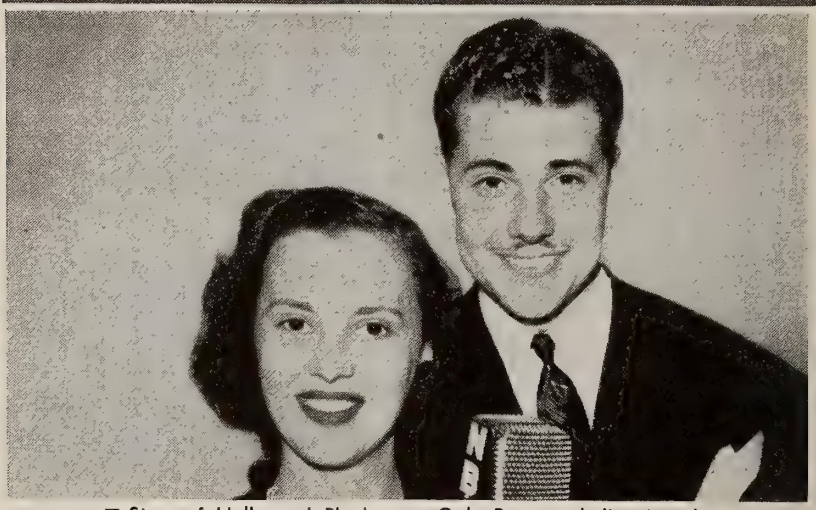
BUT after Information Please there is no remote hamlet to which I can flee. I do not dare go into the drugstore at Bull's Head to buy a book or venture into Ye Tavern for a headache powder. Even the Fuller Brush man turns and runs for his life when he hears my voice saying, "Come in," as I answer his friendly knock.

I have had my cot moved to the hen house. It's pretty cold in there during some of these chilly nights, but I find more warmth among the fowl than I will ever be able to get in any human habitation from now on. The Rhode Island Reds look on me with sympathy and commiseration because they, too, know what it is to lay an egg.

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | **8:00 A.M.** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Peerless Trio** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Organ Recital** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Four Showmen** |
| | | | **8:45** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Animal News** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **From the Organ Loft** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Turn Back the Clock** |
| | | | **9:15** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Red: **Tom Teriss** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Aubade for Strings** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Sunday Drivers** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| | | 9:00 | CBS: **Church of the Air** |
| | | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Highlights of the Bible** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| | | 9:30 | CBS: **Wings Over Jordan** |
| | | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Russian Melodies** |
| | | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Children's Hour** |
| | | | **11:00** |
| 10:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS **News and Rhythm** |
| | | | **11:05** |
| | 9:05 | 10:05 | NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen** |
| | | | **11:15** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell** |
| | | | **11:30** |
| 8:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **MAJOR BOWES FAMILY** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Southernaires** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **News** |
| | | | **11:45** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Vernon Crane's Story Book** |
| | | | **12:00 Noon** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Walter Logan Music** |
| | | | **12:30 P.M.** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **On the Job** |
| | | | **1:00** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **Church of the Air** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Blue: **Waterloo Junction** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC-Red: **Norman Cloutier Orch.** |
| | | | **1:30** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Sunday Symphonette** |
| | | | **2:00** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Democracy in Action** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's** |
| | | | **2:30** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table** |
| | | | **3:00** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: **CBS Symphony** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Chautauqua Symphony** |
| | | | **3:15** |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Blue: **Bookman's Notebook** |
| | | | **3:30** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Blue: **Allen Roth Presents** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Name the Place** |
| | | | **4:00** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: **So You Think You Know Music** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **National Vespers** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Ranger's Serenade** |
| | | | **4:30** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **The World is Yours** |
| | | | **5:00** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **Jimmy Shields** |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC-Blue: **News from Washington** |
| | | | **5:15** |
| | | 4:15 | NBC-Blue: **News** |
| | | | **5:30** |
| | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **The Spelling Bee** |
| | | | **6:00** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour** |
| | | | **6:30** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **Gateway to Hollywood** |
| | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Red: **Grouch Club** |
| | | | **7:00** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Alibi Club** |
| 7:30 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **The Aldrich Family** |
| | | | **7:30** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Musical Playhouse** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Blue: **Radio Guild** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon** |
| | | | **8:00** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **Orson Welles** (Sept. 10) |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **NBC Symphony** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **DON AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **Ford Show** |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **HOLLYWOOD PLAYHOUSE** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| 7:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue: **Walter Winchell** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music** |
| | | | **9:45** |
| 7:15 | 7:45 | 8:45 | NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | MBS: **Goodwill Hour** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm** (Sept. 17) |
| | | | **10:30** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Cheerio** |
| | | | **11:00** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Dance Orchestra** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: **Dance Orchestra** |

# SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Stars of Hollywood Playhouse: Gale Page and Jim Ameche.

**Tune-In Bulletin for August 27, September 3, 10, 17 and 24!**

August 27: A quartet of new orchestra openings to add variety to your late-night dance-music listening: Al Donahue's band with Paula Kelly at Manhattan beach, on Mutual. . . . Bill Marshall at the Surf Beach Club, Virginia Beach, and Mike (Music Goes Round and Round) Riley at Auburn Park, Auburn, N. Y., both on NBC. . . . and Bill Bardo at the Rice Hotel, Austin, Texas, on CBS.

September 23: The last day of the Davis Cup Tennis finals at Marion, Pa.—on CBS with Ted Husing announcing. . . . And the second day of the National Air Races at Cleveland—NBC broadcasts this event.

September 10: Orson Welles brings his Mercury Playhouse back to CBS for Campbell's Soup tonight at 8:00.

September 17: Phil Spitalny and his all-girl Hour of Charm orchestra start a new broadcasting season tonight, at a new time—10:00 on NBC-Red.

September 24: And another favorite program returns—the Screen Actors Guild show on CBS at 7:30. . . . *What you mustn't forget today: Daylight Saving Time came to an end at midnight, and in many localities your network programs will be heard an hour earlier.*

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Woodbury's Hollywood Playhouse, starring Gale Page and Jim Ameche, on NBC's Red network at 9:00, Eastern Daylight Time, with a re-broadcast reaching the west coast at 8:00, Pacific Time.

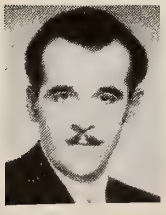
Phonograph records are used to rehearse this dramatic program. On Wednesday evenings before the broadcast, the cast gathers at NBC's Studio C in Hollywood Radio City for the first reading of the week's script. After the play has been read twice, some corrections are made and it is gone over once more, this time for a recording. On Thursday Gale Page and Jim Ameche come into the office of Jay Clark, the director, to listen to the records and learn how to perfect their roles before Sunday, when the whole afternoon before going on the air at 5:00 is devoted to more rehearsals.

Because of the difference in time between New York and Hollywood, the first broadcast is held late in the afternoon, and then the whole cast leaves the studio to eat dinner together at either the Brown Derby or The Tropics, returning in time for the Coast show at 8:00.

Twenty-four-year-old Jim Ameche is one of Don Ameche's younger brothers, and could easily be called a vest-pocket edition of Don. He not only resembles his brother in looks, but has the same mannerisms and temperament and acting ability.

He and Gale Page are enthusiastic over each other's ability and enjoy working with each other. While Jim is fussing over a sound turntable during a lull in the rehearsal, Gale will always be found in a corner of the studio, knitting. She knits incessantly in her spare time, following a popular Hollywood custom.

Rehearsals for the Hollywood Playhouse are informal and chatty, but not the broadcast itself. Once the show goes on the air everything is dignity. The feminine star—Gale in the summer, guest stars in the fall and winter—invariably wears an orchid; and the men don't go in for any of the slacks-and-sport-shirt attire so popular in many a Hollywood radio studio. After Charles Boyer returns in October, to resume his place as star of the program, he will personally choose his leading ladies—a privilege that radio grants to few actors, no matter how important they are.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

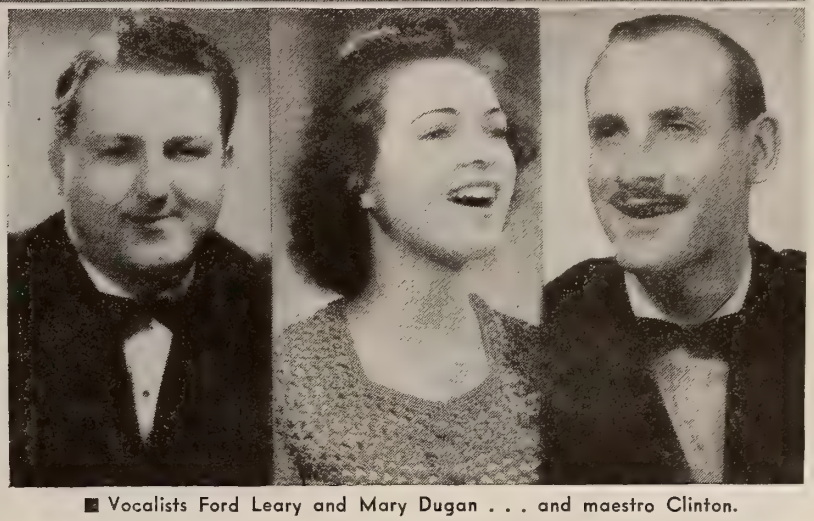
**ERNO RAPEE—orchestra leader on the Musical Playhouse, CBS at 7:30—and when that show goes off the air Sept. 17, he'll be back directing the Sunday-noon concerts of the Radio City Music Hall Symphony. Hungarian-born Rapee has been in radio for 19 years, was a great friend of Roxy, and is the composer of several hit songs. He's married, and lives in an apartment in midtown New York.**

INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:15 |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Meet the Dixons** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Man I Married** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 10:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Donna Curtis** (Sept. 11) |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10.00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **When a Girl Marries** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Time for Thought** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | 5:00 |
| | | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:05 |
| | | 5:05 | CBS: **Edwin C. Hill** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 7:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Lum and Abner** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 6:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Blondie** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 6:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| 6:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Red: **Larry Clinton** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **Tune-Up Time** |
| 4:00 | 5:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red **Tommy Riggs** (Sept. 4) |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **Howard and Shelton** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **True or False** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **LUX THEATER** (Sept. 11) |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Doctor I.Q.** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Magic Key of RCA** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: **Guy Lombardo** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Horace Heidt** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 6:0( | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Contented Hour** |

# MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Vocalists Ford Leary and Mary Dugan . . . and maestro Clinton.

**Tune-In Bulletin for August 28, September 4, 11, 18 and 25 !**

August 28: Those two old gentlemen from Pine Ridge are back again tonight—Lum and Abner, on CBS at 7:15, from now on every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

September 4: Betty Lou and Tommy Riggs return to the air tonight at 8:00, and NBC-Red is the network. . . . Van Alexander's band opens at Murray's in Tuckahoe, N. Y., to be heard on Mutual . . . The National Air Races are on NBC this afternoon.

September 11: Here's a new daily serial starting today. It's called Donna Curtis, and it's on CBS at 11:15. . . . And good news to everybody is that vacation days are over for the Lux Theater—it returns to CBS at 9:00 tonight. . . . Guy Lombardo's program changes time to 10:00 tonight—a half-hour later than before.

September 18: Tommy Dorsey's orchestra opens at the Eastern State Exposition—and you can hear his sentimental swing on NBC.

September 25: Lots of new programs today: Jack Armstrong on NBC-Red at 5:30 P.M. . . . Tom Mix on NBC-Blue at 5:45 . . . The Carters of Elm Street on NBC-Red at 12 noon. . . . And Alec Templeton starring in his own program on NBC-Red at 9:30. . . . Also, the American Legion convention begins in Chicago, and the networks will broadcast it.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Larry Clinton's Musical Sensations, on NBC's Red network at 7:30, Eastern Daylight Time, rebroadcast to the west at 6:30, Pacific Standard Time—sponsored by Sensation Cigarettes.

Getting to NBC's studio 3-A every week to broadcast this program is a complicated business for Larry Clinton and the boys in his band. The schedule isn't the same two weeks in succession, particularly in the summer. All through the hot weather the Clinton band has been playing two-or-three-night engagements out of town, rushing back to New York for the Monday broadcast, squeezing in a day of solid rehearsal to catch up on new numbers, finding time somewhere for another day of recording—and then dashing out of town for another dance engagement.

Larry Clinton is a dignified, dark-mustached musician who looks a good deal like a young college professor and not at all like the expert in swing that he is. He does all his own music-arranging for the program, and at least half his present fame is due to his cleverness at arranging melodies into a distinctive dance tempo. He's the lad who first thought of swinging the operatic aria "Martha," and of changing such classics as Debussy's "Reverie" and Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" into dance numbers. Besides re-arranging the classics, he composes many tunes himself, and every Monday night the band plays at least one new Clinton song—usually of the swing variety. He can and does play every instrument in the band except the violin—which he studied when he was a boy.

Of the vocalists on the Sensations program, all but two are regular members of Clinton's band. These two are the Frazee sisters, Jane and Ruth, who appeared as guests on the first show and made such a hit they were signed permanently. Ford Leary, Mary Dugan and Terry Allen, the other vocalists, travel with the band on its road tours and appear with it in night spots. Ford Leary, the hefty swing-singer who doubles on the trombone in the band, is the fellow who first popularized the song "Shadrach." Mary Dugan, only eighteen years old, was entirely unknown until Larry heard her sing a few months ago and hired her on the spot—while Terry Allen, his newest singer, used to be with Red Norvo.



## SAY HELLO TO . . .

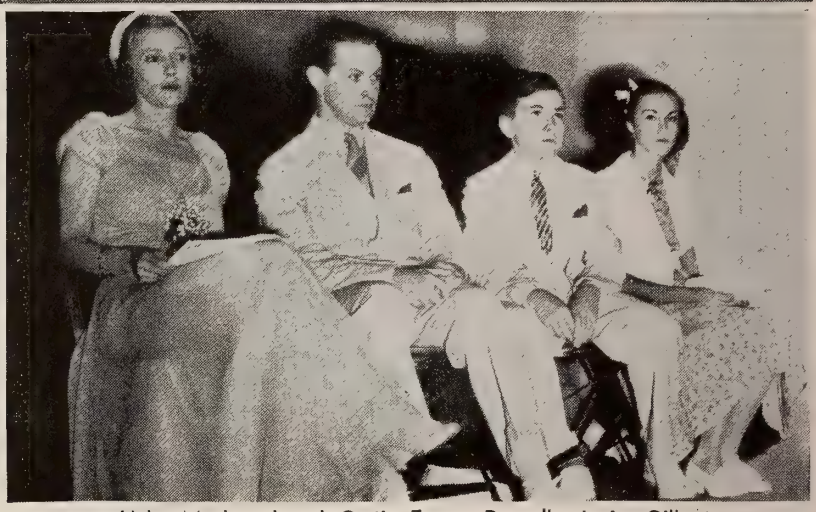
**FRANCESCA LENNI—who plays Millicent Pennington in the CBS serial, Your Family and Mine, at 2:30 this afternoon. This is her first big radio job, but she comes to it with plenty of theatrical experience. Born in Kansas City, she moved to New York when she was four, and was interested in dramatics all through school. After graduation, she spent two years working in Summer stock.**

# Complete Programs from August 25 to September 26

Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Do You Remember** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:15 |
| | | 8:15 | CBS **Meet the Dixons** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Man I Married** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 9:45 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 10:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Donna Curtis** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **When a Girl Marries** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **The Trail Finder** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | NBC-Red: **Fed. Women's Clubs** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | 5:00 |
| | | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:05 |
| | | 5:05 | CBS: **Edwin C. Hill** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 7:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| 7:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Jimmie Fidler** (Sept. 12) |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Red: **Quicksilver Quiz** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **HELEN MENKEN** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| 7:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **EDWARD G. ROBINSON** (Sept. 19) |
| 6:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Blue: **The Inside Story** |
| 7:30 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 8:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **Walter O'Keefe** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **INFORMATION PLEASE** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Artie Shaw** |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: **Bob Crosby** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Blue **TRUE STORY TIME** |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Alec Templeton** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Hal Kemp** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **If I Had the Chance** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Bob Hope** (Sept. 26) |
| | | | 10:30 |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn** |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Uncle Walter's Doghouse** |

# TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Helen Menken, Joseph Curtin, Tommy Donnelly. Janice Gilbert.

**Tune-In Bulletin for August 29, September 5, 12, 19 and 26 !**

August 29: A good bet for tonight; the dramatic True Story program with Fulton Oursler on NBC-Blue at 9:30.

September 5: Those friendly comedians, Fibber and Molly McGee, are back on the air again, beginning tonight—NBC-Red at 9:30.

September 12: Gossip Jimmie Fidler brings you the Hollywood low-down again, starting tonight at 7:15 on CBS.

September 19: Two more new programs—one a return of an old favorite, the other brand new! First, Edward G. Robinson in Big Town at 8:00, next Walter O'Keefe at 8:30, both on CBS.

September 26: Tonight's returning prodigal is comedian Bob Hope, on NBC-Red at 10:00, with Skinnay Ennis' orchestra, Jerry Colonna, and in addition—Judy Garland. . . . The American Legionnaires in Chicago are parading today, and if you listen to the networks you'll feel almost as if you were right there.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Second Husband, starring Helen Menken, on CBS at 7:30, sponsored by Bayer Aspirin.

Miss Helen Menken is a perfectionist, which probably accounts for the fact that she is one of the few stars of stage or screen who has been able to make and retain an equal success on the air. Long hours of rehearsal go into every broadcast of Second Husband, and even then she's seldom quite satisfied with her own performance. Everyone else is, though.

Rehearsals for Second Husband start on the Friday afternoon before the broadcast, when scripts are distributed to the members of the cast. They gather in a small CBS studio and read their parts over a few times, then take the scripts away to study them over the week-end. On Monday there's another rehearsal, at which director Stephen Gross begins to coach the actors in voice inflections, timing, and so on. On Tuesday afternon, in CBS Playhouse Number Two, the final, intensive work begins, climaxed by a dress rehearsal with the orchestra. Even after this, though, the actors gather around a long table and work until after five making tiny changes.

Broadcasting Second Husband is almost like putting on a regular stage play, with the curtain rising at the beginning of the show and falling at its end, and all the actors taking curtain calls in response to applause. Helen is very intense at the microphone, and amplifies her lines with gestures of her expressive hands and with real laughter or tears or anger.

Vic Arden's orchestra, which supplies the music between scenes of the play (called mood-music around the studios) sounds on the air like a bigger band than it is. It consists only of five pieces and the director—two violins, a trumpet, a trombone, and a Hammond organ. The snatches of music it plays usually have very strange titles—they're named after the emotions they are intended to convey to the listener—"Dramatic Tension," "Dramatic Neutral," "Hurry Number One," "Apassionata Number Two," and "Rhythmic Agitato."

Many of radio's best actors have appeared in Second Husband at one time or another, but here are the regulars—the members of the cast who are in nearly every week's broadcast: Joe Curtin as Grant Cummings, the "second husband," Carleton Young as Bill Cummings, his brother, Arline Francis as Marion Jennings, Brenda's secretary, William Podmore as Edwards, the butler, Jay Jostyn as Ben Porter, and Janice Gilbert and Tommy Donnelly as Fran and Dick, Brenda's two children. During broadcasts, all the actors sit in a line across the stage, like old-time minstrels, getting up and walking to the microphone on their cues.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**BABS—the feminine third of the Smoothies vocal trio, on Hal Kemp's Time to Shine, CBS at 10:00 tonight. Her real name is Arlene Johnson, and she's a Minneapolis girl. She came to New York to sing with the Twin City Foursome, but after some time of working on unsponsored programs the Foursome broke up, and Arlene, discouraged, went back to Minneapolis. She'd hardly left New York when the Smoothies, Charlie and Little, began trying to find her, wanting to offer her a job with them. One of Arlene's friends heard of the search and told them where she was—and she's been the Smoothies' Babs ever since.**

# Among the Social Lights — BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS



***Star of Society Pages***—Mrs. John Roosevelt is the former Anne Clark, charming young member of prominent Massachusetts family. Has been constantly in the public eye since her marriage.



***Frequent Hyde Park Visitor***—On broad lawns of traditional Roosevelt estate, she pats "Sandy" while "Schean" looks downcast.



***Modern Mansion***—Mrs. Roosevelt graciously poses in doorway of her mother's fashionable Nahant, Mass., home.

## *But they both praise the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care* a famous cream maker gives today*

**QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:**
Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

**ANSWER:**
"If 'special' means complicated and expensive—no! But I do use 2 creams. I've always liked Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A, I have a special reason for preferring it."

**QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:**
How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?

**ANSWER:**
"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's 2 creams has done a lot for me, I know. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stale make-up—it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream."

**QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:**
Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

**ANSWER:**
"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin.' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond's."

**QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:**
What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

**ANSWER:**
"That's where my 2nd cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!"

**QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:**
Do you find that your powder goes on more becomingly when you use two creams?

**ANSWER:**
"Yes!—I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.



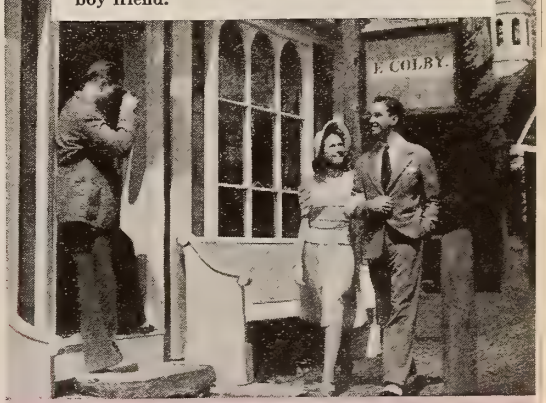



***Backstage***—Muriel Wright graduated from Maplewood, N. J., high school. Served apprenticeship with Provincetown players last summer. Just got her big chance in road show of "Our Town."



***Between Rehearsals***—Muriel often relaxed on picturesque Provincetown wharf. Above, a litter of kittens has discovered her retreat.

***For Her Scrapbook***—Like every budding player, Muriel eagerly collects clippings and pictures. Below, an amateur snaps her with boy friend.




**SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT**

Pond's, Dept. 8RM-CVK, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cre Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cre (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and different shades of Pond's Face Powde enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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**Eastern Daylight Time**

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | **8:00 A.M.** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | **8:15** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Four Showmen** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Do Your Remember** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwel.** |
| | | | **9:05** |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | **9:15** |
| | | 8:15 | CBS. **Meet the Dixons** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | **9:45** |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Man I Married** |
| | | | **10:15** |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | **10:45** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | **11:00** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | **11:15** |
| 10:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Donna Curtis** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | **11:30** |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | **11:45** |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | **12:00 Noon** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | | **12:15 P.M.** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **When a Girl Marries** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | **12:30** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| | | | **12:45** |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | **1:00** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | **1:15** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over** |
| | | | **1:30** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | | | **1:45** |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | | | **2:00** |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Blue: **Roy Shield Revue** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | **2:15** |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | **2:30** |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | **2:45** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker** |
| | | | **3:00** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | **3:15** |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | **3:30** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | **3:45** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | **4:00** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | **4:15** |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | **4:30** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | **4:45** |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | **5:00** |
| | | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | **5:30** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony** |
| | | | **5:45** |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE** |
| | | | **6:00** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | **6:05** |
| | | 5:05 | CBS: **Edwin C. Hill** |
| | | | **6:45** |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | **7:00** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| 7:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang** |
| | | | **7:15** |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Lum and Abner** |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| | | | **7:30** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **People's Platform** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 6:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| | | | **8:00** |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **Phil Baker** |
| | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **Hobby Lobby** |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Tommy Dorsey** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **TEXACO STAR THEATER** (Sept. 13) |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **What's My Name** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **George Jessel** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE** |

# WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Noel Mills and Ed Jerome broadcast When a Girl Marries.

**Tune-In Bulletin for August 30, September 6, 13 and 20 !**

August 30: Abe Lyman's band opens at the Chez Paree in Chicago, and NBC is right there with a wire to bring you the music.

September 6: Have you listened yet to Meet the Dixons, starring Barbara Weeks and Dick Widmark, on CBS every day at 9:15 A.M.?

Septembe. 13: That good variety show, the Texaco Star Theater, is back tonight on CBS at 9:00, with Frances Langford, Kenny Baker, and Ken Murray.

September 20: Most of America's radios will be tuned in tonight to the championship fight in Detroit between Joe Louis and Bob Pastor. Bill Stern announces, and the right wave-length is that of your nearest NBC station.

ON THE AIR TODAY: When a Girl Marries, by Elaine Sterne Carrington, on CBS at 12:15 today and every day except Saturday and Sunday, sponsored by the Prudential Insurance Company.

The average person can't understand how a writer can turn out a daily serial script, day after day, year in and year out, with never a break. Elaine Sterne Carrington has reduced the whole job to a science. She works from Monday morning through Thursday noon, starting at seven in the morning, not doing just one script a day, but trying to do as many in one working day as she can. She keeps about three weeks ahead of the broadcasting studio at all times—that is, the episode of When a Girl Marries that you hear today was written by her three weeks ago. Besides When a Girl Marries, of course, she also writes Pepper Young's Family.

An exceedingly vigorous person, Mrs. Carrington hates to lie in bed late in the mornings, but when occasionally she gets behind in her work she forces herself to stay there, dictating to her secretary, until she has caught up. It's a form of self-discipline.

All of her scripts are dictated by Mrs. Carrington to a secretary, typed out and then gone over once more by the author; then mailed from her Long Island home to the advertising agency in New York which produces the program. All summer long Mrs. Carrington stays at her country home on Long Island, refusing flatly to come to town. In the winter she and her husband and two children, Patricia and Bobby, move to their house in Brooklyn. Mr. Carrington is a prominent New York attorney, and the two children, 14 and 10, are editors of their own magazine, "The Jolly Roger," which has a subscription list of 300, mostly to celebrities. Other important members of the Carrington country home are the police dog Flash, the cat Red Davis, and a young goat named Alcibiades, who loves to eat cigarette butts.

In New York, when Mrs. Carrington's scripts arrive, they are interpreted by a cast that includes Noel Mills as Joan Field; Joan Tetzel as her sister, Sylvia; Irene Winston as Eve Topping, Joan's best friend; John Raby as her sweetheart, Harry Davis; Ed Jerome and Frances Woodbury as her father and mother; Marion Barney as Mrs. Davis; Bill Quinn as Tom Davis, and Michael Fitzmaurice as Phil Stanley—who is the closest thing to a villain When a Girl Marries has. There isn't much melodrama in Mrs. Carrington's plots, because she believes in real-life characters who might be the people next door.

Noel Mills, Joan Tetzel and Irene Winston are three of radio's prettiest young actresses, and having them all in one program creates a field-day for CBS studio attaches. At any rehearsal you'd be surprised at the number of technicians, engineers, page boys and even vice presidents who find errands to take them into Studio 3.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**JOAN BANKS—the beautiful blonde star of This Day Is Ours, the CBS serial heard at 1:45 this afternoon and every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday. To her role of Eleanor MacDonald, Joan brings both radio and stage experience. On the air she has played with Helen Menken and Kate Smith, and in Her Honor, Nancy James. Joan is a native New Yorker, and has lived in Westchester County since she was two. She drives her own car to and from the studios in New York every day. Beneath those blonde tresses there's a substantial store of brains—she's a student of philosophy in spare time.**

# MODESS ANNOUNCES NEW COMFORT FOR YOU..."MOISTURE ZONING!"



**Women have always had this haunting worry** when wearing a sanitary napkin—"Am I all right?" They've had to ask friends, or seek a mirror to be sure. Could a napkin be devised which would help to relieve that worry?



**Women have often had this discomfort**—a chafing when walking or dancing—because the moist outer edges of the napkin rubbed against tender flesh. Could a napkin be devised whose edges would stay dry for a longer time?



**Scientists set to work** to defeat these two handicaps to women's freedom and comfort. Experiment followed experiment. Test followed test. At last, after years of research . . . a discovery and its perfection . . .!



**Today—Miracle Modess!** At any dealer's, you can now buy the new Miracle Modess. Its unique new feature—"Moisture Zoning"—acts to *zone* moisture—hold it inside the pad. The edges of the napkin stay dry, soft, chafe-free, longer than ever before!

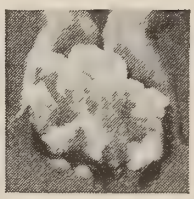
Yes, Miracle Modess is a miracle of comfort! Its downy "fluff-type" filler makes it SOFTER. Its "Moisture Zoning" keeps edges dry longer! And in addition, Modess is SAFER. For "Moisture Zoning" gives greater absorbency—and this, with Modess' moisture-resistant backing, helps you forget to worry.

Today, buy the Napkin of Tomorrow—Modess. In the same blue box. At the same low price.

## AGAIN MODESS IS FIRST!

**FIRST WITH "FLUFF-TYPE" FILLER**

Modess was first to use a downy-soft "fluff-type" filler—entirely different in construction from "layer-type" napkins! The result? Greater comfort—Modess *starts* softer and *stays* softer.



**FIRST WITH MOISTURE-RESISTANT BACKING**

Modess was first to use a "Stop-back" of moisture-resistant material, to guard against striking through.



**NOTE THE BLUE LINE**

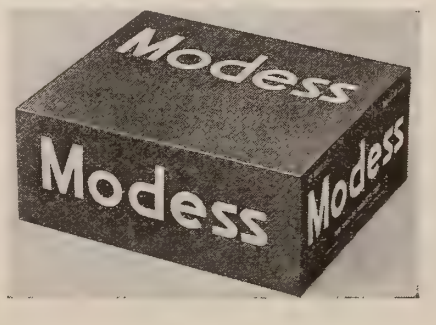
Modess has a colored thread along back of pad so you'll wear back AWAY from body.



**AND NOW FIRST WITH "MOISTURE ZONING"**

Modess again is first—with "Moisture-Zoning," which keeps edges of napkin dry and chafe-free longer than ever before. Get Miracle Modess today. In the same blue box at the same low price.





Eastern Daylight Time

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | **8:00 A.M.** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | **8:15** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Do You Remember** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | **9:05** |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | **9:15** |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Meet the Dixons** |
| | | | **9:30** |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | **9:45** |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| | | | **10:00** |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Man I Married** |
| | | | **10:15** |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | **10:30** |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | **10:45** |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | **11:00** |
| 9:45 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | **11:15** |
| 10:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Donna Curtis** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | **11:30** |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | **11:45** |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | **12:00 Noon** |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **Southernaires** |
| | | | **12:15 P.M.** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **When a Girl Marries** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | **12:30** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **American Life** |
| | | | **12:45** |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | **1:00** |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | **1:15** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| | | | **1:30** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | | | **1:45** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| | | | **2:00** |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | **2:15** |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | **2:30** |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | **2:45** |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches** |
| | | | **3:00** |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | **3:15** |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | **3:30** |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | **3:45** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | **4:00** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Sunbrite Smile Parade** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | **4:15** |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | **4:30** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Blue: **Rhythm Auction** |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | **4:45** |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | **5:00** |
| | | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | **5:30** |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony** |
| | | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Billy and Betty** |
| | | | **5:45** |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | CBS: **March of Games** |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | **6:00** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | **6:05** |
| | | 5:05 | CBS: **Edwin C. Hill** |
| | | | **6:45** |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | **7:00** |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces** |
| 7:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang** |
| | | | **7:15** |
| 7:15 | 9:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **The Parker Family** (Aug. 31) |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen** |
| | | | **7:30** |
| 7:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **Joe E. Brown** |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Blue: **Jack Joy Orch.** |
| | | | **8:00** |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: **Ask it Basket** |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **RUDY VALLEE** |
| | | | **8:30** |
| 8:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **Strange as it Seems** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **It's Up to You** |
| | | | **9:00** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **MAJOR BOWES** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Toronto Symphony** |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Good News** (Sept.7) |
| | | | **10:00** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Workshop Festival** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL** |

# THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Bill Demling, Frank Gill, Paula Winslowe, Joe, and Harry Sosnick.

**Tune-In Bulletin for August 31, September 7, 14 and 21 !**

August 31: The CBS Workshop play festival, at 10:00 tonight, has something extra special —an original play by poetess-wit Dorothy Parker, called "Apartment to Let."

September 7: The new season really gets under way, as the Maxwell House program returns tonight, with Baby Snooks, Connie Boswell, and Meredith Willson's orchestra, all on NBC-Red at 9:00. . . . Florence George is the guest star on tonight's Kraft Music Hall, NBC-Red at 10:00. . . . Tony Galento bares his chest and fights Lou Nova tonight in Philadelphia, with Bill Stern describing the fight over NBC. . . . Ted Husing brings you the first day of the National Singles Tennis Championship matches, on CBS.

September 14: Don't forget John Hix's Strange as it Seems on CBS at 8:30 tonight.

September 21: Better listen to Rudy Vallee tonight at 8:00 on NBC-Red—this is his next-to-last broadcast for a long, long time.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Joe E. Brown, on CBS at 7:30, Eastern Daylight Time, and 7:30, Pacific Standard Time, sponsored by Post Toasties.

Here's a gay and frankly slapstick show that has anticipated television to such an extent that the cavernous-mouthed Joe E. Brown sometimes dresses up for the broadcast. To watch him cavorting around the stage of the CBS Vine Street Theater in Hollywood, wearing a red shirt and a blonde wig in his attempt to look like Cigarette, the sweetheart of the regiment, is to be dissatisfied forever after with mere sound radio.

All the comedy scripts for Joe are written by Frank Gill and Bill Demling, assisted by Carl Heinzinger and Joe Twerp. Crazy as they are on the air—for they also broadcast on the show—Gill and Demling are really a canny pair of business men, and this year celebrate their twelfth anniversary of successful radio partnership. They write according to rules they've laid down for themselves: no "home work" or shop talk at home, no unnecessary night-long or week-end sessions of work, but a businesslike schedule of office hours.

They're always working on two programs at once—the one they complete on Friday and broadcast the following Thursday, and the script that's begun on that same Friday and developed during the following week. It sounds complicated, and would be for anyone less methodical than they.

Sometimes Joe can't be cornered to do any rehearsing because he's busy at a movie studio. That's an old Hollywood difficulty, and long ago the producers of this program figured out a way to avoid trouble with it. As it happens, Joe has worked so long with Gill and Demling that he knows just about how they want their lines to sound when he reads them. So a stand-in for Joe attends the rehearsals, while Joe himself studies his script at home and on the movie lot, and is letter perfect by the time he arrives for his broadcast. It's nice work if you can do it. You've probably wondered who some of the other actors are in the comedy sketches, but it should be no surprise to learn that they're those stand-bys of so many programs originating in Hollywood —Paula Winslowe, Lurene Tuttle, Gale Gordon, Blanche Stewart, Frank Nelson.

Joe E. Brown's local fans can have a double dose of his foolishness if they like, because his broadcast always has a "preview" before a regular studio audience on Tuesday, two days before the program itself. The preview, in its general outline, is much like the completed show, but there are always a lot of minor changes and additions made between Tuesday and Thursday.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**ALEXANDER KIRKLAND—who has played the role of a doctor on the stage and on the air so much he can almost swap shop-talk with any real physician. His greatest stage success was as the hero of the play, "Men in White," and now he is Dr. Halliday in Life and Love of Dr. Susan, on CBS this afternoon at 2:15. Alexander—known as Bill to his friends—was born in Mexico City, of Spanish and Irish parents, and stayed there until he was 14 years old, when he came to America for school. He always wanted to be an actor, but had to persuade his parents first. He's been in the movies, with Norma Shearer and others.**

LADY ESTHER SAYS—



# "Join the Revolt aqainst Heavy Creams —and keep your Accent on Youth!"



**"Trust to youth** to break away from tradition! Go to schools and colleges, talk to women under 25—and you'll find a rebellion against heavy, *waxy* creams! Youth today demands a lighter cream!"



**"Why cling** to heavy creams that require tugging and pulling of delicate facial muscles (which can hasten that aged look) . . . *waxy* creams that leave skin shiny? My 4-Purpose Face Cream works just the opposite—puts your *accent on youth!*"



**"Our rapid,** modern living gives your face cream *more* work—a *different* kind of work to do. Heavy, *waxy* creams aren't as efficient in removing imbedded dirt; that's why modern girls have swung to my cream as the *one* cream for their skin."



**Life's delightful** moments are made up of tender glances, whispered words—romantic interludes which can be *yours* with a radiant skin! But be sure to give your skin "young skin care." Help it be beautiful always and you'll face your mirror as you face the world—with a lovely face, gay with happiness, contented in your success.



**Lady Esther** 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one cream for *you?*

## *Lady Esther urges you to make this "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW*

FOR the sake of your own appearance . . . to help keep yourself from *looking older than you really are*... make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test"!

First, cleanse your skin with cream you're at present using and remove it thoroughly with cleansing tissue.

Then do the same—*a second time*—with Lady Esther Face Cream. Now, wipe it off well and *look at* your cleansing tissue.

Thousands of women are amazed... *yes, shocked then and there* . . . to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own eyes that my 4-Purpose Cream removes minute, pore-clogging matter many other cold creams FAIL TO GET!

For, unlike many heavy, "waxy" creams —Lady Esther Face Cream does a *thorough* cleansing job without any harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense.* Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Put *more accent* on your YOUTH!

*(You can paste this on a penny postcard)* (48)

LADY ESTHER,
7134 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

**FREE** Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

*(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)*

**Eastern Daylight Time**

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: **Richard Maxwell** |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | | 9:15 |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Meet the Dixons** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Manhattan Mother** |
| | | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **The Family Man** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: **Bachelor's Children** |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 12:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Man I Married** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| 12:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: **Myrt and Marge** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Josh Higgins** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 12:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Hilltop House** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch** |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| 1:15 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: **Stepmother** |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Red: **Woman in White** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **David Harum** |
| | | | 11:15 |
| 10:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: **Donna Curtis** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade** |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| 10:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: **Big Sister** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown** |
| | | | 11:45 |
| 10:15 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories** |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC-Red: **Road of Life** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: **Girl Interne** |
| | | | 12:15 P.M. |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: **When a Girl Marries** |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 12:30 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Women in a Changing World** |
| | | | 12:45 |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: **Our Gal Sunday** |
| | | | 1:00 |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: **The Goldbergs** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful** |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Let's Talk It Over** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **Road of Life** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge** |
| | | | 1:45 |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 | CBS: **This Day is Ours** |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Blue: **Women in America** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob** |
| | | | 2:15 |
| 1:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: **Dr. Susan** |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: **Your Family and Mine** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady** |
| | | | 2:45 |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin** |
| | | | 3:15 |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family** |
| | | | 3:45 |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone** |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife** |
| | | | 4:15 |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade** |
| | | | 4:45 |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC-Red: **Midstream** |
| | | | 5:00 |
| | | 4:00 | NBC-Red: **The O'Neills** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| | | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 6:05 |
| | | 5:05 | CBS: **Edwin C. Hill** |
| | | | 6:45 |
| | | 5:45 | NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy** |
| 7:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang** |
| | | | 7:15 |
| 7:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: **Lum and Abner** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 6:30 | MBS: **The Lone Ranger** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 7:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: **Johnny Presents** |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **Joe Penner** (Sept. 6) |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **Plantation Party** |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Waltz Time** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER** |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Death Valley Days** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: **Grand Central Station** |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Lady Esther Serenade** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: **Bob Ripley** |

# FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ First Nighter Bret Morrison, Les Tremayne and Barbara Luddy.

**Tune-In Bulletin for August 25, September 1, 8, 15 and 22!**

August 25: Both CBS and NBC broadcast the Women's National Open Golf Championship matches this afternoon. . . . Blue Barron's orchestra opens at the Terrace Beach Club, Virginia Beach, on CBS. . . . Woody Herman and his great band open at the Glen Island Casino, replacing Glen Miller, broadcasting on NBC.

September 1: Just for tonight, you can hear Artie Shaw playing from Hershey Park, Pa., over CBS. . . . Glen Gray opens at the Canadian National Exposition, broadcasting on MBS and NBC.

September 8: If you wanna buy a duck, the person to apply to is Mr. Joe Penner, who returns to the air tonight at 8:30 over NBC-Blue.

September 15: Johnny Presents, on CBS at 8:30, is a bright variety show for tonight.

September 22: After a long run, Death Valley Days goes off the NBC air. Tonight—9:30 on NBC-Red—is its last broadcast.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Campana's First Nighter, starring Barbara Luddy and Les Tremayne, on CBS at 9:30, Eastern Daylight Time.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1930, the First Nighter program had its initial broadcast. Since then, except for one very short summer period when the entire cast were granted vacations at the same time, "Mr. First Nighter" has transported his audience once each week through the teeming Broadway throngs to the mythical "Little Theater off Times Square" where they have heard the debut of an original play.

In the nine years the program has been on the air, all scripts have been bought in the open market, many of them from wholly unknown writers. This in itself would be enough to set First Nighter apart from other radio shows, nearly all of which are written to order by experienced authors. If you'd like to try your hand at doing a half-hour play for Barbara Luddy and Les Tremayne, write to Aubrey, Moore, and Wallace, Inc., 230 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, and they'll send you suggestions for meeting their requirements.

When the scripts come in to the agency they are submitted at once to an impartial play jury which reads them without knowing the author's name, thus assuring an equal chance for the established writer and the newcomer who has not previously had his work accepted. Plays that the jury selects are turned over to Joe Ainley, producer of the program.

At a First Nighter rehearsal you're likely to see Barbara Luddy and Bret Morrison (who is "Mr. First Nighter") appearing in riding clothes. Both are enthusiastic about riding, and recently Bret presented Barbara with a horse of her own. Barbara usually perches on a high stool at the microphone, which makes her look tinier than she actually is, and Les Tremayne stands behind her, usually with a hand on her shoulder, reading from the same script. Other members of the cast (who usually change from week to week) use a different microphone.

Les, like Barbara, is an outdoor enthusiast, and comes to rehearsals in all kinds of sports outfits. One of his interests is aviation, and now and then he appears in flying togs. And usually, because he is an ardent collector of rare books, he will have a newly acquired volume with him.

Everybody on the program takes his or her duties rather seriously. After all, they remember, it was the First Nighter that launched such stars as Don Ameche and Gale Page, and it was on this program that Mme. Schumann-Heink did her first dramatic role—which led to a movie contract. With such high marks to shoot at, the cast doesn't let down for a minute.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**JACK JOHNSTONE—the director and writer of the dramatic portion of tonight's Johnny Presents program, CBS at 8:30. Jack was born in Vineland, N. J., in 1906, and studied abnormal psychology in college. Until 1929 he worked as an executive in a hospital for the insane, but was offered a chance to do radio production instead, and accepted. Buck Rogers was one of his first shows, and he is still producing it, as well as the dramas on both Johnny Presents programs. He likes golf, fishing, tennis and bridge, collects miniature liquor bottles and flintlock pistols; has one wife, one child, and one dog.**

## Why Be a Flop as a Hostess?

(*Continued from page* 17)

won't fit into a good time—who just stand around like sticks until they get on everyone else's nerves and *nobody* can relax?"

I've had my tussles with them in my years as a hostess, too. But the reason my parties are successes is that I won't let anyone spoil them. I know how to handle those frozen-faced bozos. Before every party I buy a few good popular novels and some tickets to the movies. When I see anyone who looks as if he isn't enjoying himself I go up to him and say:

"Now, Mr. Brown, I know just how you feel. You're not enjoying yourself one bit. Which would you rather do—go home to bed with a good book, or go see that simply marvelous movie down the street?"

Perhaps that's too drastic a method for you to use—it isn't for me, but I'll admit I can see drawbacks to it. But, if you're giving a dinner party, you can dispose of people like that just as easily. Don't make the mistake of putting a bore next at table to a lively person—put all the bores together, and then they'll be so busy boring each other they'll have a wonderful time.

EVEN better—don't invite people you don't want to invite. If you owe some couple a dinner, but don't want to ruin your party by having them there, simply call up a caterer and order a good dinner sent in to them. No use having them come to your house and spoil the fun.

Fun! That's the word you've got to remember. And don't ever let the dignity or importance of your guests make you forget it. The most imposing people in the world like to act silly now and then.

I've entertained celebrated people and royalty all over the world—me, plain Elsa Maxwell!—and I've always found that they're really easier to entertain than Mrs. Jones next door. And, although it's the elaborate and expensive parties that get into the newspapers, these celebrities can have just as good a time at a cheap one.

The most successful party I ever gave was in London, in 1920. Those present were Gertrude Lawrence, Beatrice Lillie, Noel Coward and Princess Helena Victoria, the daughter of Queen Victoria.

And it cost me just thirteen shillings sixpence. In other words, three and a half bucks.

That was all I could afford. I was living in a couple of rooms which were actually the top half of a stable and carriage shed. Some friends had loaned them to me. I happened to meet Princess Helena Victoria and she was a sweet and charming lady of about fifty-five, so in a moment of insanity I invited her to dinner.

What a spot I was in when I came to my senses! All I had in the world was the three-fifty, and to make things worse the Princess sent her lady in waiting to find out from me all the details of the dinner. Was it formal or informal, and things like that.

I did some of the best double-talking I've ever done in my life, and the lady in waiting finally left feeling pretty vague about the whole thing. Then I sent out for coffee, some eggs

(*Continued on page* 53)


# "SH-S-SH, SUSAN! THE BRIDE'S ON THE GRIDDLE!"



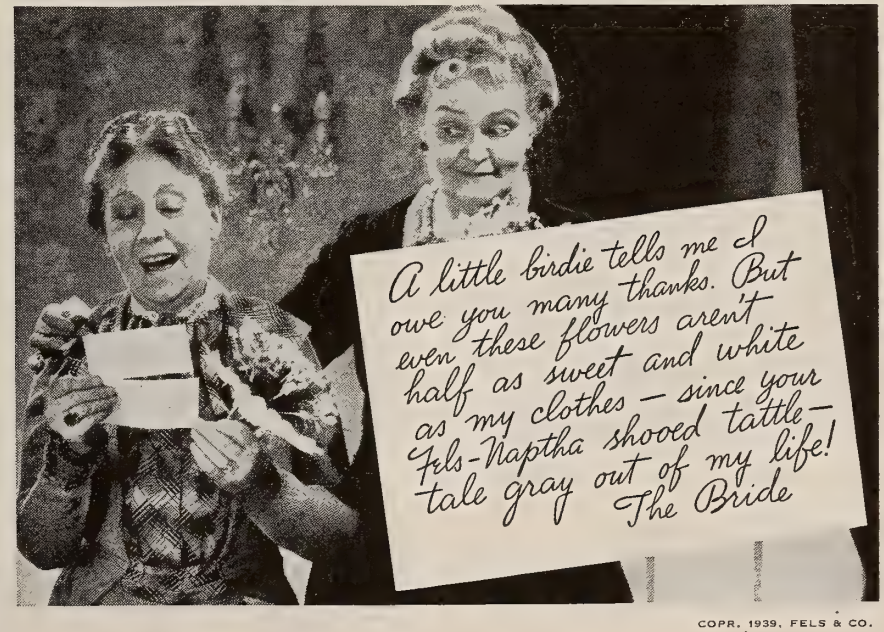
**SUSAN:** "Good grief, don't tell me it's that meddlesome Mrs. Palmer gossiping about the bride's wash again?"

**MATILDA:** "It *is*, and I wish the cat would get her tongue. But no use wishing, so put on your bonnet, Susan. We're going to stop the gossip!"




**SUSAN:** "It's a shame and a pity, Timothy, because the poor girl works like a beaver. But her weak-kneed soap leaves dirt behind. That's why her clothes are always chock-full of tattle-tale gray."

**MATILDA:** "So we're going to send her a flock of Fels-Naptha to show her how its richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha* make *all* the dirt scat. Don't tell a soul, but slip ten bars into her next grocery order and we'll pay for it."




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# BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

**TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY** every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

| PACIFIC STANDARD TIME | CENTRAL STANDARD TIME | E. S. T. | Eastern Daylight Time |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 8:00 A.M. |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Cloutier's Orch.** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn** |
| | | | 8:15 |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Dick Leibert** |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Hi Boys** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| | | | NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-tete** |
| | | | 8:45 |
| | | | NBC-Blue: **Tony, Juanita, Buddy** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: **News** |
| | | | 9:05 |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB** |
| | | 8:05 | NBC-Red: **Texas Robertson** |
| | | | 9:15 |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: **Fidler's Fancy** |
| | | 8:15 | NBC-Red: **Cloutier's Orch.** |
| | | | 9:25 |
| | | 8:25 | CBS: **News** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: **Hill Billy Champions** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| | | 8:45 | NBC-Red: **The Crackerjacks** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Blue: **Morin Sisters** |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **The Wise Man** |
| | | | 10:15 |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Blue: **Amanda Snow** |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC-Red: **No School Today** |
| | | | 10:30 |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC-Blue: **Barry McKinley** |
| | | | 10:45 |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | NBC-Blue: **The Child Grows Up** |
| | | | 11:00 |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: **Dorian Quartet** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Blue: **Ross Trio** |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC-Red: **Chautauqua Symphony** |
| | | | 11:30 |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Blue: **Our Barn** |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC-Red: **Armchair Quartet** |
| | | | 12:00 Noon |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Blue: **Romanelli Orchestra** |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC-Red: **Manhattan Melodies** |
| | | | 12:30 P.M. |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: **Let's Pretend** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau** |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC-Red: **Call to Youth** |
| | | | 1:15 |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC-Red: **Calling Stamp Collectors** |
| | | | 1:30 |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: **What Price America** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Blue: **Little Variety Show** |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC-Red: **Words and Music** |
| | | | 2:00 |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Blue: **Morton Franklin Orch.** |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC-Red: **Kinney Orch.** |
| | | | 2:30 |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Blue: **Indiana Indigo** |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies** |
| | | | 3:00 |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC-Red: **Matinee in Rhythm** |
| | | | 3:30 |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC-Red: **Roy Eldridge Orch.** |
| | | | 4:00 |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee** |
| | | | 4:30 |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC-Red: **Laval Orchestra** |
| | | | 5:30 |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC-Red: **Summertime Swing** |
| | | | 5:45 |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC-Red: **Bruce Baker Orch.** |
| | | | 6:00 |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: **News** |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC-Red: **Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten** |
| | | | 6:05 |
| 2:05 | 4:05 | 5:05 | CBS: **Instrumentalists** |
| 2:05 | 4:05 | 5:05 | NBC-Blue: **El Chico Revue** |
| | | | 6:30 |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: **This Week in Washington** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Blue: **Renfrew of the Mounted** |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC-Red: **Art of Living** |
| | | | 7:00 |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: **Americans at Work** |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel** |
| | | | 7:30 |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: **County Seat** |
| | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC-Blue: **Uncle Jim's Question Bee** |
| | | | 8:00 |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC-Red: **From Hollywood Today** |
| | | | 8:30 |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Blue: **Brent House** |
| 8:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC-Red: **Avalon Time** |
| | | | 9:00 |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE** |
| 7:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Blue: **National Barn Dance** |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC-Red: **Vox Pop** |
| | | | 9:30 |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC-Red: **Arch Oboler Plays** |
| | | | 9:45 |
| 5:45 | 7:45 | 8:45 | CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade** |
| | | | 10:00 |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC-Red: **Benny Goodman** |

# SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Arch Oboler directs Ann Shepherd and Raymond Edward Johnson.

**Tune-In Bulletin for August 26, September 2, 9, 16 and 23 !**

August 26: The Newport Casino Invitation Tennis finals are on NBC-Blue today, with Bill Stern describing them. . . . CBS has Ted Husing describing the finals of the National Doubles Tennis matches from the Longwood Cricket Club.

September 2: Labor Day week-end—the last holiday of the summer—starts today. . . . And to celebrate there are: Air races—the National air races from Cleveland, on NBC. Horse races—Saratoga Cup in New York, over CBS from 4:30 to 5:00.

September 9: Harry James and his band open tonight at the Sherman Hotel's College Inn in Chicago, with a CBS wire.

September 16: CBS has Ted Husing talking from the North Shore Country Club near Chicago, where the National Amateur Golf playoffs are being held.

September 23: Art Mooney and his orchestra open at the Henry Grady hotel in Atlanta, broadcasting on CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Arch Oboler's Plays, on NBC-Red at 9:30, written and directed by Arch Oboler.

NBC really took Shakespeare seriously when it began this series of dramatic half-hours. In it, "The play's the thing," and no mistake. Some of radio's most original and provocative writing goes into the unsponsored thirty minutes between 9:30 and 10:00 tonight.

Arch Oboler first gained fame as the writer of the spooky Lights Out series at midnight on NBC. Hollywood was impressed, and gathered him to its bosom—but Arch soon broke loose and returned to New York, where he is perfectly happy writing and directing a play a week. He could make a lot more money in the movie capital, but he prefers to stay where he can write exactly what he wants to write.

There's never any doubt in his mind about how he wants his plays produced, either. A mild-mannered and comfortable sort of person away from a radio studio, he becomes a stern taskmaster at rehearsals. Actors in his plays soon learn to leave at home their ideas of how a part should be done. Arch knows how *he* wants it done, and that's enough. He's always right, too, as you'll agree when you listen to one of his perfect productions.

Other writers and many an actor listen in religiously every Saturday night, and famous actress Nazimova was so impressed that after turning down many a guest starring spot on the air she called Oboler and asked him to let her be in one of his plays. She wouldn't take a fee, either.

Time means nothing to Arch. Seeing that his program doesn't run past the allotted half-hour is the only detail to which he pays no attention; that's the job of NBC production engineer Whitney, who holds the stop watch. Usually, though, the play has been rehearsed so carefully that it runs off exactly on time. Arch is passionately interested in musical background and sound effects. Muriel Pollack, the NBC staff musician who supplies organ music for the plays, is so well-educated in the literature of music that she can think of a phrase or a melody for any mood Arch wants to create, and play it off from memory for him to hear. Frequently he demands sound effects that the technicians have never been required to create before, and probably never will again. For instance, once he wanted the sound of a person being turned inside out. They finally solved that by stripping a wet rubber glove off a man's hand, held close to the microphone.

Not a very tall man, Arch likes to direct rehearsals standing on top of a table. He won't permit any studio audiences—says they distract the actors and the director.

## SAY HELLO TO . . .



**LUCILLE LONG—the brown-haired, blue-eyed contralto on tonight's National Barn Dance, NBC-Blue at 9:00. Lucille is the daughter of a Copley, Ohio, physician, and studied organ, piano and voice when she was a child. She detests strawberries and red nail polish—because the first money she ever earned was picking strawberries. She has sung on the air in London, Madrid and Paris, and is still studying music under two teachers, one popular and one classical—and though she prefers classical music she thinks the popular variety is improving. She often rehearses while she's riding in a bus or taxicab.**

(*Continued from page* 51)

to hard boil, some cheese sandwiches and some bottles of beer. Beer and cheese for the Princess Victoria! But I couldn't afford caviar.

Then I telephoned Beatrice Lillie, Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence. They were friends of mine, and in those days they weren't very well known, but they were never dull. I knew I could depend on them to help me keep things moving.

Well, the Princess arrived in state, just as I was in the midst of boiling eggs and making coffee. In between, I'd rush over to the piano and sing a song, or play something. Then, when the coffee was about to boil over, I'd rush back to the stove and Noel or Gertie or Bea would have a go at the piano.

But the Princess was swell. She'd never been out after eleven o'clock in all her life, and she stayed until three in the morning. I think she must have enjoyed herself.

A good way to tell how your party is going, incidentally, is by the time the guests start to leave. If they stay until midnight you're doing all right. If they stay until two, you've really got something. If they don't go home until six, your party's a sensation!

WITH Princess Victoria I didn't even have to go through the zero-hour that afflicts almost all parties. That's the first few minutes of the evening. You know—after all the guests have arrived and you're wondering how to get things started.

Just remember this. People coming to a party still have the haze of their day's work around them. You have to cut through that haze and get them to be human again.

Suppose, for instance, you invited the postmaster of your town to a party. One way to break the ice with him would be to go up and say:

"Hello, Harry. Have you read any good post-cards lately?" That ought to knock him off his dignity.

The important thing at all parties is to get everybody feeling easy with everybody else—get the starch out of some of the stuffed shirts. If you have to invite people who are on the stuffy side, then give a costume party. Stuffy people always look better stuffed into a costume, anyhow.

Men, of course, hate costume parties—that is, most of them do. I realize that, and so once when I gave a very large party at a New York hotel I didn't say anything about costumes in the invitations. I simply had the lights turned out after the party had got under way, and in the darkness handed everyone a costume made of crepe paper, telling them to put them on. When the lights went up again everyone was in costume and wearing a mask. The men couldn't find their own wives, but they certainly had fun looking.

There's really no excuse for you if you can't give a party that's fun. It's so easy! Because money has absolutely nothing to do with the success of a party. What really counts is the spirit you put into it. With the right spirit and a few dollars your party will be a success. With the wrong spirit and a million dollars—it's bound to be a flop!


# "Let's duck...here comes that nosey pest again!"



*How Esther raised her baby the modern way... in spite of a snoopy neighbor*



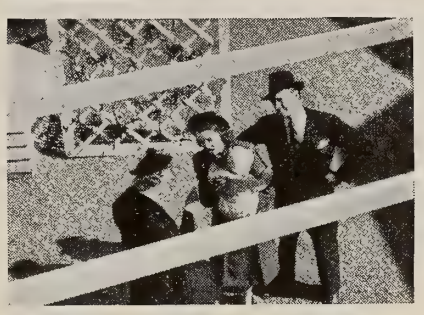
**1. NEIGHBOR:** Well, well, well... if it isn't our new mother... Did you take my advice about your baby, dear-r-r-R-R?

**ESTHER:** No, I didn't. I thought it was too old-fashioned.



**2. NEIGHBOR:** Why...what do you MEAN! I know *something* about children. I raised five of them, didn't I?

**ESTHER:** Yes, but you did it the hard way! Me... I'm following *modern* methods.



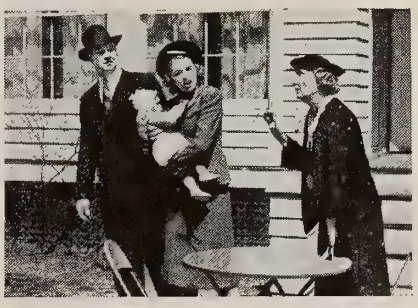
**3. NEIGHBOR:** Modern methods? Bosh!

**ESTHER:** It's not bosh. It's common sense. My doctor tells me that babies should get *special* care... all the way from *special* baby food to a *special* baby laxative.



**4. NEIGHBOR:** *Special* laxative? My dear! That's putting it on!

**ESTHER:** It is *not!* If a baby's system is too delicate for adult foods... it can also be too delicate for an adult laxative!



**5. ESTHER:** That's why the doctor told me to buy FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. It's made *especially* and ONLY for children. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It won't upset a baby's stomach, and it works mostly in the lower bowel. It's gentle and SAFE!




**6. BOB:** Oh boy!... you sure told off that old snoop about Fletcher's Castoria... but why didn't you tell her how *swell* it tastes, too?

**ESTHER:** I should have! I wish she were here to see how the baby goes for it... the old buttinsky!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

**The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children**

# WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE TELL ME

## ABOUT THIS MARVELOUS SPAGHETTI BEFORE?






## It saves me time and work, has a much better sauce than I can make

● "I always cooked my own spaghetti until I discovered Franco-American. But now we have Franco-American all the time and love it. Its cheese-and-tomato sauce has the one I used to make beaten a mile. Imagine, they actually use *eleven* different ingredients in it!"

Yes, *eleven!* Luscious tomato puree, brimming with garden-fresh flavor. Selected Cheddar cheese from America's finest dairies. Savory spices and seasonings subtly blended to give delicate, piquant flavor. And you can enjoy this superb spaghetti *any* time, at a moment's notice. No cooking or fussing, simply heat.

Serve Franco-American as main dish or side dish. Combine with left-overs and less expensive meat cuts. A can holding three to four portions costs only 10c. Here's a "millionaire's dish" *for less than 3c a portion!* Order now!

# Franco-American SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

*Send for* FREE *Recipe Book*

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 4310
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____


## Woman in Love

(*Continued from page* 15)

had been for a brief space their mother's second husband. Jesse, for this experience of wedded happiness, was supposedly paying his recent wife forty dollars a week. Tamara now learned that he was not doing so with that regularity that Willette considered her right.

"I oughtn't to do this," Mrs. Todhunter murmured, breaking a date from a block that was still half wrapped in paper. "I'm going out with Ray. Poor fellow; he's trying awfully hard to get a job."

"That'll leave Tamara alone then," Coral said. "D'you care? Or are you tired and want to go to bed?"

"I really am tired." Tamara made herself finish a bowl of canned soup and felt better. Her heart trembled at the thought that they would let her be alone the first night, but the hot food reinforced her courage, and she could smile. Of course they didn't love her; they hardly knew her.

PRESENTLY, Coral was dressing; their mother, magnificent in a smart hat with a whorl of aigret about it, a loose beaded black silk coat, and high-heeled shoes with white kid saddles and toes, was just leaving. She walked mincingly in the tight shoes; her rather full soft face was carefully made up now, and she looked quite handsome.

"Got any money, Coral?"

"Got a five, but it's all I have got."

"I have money," said Tamara. "There, in my bag. Aunt Tee used to send me an allowance, and I never used it."

"I'll see you get this back at the end of the week," Mrs. Todhunter said. "And I wouldn't go out tonight but that this man—he used to be a good friend of your father, he's one of the best managers in America today—is feeling so down and out. Tell Lance, if he makes coffee, we'll have to have another pound. Good-bye, girls, be good, now. It's nice to have you home again, Tam."

After she was gone, Tamara, half sitting and half lounging on the bed, asked her sister, simply:

"What do we live on, Coral?"

"Oh, everything," Coral answered vaguely, painting her fingernails carefully with crimson. "I'm probably going to begin rehearsing on Monday."

"That's fun!" the younger sister said, brightening.

"It's no part at all; I oughtn't take it," Coral said absently. "But I'll get sixty a week, and it all helps."

"Sixty a *week*!"

"That isn't so much. When I was in pictures," Coral mused on, squinting at her bunched fingertips, "I got two hundred and fifty. If Jesse'd only pay up we could at least pay the rent!" she added.

"Are we behindhand with the rent?"

"Only about four months. And there are people in this house that haven't paid for a year," Coral said. "Oh, Lord, there's Houston!" she exclaimed, as there was a sudden ring at the doorbell. "Go and talk to him!"

Tamara obediently went into the sitting room and did her best to talk to Mr. Houston Hickey. She saw instantly that she bored him terribly and that he preferred absorption in his own thoughts to anything she could say.

It seemed forever until Coral came out, stunning in rouge, jewels, black velvet.

"Houston, you met my sister?" Coral said.

"Listen," the man said, rising, "this party isn't at the Spreckles', you know."

"Well, what you want me to look like? One of the waitresses?" Coral countered promptly. They went away without a good-night to Tamara; she could hear them squabbling as the elevator jerked its heavy way downstairs. Almost immediately afterward, while she was trying to decide between going to bed and writing a long letter to Mother Laurence, and determined that whichever she did she positively would not cry, her brother came in. He wanted nothing but black coffee.

"I have certainly got a lollapalooza," he muttered, putting his elbows on the table and his head in his hands. "I was taking a girl to dinner—suddenly the whole thing went bla-a-a."

"Oh, too bad!" Tamara said, from the other end of the kitchen table, where she sat watching him, her chin in her palms. Could Lance possibly mean that he had been drinking? she thought nervously.

"I started this yesterday. When I met you at the ferry today I couldn't stand up, that's God's truth," Lance said.

"I'm so sorry!"

"Where's Ma?"

"She went out to meet some man named Ray."

"That's right; she had a date. Coral go out?"

"With Mr. Hickey."

"Hickey, huh? What j'ou think of him?"

"Not much," Tamara said briefly, and Lance laughed.

"Coral says she may begin rehearsals Monday."

"In what?" he asked skeptically.

"She didn't say."

I'LL bet she didn't say! If she lands anything in three years I'm in the wet-wash business!" Lance said amusedly.

"Oh, Lance, why?"

"Because she can't act—she can't act—she can't act!" the man said.

"Coral can't?"

"Naw-w-w. Never could. She's got a pretty face, that's all she's got. Her voice don't screen worth a cent."

"Oh, I didn't know that," Tamara said, dashed. "I thought—I thought—and Coral can't act? I'm so sorry!"

"None of us can act," Lance said, impatiently, darkly. "When Coral gets on the stage she's rotten—she's *lousy*."

"She *thinks* she can act," Tamara submitted anxiously.

"Oh, sure, we all think we can!" Lance said. "Except me, I don't," he added. "Barker said to me the other day, 'Lance, I'll be damned if you aren't the only one I know in the profession who knows how rotten he is!' That's why," Lance ended simply, "I always can get a part."

"Oh, can you?" Tamara said, tremendously relieved. Lance could get parts, anyway! "Are you playing in anything now, Lance; have you a job?"

Lance glanced up. His handsome young face was flushed and dark; he scowled faintly over his coffee cup.

"I could have," he said.

"Oh, well then, that's all right!" Tamara said. Instead of answering her, her brother looked at her steadily for some minutes, with his eyes a little sunken in his colorless face.

"What j'come home for?" he asked. Tamara widened her eyes; her color fluctuated a little.

"Why—why, I graduated," she offered, a cold wind again blowing over her heart. "What—what else could I do?"

"I say, what j' you come home for?" Lance repeated, in drunkenly quiet stubbornness. It was as if he were challenging her and she trying to evade him.

"Well—Mother wrote me to. I mean, it was taken for granted, wasn't it?"

"And you're always going to do what you're told to do, is that it?" Lance continued, in the same quietly contemptuous manner. Tamara had never seen an intoxicated man at such close range before, and she felt a little frightened and a little sick. But almost immediately Lance locked his arms before him on the table, and was saying, "Oh, my God, it's all so damn' silly!" put his head down comfortably and began to snore.

THE morning came in with fresh blankets of fog, and Tamara, awakening, lay staring about her cautiously; a move might rouse either her mother or her sister; she was anxious not to disturb them. An hour went by: they both slept on soundly.

In her thoughts Tamara was writing a letter to Mother Laurence. "Don't think I've forgotten, dearest, dearest Reverend Mother, all that you told me about the realest duty being the nearest one, and the influence of one single fine life being like a lighted lamp. But when all one's family is older, entirely set in their different ways, quite satisfied with vulgarity and cheating and dirtiness and laziness and disorder . . ."

She could not quite say that, of course. She must soften the story somehow for sheer pride. But she could at least give Reverend Mother a pretty good idea of the situation. And then, perhaps Mother Laurence would send for her, let her be assistant German instructress, perhaps.

But, she never wrote that particular letter for, amazingly, the day slipped by, and the next day, and the one after that. The idle summer days blended together for Tamara, and she lost track of them. Sunday was no lazier than the others; they were all formless and empty and yet oddly pleasant. The four members of the Todhunter household slept as late as they liked, they dawdled over breakfast interminably, sometimes joined by friends who like themselves were in the most fascinating and maddening of the professions, and sometimes alone. For a while Tamara attempted to keep the kitchen in some sort of order; but very soon she gave it up and let matters drift as the others did. Mushrooms and blackberries, broilers and figs and artichokes came home from Willette's casual marketing tours and were cooked and eaten exactly when and how the individual member chose. Nobody ever criticized another's management, and nobody expected anything but the slipshod,




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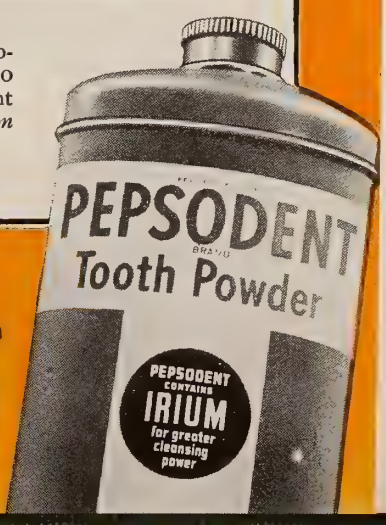
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easy system upon which Willette's house was run.

In spite of herself Tamara was absorbed in the new atmosphere, and presently she began to enjoy it. There was nothing wrong, she told her convent-trained conscience, in disorder and irregularity, and if one had absolutely nothing to do there was no reason for one's jumping out of bed for a cold plunge and exercise every morning at seven.

The theatrical underworld made use of the house, and she enjoyed contact with it, too. Chorus girls, indigent old actresses, ambitious youngsters looking for their first parts, all came and went easily in the crowded little rooms, and Tamara listened to them all and watched them all.

DOLORES QUINN came downstairs one day, and Tamara had the other angle of the picture. For Dolores was unquestionably as established and successful as these others were vague and unplaced. Just why the actress should choose to live in the Valhalla in rooms like their own, Tamara could not understand, but evidently Dolores was well pleased with her apartment on the ninth floor. She had a husband, a linoleum salesman of astonishing beauty; Tamara had seen him sometimes in the halls and had supposed him to be nothing short of a star. But no, Leander could not act for an elk's tooth, Dolores admitted frankly. She was six years older than he; she was in fact much older than Tamara had supposed her to be from her pictures, but in her middle thirties she had an enthusiastic public and a long contract, and she found no fault with the world.

Dolores did not like Coral, but she grew very fond of Tamara, and laughed at her, and invited her to her dressing room. Tamara had the thrill of watching a play from the wings, and of having tea with the star on matinee afternoons.

One of the agreeable features of the Todhunters' home regime was that no one either knew or cared at what hours the members of the family came or went. Tamara could stay in bed all day, working cross-word puzzles and poring over movie and stage magazines, and no one commented, much less criticized.

So she could loiter in Dolores's dressing room as long as she liked on a winter afternoon. The price of this privilege was the obligation to profess an unbounded admiration for Dolores's talents and to display an unlimited interest in Dolores's affairs.

In the early winter after Tamara's return home, Dolores had a real success in "Romance," and Tamara could honestly be enthusiastic. Dolores had always dreamed of playing Juliet, the Duke of Reichstadt, and Magda; now she redoubled her importunities to Markisohn to be given the chance at one or all of these plays.

"You'd be marvelous in 'L'Aiglon,' Dory," Tamara said.

"Well, I don't know whether I would or not," Dolores said modestly, frowning at her image in the mirror as she carefully creamed her face. "I'm funny, like that. Until I'm actually on the stage the opening night I'm scared to death!"

"Of all people to be scared!" Tamara said amusedly.

"Yes, you are scared, Dory. You'd show 'em how scared you were if anyone tried to cut out ten lines of your part!" Maynard Mallory said.

Maynard was in pictures. He had come up to San Francisco from Hollywood especially to see his old friend Dolores in her success; Tamara had met him several times. Without being a sensational film favorite himself he was well known; his name was always listed first after the big stars. He supported at various times the best of the women favorites and played leads in "all-star" productions; he had the usual affectations when he was talking with persons of his own profession, but aside from that he was genuinely simple and amusing and friendly, and Tamara liked him.

"When you going to give Tam here a part?" Mayne asked.

Dolores glanced at her in the mirror.

"Whenever she wants it," she said, in a voice rather cooled by the change of topic.

"Which will be a long time," Tamara laughed.

"Don't like the stage?" Maynard asked, arching his dark brows as he raised both fine hands to his mouth, lighting a cigarette.

"Well—too many people in it—" Tamara stammered, laughing and flushing.

"Yes, but you can say that about anything. The thing is," the man said, "that with your face you'd be wonderful in pictures. And you have a short nose, turned up a little. That's one thing you've *got* to have."

"Not turned up much," Tamara protested, studying it in a big hand mirror.

"I want that when you're through with it," Dolores said, bored. Tamara was quick to sense her change of mood.

"Sandwiches?" she asked, reaching for the telephone.

"I can't. I went to that devilish lunch. I'm stuffed."

"I'm starving," Mayne said. "I'll take Tamara to dinner." He kissed the top of Dolores's head for goodbye.

TAMARA and Mayne walked out through the empty, echoing theater, into a grimy, late-afternoon street upon which papers and chaff were idly blowing in a cool November wind.

"Where do you like to eat, Tam?" Mayne said.

"Oh, anywhere."

"St. Francis? It's only quarter to six, they'll still be having tea dancing there," the man mused. "Let's see, where shall we go? Where'd you go last time a handsome man took you to dinner?"

"Nowhere," Tam answered, pretty in her buttoned-up fur collar and brimmed dark hat, with her rosy cheeks squared in a wide smile. Mayne looked at her suddenly.

"How d'you mean you didn't dine anywhere the last time you went out?"

"Because there wasn't never no last time, mister. This is my first step down." Tamara said, with her joyous youthful giggle.

"Honest? No fooling? For heaven's sake!" Maynard commented. "Then we'll have to make it memorable. Where've you been all this time?"

"In a convent in Canada. I just got home in June."

"Well, we've got to celebrate tonight. I'll tell you, we'll go out and have dinner with Persis and Joe. You know her, you know Joe Holloway?"

"I don't know either."

"You ought to. She writes wonder-

ful poetry—nobody's recognized it yet, but it's the best poetry any American woman— Here, we'll take a car and drive out there." Mayne said, signaling to one of the drivers who were waiting in a fringe along the south front of the square.

Tamara felt suddenly very young and awkward. She did not feel equal to amusing this magnificent cavalier. Smiling, settling herself comfortably in the big seat, she told herself that he didn't have to do this—he didn't have to suggest it—he must want to.

"I see you have a habit of talking to yourself. What's on your mind?" the man said. "So you're just out of the convent, are you?"

"I graduated in June."

"I see. That makes you—"

"Nineteen last week."

"And did you like the convent?"

"Some things I liked," Tamara answered vaguely. "But of course there were other things I didn't like so much. It was lovely, part of it."

"But they were pretty strict?" Mayne asked with enjoyment.

"Well—I guess they have to be. Some of the girls—" She left it unfinished.

"Wild, eh?"

"Well, I know one boarder was expelled this term, just before she graduated. It would have to be pretty bad to have them do that," Tamara said seriously, her round eyes fixed upon him. "It broke her heart. She told Mother Laurence she was going to kill herself."

CARRYING on with a boy, huh?" Mayne asked, with a sober oblique glance.

"She sent him letters by one of the day scholars."

"Ha!"

"And then she told Sister Teresa that she wanted to practice the Arensky waltz that she was playing with Refugio Barrios for Commencement, and Sister Teresa let her go up to the music rooms at night, and he was there."

"How'd he get in?"

"During the day some time, and hid under the music press, they think."

"They couldn't allow things like that. Their whole school would go to pot."

"That's what Mother said. But Eleanor's dress was made and everything. She cried, and her mother cried. Her mother had promised her a new car if she graduated."

"She'll graduate in a very different school if she doesn't look sharp," Mayne said, so significantly that Tamara laughed out joyfully. He had shown more sympathy already in her school experiences than Coral, Lance, and her mother had extended to her in five long months.

The driver stopped at the Taylor Street address, a ramshackle wooden building precariously perched on a hill. Tamara and Mayne climbed two flights of stairs to the big upper studio of the Holloways.

In the Holloways' studio Tamara was conscious of tremendous slanted skylights, of spaciousness and shadows, easels and canvases, littered draperies and tables and odd chairs. Persis was a dark, frail-looking woman in a blue smock; there was a hearty square girl called Lucile, who had a deep voice, and another very small woman named Mabel. And there were six or seven men, among them Joe Holloway in his painty apron, with kind eyes twinkling


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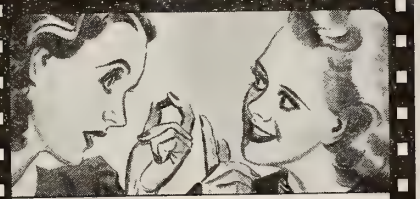
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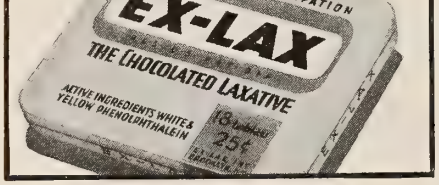
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above a Vandyke beard. They all seemed delighted that Mayne had come, and they made Tamara heartily welcome; presently Persis opened a door, and everyone straggled across a roof to another enormous room, where there was a long dining table, and many chairs, and an adjoining kitchen.

Tamara was by this time in a seventh heaven of delight; she never had been with people she liked so well, or in such an enchanting atmosphere. Their lazy talk seemed to her brilliant; everyone was talking all the time; they hardly gave each other a chance to finish a sentence, and yet there was a sense of keen appreciation among them.

An elaborate dinner was immediately under way; the preparations were not formal, but Tamara thought she had never seen and smelled and tasted such delicious food.

And she soon discovered that everyone here adored Persis; she was the moving spirit of the whole group.

THE clock struck eight. The salad leaves now glistened brightly with oil, and the fragrance of the bubbling chicken was almost more than hunger could bear. French bread had been toasted in black ridges; everything anyone had ever thought of as eatable was on the table; sticky, soft pressed figs, a third of a chocolate cake, cold artichokes. Everyone helped himself as rapidly as possible; voices were thicker now, and the wine and bread and salad circulated steadily.

"Agreed," said Pete loudly, "that Mayne's girl is a comely wench!"

"And hath a pretty wit," the man they called Gedge added. "Hast not, my chuck?"

Tamara laughed and flushed happily. She loved being here, even though she felt very dull and stupid among them all. She loved being called Mayne's girl, loved glancing at him to catch his half-serious smile upon her when Pete used the word.

"Where do you *find* these girls, Mayne?" Joe asked. He sat next to Persis, who did not speak much, but smiled at them all with her long eyes; and now and then she and Joe leaned over the laden plates to kiss each other. Tamara found this oddly pleasant to see, considering that their little boy was from his portrait at least ten years old.

"I'll never tell you," Mayne said. "That is our horrid secret, isn't it, Tam?"

"Tam from now on is my favorite name," Gedge said loudly, and Tam laughed again.

After dinner—it was by now ten o'clock—they made a feint of piling dishes and pots in the sink, then abandoned it.

Now the lights in the studio were low, and there was an open fire. Mayne got up from a long deep couch when the women came in, and drew Tamara to sit down beside him on it, with Pete on her other side. The others scattered themselves about comfortably; cigarettes were lighted, and Adams came in with a tray of glasses and bottles.

Then in the soft light began an hour to be forever an enchanted memory to Tamara. Someone played the piano, played beautifully; Bill—she did not know his last name—stood up and sang "Mandalay" and "Oh, give me something to remember you by," and it was all she could do to keep back the tears. Little Mabel went to the piano and fingered one or two melodies tentatively before settling down to chords, runs, more chords, ballad-like snatches, and the final question, "Well, who was it?"

"Adriana!" they all said together, and Adriana, who seemed to be a reporter, or to have some connection with a newspaper, nodded her head thoughtfully. "You're smart, Mabel," she said. "About halfway through I began to have a distinct suspicion that it was I—me—I—me—for heaven's sake someone say which it is!"

The talk raged immediately about the question as to whether a person look badly or looked bad—whether lurid meant bright red or dull gray—whether the use of "like" for "as" by the British didn't in itself constitute good grammar.

Mabel interrupted this by crashing with incredible force into the *Valkyries' Ride;* Tamara felt the big fingers of Mayne's fine hand cover her own, and she let them stay. The hour was too crystal perfect to break by any prudishness now. After a while she realized that she was leaning against his shoulder, and that he had moved a little to make her head comfortable there. It wasn't important; everyone else had relaxed into quiet and friendliness and utter felicity; nothing would have been sillier or more childish than to sit erect and gather one's hands primly into one's lap.

Quite suddenly at midnight the thing broke up; Tamara and Mayne came out into the cold sweet air of the winter night and walked a little while, looking for a taxi. The girl was silent; her mood dreamy, ecstatic.

"Nice people," Mayne said, on a rising note.

"Oh, nice people! They're marvelous," Tamara echoed, in her little-girl voice of awe.

"So that your first dinner wasn't so formidable?" Mayne asked.

OH, it was marvelous!" Words had actually failed her, and she could only echo the inadequate phrase.

"We'll go there again." They were in a taxi now, and in a few minutes had reached the Valhalla, and Mayne courteously escorted her upstairs to her mother's very door. Further it was not possible to invite him, for Lance was audibly asleep on the sitting-room couch. So Tamara said her grateful good-nights in the dark hallway and raised to his, eyes that shone with appreciation of her wonderful evening. "I'll see you tomorrow, somewhere. Come into Dolores's dressing room before the show," the man whispered, with his good-byes. Tamara nodded, opened the door behind her noiselessly, slipped into the silent apartment. Her mother did not awaken, her sister did not even stir as she undressed in no clearer light than that which came from the street, and crept into her place.

It was midnight, but for a while Tamara, tired as she was, could not sleep. She lay awake thinking, remembering, smiling in the dark. Never in her life before had she known one moment of the ecstasy that was flooding her whole being.

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## Cathleen

(*Continued from page 26*)

here," Allan said.

"Allan—please," Hope warned him. "Remember, she's only a child."

"I know—but the rosewood piano. The last touch on it was—her mother's—"

And then Cathleen was standing before them, head drooping sullenly, eyes wary.

"You have been expressly forbidden to play your mother's rosewood piano, Cathleen," Allan said. "And"—for a moment his control broke—"Good God! With the one melody—I suppose Nora's responsible for telling you that your mother used to play that for me. Why did you disobey me?"

"Must we be talking," Cathleen asked, "in front of strangers?"

"Drop that Irish way of talking, I tell you! Miss Cabot is scarcely a stranger to you. Furthermore, she's going to be my wife."

"Oh!" That was all Cathleen said.

"Of course," her father said wearily, "Dr. Ames telephoned that you hadn't kept your appointment with him. I could understand that—it's Saturday afternoon—you felt resentful . . . But this money business—that my daughter should steal—"

"Steal?" Cathleen asked tonelessly.

NORA admitted you brought home an album of records, costing ten dollars. And we know that in my desk drawer here, the household money is kept. There was ten dollars there this morning. Now it's gone, Cathleen. Only you and I and Nora have been in here. It adds up to one thing, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Cathleen said.

"Oh, I don't know," Allan said in sick helplessness. "What punishment is there—to make you understand that you're becoming a habitual liar—and now, a thief?"

"Yes!" Cathleen said again, but this time she drew the word out until it became a hiss.

He buried his face, convulsively, in his hands. "I can't punish you! After all, you're your mother's daughter. Just—go away—"

For the first time, emotion came to Cathleen's face. In horror, she whispered to Hope: "He's crying!"

"Yes."

"Ohhhh . . ." She stepped toward him, half raised her hand as if to touch his bowed head, then let it drop. The pity and amazement ebbed from her eyes, and slowly she turned to the door.

But before she could reach it, it flew open. Nora stood on the threshold, a crumpled green bill in her shaking fingers.

"I knew, sir—I knew my wee lamb could never have done it!" she cried. "Since you talked to me, we've been searching the rubbish pile—and look, sir, amongst some old papers—this cursed ten dollar bill!"

Allan's silver-grayed head had lifted, and he was staring, not at the bill, but at Cathleen. "But why didn't you deny it, child?"

"I don't know," Cathleen said vaguely.

"Perhaps," Hope suggested gently, "she couldn't find words, Allan—just as you can't find words to talk to her—"

"I can always understand my father, Miss Cabot," Cathleen said firmly.


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"I wish he could say as much for you," Allan observed with a wry smile. He motioned Nora from the room. "Well, I'm so relieved. But tell me—where did you get the money for the album?"

"I've been saving and saving," Cathleen spoke to the floor. "And I sold my leather brief case Aunt Morgan gave me. And—" Her head came up; she looked him bravely in the eye. "And then I broke open my pig bank!"

Suddenly Allan laughed. "Great Guns! What do you say to a child like this?"

"I'd tell her I admired her spirit," Hope said briskly.

"Yes. Her spirit . . . her mother's spirit, rather. Cathleen . . ."

"Yes, sir."

"By way of apology—would this help fill the pig bank?"

CATHLEEN gave a strange half moan of delight as she saw the crisp ten-dollar bill he was holding out to her.

"There," her father said in embarrassment. He gave her a quick, nervous kiss on the forehead. "Run along now, it must be your dinner time."

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, Cathleen—" as she was leaving the room. "Cathleen—I won't scold. But why did you open the rosewood piano?"

Cathleen didn't turn around. "It's my birthday" she said. "I was pretending it was a gift from my mother." She closed the door behind her.

Nora was in the hall. "Ah, and so he gave you the ten dollars," she remarked joyfully. "Well he might, respected father of yours though he is! And how will you spend it?"

"Spend it!" Cathleen said in scorn. "*This?* I'll never spend it—I'm going to wrap it up in my best lace handkerchief and dream on it every night. And he kissed me!" She pressed her hand to her forehead. "Right there! Nora, Nora—I bought some yellow daffodils—do you suppose Father'd like them for his den?"

"Aye," Nora said tenderly, "and I think he would."

Faster than the May wind Cathleen ran down the hall, up the stairs to her own bedroom; whipped the daffodils and their vase from her dressing table; down again, to the hall—

"Wee gold daffodils," she whispered to herself, "to warm my father's eyes. Little gold spring nymphs." The door to the den, where she had left her father and Hope Cabot, was still closed—they must still be there. "Shall I say, 'Father, I've brought you some flowers'? Or shall I not say a word—just open the door, very quietly, like a little mouse—"

"I'm sorry," she heard Hope's voice. "But I can't marry you, Allan."

"But I warned you about the child!"

"You don't understand."

Her father's voice had never been so hard. "Oh yes, I understand. On this very same night—thirteen years ago—she cost me the life of my young love. So it's fitting that tonight she should kill my other love for me! What kind of a devouring young she-wolf is she—"

The door, closing, cut off further sound. And long after Cathleen had run away, out of the apartment, down to the street, the yellow daffodils sat in their vase on the floor, where she had left them.

The trees and the stars and the river talked to her on her way. Such friendly, calm, good voices they had—because, of course, they understood. They understood why she couldn't stay in the apartment any longer, and why she'd had to run away, up Riverside Drive and across it and down under the Parkway until she was close to the river.

"Where are you going, Cathleen?" asked a tree; and she answered, "I don't know, green tree. I've walked and walked, and still I don't know." And the sky asked, "Why do you hurry so, Cathleen?" but all she could say was, "I don't know, dark sky."

BUT the river spoke to her too. It said, "Come, Cathleen. You're so tired, Cathleen, because your heart is heavy."

"You've caught some stars in you, river."

"I know, Cathleen."

"Do they know my mother?"

"Yes, Cathleen . . ."

"Oh! Oh! The star called me beautiful—not a wolf at all!"

"Come to me, Cathleen," the river beckoned.

But when she obeyed, it was not kind to her, but cold and dark, so that she screamed, once, before it pulled her down into its chilly heart.

It was late at night before they called Allan Bradford to the hospital.



On their recent visit to New York, Burns and Allen and Eddie Cantor and Ida got together between broadcasts at La Conga.

Waiting in the hall outside, pacing back and forth, he met a dark young man with a white, concerned face. "Is she in there?" he asked.

"Who?" Allan asked.

"The little girl—Cathleen. But I suppose I couldn't see her. I'm only here because the police wanted to talk to me. They found the sales slip from my store in her pocket."

"The sales slip?" Allan asked.

"Yes. I'm the guy that sold her records. She came in every Saturday—her father used to send her, to hear some music."

"Her—father sent her?"

"Why, yes. Do you know him? Has anything happened to him—is that the reason she tried to—?"

"No," Allan said, "that's not the reason."

"I never saw a kid so crazy about a guy. He was sick, and it was enough to break your heart—she'd come in and draw up three chairs, pretending her dad was on her right, her mother on her left . . ."

The door into Cathleen's room opened. "Mr. Bradford—you can come in now," said the nurse.

Dazedly, Allan turned away. "I don't know your name—but thank you—for being more kind to my daughter than her father's been."

CATHLEEN'S little body scarcely disturbed the covers of the hospital cot, but her piteous eyes filled his vision as he entered the room.

"I tried, Father . . . I tried to go away." A sudden pain seemed to seize her. "Ah—wolf, you said—wolf!"

"It wasn't true, darling—I didn't mean to say that. It was just that I was so stupidly blind I lived behind a rough wall of my own making."

"Like—like the Sleeping Beauty?"

"Well—if you like," Allan said with something that might have been either a sob or a laugh. "Except that I'm scarcely that."

"You could be," Cathleen said eagerly. "Sort of like one, father."

"I'm—ashamed, baby," he whispered. "I—" Somehow he managed to control himself. "I never knew your hands were so beautiful, Cathleen," he said tenderly. "Just like your mother's. Won't you have fun playing the rosewood piano for me? And we'll listen to thousands of records together; and buy carloads of white lilacs. Will you like that?"

Cathleen's eyes, so big in the white face, regarded him doubtfully. "It's wishing I am I could believe you, but I thought—I heard Miss Cabot say—"

Quickly he interrupted her: "Nothing about you. She was trying to tell me what a fool I was, and I couldn't understand. But that's grownup talk. All you must do now is to go to sleep, and know we all love you."

In a cautious, uncertain whisper, she asked, "Do—you?"

"Most of all!"

"Ah!" she sighed. Sleep was dimming her eyes now; she felt warm and safe, with the warmth and safety the river had promised. Here was her father beside her, he loved her . . .

"And will you come and meet a fine friend of mine?" she asked. "And when we get to the record store, and he sees you, will you put your arm around me and say, 'This is her Daddy's girl'?"

"Yes. Of course, dear."

"Because," Cathleen said drowsily, "it's a wee doubt I've had sometimes that he *might* not be believing me . . ."





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# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Pretty Elspeth Eric who plays the part of Joyce Jordan on CBS' Girl Interne, usually spends her week ends at the beach.

WHEN Elspeth Eric, known to radio listeners as "Joyce Jordan —Girl Interne," takes a day off from her Columbia network program (heard Mondays through Fridays at 12:00 noon) she spends it at the beach. The pretty radio actress cannot afford to take chances on an overdose of sunshine and is usually to be found under a yard wide hat which, by the way, we think is quite attractive.

Miss Eric studied at Bradford Academy and is a graduate of Wellesley College. She was one of the original members of "The Barnswallows" stock company there . . . first job was switchboard operator in a bank at the age of fourteen . . . salary was $7.00. After graduating from college, she worked as social secretary, clerk in a book store, and acted as hostess. Elspeth (which is the Scotch contraction of Elizabeth) started her stage career in the Woodstock Summer Theater and made her radio debut in New York in 1934.

Miss Eric is five feet three and one half inches, weighs 105 pounds, has fluffy blonde hair and blue eyes.

* * *

**Jean Ciliberti, Philadelphia, Penna.** —Bess Johnson was born in Keyser, W. Va. She is five feet nine and one half inches, weighs 135 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes.

**Mrs. R. Landers, Stratford, Ont., Canada**—Virginia Clark was born in Peoria, Illinois, October 29. Her family moved to Little Rock, Ark., where she attended school and then entered the University of Alabama. She majored in dramatics with the idea of becoming a famous actress. This desire prompted her to leave Alabama after a year and go to Chicago, where she studied at the Chicago School of Expression for three years. She completed her course and looked for a job for weeks until she was finally "allowed" to work on a local Chicago station for nothing. Several months later she received a salary of $15.00 a week. Success, as it sometimes does, knocked at Virginia's door when she won a local magazine contest for the most representative and popular radio actress in the Chicago area. As a result, she was auditioned for the part of Helen Trent in The Romance of Helen Trent and won, over seventy-seven competitors. Miss Clark has brown eyes, is five feet four and a half inches, weighs 125 pounds.

**James Rooker Myers, Baltimore, Md.** —Jessica Dragonette is not broadcasting now and we do not know whether she intends to return to the air in the near future or not.

Because of the many requests still coming in, I must repeat that we cannot furnish pictures of stars to our readers, since we do not have a service covering this.

## FAN CLUB SECTION

Persons wishing to join the Motion Picture Fan Club of America and clubs wishing to register, please communicate with Pat Mealie, President, 538 East 138th Street, New York City.

To my knowledge, no fan club has been organized for **Hal Kemp.** If I'm wrong, I'd appreciate word from our readers.

Florence C. Carroll, President of the **Enoch Light** Fan Club is anxious to increase its membership. If you're interested in joining, Miss Carroll may be reached at 34-50 43rd Street, Astoria, New York.

There *is* a **Kate Smith** Fan Club and Katherine Caruthers of 8502—89th Avenue, Woodhaven, New York, will be glad to furnish details to prospective members.

A **Joe Penner** Fan Club has now been organized and Sid Vousden, President, is anxious to build up its membership. Address Mr. Vousden, the Joe Penner Club, 34 Strathmore Boulevard, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

## Don't Give In to Motherhood

(*Continued from page 29*)

rescued Norman from a Gene Autry dive off the back of a divan; rushed out to interview a couple, cook and butler, who *might* be relied upon not to feed the babies fried pork chops when their mother was busy at the studio. And in the midst of all this, there was Joan, stoutly maintaining that "Mothers should not be too devoted to their babies!"

"The only way you can train yourself not to let all the little things drive you mad—is to keep on reminding yourself of all the millions of people in the world who *have been babies* and who have managed, quite successfully, to become adults!

"To be able to take your children casually and comfortably is not only good for you, it's good for them. I honestly believe it is as dull for the kids as it is for the mothers if we are with them all the time. Children may, and usually do, put up a howl if their mothers and fathers are going out. But actually, in their hearts, I think they like it.

"I know that Normie is never so flatteringly interested in us, so stimulated and merry, as when we are dressing to go out for dinner. And the next day he always asks us what we had to eat, who was there, was Jack Benny there, Tarzan, the Lone Ranger? Children are sensitive to atmosphere—and all children love gayety.

"Try it some time! Let the kids stick around while you're dressing to go out. Watch their bright, interested eyes. It will make you feel better about going!

MOTHERS should train themselves from the very beginning to be away every so often. It has to be according to each mother's circumstances, of course. For those of us who can afford it, I think we should go away one week-end in every six, starting when the baby is *one month old!* I think we should try to manage a two-week or month-long trip, at least, every year. It's only kindness on our part not to let the children get too dependent on us.

"Mothers who can't manage week-end excursions and long vacations should go to the movies once or twice a week, spend a day every now and then with a friend, while some trustworthy high school girl stays with the babies. And if they can't manage even that, let them take a walk around the block every night, stay out an hour or two, just walking around—just so they're away, just so they're *out!* For once you get the habit of staying with a child every instant, that habit gets you in a strangle hold from which at first you can't and then you don't want to escape.

"If it's humanly possible, every woman should have a career apart from her children, even if she doesn't have to earn money, even if she only goes to night-school to learn playwriting or flower-arranging. A mother who spends all her time with her children ends up by becoming not only a deadly bore to herself and to her husband, but a deadly bore to the children as well!

"My family might remark that I'm a fine one to talk," Joan admitted, "because I've been ridiculous at times.

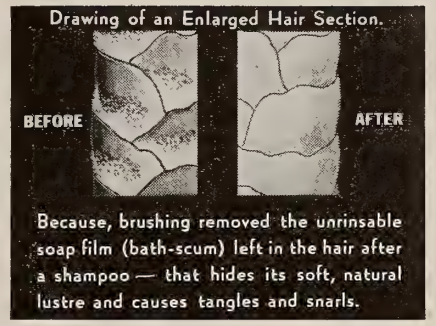

# How I got rid of DULL, MOUSEY HAIR



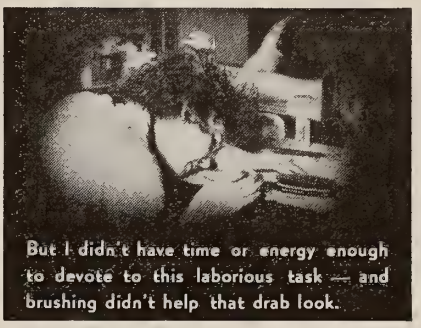
No matter, what I did — my hair looked terrible. It was always so dull, drab and lifeless, it seemed to affect my popularity.



I received the best advice from my favorite beautician, who told me; "hours of brushing would greatly improve your hair".



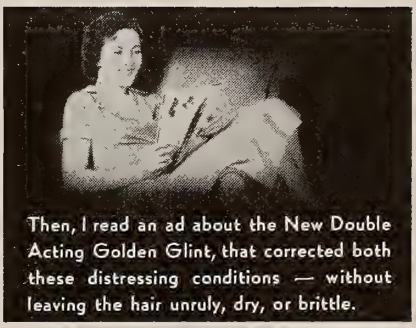

Because, brushing removed the unrinsable soap film (bath-scum) left in the hair after a shampoo — that hides its soft, natural lustre and causes tangles and snarls.



But I didn't have time or energy enough to devote to this laborious task — and brushing didn't help that drab look.



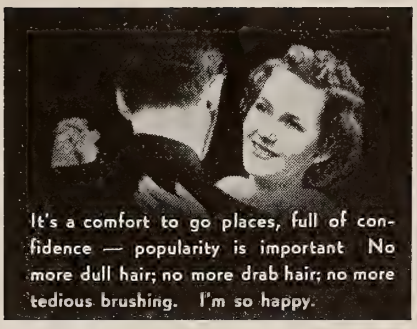
It seemed hopeless — when I heard that drab hair was a deficiency of color, all women experience after adolescence.



Then, I read an ad about the New Double Acting Golden Glint, that corrected both these distressing conditions — without leaving the hair unruly, dry, or brittle.



I decided to give this new product a try, because, it only cost a few cents and required only two minutes of my time.



It's a comfort to go places, full of confidence — popularity is important. No more dull hair; no more drab hair; no more tedious brushing. I'm so happy.

## ANN LAXTON . . . NEW YORK'S POPULAR MODEL SAYS

*"It's hard to describe the thrills listening to the compliments of my friends and photographers since I started using the New Golden Glint. My hair is now as soft and appealing and as easily managed as a baby's curls. It's so alive and radiant with millions of tiny multicolored highlights."*

No matter how dull, drab and lifeless your hair is, the same thrills of this popular art model may be yours. Because the new patented ingredients in the New Golden Glint gives this amazing new double action. It removes the dulling soap-scum left in the hair after a shampoo, revealing its natural gloss, and gives the hair a tiny brightening color which hides that drab, mousey look, in a shade best suited for your type. The New Golden Glint is now out in Six Shades; for Brunettes, Brownettes, Blondes, Auburn Shades, Silver Glints and Lustre Glints in glittering gold packages.

No other shampoo and rinse seemingly gives the New Golden Glint's revolutionary results. Approved by Good Housekeeping, it's at your drug, department and 10c stores. You too will thrill from cleaner, brighter, softer hair after using the New Improved and patented Golden Glint.

THE *New Improved* GOLDEN GLINT

THE HERO PINNED A MEDAL ON ME




There I stood—staring at the rows of medals on the General's chest—too dazzled to speak. Suddenly—"Can that be a package of Beeman's in your hand?" whispered the General. His smile outshone the medals when I managed to stammer, "Y-yes! Have a stick?"

"That flavor's refreshing as a cool shower after a hot march!" the General declared. "Snappy as a band on parade! Give me Beeman's every time for real pep and tang! Miss—you deserve a medal!" And he made me one then and there—out of Beeman's shiny foil!

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

I still am. But it only proves that I know how difficult the problem can be.

"For instance, I'd be at the studio. At least, there was the body, make-up and all. But I was *not* at the studio, not all of me. I was half there and half at home. I'd be studying my script and, more often than not, I'd be seeing the baby's formula instead of my lines, wondering whether the new nurse had remembered to decrease the water and increase the milk that morning.

"Or I'd be on the set and, between every take, I'd telephone the house and if I heard Ellen or Normie crying in the distance—then for the next three scenes all I'd hear would be that crying!

ON the set of 'Good Girls Go to Paris,' I had one scene, a long silent shot where I'm looking at Melvyn Douglas, reading a telegram as I gaze, registering *He really loves me*—and as this emotion overcomes me, the tears run down my face. Well, the tears ran down my face, all right. But I was thinking of the cook I'd had to fire that morning because she'd served Normie fried pork chops the day before. It was those darned pork chops, not Melvyn's studio passion for me, that were the tear-jerkers!

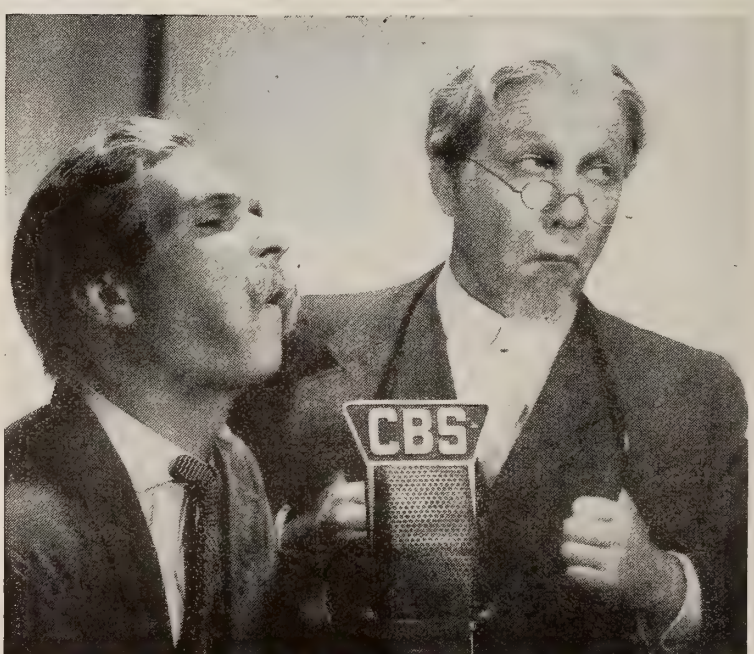
"It's been the same at home. Dick wants me to go to Honolulu with him. He says, and he's right, that while we're still young we should go places, travel. We keep *talking* about going, making plans to go, all the time putting it off because we'd be uncomfortable putting an ocean between ourselves and the children. And if we took them with us, it would mean taking a nurse along, plus about ten trunks for all their toys and paraphernalia. Being picture people, we'd have to stop at a good (and expensive) hotel, and with such a retinue it would mean taking a whole floor, until by the time we were through it would cost us a fortune to take the trip.

"Up to this summer, I've been away from Normie once, just *once*, for longer than three days. That was when Ellen was on her way and I went to Chicago with Dick while he made personal appearances. I was pretty much all right in the daytimes but oh, when night fell! Most young mothers will know what I mean when I say that *then* I began to suffer agonies! And the minute Dick was asleep I'd put the telephone under the bedclothes in my twin bed and call my mother here in Hollywood—she was staying with Normie while we were away. All the calls consisted of was me crying into the receiver and Mother saying, 'What's the matter with you? I haven't taken my eyes off Normie since you left. Do remember that I am his grandmother and that I love him as much as you do!'

"And when we got home there was Normie, all blissful and beaming and blooming, and I felt pretty silly, so silly that I'll never act so silly again. That incident gave Dick and me our great idea, as a matter of fact, for Dick asked Mother if she'd come and live with us and take charge of the babies. So I've solved my most pressing problem. I've won part of the Battle of the Babies. I'm going to win the rest of it this summer, too! It's going to feel like cutting off my right arm, but I'm convinced that it's the best thing for all of us! Dick and I are going to New York, to play in summer stock there, and to spend some time at Saratoga Springs."

So when you read, some time this summer—and I hope, for Joan's sake that she hasn't weakened and you *do* read it—about the Blondell-Powell appearance in an Eastern summer stock company, you'll know that it has a deeper significance than appears on the surface.

It will mean a good many things. That Joan is keeping her individuality as a person, and not letting it be submerged by the mother-instinct. That she is fighting—successfully—to retain her sense of proportion. But most important, that she is determined to let Norman and Ellen Powell grow up to be strong and independent, free of apron-strings, free of the cloying kind of affection. That, it seems to me, is well worth the doing.




Lum and Abner donned their "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" clothes in honor of their contract renewal for their CBS thrice-weekly show.

# WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

TEN MUSICAL MAIDS. . . . Here you have a half-hour of good entertainment every Friday night at 9:00 EDST over the CBC national chain by the first all-girl show ever to hit Canadian airwaves. In the group are the girls' vocal trio, Vida Guthrie, Doris Ord and Doris Scott, the two former doubling as a two-piano team; Blanche Willis, blues singer; the violin trio, Reva Ralston, Margaret Ingram, and Pauline Lewin; Muriel Donnellan, harpist; Kathleen Stokes, organist, and Marjorie (Midge) Ellis, hostess.

VIDA GUTHRIE . . . a very wide-awake young lady, who was born in 1909 at Kenora, Ontario, and came of a musical family . . . after a bit of high school and study at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Vida auditioned in 1920 at Saskatoon, Sask., and went to work in radio that year.

DORIS ORD . . . is a petite, brown-haired lassie with brown eyes . . . a Westerner of 23 years' standing . . . went on CKY, Winnipeg, at the age of eight . . . she started in radio after musical study at Toronto and London as staff pianist for WBB, Winnipeg . . . met Vida Guthrie in '34, and they teamed up on many's the commercial . . . staff artist at CJRC from '36 until she and Vida teamed up last year.

DORIS SCOTT . . . describes herself as a "singer of popular songs," which is rather modest for this little blonde lady with the distinctive manner of putting over a melody . . . Toronto-born, the year of the Armistice, she was educated at private schools, and started in radio at old CKNC on the "Gaiety and Romance" show in 1933 . . . first came to fame on the "Up to the Minute" series.

BLANCHE WILLIS . . . another Westerner, who was born in 1913 at Portage La Prairie, Manitoba . . . the blues singer of Ten Musical Maids . . . her mother was an organist and pianist and orchestral conductor; her father, who now manages a theater at Winnipeg, has produced a number of musical shows.

KATHLEEN STOKES . . . is one of Canada's best known peddle-pushers, from her solo and orchestral work in the heyday of vodvil at Shea's Theater, Toronto, where she had continued feature billing . . . theaters led her naturally to radio . . . did sustaining on CFRB, Toronto, from 1928 to 1933 . . . has played for BBC in England. . .

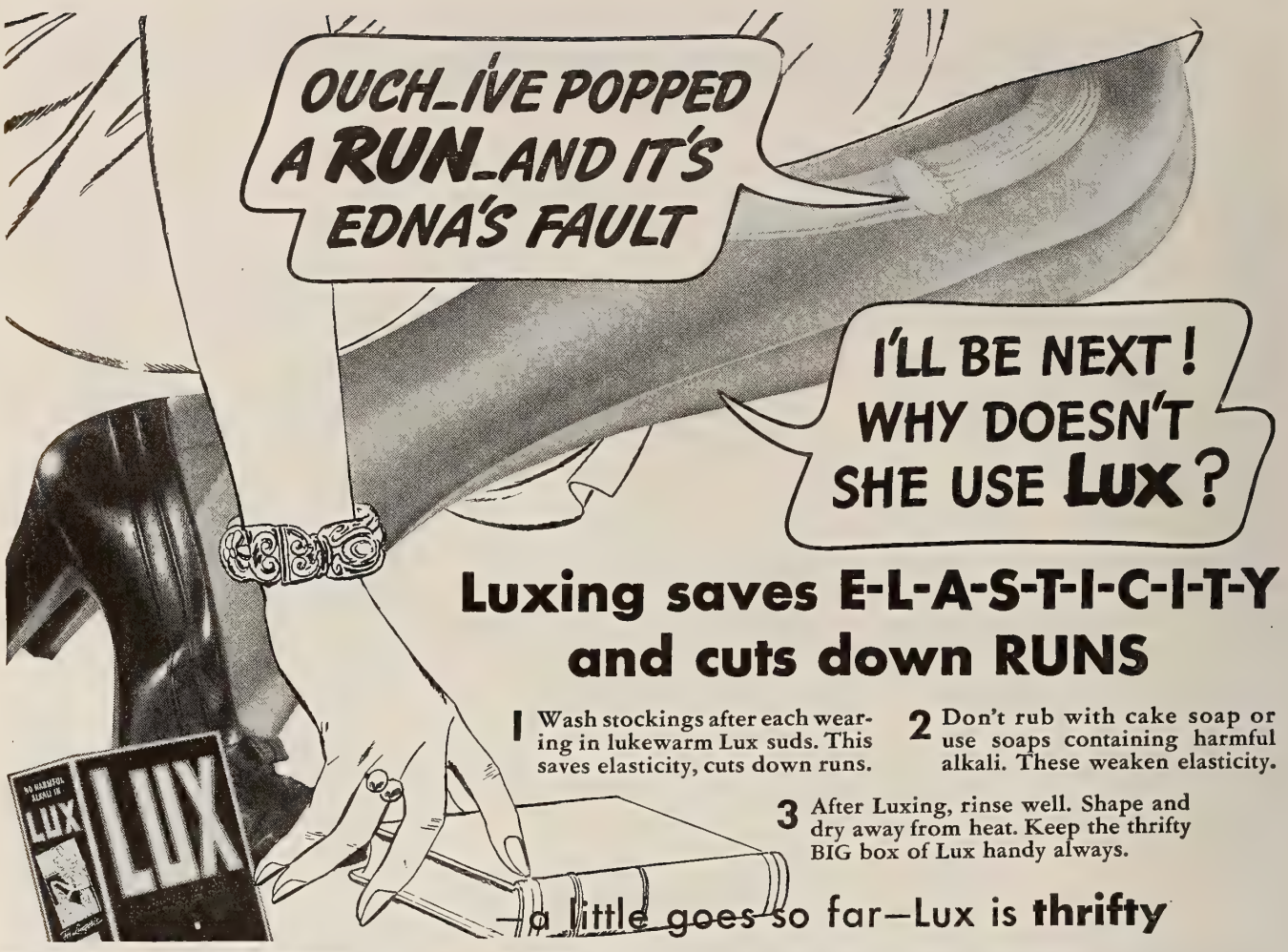
MURIEL DONNELLAN . . . the harpist of Ten Musical Maids . . . a Londoner by birth, she is another of the "Maids" who came of a musical family; both were pianists . . . her fifteen-year old son Billy is carrying on the tradition; critics say he has a real future as a violinist . . . broadcast for seven years with the well known Rex Battle ensemble from the Royal York Hotel to the NBC net . . . is first harpist with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and the Promenade Symphony Orchestra.

MARGARET INGRAM . . . of the violin trio. . . hails from another musical family . . . her sister plays the cello, one brother the trumpet, another brother the clarinet . . . she's a native of St. Thomas, Ontario, from twenty-four years back . . . is a newcomer to radio, as this is her first program . . . graduate of Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas.

PAULINE LEWIN . . . of the violin ditto . . . another blonde and blue-eyed Toronto lass of 19 summers . . . after high school in Windsor, Ontario, got into radio at Windsor with the Trowell String Quartet, doing weekly half-hours in 1935 for the CBC and Mutual chains.

MARJORY F. (MIDGE) ELLIS . . . the hostess of Ten Musical Maids, where her soft, soothing voice adds the last touch necessary to this all-girl program, and proves that Canada has some women radio announcers worthy of attention . . . Midge both sings and acts for radio . . . was born in Vancouver, B. C., in 1913.




Luxing saves E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y and cuts down RUNS

1 Wash stockings after each wearing in lukewarm Lux suds. This saves elasticity, cuts down runs.

2 Don't rub with cake soap or use soaps containing harmful alkali. These weaken elasticity.

3 After Luxing, rinse well. Shape and dry away from heat. Keep the thrifty BIG box of Lux handy always.

A little goes so far—Lux is thrifty

## Bing's Girl Friday

(*Continued from page 21*)

there are the facts.

And when you add to Pat's unprecedented success certain other facts, you have something even more remarkable. Because Pat's main interests in life, even now that she's a star, are her sorority house at the University of California at Los Angeles and her sisters in the bond of dear old Alpha Xi Delta. Her primary concern remains her college course in Home Economics. Her greatest bug-bear is her struggle with chemistry. Her greatest good time is cooking. She simply doesn't realize what it means to be famous.

IN short, that Friday night when Bing Crosby discovered her (yes, it was a Friday night—silly, the way truth out-gags fiction) he discovered a real natural, any way you look at it.

Friday, you see, is college night in Hollywood. Each week, after the evening fish has been duly gulped, hundreds of Southern California campus stags hustle out of their homes, hunt up their co-ed dates and descend in noisy herds to take over the better night spots, while the more sedate and possibly stuffy citizens of Hollywood hug their hearths to avoid being trampled in the collegiate rush. It was just luck that Bing Crosby happened to be at the Victor Hugo cafe the night Pat Friday stepped modestly up to the microphone there and nodded to band leader Griff Williams.

Now, the only reason Pat was there was because her sorority sisters made her go. Pat had a habit of leading the sisters in a few harmony sessions of sorority songs after chapter meeting on Monday nights, and she had taken a few singing lessons from a Los Angeles teacher named Adele Lambert, but other than that she didn't consider herself a singer.

Her sorority sisters, however, didn't hold with any of this "born to blush unseen" stuff. They thought Pat was good, and so when they heard of Griff Williams' talent contest at the Victor Hugo it was, "Pledge Friday, get over there and do your stuff—and no back-talk—or you know what!" Pat knew what, so she went—and of course she won, although all the ambitious collegiate crooners, hoofers and gobble-pipe players of U. C. L. A., U. S. C. and Loyola were in there pitching.

She also talked to Mr. Bing Crosby, who said he liked her voice, but while this was very pleasant it didn't console Pat any for having to give up the prize the Victor Hugo offered its contest winner. Said prize was a two-week engagement in the Cafe, which Pat couldn't accept because she was under age.

Bing Crosby has never before made a practice of demanding or even requesting talent on his Music Hall show. He's always left the hiring and firing to the advertising agency and the producer. As far as he has ever gone in dictating the personnel has been to say to his bosses, "I saw a good act at such-and-such a place the other night. You might look it over for the show." Something as casual as that.

But with Pat Friday, Bing knew he was right. So he broke his rule of non-interference and went to bat for his discovery. The agency wasn't so sure, especially when Pat's family lawyer stood up for a sizable check. Pat didn't need the money, he said, and if the Music Hall wanted her they'd have to make it worth while. This was when they first considered her for a guest spot only. It might have come to nothing at all. But Bing stepped up. "Get her on," he advised. "If she's as good as I think she is, you won't mind paying her the money!" Bing never spoke truer words.

NOT only is the advertising agency which produces the Music Hall glad to make out Pat's weekly check, but more than one Hollywood movie company yearns to do likewise. Yearns, be it remarked, quite fruitlessly.

Not long after Pat's debut on the air, a major studio executive whose underlings had been trying frantically to reach her and talk contract, hied himself over in person to the NBC air temple and invaded Kraft rehearsals. Luring Pat ouside into the hall, he inquired, somewhat exasperated, why in the world she hadn't called at the studio in response to his many summonses?

"Oh," replied Pat Friday, wide-eyed and serious, "I couldn't. I was taking my chemistry exam!"

And anyway, movies are absolutely out, as far as Pat is concerned. Radio fits in well enough with her plans for the future, mainly because next fall when she's eighteen, she can drive a car back and forth from Westwood to rehearsals. If she couldn't, radio might well lose out because with Pat, school comes first.

THAT decision—the one concerning movies—is very typical of the Friday character. Pat's mother is a widow, who has worked for sixteen years in the administrative offices of the Los Angeles Board of Education. I haven't met her, but from knowing Pat I can be sure that she knows how to bring up a growing girl to be level-headed as well as charming.

Pat maintains a good C-plus average in college, but last term a final exam caught up with her and she flunked chemistry. It seared her soul. This term she took no chances. Before the importance of finals, even her Kraft singing debut dwindled into comparative unimportance. She had an eight o'clock final in French on the morning of her first air date. She stayed up all Wednesday night and crammed, took the quiz Thursday morning, rehearsed in the afternoon and faced that awful coast-to-coast mike without a chance for even a nap.

Fortunately for Pat, she's young, healthy, and has no nerves. Her music teacher got nervous indigestion and had to go to bed, but outside of a nosebleed twenty minutes before the red light, Pat went on cool as a cucumber. With Pat so extremely mike-green, everybody was pretty anxious about her ability to handle her dialogue and when, after her singing spot, they saw her toss away her script, the control room gang fainted dead away.

But when Pat Friday realized what she had done she didn't waste a second or turn a hair. What she did was snatch Bing Crosby's own script out of his amazed fingers and make Bing read over her shoulder! The Kraft Music Hall gang aren't worried much about Pat Friday any more. They figure a girl who can think that fast before a mike on her first time out is panic-proof and fluff-proof for keeps. And they figure further from the telegrams and letters that have poured in raving about Pat that she is worth considering for keeps, too.

Incidentally, there's an amusing sidelight to Pat's radio hit which you'll very likely never hear about from the gentleman in question—Rudy Vallee. Rudy prides himself—and rightly—on his ability to pick new talent. But in Pat's case he really missed the boat.

Because, before Bing could get around to using Pat on a guest spot, Rudy, whose program is staged by the same agency, jerked her out of a classroom one day and auditioned her for his show. She sang "I Surrender, Dear," and when it was over Rudy shook his head. He said it was very nice, but Pat sounded entirely too much like Kate Smith.

As a matter of fact, Pat's voice travels in just about the same register as Kate's, but right there the resemblance stops.

Pat Friday is petite, five feet two, eyes of blue—only she insists they're gray. Her hair is ash blonde, unretouched, and she swears it is mousey. Her figure is on the stocky side, her face is round and full. She uses no make-up and goes in for typically collegiate clothes—tweeds, little round felt hats, sweaters and skirts, and snoods.

She likes the boys—says she falls in and out of love every week—but thinks they're really only worth while "as a means of getting around—as yet." She thinks her stout legs are much too big. But the future will take care of a lot of things like that.

In the midst of her radio fame, she still intends to finish her college course and get a teaching degree. Right now, she'd much rather be the head of Alpha Xi Delta or president of her class than the number-one attraction on the air.

SHE spent her first Kraft check for a fancy pearl sorority pin. And after her debut show, all the sisters having listened in, Pat sped out to the campus, lugging her big basket of Kraft cheese, dashed into the sorority house kitchen and started whipping up a mess for a celebration midnight feed with the girls. That's still her idea of Heaven.

In fact, there's only one big tragedy in Pat's life today. That's the fact that she's no longer a guest star on the Kraft Music Hall.

Guests all get a mammoth complimentary basket of assorted cheeses. Pat still sighs with wistful longing when she thinks of the things she did with that cheese in the kitchen. All those souffles, soups, and tasty tid-bits she whipped up.

"But now that I'm a regular member of the show," wails Pat, "all I get is a check. No more nice cheese."

It's really quite sad.





N.R.G. is energy—the pep and power to get going and keep going at work or play.

Baby Ruth—the big, pure, delicious candy bar is rich in food-energy because it's rich in Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Enjoy a bar of Baby Ruth today—and every day. It's fine candy and fine *food!*

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

RICH IN DEXTROSE
FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR



*Fragrance that Stirs* MEN'S PULSES!

Hearts beat faster, pulses throb, when you wear Park & Tilford's No. 3 Perfume! Exotic... provocative... this mystic fragrance whispers *"Love"*. Make its magic your own, *tonight!* At drug, dept., ten-cent stores.

Wake up the beauty of your complexion. Park & Tilford "texture of youth" Face Powder is vacuum-sifted, blends with your skin! Park & Tilford Rouge and Lipstick come in harmonizing shades! Guard daintiness with double-acting Park & Tilford *liquid* Perfumed Deodorant!



10¢ 25¢ $1.00

*Other famous Park & Tilford odeurs: Lilac; Gardenia; Adventure; No. 12; and Cherish.*

PARK & TILFORD *No. 3 Perfume*

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY

## Hollywood Radio Whispers

(*Continued from page 4*)

Bald-headed Lud Gludskin, music maestro of the Dick Powell show, isn't satisfied to take orders in person from his boss, Tiny Ruffner, so the bandleader built a new home right next door to Ruffner's house—where Tiny can shout his orders from window to window!

* * *

Dick Powell, who has tried his hand at everything, is now going into the oil business. Dick bought 500 acres of oil property in Texas—and is spending the summer there watching the gushers bring in his "black gold."

* * *

Ray Noble, the English band leader, is playing in the wilderness of Denver, at Eilitch's Gardens.

* * *

Jackie Cooper plans a "first shave party," wherein a selected group of young friends will witness the ceremonies attendant upon Jackie's shaving his first beard. His "Clambake Cats" orchestra will devote a musical selection to the party, entitled: "I've Got You Under My Chin."

* * *

Outside of composing and improvising odd musical numbers, Alec Templeton's pet recreation is swimming. He can be found at the beach or some private pool in practically every spare moment. Alec is a fine swimmer in spite of his blindness.

* * *

I think Bob Hope should be sharply criticized for declaring he intends to adopt a British baby boy, during his vacation in London. Must we remind Bob that "charity begins at home?"

* * *

Una Merkel is limping around these days because of a bad bruise sustained falling down a flight of steps while carrying a pail of water to fill her bird bath.

* * *

Scared out of a year's growth by a school of whales playing peek-aboo with their boat "Moonglow" during a recent cruise off San Clemente, Frances Langford and Jon Hall relate a harrowing story of a narrow escape from disaster when one of the playful whales almost sideswiped the boat.

* * *

Betty Jane Rhodes, "The First Lady of Television," recently won a fine compliment from Darryl Zanuck, headman of Fox films. Zanuck declared, after hearing her sing, that she was the most promising young starlet in Hollywood—and he personally was going to see to it that she got a break in big time pictures!

* * *

With Jimmie Fidler off the air for a short summer vacation, Hollywood will have to take its heart-to-heart talks from your reporter; and does Hollywood burn while we're on the air—and is it fun!

* * *

Maxine Gray, one-time Hal Kemp singer, has the unusual distinction of having appeared on television programs on both coasts. Maxine, a regular feature of the Don Lee telecasts in Hollywood, was signed by RCA to feature in a series of dramatic shows in Eastern television programs. Maxine and Tommy Lee, headman of Don Lee, are said to be preacher material!

* * *

Lum and Abner have still not signed for a motion picture, but four different studios are bidding for their services. Before they'll sign, the radio characters want to see a finished script. To appear in the wrong film might end their careers as radio comics, say they wisely.

* * *

When Kay St. Germain, the singing star, returned from New York where she has been appearing in a radio show, she told her pals at NBC about two girls she met in New York who were really grand persons and with whom she enjoyed many delightful parties. They were socialites Cobina Wright, Jr., and glamour-deb Brenda Frazier. In fact, Kay passed up a nice trip to Europe as the guest of Cobina Wright, just because of her work in Hollywood.

* * *

When Jack Benny left for his vacation, the NBC telephone operator at Hollywood Radio City received an urgent call from a Los Angeles woman who demanded the address of the Bennys' Beverly Hills home. It seems she wanted to take care of

Charmichael, Jack's polar bear, while they were vacationing.

* * *

Hero worship doesn't exist just among youngsters, but stars have their heroes, too. Donald Dickson, star baritone of the Charlie McCarthy hour, is one of Hollywood's most ardent hero worshippers and the object of his idealism is none other than Lawrence Tibbett. Dickson never missed a broadcast of "The Circle," which starred Tibbett, and even though he watched the broadcast from the glass enclosed client's booth after Tibbett's numbers, Dickson would applaud wildly!

* * *

Pat Friday is one radioite that comes to work on the street car. In San Francisco or New York, this wouldn't be such a novelty, but in Los Angeles it is. The pert U. C. L. A. sophomore whose vocals are being featured on Bing Crosby's show, lives in Westwood and travels to the studios via car and bus!

* * *

Backstage at the CBS Playhouse, in Hollywood, any Friday afternoon you'll find Johnny Mack Brown, a native of Dotham, Alabama, and a true son of the south, practicing and trying to develop a southern accent. Strangely enough, Johnny, who is starred in the radio series, Under Western Skies, got the part primarily because of the accent, which he is supposed to have. Producers didn't know, however, that Johnny has been taking diction lessons for the past six months, trying to rid himself of the accent for a film role. He did such a good job of it, that it's taking plenty of study to get back the accent for his weekly broadcasts.

* * *

## NEW YORK TO HOLLYWOOD NOTES

Jerry Danzig, popular WOR special events man and station executive, is writing for motion pictures on the side. . . . Fred Weber, headman of the rapidly growing Mutual Network, will have travelled ten thousand miles by air upon the completion of his next trip to Hollywood. On radio business, Weber flies to Washington, Chicago and other points every week. . . . Benay Venuta is still one of radio's oldest and best song stylists! . . . Is Leon Janney, the new CBS radio star, married to Wilma Francis, New York show girl?

* * *

TAKE A BOO:

*Clem McCarthy* for your too-breathless race calls. *Bob Hope* for being such a highhat. *Edgar Bergen* for allowing yourself to put on SO much weight—what will Charlie's fans think?

* * *

TAKE A BOW:

*Walter Winchell,* for sticking strictly to politics in your broadcasts—almost every other item is political. *Willet Brown* for presenting "foundlings" to a radio audience. *Cecil De Mille* for conducting the best dramatic shows on the air!

Artie Shaw, the lucky stiff, made himself one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for his picture, "Dancing Co-ed!"

* * *

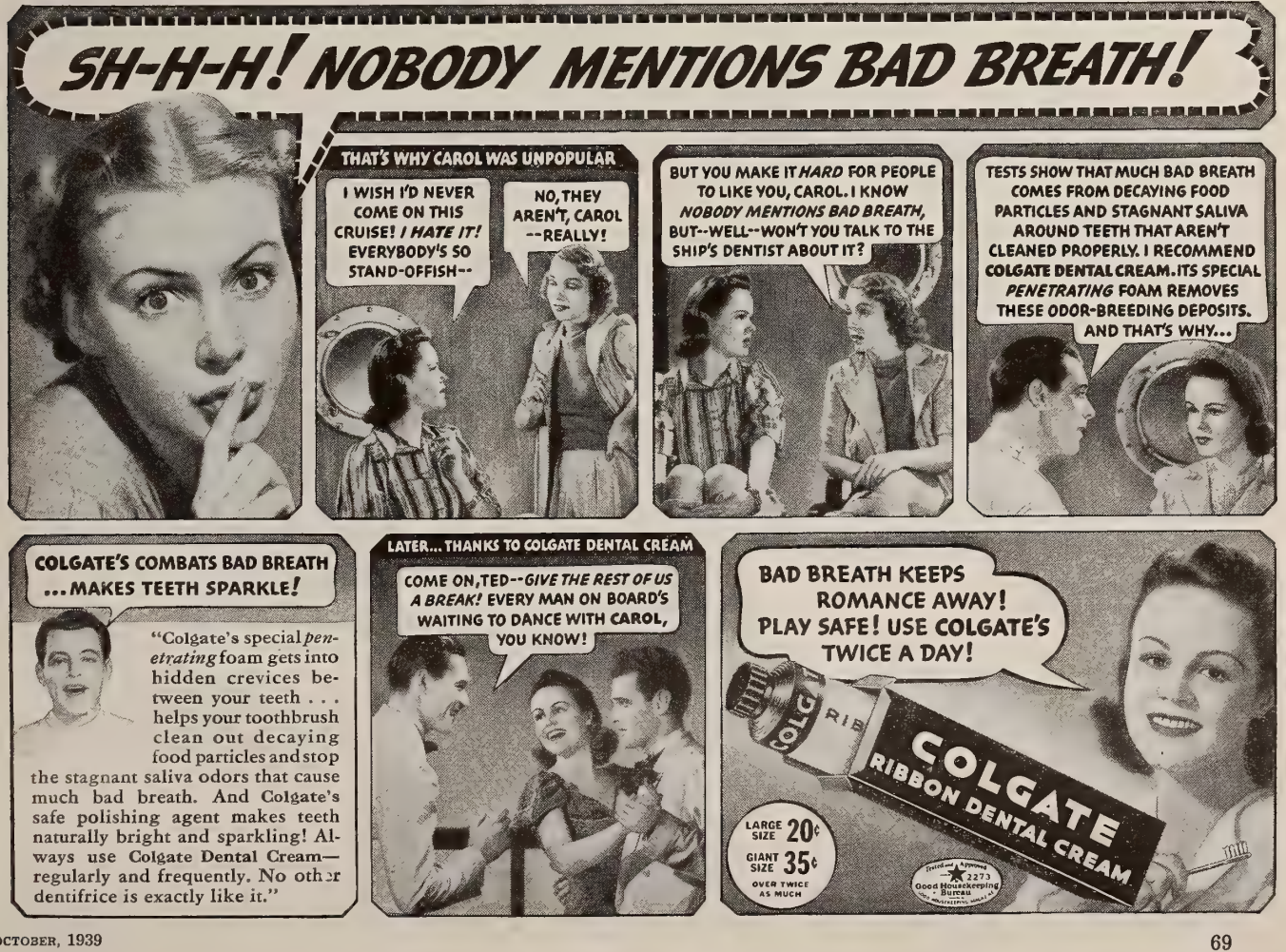
Barbara Stanwyck deserves a heart salute! On the weekend that she had planned to start her honeymoon, Barbara gave up her time to make a guest appearance on the Children's Home Society for Foundlings Hour, titled: "Nobody's Children" over Mutual. Barbara not only appeared on the show, but placed one of the children in a film home as well.

* * *

Who would be the ideal "date" among the Hollywood radio and film stars? If left up to the mannequins and models of Los Angeles, Dick Powell would be their favorite escort. Marie Chapelle, one of Hollywood's fairest models, recently presented Powell with a certificate naming him the favorite "boy friend" of more than 35 filmland mannequins. Clark Gable was second choice, and Charles Boyer, third.

* * *

You can expect to hear at least a half dozen new film stars on the radio this fall. Newcomers who are springing to stardom overnight, are being paged by the radio agencies for fall dramatic shows. In the lineup you may well hear Kane Richmond, 20th Century Fox star, whose last screen appearance was in "Return of the Cisco Kid." Other hits are Mary Healy and John Payne.

# HAZEL-EYED GIRLS, LIKE GLORIA STUART

## win exciting new beauty with MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP!




**Harmonizing Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, *Keyed to the Color of Your Eyes!***

My, what it *does* for a girl—this wonderful discovery by the makers of Marvelous! They studied women of every age and coloring and found that *eye* color is related to the color of your skin, your hair—that eye color is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that are *right* for you.

So now, whether your eyes are blue, brown, hazel or gray—the makers of Marvelous have blended cosmetics in correct color harmony to flatter your natural coloring. They have created matching powder, rouge and lipstick for you, keyed to the color of *your* eyes!

You'll adore the smooth, suede-like finish which Marvelous Powder gives your skin . . . the soft, *natural* glow of your Marvelous Rouge . . . the lovely, *long-lasting* color of Marvelous Lipstick. You can buy each separately, of course (harmonizing Mascara and Eye Shadow, too), but for *perfect color harmony*, use them together. At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each (65¢ in Canada).

**Send for sample Makeup Kit**—*mail coupon today for generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick in the shades that are* right *for you!*




MARVELOUS
MATCHED MAKEUP
KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!
*by Richard Hudnut*

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City
My eyes are Hazel ☐ Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Gray ☐
Send me my Makeup Kit. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name_____

Street_____ City_____

MF-1039


## Wife Against Mother

(*Continued from page* 20)

I didn't really want to leave my mother. That's ridiculous, of course—I begged Gladys to marry me for months before she'd consent, and I never had any intention of leaving mother. But she gets so intense and excited, I'm afraid to be too insistent. I'm afraid she might—"

He stopped. I knew what he meant. He meant that she might make another attempt on her life.

"Can't your wife talk to her?" I asked, but he shook his head.

MOTHER refuses to see Gladys. I've tried—Miss Adams, it comes down to this. Mother wants me to ask Gladys for a divorce."

"Oh, no!" I cried in quick horror. "You mustn't do that!"

"Of course I won't," he answered. "But—but Gladys and I can't go along the way we have been for the last two years, either. I've got to consider her, too. She has a right to a home, not the miserable little apartment downtown where she lives now. All this time she's been a good sport, using her maiden name, risking her reputation because we were seen together too much. Now she's getting tired of it, and I don't blame her. We—we aren't like a husband and wife any more—we're like two strangers who don't even like each other very much. If Mother doesn't acknowledge Gladys soon, I'm afraid—I'm afraid our marriage will go on the rocks."

He wasn't asking for sympathy; he didn't want it. But I could see how miserable he was, torn between two deep loyalties, two loves that he couldn't reconcile.

"I'll try," I promised. "I'll see what I can do."

But it wouldn't be easy, I found out that evening.

Donald had gone out, after a dinner which he shared with his mother in her room. Whether or not he was with Gladys I don't know—but certainly Mrs. Gray must have thought he was. She was nervous and restless as she sat in her chair by the fireplace, asking me to read to her and then stopping me in the middle of a chapter, beginning to talk and then falling suddenly silent. Outside a cold wind off the lake howled around the house, and she shivered, although the room was quite warm.

"I hate winter," she fretted. "This is the first winter Donald and I have ever spent in Chicago—usually we go south. But Donald felt this year that business conditions were too bad for him to leave. . . . Of course," she added after a barely perceptible pause, "I know now that wasn't the real reason."

I hesitated. This, if I dared take it, was the opening I had been waiting for. I drew a deep breath and said:

"You know, Mrs. Gray, I met your daughter-in-law."

Instantly, her pretty, soft face changed its expression, became flushed and angry. "She's been here?" she asked.

"Oh yes. She seems like a very charming young girl."

"Indeed? I'm sorry I can't agree, Miss Adams. I simply can't approve of her action in marrying Donald, secretly, behind my back. If they had only told me, come to me for my advice and help, instead of being so—so furtive! And I blame her for it entirely."

"But, Mrs. Adams, isn't it possible that Donald kept it a secret himself, just *because* he was afraid of hurting you?" I didn't dare tell her that I had talked to Donald—her overwrought nerves would immediately accuse him of disloyalty.

She shook her head decisively. "No, my dear, that's not the reason. Of course Gladys knew I would not approve of Donald marrying her, so she persuaded him to keep it a secret."

THERE was simply no arguing with her. In all other ways Mrs. Gray was kind, tolerant, thoughtful of others, but in anything concerning her son she became illogical and selfish and as hard as rock.

She must have seen something of my thoughts in my face, for she said in a softer tone, "It must be difficult for you, a young woman, to realize how I feel. But, Miss Adams—let me tell you something. Twenty years ago, when Donald was only a little boy, Mr. Gray was killed in a traffic accident. Since then, Donald has been my whole life, my only reason for living. Nothing else has meant anything to me. Every plan I've made, has been

made for him. I wanted him to marry, of course—but not so soon! Haven't I the right to expect a few more years of love and affection from him, now that he's grown up?"

She was almost convincing. Her reasoning was false, but her unhappiness was terribly real. No matter what her faults, she was suffering. I couldn't add to that suffering, just then, by saying any more.

But the next afternoon, as two events came one on the heels of the other, the whole intolerable situation was brought swiftly to a head. The first event was Gladys' visit.

DONALD was upstairs with his mother, and I was sitting in the living room when she arrived. I simply looked up, to see her standing in the doorway, pale and small, yet furiously determined.

"Why—hello, Mrs. Gray," I said startled.

"Don't you call me Mrs. Gray!" she snapped. "Call me Miss Watson, or Gladys, or anything—but not Mrs. Gray. I'm so sick of that mockery I could die! . . . I suppose Donald is upstairs with his mother?"

"Why . . . yes. I'll tell him you're here if you—"

"Don't bother," she interrupted. "I'm going up there."

"I wouldn't do that," I said gently. "It wouldn't be wise, right now."

"She's as strong as I am," Gladys laughed shortly. "I think she's just pretending to be sick, to get Donald's sympathy. And it seems to me I'm entitled to a little sympathy myself. I'm married to Donald—but all I get is the consideration you'd give an old shoe."

"Gladys!"

Neither of us had heard Donald come into the room.

She whirled to face him, and visibly made an effort to regain her poise. "I'm sorry, Donald. I—I didn't know what I was saying."

He came farther into the room, running his hand through his already rumpled hair. "I know," he said heavily. "Sometimes I think nobody in this family—except Miss Adams—knows what he's saying."

"Donald," Gladys said in a soft, determined voice. "I came here this afternoon to see your mother. I wanted to tell her that she's ruining your life—making you into a molly-coddle, a weakling. But somehow I don't think that would do any good. I'll tell *you* something, instead."

"We've been through all this before, Gladys—can't you wait a while?"

"I've waited two years, Donald. Two years, with only half a husband. Now I'm not waiting any longer. You must tell your mother that I'm coming to this house, to live as your wife. And you must tell her that today."

The words were brave enough, but there was a suspicious quiver behind them, the brightness of tears in her eyes. Gladys Gray wasn't by any means the strong-willed young lady she was trying to seem; she was driving herself to this bitter scene.

"But—I can't, Gladys!" Donald protested. "At least, not—not today. Of course, I see that something has to be done. But Mother still isn't well, and—and I haven't figured out exactly what I can say to her—maybe, tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow! For two years that's the only word I've heard. I've gone to sleep with it pounding through my brain. But—tomorrow never comes, Donald! Not with you. Because you're afraid!"

"It isn't a matter of being afraid—" he began.

She walked to the door, silently. Then, her hand on the knob, she turned. "I'm sorry," she said. "But it still goes. You must tell your mother—*today*—that I'm coming here to live. Or I won't be your wife any more."

"Gladys! Perhaps if we saw her together!—"

"If you want me, you'll know where to reach me."

He would have followed her into the hall, but I held him back.

It was with a heavy heart that I left Donald and went back upstairs to my patient. If I could only find the words to show Mrs. Gray the mistake she was making!

Mrs. Gray was sitting up, beside the window, looking out into the early winter twilight. She must have seen Gladys go out, but as I came in she only turned and smiled. "Will you get me a handkerchief from my dresser drawer, my dear?" she asked.

BUT the dresser had no handkerchiefs in it, and she directed me to a smaller cabinet in her bathroom. There I found the handkerchiefs—and beneath them, tucked away into an inconspicuous corner, eight white tablets!

Eight sleeping tablets, hidden away out of sight. As nearly as we could tell, thirteen tablets had been missing from the bottle in Mrs. Gray's medicine chest on the day the doctor and I were summoned. But—here

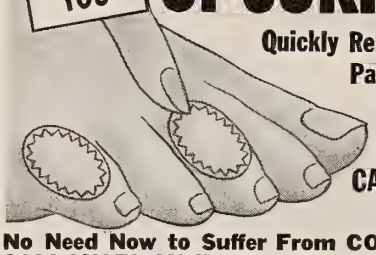


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were eight. They could mean only one thing: she had only pretended to attempt suicide. She had swallowed five tablets, and hidden the other eight.

For what seemed like hours I held the eight innocent-seeming white pills in my hand, trying to think. Should I confront Mrs. Gray with my knowledge of her deception? A cruel course, but perhaps justified. Or—even more cruel—should I betray her to Donald?

And then, out of nowhere—instinct, intuition, perhaps, came the knowledge that I need do neither. That I *could* find words to speak to her—because I must!

Composing my face into the nurse's impersonal mask, I hurried back into Mrs. Gray's room. "Here's the handkerchief," I said. "I had a little trouble finding it."

Normally, I should have gone on moving about the room, just then, doing all the dozens of little things that are part of a nurse's duties. Instead, I sat down near Mrs. Gray.

"Do you mind if I talk to you a little?" I asked her. "I'm—you see, I'm a little worried about my brother and sister."

HER face, which could be so kind and gentle when she was not thinking of Gladys, brightened with interest. "Are you, my dear? Won't you tell me?"

"They're both younger than I—much younger," I explained. "And since Mother died I've tried to be both father and mother to them."

"That must have been quite a responsibility for you," she suggested.

"Well . . . perhaps not such a responsibility as I'm apt to imagine at times. But I've tried so hard to make up for—not having Mother. And, if you'd known Mother, you'd see how hard it would be to take her place."

She followed my lead perfectly. "She must have been a fine woman."

"Oh, she was more than that," I said eagerly. "Her greatest happiness was in her home and her family."

"Of course," Mrs. Gray said approvingly. "That's every mother's greatest happiness."

"I think so," I agreed. "But my mother seemed to have a little different viewpoint when it came to her own family. It was never what we could do for her—it was always what she could do for us that brought her the most happiness, the most contentment. She never expected duty from her children. She believed that after a child had reached maturity he owed something to society—as a member of a family, I mean. You see, her idea of a family was a never-ending circle. Death—yes, death made one person or another drop out of the circle, but there were others that were constantly coming in—grandchildren and great-grandchildren, to take their places. . . . Oh, how she used to wish for the day she could spread a white tablecloth, not for herself, not for her three children, and my father—but for her children's children."

She had listened silently, patiently. I could not tell from her face whether or not my words had meant anything to her in her own problem. Now she asked, in a dubious voice: "You really believe that, Miss Adams?"

"I must believe it—because I know I had the kind of parents who never lived for themselves. I wouldn't have the fine memories of them that I have today, if they'd thought that I owed them everything—that because they'd brought me into the world I still didn't have a life of my own to lead—the right to marry and to raise my own family. . . ."

The steady, intelligent gaze of those blue eyes flickered for only a moment, but it was enough to tell me that she read and understood the message I was trying to give her—that the only way to secure your children's love was not to demand it. Strangely, with that knowledge, I lost the assurance that had carried me along so far. "I—I hope I'm not boring you with all this talk of my own family—I'm sorry—" I faltered.

"No, Miss Adams, you're not boring me," she said. "You think I'm a foolish, possessive woman, don't you?"

"No! I don't think that at all!" I cried. "I think you are unhappy—because you're making yourself so, neednessly."

"I see. . . . " She paused, and in the silence, I felt my heart begin to pound. I guessed what her next words would be, and I dreaded answering them—dreaded it because I hated to hurt her. She said: "Tell me, my dear—did you find anything else in that drawer, when you went after the handkerchief?"

I dropped my eyes. "Yes, Mrs. Gray," I said.

She sighed. "I thought so. I forgot I had put them there. And when you were gone so long, I remembered, and I was sure you had found them. I—" Her knuckles, where she clutched the handkerchief I had brought her, were white. "I began, then, seeing myself as you must see me. And it wasn't a pretty sight."

I didn't answer, and for a long time we sat in silence.

WOULD she never speak? A log fell with a sharp crack in the fireplace; a spatter of sleet blew against the window. And then a thin, blue-veined hand touched mine.

She was smiling when I looked up. "Miss Adams, I am more grateful to you than I can ever say. But will you do one more thing for me? Will you call—my daughter-in-law and ask her to come here, this evening, for dinner? And—tell her I hope I can persuade her to move into this house, to live?"

"Oh, Mrs. Gray—I'll be so glad to!"

"You know," she said, "I think being a grandmother might be nice

It would have been pleasant to stay that evening for dinner, as Mrs. Gray wanted me to, and see those three faces I had grown to like and respect looking upon each other with love instead of jealousy. But, somehow, I I knew that I would be the extra, unneeded guest at that table, so I slipped out of the house, a few minutes before Gladys was due to arrive.

I walked down the cold, wintry street, leaving the warmth of the Gray mansion behind me. But I felt neither lonely nor cold. My heart was dancing for joy inside me.

At the corner, I turned and looked back. A taxi stopped in front of the house just then, and a girl's slim, small figure got out and went running up toward the open front door.

*Next month, an intimate word-portrait of the woman who writes not only the Woman in White radio dramas, but The Guiding Light and The Road of Life programs as well—Irna Phillips, one of radio's most remarkable personalities.*

## Comedy Cavalcade

(*Continued from page 37*)

*minute Snooks tries a new track.*)

SNOOKS: Daddy, I'll go away if you'll buy me an ice cream cone.

DADDY: You can't have any ice cream cones. I can't afford it.

SNOOKS: Ain't you rich, Daddy?

DADDY: No—I'm not rich. That is, not in cash—but I'm wealthy in other things, I guess. . . . Oh, my head!

SNOOKS: What are you wealthy in?

DADDY: Well, I have your mother, and you, and your baby sister. I place a great value on all of you.

SNOOKS: How much?

DADDY: Oh, I don't know. I guess I rate you at a million dollars, your mother at a million and—and the baby at half a million.

SNOOKS: Oh. Daddy?

DADDY: What?

SNOOKS: Sell the baby and buy me an ice cream cone!

(*Practical little thing, isn't she?*)

DADDY: Listen, Snooks, you're old enough to learn not to ask for so many things, and to give a little more.

SNOOKS: Give what, Daddy?

DADDY: Well, for instance, you have a lot of toys. Only last month you got that great big doll for a present.

SNOOKS: You mean the one that Uncle Louie sent me?

DADDY: Yes. And that poor little Smith girl down the street has no toys, and no Uncle Louie to send her any. Now, wouldn't you like to give her that doll?

SNOOKS: No.

DADDY: Well, what would you like to give her?

SNOOKS: Uncle Louie!

(*Daddy knows darn well he'll get no peace until he gives in, but he goes stubbornly on:*)

DADDY: Oh, Snooks, I'm afraid you're not imbued with the spirit of charity. I want you to be kind, and generous.

SNOOKS: Uh-huh.

DADDY: You'll be much happier, too. You'll learn what a wonderful thrill there is in giving—much greater than in receiving.

SNOOKS: Uh-huh.

DADDY: Do you know why I'm telling you all these things?

SNOOKS: Yes, Daddy. 'Cause you don't want to buy me the ice cream cone!

DADDY: That's not it at all! I thought maybe you'd remember that Monday is my birthday, and—and you might buy me a little present.

SNOOKS: Awight, Daddy. I'll see how much money I got in my little Piggie Bank.

DADDY (*Groaning.*): Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Oohh. . . . Thank heaven. Now maybe I'll get some rest.

(*The dope. He knows he'll get no rest while Snooks is in the room. Pretty soon we hear the sound of hammering, and Daddy yells:*)

DADDY: Snooks! What's that noise!

SNOOKS: I lost the key to my bank and I gotta break it open (*She goes right on hammering.*)

DADDY: Ooohh! Please stop!

(*The hammering stops.*)

SNOOKS: I got it open now, Daddy.

DADDY: Good. Now leave me alone.

SNOOKS: Awight. . . . You know what I'm gonna buy you for your birthday?

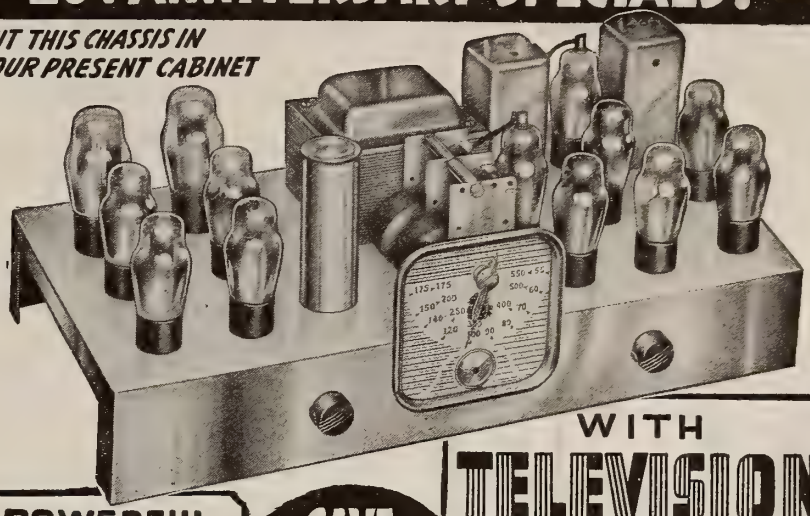
DADDY: No—what?

SNOOKS: A new watch.

DADDY: That's foolish, Snooks. I've


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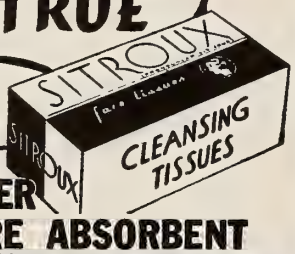
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already got a very fine watch.

SNOOKS: No you ain't, Daddy.

DADDY (*Suddenly full of a horrible suspicion.*): Why do you say that?

SNOOKS: 'Cause I just used it to break open my bank!

(*And what happens after that? You're right—Snooks gets spanked and leaves the stage crying—while Eddie steps up to introduce his next guest.*)

EDDIE: You know, folks, it's always a real thrill to see a young comedian come along and quickly win his place in the public's affection. After all, fellows like Jack Benny and myself can't last forever. At least Benny can't.—It gives me great pleasure to bring you Bob Hope!

(*The orchestra swings into "Thanks for the Memory" as Bob enters.*)

BOB: Thank you very much, Eddie. I'm very happy to be here—Eddie Cantor, Burns and Allen . . . isn't this a great show—I mean up to now?

We've been having wonderful weather here in Hollywood lately. Of course, we had a slight washout today—I wouldn't say it rained *hard.* But they're thinking of putting a saucer under the Hollywood Bowl! It never rains in California . . . occasionally the orange juice overflows. Besides, they don't call it rain . . . they call it California champagne because it comes down in buckets!

(*Even the California people laugh at that, and Bob follows it up with:*)

I set a mousetrap this morning, and caught a herring!

But to change the subject, I was out with Mickey Rooney in his car the other night. He's got a swell car, just the thing for driving down Hollywood Boulevard. It comes with the fenders already smashed in.

(*Laughter.*)

Well, as I was saying, I was out on a date with him the other night. . . . Just Mickey, myself, and two girls. The two girls were with Mickey, I found out later. But he finally gave me one of them. She was a pretty kid. Looked like Tobacco Road on a wet night. Her face looked like it had worn out four bodies.

We took the girls for a ride. And Mickey—that boy thinks of everything. He's got one of those new speedometers. When he goes fifty a green light flashes on. When he goes twenty a blue light flashes. Then when he parks . . . red flashes, and the doors lock automatically.

(*Laughter.*)

But my time is up now—and before I go I just want to say that maybe you didn't know it but Hollywood has been quarantined for the last year and a half. That's a fact. But everything is all right now—the Scarlett Fever is over! Good night, ladies and gentlemen.

(*The orchestra plays Bob off the stage, and Eddie returns to introduce his next guest.*)

EDDIE: And now, here's one of radio's truly happily married couples—two people who defy all lunacy commissions—George Burns and Gracie Allen!

(*The orchestra strikes a chord and George and Gracie come bounding onto the stage. But Gracie just stands there smiling.*)

GEORGE: Well, Gracie, say hello.

GRACIE: I don't feel like saying hello, and when I don't feel like saying hello, I won't say hello, and nobody can make me say hello.

GEORGE (*Wearily.*): Gracie, say hello.

GRACIE: Hello.

GEORGE: Gracie, you remember Eddie Cantor?

GRACIE: Oh yes, I know him very well—but, George, who is this? (*She points at Eddie.*)

EDDIE: Gracie, *I'm* Eddie Cantor.

GRACIE: Well . . . your face is familiar.

GEORGE: But you don't remember the name?

GRACIE: I would if I heard it.

(*Laughter.*)

GEORGE: Gracie, did you ever hear of Ida?

GRACIE: What station is she on?

(*George gives up, and turns the job over to Eddie.*)

EDDIE: Gracie, you remember me—the five daughters.

GRACIE: *Ohhhh*—the five daughters! That Warner Brothers picture—I saw that. Which one were you?

GEORGE: Gracie, that wasn't five daughters, it was "Four Daughters."

GRACIE: Oh—one of them is too young to work, huh?

(*Eddie gets desperate.*)

EDDIE: George, can't we get on another subject?

GEORGE: Sure, just ask her how her brother is.

EDDIE: Then what happens?

GEORGE: She talks for about two hundred years.

EDDIE: Pardon me a minute.—Ida, if you're listening in, I'll be a little late for dinner—Now we'll start. Gracie, how is your brother?

GRACIE: Which one? The one who's living or the picture producer?

EDDIE: Oh—the picture producer.

GRACIE: Of course, he's only my brother by marriage.

EDDIE: Your brother isn't married.

GRACIE: My mother and father are, and he's their son.

(*Eddie retires to recover from that blow, and George takes over.*)

GEORGE: That's very interesting.

GRACIE: Of course, my mother hasn't seen much of my brother because he ran away from home when he was thirty-nine.

GEORGE: I'll bet it upset the folks when they found out the kid was missing.

GRACIE: Well, they would have been upset, only my mother didn't know he was missing for three years. Every morning for three years she brought up a plate of oatmeal, and after three years she noticed the room was filled with oatmeal, so she said to herself, "The poor kid must be sick, he's not eating."

EDDIE: Did she call the police?

GRACIE: No, she ate the oatmeal herself.

(*Eddie moans.*)

GEORGE: Gracie, she ate all that oatmeal by herself?

GRACIE: Yeah, that's on account of Mrs. Phillips didn't eat it.

GEORGE: Mrs. Phillips? How did she get into this?

GRACIE: That's the old woman that's been living with us for five years.

GEORGE: Well, who is she?

GRACIE: We don't know.

EDDIE: There's an old woman living in your house for five years and you don't know who she is?

GRACIE: My brother won her at a raffle.

GEORGE *and* EDDIE *together:* Help!

(*And while George and Eddie go to Palm Springs for a rest cure, our special all-star readio broadcast comes to an end.*)

(*Continued from page 10*)

Do I Love You." Mrs. Roosevelt insists on hearing "The Man I Love," and is an excellent dancer.

* * *

George Hall is being dogged by bad luck. Recently his wife passed away. Then last month in Cleveland the genial conductor was rushed to New York for an emergency operation. Dolly Dawn substituted in front of the band.

* * *

Eddy Duchin is having a tough time vigorously denying those rumors that he has turned Catholic and that he will marry his child's nurse.

* * *

Here's a real advance booking: Jimmie Lunceford will play the New York Paramount theater the week of November 29.

* * *

Rudy Vallee will be heard over Mutual September 1 to 5 from Atlantic City's Steel Pier.

* * *

Bunny Berigan and Jack Teagarden have both hired new carolers. Bunny grabbed Ellen Kaye to replace Wendy Bishop and Teagarden signed Dolores O'Neil and Kitty Kallen to fill Linda Keene's assignment.

* * *

The Dick Barrie musicians have a mascot named "Juarez." They picked the pooch up when the band visited that Mexican City while on tour.

## SENTIMENTAL SAMMY

THE rare phenomenon of a sweet band rising to fame in the midst of the recent swing craze can only be attributed to the forceful personality of the man in front of the band.

When most dispensers of sweet music were crying over their wilted waltzes and the jive merchants basked happily in the public's favor, Sammy Kaye quietly took his "Swing and Sway" music from a two-bit college cafe to recognition across the national airlanes.

Breathless dancers were milling around any band, good, bad or indifferent as long as it blared forth a shag number, when Sammy Kaye was entrancing undergraduates at Ohio University's Varsity Inn. The owner of this campus retreat was not behind the times. He just could not get excited over swing. Any other proprietor would have thrown the singing titles and mellow saxophones into the nearby parking lot. But this restauranteur was different. His name was Sammy Kaye.

Successful as a college bandleader and cafe proprietor, Sammy cast a tilted nose at the swing sweep. Let the jitterbugs stomp merrily around the musical may pole. Sammy Kaye would play sweet.

The Varsity Inn customers liked Sammy's music. Even the old timers in the sleepy college town smiled to themselves as the music drifted through the screened windows to the street below. Surely, reckoned the observant Mr. Kaye, there must be millions more like them from coast to coast.

That Sammy Kaye was correct is proven by the facts. He is currently touring the one night stands at a handsome profit before returning October 1 to the Palm Room of New York's Hotel Commodore.

If you live in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, New York or any of the other states Kaye will visit you'll notice that the leader's high cheek bones and sinewy frame reveal a hard worker, a careful thinker and a tough taskmaster at rehearsals. And band bookers know better than to haggle with Sammy over financial matters. College gave him a razor-edged financial background.

But this veneer hides from first view the one ingredient that dominates his lithe frame—an ingredient that just couldn't make Sammy Kaye play swing music. He's a sentimentalist and proud of it.

Sammy Kaye has based his orchestra on the fact that the majority of radio listeners just can't resist a sentimental tune—old, new or blue—and they want it played slowly so that it doesn't resemble a cannibal's theme song.

Thus while the Shaws, Goodmans, Crosbys, and Millers were swept to





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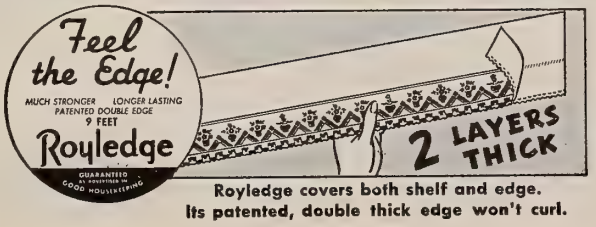
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Wake up your liver bile
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.


the top of the heap by a wave of enthusiasm, the Cleveland-born Kaye stuck to his sweet tooth. The sentimental stand brought dividends.

In July Sammy played three weeks at the New York Strand theater at $8,500 a week. Not bad for a guy who only just managed to stay four years in college by winning an athletic scholarship for track and football, and by performing more footwork as a waiter in the college dining hall.

Despite this fantastic sum for the personal appearances, Sammy actually figures he lost $50,000 in 1939.

In the Fall of 1938 Sammy moved his band to New York for his first big league engagement—the Palm Room of the hotel Commodore with two network wires. But Kaye's thirteen men were not members of the local Musicians Union. Kaye had to pay a certain percentage of his earnings to the union until he had completed nine consecutive months' work in New York. Only after that period had been served could the Ohioans become full-fledged members of the New York local.

The Commodore contract was for seven months. As other bands headed for the hinterlands where lucrative one-night stands awaited them, Kaye had to remain in New York to work out two more months. Fortunately Sammy received an offer from the Essex House. His band played there until mid-July, completely rounding out the nine-month stretch—but losing out on the big money a summer road tour would have brought.

Sammy had to accept the Strand theater engagement while he was still ensconsed in the Essex House. This meant that Sammy had to pay for a stand-by band at the hotel when he and his men could not make certain dance sets due to their stage work. Through the Music Corporation of America, Sammy hired Ron Perry's band to pinch-hit. Naturally the money came out of Sammy's pocket.

The twin engagements tired the troupe. They opened at the Strand on a Friday. Their Thursday night dance session at the hotel concluded at 1 A. M. When the last dancer grudgingly filed out of the room, the boys jumped off the bandstand, hurriedly packed their assorted instruments into waiting taxis which took them to the theater for rehearsal. At 4 A. M. most of the boys climbed into bed. Those who lived in the suburbs never got to bed at all, for three hours later they were due back at the theater for more rehearsal. The first show went on at 10 A. M. and they played four more after the morning stint. Between these appearances the band shuttled to the Essex House for two sets that absorbed five hours work. The following day the boys played six shows at the Strand.

"We were tired," admitted Sammy, "but it was the biggest dough my outfit had ever made."

TO the leader it meant more than that. His family had struggled desperately to keep the Ohio brand of wolf away from the door. He got within sniffing distance quite often. The only way Sammy could listen to his favorite band—a bunch called the Lombardos—was to strain his ear outside the restaurant where the Canadians were installed.

Fleet of foot on the cinder path and gridiron while at high school, Sammy won an athletic scholarship at Ohio University. Here Sammy and the seven boys who now form the nucleus of his organization, huddled around a muffled phonograph and clinically analyzed the current dance band favorites long after curfew had rung. An obscure Gus Arnheim arrangement intrigued Sammy and from it he wove the basic style of "swing and sway."

Sammy, Charlie Wilson, the singer, Lloyd Gilliam (trumpet), Frank Oblake (trumpet), Paul Cunningham (bass), Ralph Flanagan (piano), Er-


## The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is open the year round with excellent accommodations at attractive prices for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy of Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden School for boys and girls from four to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request. Address inquiries to: Bernarr Macfadden Foundation. Room 717, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

nie Rudisill (drums) and George Branden (sax) plus six fresh recruits made their professional debut, after a training in Sammy's Varsity Inn, in Cleveland. However it was in Bill Green's Casino on the outside of Pittsburgh that the band attracted attention, thanks to their first Mutual network wire.

A pumped-up feud between Kaye and Kay Kyser helped rather than hurt the band. Today the furor has faded. Kyser is established as one of the country's great production bands and Kaye concentrates on strictly dance tempos. They have never met.

The adage that "anything can happen to a dance band" clipped the Kaye crew in a strange way. Some bands have trouble with their men, others with temperament. Sammy has never been bothered with either. He has the same men working with him that he employed six years ago.

Kaye has always concentrated on scoring his own tunes and working out the technique with arranger Frank "Pump" Haendle. Of the 12,000 tunes in the Kaye books, each one has been carefully scored by Sammy.

"Most bands are at the mercy of their arranger," Sammy pointed out, "I don't need to take that risk."

At 29, Sammy has everything to look forward to—including a mate. The lovely dark-eyed girl who was seen almost every night last season in the Hotel Commodore Palm Room seemed to have the inside track to sharing the name of Sammy Kaye but Sammy answers that one slyly: "It's just in the back of my mind. Married life to me means a home and kids. I don't want to come home at dawn in a dinner jacket nor do I want to spend six months of each year bundled in a lower berth."

That makes Sammy Kaye's marital plans vague because "swing and sway" will be a clarion call to sentimental swingsters for some time to come.

## OFF THE RECORD

### Some Like It Sweet

**Rendezvous Time in Paree—We Can Live on Love** (Bluebird B10309) Glen Miller—Two smash tunes from the Broadway hit "Streets of Paris" handsomely treated by this rising organization. Spirited showmanship.

**Stand By For Further Announcements; I'm Sorry For Myself** (Brunswick 8392) Kay Kyser—Excellent proof why Kyser is at the top of the heap. A bright spot on any waxwork enhanced by crisp caroling of Sully Mason.

**Paradise; Love For Sale** (Victor 26278) Hal Kemp—Victor got so excited over this smooth revival of hit tunes that they sent the records out in advance. I'm glad they did. It gave me the opportunity to play it more often. A classic with grade-A warbling by the Smoothies and Nan Wynn.

**Cinderella Stay in My Arms; Address Unknown** (Decca 2520A) Guy Lombardo. Languid Lombardo for the more romantic readers of this pillar.

**Stairway to the Stars; White Sails** (Victor 26267) Sammy Kaye. Clean-cut workmanship by a man who takes his tunes seriously and gives them much more respect than they deserve.

**A Home in the Clouds; My Heart Has Wings** (Bluebird 10320) Shep Fields. The rippling rhythms come home to roost. Not so much ripple as was in evidence two years ago and all for the better. Don't give up on Shep.

### Some Like It Swing

**Souvenir; Flight of the Bumble Bee** (Brunswick 8396) Matty Malneck. The kind of a record that sets you rockin'. Fine musicianship and able transposition of classics to the modern idium. The swing platter of the month.

**Well All Right; All I Remember Is You** (Victor 26281) Tommy Dorsey. Well balanced Dorsey. Swing on one side, sweet on the other, with the former more in evidence. Edythe Wright back in stride.

**Yankee Doodle; I Gotta Right To Sing The Blues** (Brunswick 8397) Jack Teagarden. The ace trombonist blows away languidly and lavishly and even chirps on the second side to come down the stretch with blue ribbon recording.

**Miss Thing** (Vocalion 4860) Count Basie. The result of an authentic jam session. Designed for pure swingsters. Others won't stand the strain.

**S'posin'; I'll Never Learn** (Decca 2510) Andy Kirk. A band that is getting talked about throughout the colleges of the land and rightly so. Solid swing and thoughtful vocalizing by the strangely-handled Pha Terrell.

**I Poured My Heart Into a Song; When Winter Comes** (Bluebird B10307) Art Shaw. The clarinet crown prince, fit as a fiddle, after a siege, bounces back admirably with a pair of Irving Berlin ditties from the flikker, "Second Fiddle."

**Tit Willow; Lamp Is Low** (Vocalion 4860) Mildred Bailey. Not for Savoyards but recommended to all who enjoy the superb singing of the rocking chair lady. She stands out like a beacon over the heads of average dance band vocalists who seem monotonously similar.


# GOOD NEWS FOR THOUSANDS WHO ARE SKINNY



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*Posed by professional model*

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SCIENTISTS have discovered that thousands of men and women are thin and rundown—often tired and nervous—sometimes just picking at their meals and sleeping poorly at night—simply because they do not get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. It has been found that without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you can get these exact missing substances in these scientifically prepared, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. And if you need these substances, the improvement that comes in a short time is often astonishing. Thousands report gains of 10 to 25 naturally attractive pounds in just a few weeks! Their tired feeling and jitteryness seem to have just flown away. They enjoy their food, sleep fine and get up in the morning full of pep and rarin to go. They're entirely different, much more attractive persons, easily winning many new friends and enjoying life as never before.

### Make this money-back test

Get a package of Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today and try them on this fair and square money-back test. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the new normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of this first package promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

But just one warning! Due to the success of Ironized Yeast, a number of cheap, inferior substitutes have sprung up. Inferior substitutes do not give the same results. So insist on genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for IY stamped on each tablet.

### Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating book on health, "Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2210, Atlanta, Ga.

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See your local newspaper for exact time and station

# LIFE BEGINS IN Autumn!



**. . . Crisp days, radiant highways invite trips to School, Fun or Fairs**

**by GREYHOUND**

Millions sing the praises of the Good Old Summertime, but other millions hold that "Life Begins in Autumn"! Up goes the crescendo of living! School, late vacations, fall sports, World's Fairs, business plans—all go into high-gear! To make the most of Autumn—travel now and travel Greyhound.

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Detroit, Mich., Washington Blvd. . . . . at Grand River
Minneapolis, Minn. . . . . 509 Sixth Avenue, N.
Boston, Mass. . 60 Park Square
St. Louis, Mo. . . . . Broadway & Delmar Boulevard
Cincinnati, Ohio, 630 Walnut St.
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This is the most delightful World's Fair Season—so clip and mail the coupon to nearest information office listed above, for colorful booklet, rates and routes to NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR ☐, or SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION ☐. (Please check which one.) If you want information on any other trip, jot down place you would like to visit, on margin below.

Name_____

Address _____ MF-10


## What's New from Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 8*)

four players, and the team scoring the greatest number of "runs" gets $20 in cash.

The theater-lobby quiz takes place just as people are coming out of the nine o'clock show at one of the six theaters chosen for the game. Contestants are graded according to their promptness, clarity, and manner of presentation in answering, and get prizes of considerable value. The cleverest part of this quiz, though, is that it's recorded and then rebroadcast over WSAI at noon of the next day, so that if you were on the show at night you can listen to your own voice.

* * *

Biggest party of the year was that given by Bob Ripley the night before the formal opening of his new Odditorium on Broadway. The two floors of the show-place, already full of strange objects gathered by Bob from all over the world, were crammed to bursting with guests—in fact, most of them had to be invited back again during the next couple of weeks, because they hadn't been able to look around them properly the first time.

* * *

Radio-ambitious folks have a new friend in Ernest Cutting, former talent scout for NBC, who has opened a New York office on Fifth Avenue for the discovery of new stars. Cutting is finding his talent through recordings and photographs. His plan demands only that an aspiring star send him a recording of his or her performance, together with a photograph. He'll listen to the record, look at the picture, and decide whether or not the sender should be offered by him to sponsors or advertising agencies.

* * *

Major Bowes has a new pet of which he's very proud. It's a French poodle, son of Rumpelstiltskin, who was judged best dog in America at the American Kennel Club's show last year. The puppy's name is Just Plain Bill, after the hero of the famous radio serial.

## What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page 3*)

### THIRD PRIZE

#### IT PUTS YOU ON THE SPOT!

There is nothing more deflating to the ego than listening to the much-discussed radio program, Information Please. The minute I tune in for this divertisement I feel my so-called mentality drop far below sea-level. It is most discouraging.

The thing that always astounds me is the amazing, versatile knowledge of the erudite gentleman, John Kiernan—an encyclopedic biped, if there ever was one! He knows all the answers, yet he is not pedantic but wears his laurel wreath with becoming modesty. It is incredible that any mere man should be so well-informed on so many subjects.

DOROTHY HERMAN,
Hollywood, Calif.

### FOURTH PRIZE

#### I DISAGREE!

Radio is one of our best entertainments. If we had more singers like Dorothy Lamour and more programs like the Chase and Sanborn program, I'd enjoy radio lots more.

I've purchased Radio Mirror ever since it was published and think it is the best magazine on any newsstand. I never miss your letters of opinion and think they are interesting. But one lady wrote, saying she dislikes Dorothy Lamour. I'm afraid I can't agree with her, and I'm sure nine out of ten radio fans will also disagree. For a girl who came up as fast as Miss Lamour did, she must be good.

MARILYN JACOBSEN,
Worcester, Mass.

### FIFTH PRIZE

#### WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH "DOTTY"?

In the July issue of Radio Mirror I observed a letter of disapproval of the manner in which Don Ameche announces "Dotty". What's the matter with it? Good heavens! The program isn't supposed to be clowning and nothing else! What normal man wouldn't "drip with sweetness" over "Dotty?" I am an enthusiastic Dorothy Lamour fan, so I say, "Hooray for Don and Dotty."

MISS HELEN LAMBERT,
Pretty Prairie, Kansas

### SIXTH PRIZE

#### DO RADIO SERIALS SET A BAD EXAMPLE?

I spend years teaching my children that nagging, bickering and yelling at one another in the home is degrading and disgusting. Then the story hours come on the radio, and what do we hear? Supposedly intelligent men and women yelling and screeching at one another. Their highly dramatic voices are anything but human and natural. It is no wonder children of today start out in life with a snarl and end it up that way. All parents are not as these radio family dramas would have children believe. Some are still capable of quiet conversation without bickerings and accusations.

I wonder which examples the children will follow—their quiet, nice homes or radio's brawling homes?

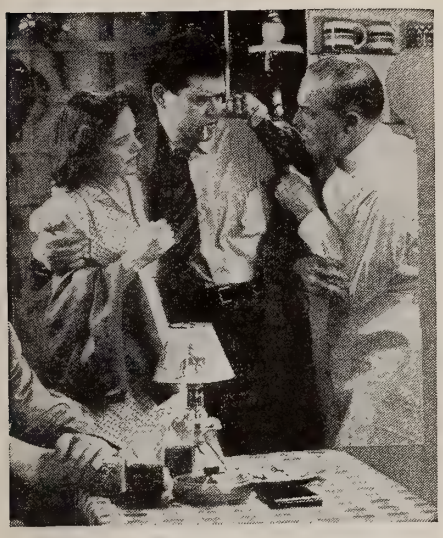
MRS. R. A. GOSS,
Augusta, Maine

### SEVENTH PRIZE

#### ALL IN FAVOR, SAY?

Your magazine is swell, darn swell, I'll admit, but what gets me is why you have to print so many continued stories in it! Do you think in that way you'll get someone to buy your magazine continuously from then on? Well, I think your magazine is great enough without these serials. Sometimes when I start a story and it comes to a continued ending, I feel like tearing the darn book up. I have been reading Radio Mirror for years now, and this is the only one thing I don't like about it.

MISS MARY BENYA,
Dunbar, Pa.



WHAT BECOMES OF THOSE

# Dine-&-Dance Girls?

**A REVELATION OF FACTS AND AN EYE-OPENING WARNING TO EVERY PARENT IN AMERICA!**

On the outskirts of nearly every community on America's main automobile arteries you'll find them, the dine-and-dance girls, hostesses in the roadside emporiums, eager to serve refreshments to the parched motorist and ready to chat intimately with him in the semi-privacy of a booth or dance to the hot rhythm of the music vending machine or the radio. Young girls, perhaps too young, with hard faces and brittle eyes that tragically belie their youthfulness.

Where do they come from? How do they manage to eke out a living? What becomes of them? Is America facing a new and dangerous growth of sin along its roadsides? Is your daughter or your son, your sister or your brother, stopping at a dine-and-dance dive on the way home from local dances and private parties? Do you know what may be happening there?

True Story Magazine believes everyone should know! That is why it obtained the inside story that, beginning in the new October issue, is going to startle many unsuspecting people! Disclosed by a runaway mountain girl who found herself hopelessly in the power of a dine-and-dance racketeer until—but you will find her revelations eye-opening and shocking. Be warned of what conditions can be. Read every word of DINE AND DANCE GIRL. Start with the opening episodes today in the new October issue, on sale at the nearest news stand! Be sure you get

**True Story**

## Backstage Wife

(*Continued from page* 40)

"Yes, of course." She stood there, waiting for him to drop his shield of brisk impersonality. It was so little she wanted—a word, a caress, a smile.

"Catherine says," he added, opening some mail that lay on his make-up table, "that Secretary Woring's wife is arranging a big party for the opening night. And several other important people are interested too."

"That's wonderful, Larry. I'm so glad . . . Larry—I was wondering—"

"Hmmmm?"

"Can't we go out to dinner, somewhere? There are so many things I want to say to you."

"I'm sorry, darling," he said abstractedly. "Some other time. As a matter of fact, Catherine wanted me to ask you if you wouldn't come to dinner at her place tonight. She's having a few people in."

Go to Catherine's? Endure another evening of being patronized, finding herself put in the wrong at every turn? Suddenly Mary was furiously angry, but with an effort she controlled her voice.

"No, I don't think I care to, thanks. Shall I see you at rehearsal tomorrow?"

He looked at her, his eyes darkly shadowed. "Yes, I guess so," he said at last.

SHE stumbled through the darkness of the theater backstage. She knew now. Catherine was a heroine, a great patriot, not a disreputable spy—and therefore so much the more dangerous to her. Now she was deprived of the one weapon she had had against Catherine: her dubious profession. All at once Mary saw herself in the role the other woman had created for her—as the jealous, nagging wife, all her efforts to preserve her marriage turned into caricatures, mockeries.

Very well. Dully, Mary made up her mind. She had vowed that this time should be the last. And it would be. Catherine had defeated her, and there was nothing left for her to do but retire as gracefully as possible—give Larry up.

And then she thought of the play—and knew she could not cut herself adrift entirely. That play was as surely part of her as it was part of Larry. She could not and would not let Larry and Catherine between them ruin it. Neither of them knew the first thing about the business details of a stage production; Larry was an actor, not a manager, and Catherine was merely a dabbler. Left to themselves, there was no telling what they would do.

Walking blindly through Washington's crowded late-afternoon streets, she made a resolution. She would keep her position as business manager of the company until the play was firmly established on Broadway, and then . . .

Beyond that point, there was nothing but darkness, and loneliness.

Even this was not an easy resolution to keep, she learned in the busy days that followed. Detail piled upon detail, but she would not have minded that. What made it difficult was watching Larry defer to Catherine's suggestions instead of hers; being forced to use diplomacy, argument, or downright dictatorial methods over even the smallest matters. Not that Catherine ever let a dispute come to





## The Embarrassing Trouble Many People Suffer!

Terrible, indeed, is the price of "modesty" when you suffer from Piles—even simple Piles.

Simple Piles can torture you day and night with maddening pain and itching. They tax your nerves; drain your strength; make you look and feel old and worn. Millions of men and women suffer from simple Piles. Mothers particularly, during pregnancy and childbirth, are subject to this trouble.

**TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING**

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment.

Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is one thing that gives them relief from the distress of simple Piles.

**SEVERAL EFFECTS**

Pazo does a good job for several reasons.

First, it *soothes* simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it *lubricates* the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it tends to *shrink* or *reduce* the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo!

Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum, makes application neat, easy and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

**TRY IT FREE!**

Give Pazo a trial and see the relief it affords in many cases of simple Piles. Get Pazo at any drug store or write for a free trial tube. A liberal trial tube will be sent you postpaid and free upon request. Just mail the coupon or postcard today.

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a head. She was far too clever for that. Mary and Larry were the ones who argued, never Mary and Catherine. Catherine played perfectly her role of cool, wordly-wise helper; while Mary, hot and disheveled, rushed from scenic designer to rehearsal, from stage manager to director, from lawyer to costumer, Catherine stood aside, perfectly groomed, ready to give Larry her sympathy and flattery.

And, worst of all, Mary knew that they could never have produced the play at all without Catherine's financial backing.

It was only as the last curtain fell on the opening night, and the fashionable Washington audience burst into enthusiastic applause, that Mary could relax. At least, it was a hit here. There was no doubt of that. Larry was receiving curtain call after curtain call.

Now—the rest of the week in Washington, and then back to New York. Perhaps, she thought with sudden hope, in New York she would be free of Catherine.

THAT hope, she discovered soon enough, was absurd. A mere matter of geography could not keep Catherine from Larry's side. In every part of the preparation for the New York opening she made her presence felt, just as in Washington. Always charming, tactful, yet always maneuvering Mary into the position of a henpecking, dictating wife.

There was the matter of the theater itself, for one thing. Mary, urging economy, wanted to stage the play in the small Greenwich Village theater where their rent and overhead were low. But Larry and Catherine, together, insisted on going into a larger house uptown, in the Times Square district. And while the point hung in dispute, the fates themselves took Catherine's side. The estate that owned the little Greenwich Village theater announced a one-third increase in its rent.

"That settles it," was Larry's triumphant reaction. "The place isn't worth it. Now we'll have to move uptown."

"I'm not giving up," Mary said. "I'll go to see the owner himself, if I have to. It's ridiculous—but of course you can't make the estate agent see that."

"Who is the owner?" Catherine asked.

"Kenneth Paige."

"Ken Paige?" Catherine's voice took on interest. "I know him. He's a portrait painter too, you know. He did my aunt's portrait last year. Does he own this building?"

"Yes, and all the filthy tenements on Medley Square behind us," Mary said.

"Oh, then you must never go barging in on him," Catherine said in that tone as sweet as honey, as insolent as a slap in the face. "He couldn't be approached that way. But maybe I could help—"

Mary felt unreasoning fury. Was there no place Catherine could not step in with her superiority, her social contacts, and offer help which they could not refuse? "How would you manage it?" she asked.

"Indirectly, of course. I can find out when he goes to some place—like Club 16, say—and then be there, at the next table. He'll come over and I'll make sure I see him again. Then a chance will come to get in a word—"

"But we only have until the end of the week!" Mary exclaimed. "We should be opening now!"

"I think that will be ample time," Catherine said calmly.

Inwardly, Mary swore that this time she would not let Catherine over-ride her. Rather than submit to the delay involved in Catherine's "indirect" method, she herself would do as she had wanted to do at first—go to see Kenneth Paige. That afternoon she took a Fifth Avenue bus to his uptown home.

Two hours later she was on another bus, bound back to Greenwich Village. Once more, her way had failed.

Paige had been in his studio, painting; he couldn't be disturbed; the best she had been able to do was see his young sister, Sandra. And five minutes' conversation with Sandra Paige had proved to her that she could expect no help there. Such a lovely young thing, with auburn hair and the milky skin that goes with it! The two women had liked each other at once, but as Sandra explained, she knew nothing of business affairs, her brother handled them all. As they talked, Mary realized that the girl didn't even know most of her money came from filthy, rotten tenements, breeders of disease and misery. Sandra was a woman, not a child, but she had evidently been imprisoned in that marble mausoleum of a house, kept from every contact with reality.

Encouraged by the girl's simplicity, Mary had poured out her story—her desire to produce the play in the Greenwich Village theater, the raise in rent, her hope that Kenneth Paige would see its absurdity—and Sandra promised earnestly to speak to her brother. But now, on her way back downtown, Mary realized the futility of what she had done. Sandra was too young and inexperienced — her only hope would have been in seeing Paige himself.

SHE got off the bus and walked across Washington Square toward the theater. Deep in her thoughts, she did not at once hear sounds of excitement, terror, confusion. It took a siren to bring her up, staring. She ran, then. She thought her heart would burst before she could get there. The theater was such an old building, so rickety. Why had she tried to hold Larry there? Oh, if anything had happened to him—

But it was not the theater. It was the tenement behind the theater that lay now, a smoking ruin. Behind police lines crowds of people surged about it, people screaming and wailing, cursing or—worst of all—just staring, with grim faces. How many of them were waiting for the bodies of wives, husbands, children, to be brought out by the workmen who were struggling in that debris?

There was no time, that night, to talk of Mary's unsuccessful errand. No one slept. Gerald O'Brien, the young lawyer who had been in the theater talking to Larry when the fire began, stayed on through the night, working to help these homeless people, and enlisting Mary's support in his work. As they went from one angry, bewildered group to another, he talked to Mary, in brief, fierce phrases, of the injustice that allowed such firetraps to exist.

Toward dawn, Mary dragged herself to her hotel for a few hours' sleep, but she was up again and at the theater by noon. Larry too had worked late into the night, helping

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care for at least a few of the tenants in the theater itself.

But now the city had the situation in hand, and once more the theater was empty. Mary went directly to her office and plunged into the work that had accumulated in one day. It was an hour later that she looked up to see a sandy-haired man of arrogant height and bearing standing in front of her desk.

"I am Kenneth Paige," he said. "I understand from my sister that you wished to talk to me. In the future, incidentally, I must ask you not to burst into my home and disturb my sister's life."

Mary stared at him. The man must be crazy! "Can you stand there and talk of disturbing your sister's life when yesterday afternoon, even while I was seeing her, one of the filthy, overcrowded tenements you own collapsed and killed people!"

He flushed a painful red. "I assure you I regret that accident more than you can imagine. That's why I'm here today. But why I should discuss it with you I don't—"

ONE reason is that I spent most of last night trying to quiet the crazed mind of one of your tenants who lost his whole family in the crash. He is trying to find someone to kill for revenge," Mary said coolly.

Paige was silent a moment, his lips a thin line. "Nevertheless, I understood from my sister that it was about another matter you wished to see me," he said at last. In every word he was stiff, almost awkward.

"Yes," she said, "it was. I understand from your office that you wish to raise the rent on this theater—such a big raise that I must say it seems ridiculous to me, particularly when for a year we've been paying you every month for property you wouldn't have earned a cent from otherwise."

"It's a one-third increase, isn't it?" he asked broodingly.

"Yes, Mr. Paige."

"It may interest you to know that a motion picture chain has offered me much more than the amount I want you to pay."

"But you don't want to go to the expense of renovating for them!" Mary took him up quickly.

He smiled at that. "You are a good business woman," he complimented her. "That is exactly it."

"Just as you didn't want to go to the expense of renovating those tenements that burned down yesterday," she said bitterly.

"Wait a minute. Do you think that's a good way to talk when you're making a request?"

"No, I suppose not," she admitted. "Perhaps the atmosphere in this neighborhood is infectious."

"They think I'm pretty bad, eh?"

Mary nodded. "I wouldn't advise you to be seen down here if any more stories with pictures like this morning's come out in the tabloids."

"And you share their opinion?"

"I don't think you're really concerned with what I think of you, Mr. Paige."

"On the contrary, I'm finding this a novel and perhaps even enlightening experience. I beg you to continue in the same frank vein."

"All right," Mary said, "you asked for it. I think you are a very intelligent person who has persistently blinded himself to the needs and interests of everyone except himself.

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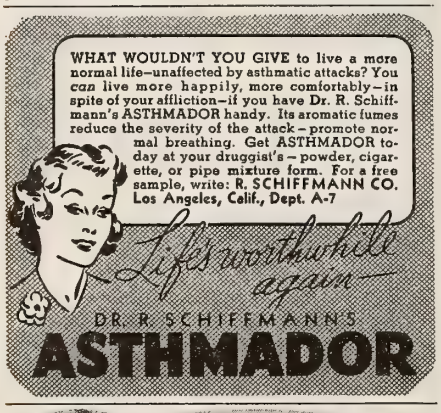
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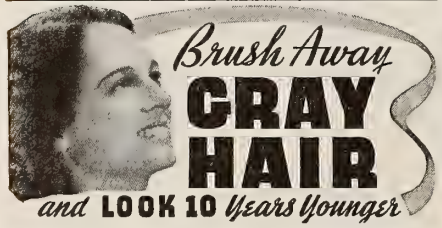
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You have hurt your sister whom you are trying to protect. I discovered yesterday that she has absolutely no conception of real life. You have deliberately closed your eyes to changing ideas and conditions until, if you keep on, your sister will be hopelessly neurotic and your own character will be as false and meaningless as the pretty pictures you paint of society women!"

That struck home. Mary could see his physical reaction. "What do you know of the pictures I paint?"

"I've taken the trouble to see some of them since I learned you were our landlord," Mary retorted. "And I hate them! It makes me furious to see waste, whether it's human lives in a rundown tenement or artistic talent that could be used to make something beautiful!"

Paige sat down for the first time. The cold mask of distant irony was gone, and he looked troubled. "I asked for it, as you said. But— Did you happen to know that I paint those pictures to keep my sister and myself alive? The income from the tenements is hardly enough to pay the taxes, and what is left is turned back into the estate which is held in trust until my sister comes of age."

"Oh—I'm sorry—" Mary began.

HE lifted a hand. "Don't be. I think you've done me a good turn. Are you willing to back up that rather left-handed compliment to my artistic talent?"

"What do you mean?"

. . . Afterwards, she wasn't quite sure how she had consented to such a strange proposal—that she should let him paint her portrait in exchange for a thirty-day extension of the present rental. "And then," he finished, "if I take one of the first three prizes with the picture at the Contemporary show next month, I'll give you the theater rent-free, for a year."

Yet consent she did. More than that, she did not tell Larry of her bargain; she told him only that Mr. Paige had consented to give them a month in which to get the play on and see how it went. It was easy not to tell Larry why; he showed no curiosity; and his flattering assumption that she had been able to succeed before Catherine had not even met Paige was comforting to her soul.

She was attracted to Paige. He was intensely masculine, in his taciturn way, and his open interest in her gave her a sense of importance that had been sorely lacking for the last month. since Catherine came into her life. Mary had enough honesty to realize this, and smile at the thrill that ran through her when Paige would glance up from his easel, let his eyes linger on her a moment longer than was, perhaps, necessary. More, by the third sitting she was seeing a gradual change in Paige himself. She was not too inexperienced to realize the influence she had on him, on his ideas and attitudes. Instinct told her that she had opened his eyes to the injustice of his treatment of Sandra, and to the deplorable condition of his slum property.

Then, one day, Catherine walked into Paige's studio.

He had been painting silently for half an hour when the studio door opened and they heard Sandra's voice. "Here's his lair. Now that you've made me break the rules you may as well go in and see it."

And then Sandra was coming in, and behind her Catherine, smiling her brilliant smile and speaking gaily. "And the artist at work. Why, who— No, it couldn't be! Mary!"

Angrily Mary realized that she was flushing, that she could think of nothing to say. Why was Catherine always able to put her in the wrong?

Of course, under Ken's angry stare, they didn't stay long. But the harm was done. Ken took up his brush again, only to lay it down after a few minutes. "I'm afraid it's no use. I don't feel up to any more, and you are completely out of the spirit of the pose."

"I'm sorry," Mary said.

"I am, too, I find it hurts me rather badly to see you worried. It's because you didn't tell your husband you were posing for me. Why didn't you, Mary?"

She said slowly, "I was afraid he wouldn't stay in the theater. And . . . for other reasons, too."

He didn't press her to tell him what they were. "Can I take you down to the theater?"

"Why—yes, thanks."

Downstairs, as they waited for his car to be brought around from the garage, he said suddenly: "Mary—you're not too happy these days, are you?"

Instinct told her to temporize—but then she looked into his eyes, saw their sincere gentleness, and she said frankly, "No, not very."

"It's that woman that came into the studio, isn't it? You're afraid of her—I could see fear in your face when you saw her. But Mary, you needn't fear anyone, ever. You have everything—except perhaps the knowledge of your own value. I think marriage has taken that away from you. You become too absorbed in your husband, his life, his career and needs, to remember your own worth."

He spoke with such earnestness that Mary could not help being carried along by his words. For an instant, Catherine seemed unimportant; she herself was the old Mary Noble, sure of herself, not fighting with every bit of strength in her body to preserve some shreds of self-respect and happiness from a wrecked marriage.

SHE smiled up at him. "Thank you, Ken. I'll remember that."

He drove her down crowded Fifth Avenue, through Washington Square and to the theater. Beside the alley which led to the stage door, she caught sight of Catherine's glistening car and thought wryly that she hadn't wasted much time.

A spirit of bravado, inspired perhaps by Ken Paige's words to her, made her turn to him. "Won't you come in for a minute? I think Mrs. Monroe is just about to inform my husband that I am sitting to you for my portrait—and if you don't mind I'd like to have you there."

"Of course," he agreed.

Head high, she walked beside him into the theater, through the dusty aisles to the office. Why should she be ashamed of sitting for Ken Paige? If it came to that, what right had Larry to expect to be told?

They were in the office, Catherine and Larry—and, in addition, Sandra Paige. Mary noted with pleasure that Ken merely looked surprised at seeing her there; once, she was sure, he would have been furious.

Catherine greeted them brightly. "I'm so terribly sorry—I didn't mean to interrupt—" She stopped, as if

aware all at once of Larry's tense silence. "Oh," she said, "how awful that sounded! I only meant interrupting Mr. Paige while he was painting Mary's picture."

"Picture, Mary?" Larry said sharply.

Mary's heart leaped with sudden delight. It couldn't be true—but it was! Larry was jealous! This was one time Catherine's plans had overreached themselves.

"Yes," she said easily. "It was to be a surprise for you. You see, Ken and I made a bet. If he wins a prize with my portrait at the Contemporary show next month, he'll give us the theater rent-free—"

"He will!" Larry's voice was acid with sarcasm. "Very nice, but it won't be necessary. Catherine has just told me that she's found a wonderful theater uptown. We're moving there, and opening the end of next week—because its rent is not a cent more than this barn here!" What does that do to your plans you had arranged so nicely for us?"

"No! You mustn't—" Mary began—and stopped. For she knew there was no reason, now, for not moving uptown. If it wouldn't cost any more. . . .

Larry's angry face, Catherine's triumphant one, swam before her eyes in a blur. She saw them turn to leave the office, and she was glad. If only Ken and Sandra would go too, so she could be alone with the knowledge that Catherine had won again. She waved a hand, vaguely, in dismissal. Just to be alone for a few minutes. . . .

BUT Sandra stayed behind. Guided by some woman's instinct, she sent Ken and Gerald out of the office after Larry and Catherine, and held Mary while the sick whirling blackness tried to drag her down. She was still there when after a few seconds Mary opened her eyes.

"What—what is it, Mary? You frightened me so. Are you—ill?"

Mary looked at the gray-blue eyes, enormous in the white face. But there was no reason to be frightened. That sudden, terrible giddiness had only crystallized into knowledge what she had suspected for several days. She smiled. "Neither very ill, Sandra, nor very—unusual—"

"Mary, it isn't—is it—"

"Yes," Mary said softly. "I guess it is. A baby."

"But, Mary—your husband doesn't know! He'd never dash off that way if he knew—"

Mary shook her head. "No. He wouldn't, of course. He doesn't know. And you've got to promise not to tell him."

"Oh, but Mary, he should know! Don't you see what a difference it would make?"

"That's just the point," Mary said, her eyes looking off into the distance. "I won't make that difference. I won't—use my baby that way. If he comes back it will be because he wants to. Otherwise, he'll *never* know!"

*In her pride, Mary has determined not to use her child to force Larry's love—but will she be strong enough? Can she find any other weapon to help her win the hidden struggle against Catherine? Be sure to read the climax of this dramatic serial in next month's* RADIO MIRROR—*a climax that will come with the swift unexpectedness of real life drama.*






# Why Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres Can't Forget

Ever since Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres told themselves that it was all over between them insiders in Hollywood have predicted that divorce was inevitable. Yet Lew and Ginger are still man and wife even though for years they have occupied separate establishments. Why is it that they have never made official the severing of their legal ties? What is it that impels them, in spite of expectations, to still meet and dine together? What does the future hold?

To get you the answer to this riddle that has all Hollywood baffled, MOVIE MIRROR asked Ruth Waterbury, ace among the brilliant writers covering the film capital, to investigate and in the new October issue you will find the heart-warming record of what she discovered. Be sure to read her unforgettable explanation of "Why Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers Can't Forget," a story inspiring to every young wife and husband and to every one who has ever been in love or ever hopes to be!

## *Is George Brent Out of Love Again?*

At least six women have contributed in greater or less degree a lasting influence in the life of George Brent. In the light of his unusually varied career abroad and in America this was inescapable. Recently his name has been mentioned in connection with a new romance. Is he really in love? Has he been in love? Will he and Bette Davis eventually marry? MOVIE MIRROR, reporting the situation for you in the new October issue, presents a story that will make it an issue long remembered by the friends of both George and Bette as well as by every one intrigued by romance. A story not to miss!

## *Would You Want Your Child To Be a Movie Star?*

How about your child and a movie career? Would you really choose it if the opportunity came? Penny Singleton says yes but Joel McCrea does not agree. Every parent and prospective parent will find their reasons as presented under their own by-lines in MOVIE MIRROR for October informative and thought-provoking. Read what Penny and Joel have to say before making up your own mind definitely.

## *Also in This Issue*

Dangerously Young, an exciting fiction serial—Wayne Morris' wife reveals a fascinating and endearing record of their first year of marriage—A pictorial life story of Ann Sothern—Hollywood Youth, how moral is it?—"The Women" have started something in the way of fashions—Opening chapters in the life story of Richard Greene—Letters Clark Gable dictated to his secretary—Reviews, departments, features.

OCTOBER

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# Beauty's Smile

## By Dr. GRACE GREGORY

Donna Dae's lovely smile shows a glimpse of well-cared-for teeth.

A LOVELY smile, the kind that warms everyone's heart towards you, is first of all the expression of a gracious personality. But the loveliest smile in the world is spoiled if it reveals neglected teeth.

Are you sure you know how to brush your teeth? Brush with a gentle rolling or turning of the brush, laying the side of the bristles along the gum, and massaging always away from the gum, a sweeping-out motion. Never use a scrubbing motion except on the chewing surface of the teeth. And do not neglect the backs.

Have two toothbrushes, so that they can dry properly. Select as stiff a brush as your gums will stand (not too stiff if they are sensitive). Wash toothbrushes after using, and get new ones every month or so.

Dainty little Miss Donna Dae sees to it that when her pretty lips part to smile or sing for you on Pleasure Time, Fred Waring's program, Monday through Friday, NBC, you have a glimpse of well cared for teeth.

Donna Dae considers herself a veteran radio star. She has been a featured favorite for eight years or more. Which, when you consider that she is still in her teens, is a believe-it-or-not. Her father was the leader of a band, of which Donna's mother was the pianist. Donna took her naps parked in a basket behind her mother's piano, and practically cut her teeth on a baton. She was featured as the "Ten-Year-Old Sweetheart of Radio." Then Slats Randall's Orchestra needed a soloist. They put a long dress on Donna, gave her a sophisticated hair-do, and at the age of twelve she stepped before the public as the singing star of an orchestra. She was the hit of College Inn in Chicago when Fred Waring heard her, and captured her for his Pleasure Time broadcast over NBC.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

There are three requisites for maintaining beautiful, healthy teeth. The first is proper diet. Plenty of foods rich in calcium, minerals, and vitamins (milk and sea foods especially), and not too much acid-forming sweets and starches. The saliva is normally slightly acid, but excessive acidity injures tooth enamel. The second requisite is proper dental care. See your dentist at least every six months so that he can check trouble right away.

The third requisite, as your dentist will tell you, is mouth hygiene. Select a dentifrice that you like, and use it. Plenty of it. Twice a day at least. Oftener when possible.

The choice of a dentifrice is literally a matter of taste. Of course you will avoid dentifrices that contain irritating ingredients. But the American Dental Association sees to it that there are few such on the market.

There are many excellent tooth pastes and tooth powders from which to choose. Now there is a new liquid dentifrice that is becoming very popular. It is certainly worth trying, because it does leave your mouth feeling delightfully refreshed.

There used to be a popular notion that salt made a good dentifrice. That is a mistake. Salt is too irritating and harsh and it lacks the soothing, cleansing, and disinfectant ingredients of the best dentifrices. Your teeth are important—give them the best.

### Glorify Your Bath

THE French have a word for it: soigné—cared for. That's how a good bath talcum makes you feel. The daily tub is glorified from a necessity to a luxury. A generous dusting of talc gives a velvet quality to the skin, and a subtle fragrance. Once you become accustomed to it you feel rather raw without it. It blends the rest of the body into the carefully powdered face and neck. Of course you will find the men of the family appropriating your favorite talc for after shaving. But why not? A good homemaker provides a completely equipped bathroom, and a judiciously selected bath talcum is part of it.

# PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

ARE you a champion speller?—or do you just wish you were? In either case, here's a list of words that will give you some uneasy moments before you get the correct spelling. They're supplied by Paul Wing, Master of the NBC Spelling Bee, broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5:30 E.D. S.T., and sponsored by the makers of Energine.

Only one of the three suggested spellings is the right one. Mark the words you think are correct, then turn to page 88 for the answers.

1. **Haughtilly—haughtily—hautily.** In a disdainful, scornful manner.

2. **Purported—proported—perported.** Conveyed, implied or professed outwardly as one's (especially a thing's) meaning, intention, or true character.

3. **Accrueal—accruel—accrual.** That which comes by way of increase or advantage.

4. **Portmanteau—portmantau—portmanto.** A traveling bag or case.

5. **Bulfinch—bullfinch—bullfench.** A large, handsome bird allied to the cardinal.

6. **Bobalink—bobbolink—bobolink.** A common American songbird noted for its delightful rollicking song.

7. **Tern—terne—turn.** A gull-like bird smaller than the *true* gull.

8. **Tanagear—tanager—tannager.** Any of numerous American birds, as the "scarlet tanager."

9. **Poignency—poinioncy—poignancy.** Quality or state of being penetratingly sharp or keen; pungency.

10. **Truculant—truculent—trucculent.** Feeling or evincing savage or barbarous ferocity; cruel.

11. **Easels—easles—easals.** Frames to hold canvasses upright for the painters' convenience, or for exhibition.

12. **Nucliuses—nucleuses—nucleusses.** Central masses, parts, or points, about which matter is gathered or concentrated; cores.

13. **Corrugators—corrugaters—corugators.** 1. Implements for furrowing land for irrigation. 2. Anatomy: Muscles that contract the skin into wrinkles.

14. **Mean—mien—mein.** Air; manner; bearing.

15. **Jugglery—juglery—juggelery.** Art or act of a juggler.

16. **Unacceptable—unexceptable—unacceptible.** Not pleasing or welcome.

17. **Amannuensis—emanuencis—amanuensis.** A secretary.

18. **Suaree—soiree—swaree.** An evening party.

19. **Olianders—oleandars—oleanders.** Handsome evergreen shrubs having clusters of fragrant white to red flowers.

20. **Tascitly—tacitly—tesitley.** Done or made silently; wordlessly.





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# DRESSING UP AN OLD FAVORITE



**By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON**

FOR those first crisp days of Autumn nothing is so tempting as a casserole dish served piping hot, straight from the oven. And no casserole recipe can beat the one that uses canned spaghetti as a base. Rich with tomato sauce and cheese and condiments its aroma announces an epicurean treat even before the dish reaches the table; enhanced by special seasoning secrets of your own which give it additional zest it will rate top spot on your family's list of favorites.

Alice Frost, star of CBS's Big Sister, who is a devotee of New Orleans cookery, relies on canned spaghetti to achieve the authentic Creole dishes she delights in and to her we are indebted for recipes for Spaghetti Creole and Gumbo Filé.



Spaghetti Creole is the dish for Alice Frost of the CBS Big Sister serial—and why not? She's from the South.

SPAGHETTI CREOLE

1 cup chopped onions
3 tbls. butter or margarine
2 tsps. celery salt
1 tsp. sugar, cinnamon, ginger
¼ tsp. cloves
Few grains cayenne
1 cup beef consomme
1 cup mushroom caps
2 cans spaghetti
2 tsps. gumbo filé powder
Parsley

Lightly brown the onion in the butter. Add dry seasonings and consomme and simmer for ten minutes, stirring constantly. Add the mushrooms and simmer for five minutes more. Mix thoroughly with the canned spaghetti, turn into a buttered casserole and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until golden brown, about twenty-five minutes. Remove from oven, sprinkle with gumbo filé powder and garnish with parsley as in the picture above. This recipe is sufficient for six servings.

GUMBO FILÉ

1 jar (3½ oz.) dried beef
½ cup minced onion
3 tbls. butter or margarine
2 tbls. flour
½ tsp. dry mustard
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 cup milk
1 small jar pimiento
⅓ cup chopped sweet pickle
2 cans spaghetti
½ cup buttered bread crumbs
2 tsps. gumbo filé powder

Lightly brown the dried beef and onions in the butter. Combine flour, mustard and pepper and stir into the beef and onions. Add milk gradually and cook slowly until thickened, stirring constantly. Add chopped pimiento and pickles. Place alternate layers of beef mixture and spaghetti in a buttered casserole, top with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until brown (about twenty-five minutes). Just before serving, sprinkle with gumbo filé powder. Serves six.

The gumbo filé powder used in these recipes is a blend of the leaves of swamp sassafras and other condiments used in Creole cookery.

FLAVOR AS YOU COOK

NO matter how many expensive ingredients, how much time and care go into the preparation of a meal we all know that unless the final flavor is just right the meal is not a success. Flavor as you cook, of course, is a basic rule; but don't forget the many sauces and condiments which, served at the table, enable each person to season his food according to his individual preference. Served "as is," these bottled sauces and dressings are unequalled for excellent flavor, but for variety's sake try combining a number of them. Here are some suggestions:

For cold fish (crab, lobster, shrimps, etc.): To two tablespoons prepared mayonnaise add two teaspoons sherry wine or wine vinegar, one teaspoon curry powder and some lime juice.

For steak: To two tablespoons creamed butter add one tablespoon prepared mustard or Worcestershire sauce. Spread on steak before serving.

For cold ham: Blend together equal portions whipped cream and horseradish sauce and add a few grains of powdered cloves.

For broiled ham: Combine equal quantities prepared mustard and brown sugar. Spread on ham just before serving.

For cold roast beef: Combine equal portions Worcestershire sauce or Chile sauce and horseradish sauce.

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## Meet the Bumsteads!

### Blondie

(*Continued from page 22*)

I could give it to my mother for a present."

She won the $5.00.

Penny is one of the most genuinely friendly souls in all Hollywood. You may meet as strangers but five minutes later she is telling you all about her little joys and problems and coaxing you to tell her about yours. She bubbles with happiness and contentment as unconsciously as a puppy wags his tail. You *know* her life which is bounded by Scroggs, her four-year-old daughter Dee Gee (for Dorothy Grace), a simple home near the ocean, and her screen and new radio work is just one big bundle of Fun. God is in His Heaven and all distinctly is right with the Singleton world.

Except, maybe, for the windows. There are too many of them in the Singleton Cape Cod type house. She discovered it, she said, when she undertook to wash them all single-handed. Finally she had to call for outside help to the tune of thirty-five cents an hour.

"IT'S things like that which keep getting my budget all mixed up," she mourned. "I just can't seem to make it work although it looks fine on paper."

Penny is neighborly too, which takes a bit of managing in Hollywood where you usually don't even know the name of the family living next door. She belongs to sewing circles and district women's clubs and exchanges recipes and home-made cough cures. She minds Mrs. Brown's little Josephine when Mrs. Brown has to go shopping and asks Mrs. Smith's advice about what to do for moths. She was concerned deeply over the neighbors' reactions when she had to have her naturally dark brown hair bleached blonde in conformance with the character of Blondie, being loathe to win their disapproval.

"A funny thing happened about that too," she said. "One of the women called me up to tell me she'd seen Scroggs out with a beautiful blonde the night before. I was all set to give him a piece of my mind until I suddenly realized it was *me* he'd been out with that night!"

Penny is convinced that being a blonde has given her a new glamour. At least she feels gayer and snappier than as a brunette, she said, and not so much run-of-the-mill with nothing to make her stand out. And it has given her a new confidence in herself.

At heart Penny is a small-town young matron, which is unusual in the light of her background. Born in Philadelphia, she became a Broadway favorite while in her early teens, starring as a singer and dancer in numerous musical comedies. (Although few people yet know of it, Penny has a voice of operatic calibre which may surprise the world some day soon.) Her life naturally was lived in tune with the Broadway code which rarely includes much normal home life. A personal sorrow led her to desert the stage at the peak of her success in such productions as "Good News," "Follow Through" and "Hey Nonny Nonny."

The theater was in her blood, however, and she again picked up her career in Hollywood, still as Dorothy McNulty and still a brunette. After a brilliant start in "After the Thin Man" she experienced a series of ups and downs, some of her own making and some of Fate's. She was in the midst of one of the down spells when she won the Blondie role. She did not know what the role was, incidentally, when her agent sent her on the interview with the studio's casting director.

"As usual, I started gabbing about my new home and Scroggs and showing the man pictures of Dee Gee which I had in my purse," Penny said. "First thing I knew, the man said he was sure I was Blondie come to life! Was I surprised! And there that very morning I'd been in the midst of house cleaning and had the beds all moved over to one side and my hair tied up in a bandana when the call came!"

The instantaneous success of the first Blondie picture led the studio to decide to do a regular series. Each successive picture gained more fans. Then came the radio offer. The present plans call for the serial to continue through next winter. It also is predicted that Blondie will be the first television serial.

Comparatively speaking, Penny is new to radio. She has appeared five times in the past in guest spots on the Kraft, Bob Hope, Hollywood Hotel and Tommy Riggs shows. But new fields to conquer never worry her, being a natural born optimist about everything. She went on a recent personal appearance tour, for example, intending to do two shows "if the public would stand for that much." At the end of five days she had made exactly twenty-eight appearances! And had bookings for twice that many offered. As a stump-speaker, hand-shaker, baby-kisser, she put an old-fashioned ward healer to shame.

NO story paints the true picture of Penny Singleton as vividly as the one of the unexpected encounter with the touring fans. That also happened on the day she decided to wash the windows. She was leaning out one of the front ones, huffing and puffing at her work, when an Iowa car drove up in front of the house. Four women and three children got out and walked up the path.

"Does Penny Singleton live here?" one of the women asked Penny.

"Yes, she does," Penny answered.

"Is she home now? We'd love to meet her," the woman went on.

Penny glanced quickly at her work-soiled housedress, all too conscious that she looked anything but a glamorous movie and radio star.

"I'm sorry, but Miss Singleton just went out," she said. "She will be sorry to have missed you."

Disappointed, the party went back to the car and was preparing to drive off when Penny came running down the path.

"That was a fib I told you," she said contritely. "I'm Penny. I just didn't want you to see me looking so awful. Come on in and have a cup of tea."




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## Meet the Bumsteads!

## Dagwood

(*Continued from page 23*)

Blondie and father of Baby Dumpling, or whether Artie Lake subconsciously has acquired the mannerisms and foibles of Dagwood from playing him on the screen and radio is a moot question. The net result, however, remains the same; Dagwood and Artie are as alike as two peas in a pod.

Physically, mentally and emotionally, they are counter parts. Artie's face is young and happy, unmarked by lines of worry or care. Trouble drifts off him like flour through a sieve. He is awkward with the self-consciousness of youth and content to wear the first thing handy to his reach.

DESPITE appearances of a scatter brain, Artie has a mind which functions well when he takes the trouble to use it. Several years ago, for instance, he wrote a number of acceptable stories and saw two of them made into motion pictures. Emotionally sensitive, he broke into genuine tears when a scene in which Baby Dumpling was kidnaped was being filmed.

No one in Hollywood knows exactly how old Artie is and Artie slyly sees to it that no one finds out, not because he fears being tagged by a calendar but because he has so much fun hearing people make such widely varying guesses. He started playing the How Old Is Artie game, he said, when he was a shaver riding free or half-fare on theatrical tours with his parents. He looks twenty-five or younger and acts it, but with that guess must be squared the fact he seriously began his movie career in 1924 and starred in the "Sweet Sixteen" comedies for five years.

His career in those fifteen years to the present has been one of ups and downs, of brilliant success and heartbreaking failure. Fired out of the movies in 1931 when RKO's new studio heads reorganized the studio, he was idle a year before trying his wings in vaudeville. On the bill with him in a small Long Beach theater, he remembers, was a young man billed in the small type accorded a break-in act. The young man was a ventriloquist named Edgar Bergen who today is one of his best friends. After he had exhausted the circuit (the vaudeville houses, he discovered, had an annoying habit of closing their doors in those economically dark days) Artie tackled radio as a serious means of earning a livelihood.

Prior to that time he had made a few guest appearances on various shows but they had not amounted to much more than five minute comedy sketches. With his sister Florence, he was starred next in an NBC serial called "Babes in Hollywood" which ran for eighty-five consecutive appearances.

Once more came a slump, this time the most serious of all. He was about to give up the ghost when he was cast as Dagwood in the Blondie pictures which currently are being transferred to the air. Once again everything is rosy on the Lake horizon.

Artie was born in Corbin, Kentucky, and had two childhood ambitions—to be a lion tamer in a red coat and shiny black boots or a bass drummer. He still likes to fiddle around with a pair of drumsticks and a hot rhythm. Aside from that and jitterbug dancing, he has no particular hobbies except swimming at which he excels. He likewise has no particular goal in life, he says, preferring to tackle each day as it comes and hope for the best. He also admits to a flagrant inability to save any money whatsoever, chiefly because he so thoroughly enjoys spending it. That he will never be a wealthy man bothers him not at all; luxury has no particular appeal. Give him his wife, his modest bungalow in Santa Monica, an ocean to swim in and a fair amount of work to do and he's satisfied.

Not that he has never tasted the sweets of luxury in his lifetime as well as those impoverished days when the Silverlake family bankroll was crowding the zero mark. Together with Pat, who is a niece of Marion Davies, he was a member of the party William Randolph Hearst took on a six-months luxury cruise of Europe aboard his palatial yacht in 1936. More, he was married to Pat amidst the medieval splendor of Hearst's famous San Simeon ranch in northern California.

I REMEMBER that occasion for three good reasons," he said. "I was so scared my knees were shaking like castanets. My swank cutaway suit did not quite fit me here and there. And I committed the sartorial error of tieing my stock tie in a way that's never been duplicated before or since. I just wasn't up to all that style."

Artie likes living in the small beach town of Santa Monica. He likes to chin with the fellows at the corner grocery store and doesn't mind carrying Pat's bundles when they go shopping on Saturday afternoon.

He is convinced that producers will never let him grow up on the screen or in radio roles until he is an old man with a long gray beard. That being so, his one aim is to make the juvenile characters he plays believable no matter how silly the lines he is called upon to speak or how crazy the gags he is asked to do seem to him. The biggest thrill of his life, he said, came that afternoon in 1934 when he auditioned for a radio show for Standard Oil in San Francisco. He didn't get the job but was walking on clouds for days anyway at the mere thought of the big hand and everything that would have been behind him.

"Can you imagine!" he said in awe. "Gosh!"

**ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE**

**1. Haughtily. 2. Purported. 3. Accrual. 4. Portmanteau. 5. Bullfinch. 6. Bobolink. 7. Tern. 8. Tanager. 9. Poignancy. 10. Truculent. 11. Easels. 12. Nucleuses. 13. Corrugators. 14. Mien. 15. Jugglery. 16. Unacceptable. 17. Amanuensis. 18. Soiree. 19. Oleanders. 20. Tacitly.**

# IS TONIGHT THE NIGHT?

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